

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTURVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITURVS ·

F. J. A.

VOL. XLI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 29, 1908.

No. 22.

Washington—The Leader of the People.

FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08.

WRIT high upon a scroll of gold
That Glory's neither is nor Fame's,
But Love's—Immortal Love's—behold
A galaxy of names,
The heroes that from ages old
Lighted the world with their own funeral flames.
All meagre is the list, the columns brief
Of those that the far heights of merit won,
But bold and clear and cut in high relief
Stands out the stainless name of Washington.
"Soldier" he's writ, "Lawgiver," too, but chief,
Since he from out the bondage of a throne
Did lead the way, as "Leader of the People," best is known.

A land of many voices was the land
Our fathers came to dwell in; night and day
They heard those gladd'ning voices in their ears;
The same theme was their never-tiring lay—
Man's sweetest song through all of the world's years;
A song whose echo down the ages rung
And ever rings since Time itself was young.
From mountain torrent and from writhing tree,
From mighty rivers sweeping on their way,
From far-off mountain-peaks that seem to close
With the dim stars from billows robed in spray—
From these and from all Nature there arose
A psalm to Freedom and to Liberty.

And here the race was cradled; here
They listened well when Nature taught,
And learned they quickly to repeat
The lesson with each full heart beat,
Till they its full import had felt, its grandeur caught.
Then, when the mighty time was nigh,
When it was theirs to do or die,
To conquer or forever lie
Beneath Oppression's heel,
They multiplied their few to hordes,
Their peaceful scythes beat into swords
That tyranny the strength of free-born men might feel.
One thing was wanting yet—but one,
A leader by high Heaven designed,
A paragon in soul and mind—
Forth stepped the Leader of the People—Washington.

Not only was it Moses that was called
To lead a people out of bondage dire;
Thou, too, wert summoned by a cloud of fire
To free thy brethren from a yoke that galled:
God called thee and thy Country called,
And Freedom, sad with tears,
Bespoke thee in thy flowering years
To heal her woes and calm her fears
When she by tyrants was oppressed, by tyranny
appalled.
Thou heardst the call and didst not grope,
Trammeled by doubts about the scope
Of all that was demanded—
Thou saw'st the boon and knew'st the price—
Of self a total sacrifice,
A contest single handed.
All this was needed if they would go free;
Thou mad'st thy prayer: "Here am I, Lord, send me."
As they that toil all day toward the skies
And but with eventide the summits gain,
Drink in with fevered and tear-swelling eyes
The peaceful beauty of the sunlit plain,
So didst thou stand at last. And wrapped around
With glories both of war and peace,
Thou saw'st thy country. Strife's surcease
Had made her fair with virtues that would ne'er
decrease.
Thou stoodst in the evening sunlight crowned
With triumphs, such as only those can say

Who've followed some hard quest each weary round
 Who've borne the heats and burden of the day—
 Seeing salvation for thy land secure,
 Knowing that now she must for evermore endure.

The humble acorn planted by thy hand
 Has grown into a mighty tree where nest
 Uncounted birds, storm driv'n from every land,
 And there they find security and rest.
 And this shall ever be thy meed of praise
 As long as hold the bounds of earth and sea,
 Wherever men have longings to be free,
 That thou didst bring mankind the fire of Liberty.
 And be thou with us yet through all our days,
 Be thou our leader still in the stern fight;
 May we prevail to make thy ways our ways,
 And, led by thee, march bravely on to right.
 O what a race of men has thou begun,
 Endowed with high resolve to win as thou hast won!

Free waves our flag in the free air,
 Glory and grace are caught within its folds;
 Justice and Liberty are thronéd there
 Wherever to the sunlight it unrolls.
 Respected by the Nations, small and great,
 Loved by the people whether high or low—
 If it is held, in common estimate,
 To be the source whence all these virtues flow,
 To thee is due the credit—not to Fate—
 For thou, O Washington, hast made it so.

—•••—
 Jeanne d'Arc.

—
 WILLIAM A. HUTCHINS, '11.



ON the bank of the River Seine, in the heart of Norman France, lies the famed city of Rouen. The towers of her great Gothic cathedral rising in myriad array unto dizzy heights seem to strive ever upward toward heaven, as if hopeful that the unholy fame of Rouen might be overshadowed in the minds of men by the glory of her temple. But the expiating efforts of her mounting spires are vain, for year by year as man, searching for truth among the historical traditions of the past, realizes more and more the criminal immensity of the martyrdom of Joan of Arc, he regards in the light of an evermore inglorious fame, the city of the holocaust. For seventy years the clash of arms had resounded throughout the fair land of France. War, with all its horrors of death and ruin, had, for three-quarters of a century, been breathing with blighting blast upon that garden of sunshine and tropical

grandeur. The flowers of her chivalry were strewn in death over her plains and hills, and her throne trembled from its very foundations.

The English beholding with covetous eye the wealth of the neighboring kingdom, had hurled their armies in 1346 against the throne of Philip VI. The great battles of Crécy, and Poitiers, and Agincourt were fought, and from every blow France reeled as though wounded unto death. The French king, Charles V. died in 1380, and the weak-minded Charles VI. succeeded to the throne of France. The incompetency of the king led the factions of his court into a struggle for power, and France, bleeding from the wounds inflicted by the English, was overwhelmed by the greater horrors of civil war. The treasonable coalition of the Burgundians with the English was soon followed by the accession of the imbecile Charles VII. to the throne of France. Onward the English swept, and their tide of victory had brought them to the heart of France. Charles, weak and indolent monarch, lay in his castle beyond the Loire, regaling himself in the luxuries of his court.

Each succeeding day, the pall of despair that lay upon the hearts of the people, deepened the gloom overshadowing the land. But as the all-provident God, looking far down the century, saw the crisis of 1861, and infused into the infant heart of the immortal Lincoln the spark of genius and devotion that later, blazing as the sun, was to serve as a beacon, guiding us through the long night of war, so He beheld from afar this day of sore distress for France, and He called among the hills of Lorraine unto a simple peasant girl, and made her "savior of her country," Joan of Arc.

Little there was in the early life of Jeanne d'Arc to prefigure the momentous career that lay before her. Her father tilled his own few acres at Domremy, and Jeanne knew naught of the great world beyond. She had heard of the king, and in her childish imagination she had idealized him into the pattern of all virtue. Dire rumors of danger had come to her as the war seethed ever more furiously, and in her all-loving heart she was filled with a great pity for France and her king. Day after

day she brooded over the possibility of relief, and her youthful fancy called before her bright and saintly forms, St. Michael and St. Catherine, who commanded her to go forth and save the king and conduct him to Rheims to be crowned and anointed.

At last she became firmly convinced that she was commissioned of Heaven unto the salvation of her people. Clad in her simple peasant garb, she presented herself to the court of Charles at Chinon. And here is presented the first evidence in substantiation of her claim to Divine Agency, for she immediately recognized the monarch though he was disguised among his courtiers. Theologians and court officers ridiculed her presumptuous aspirations at first, but after a time her simple and earnest faith conquered their doubts. At last she was placed at the head of an army and sent to the relief of Orleans. Riding in the van of her troops, and bearing in one hand the sacred sword of St. Catherine and in the other a consecrated banner, she inspired the rough and hardened soldiers with enthusiasm and confidence, and awoke in their hearts whatever sentiments of faith and love had survived the blighting blasts of war and hatred. The slight, armor-clad figure riding at their head was like a vision from another world to the troops, and the rude revelry and debauchery ceased in the common desire of being worthy to follow the holy maid.

Orleans was relieved, and the fleur-de-lis was planted side by side with the holy banner of this gentle goddess of war. Back from the shock of defeat fell cohorts of the invaders, only to be pursued in their retreat by the victorious French. Surely this was no simple peasant girl who was guiding her steed with the skill of military genius in the very heart of the battle storm and was tearing to shreds the proud array of the great British empire. Patay, Troyes and Châlons beheld the fury of her charge, and England reeled from each successive blow.

But the time had come for the fulfilment of her mission. Only in the coronation and anointing of her king would Jeanne behold the realization of her dreams and the consummation of the designs of God. All was ready, but it was only after long supplication that she was able to induce

the weak and indolent monarch to forsake the luxuries of his court long enough to be crowned. Finally she had the supreme joy of beholding the man she had rescued from destruction, crowned in the great cathedral at Rheims. Her task was ended, the surcease of bloody toil had come, and content in the realization of her divine mission she sought to lay aside her coat of mail and return to her peaceful life among the hills of Lorraine.

"Noble king," she said, embracing his knees in the cathedral after the coronation, "now is accomplished the will of God which commanded me to bring you to this city of Rheims to receive your Holy Unction, now that you at last are king and that the kingdom of France is yours." But Charles was obdurate, and again, though with diminished ardor, she led her troops into battle.

Jealousy is ever blighting the charity of men, and the generals of the French army, beholding with envy the signal success that attended her arms, conspired against her. Before the walls of Compiègne she was treacherously delivered into the hands of the Burgundian traitors, who sold her to the English. Oh, chalice of bitterness, overflowing with the gall of ingratitude, raised to those tender lips by the hands she had saved from destruction!

The blind, pursuing vengeance of the English now asserted itself. Not content with merely holding prisoner this maid who had so discomfited them, her captors thrust her into a dungeon as an emissary of hell. Her foul-mouthed jailers with their lewd suggestions, made her life a very hell, filled during the day with the sight of the monsters who sought to rend the bright robe of her purity and during the long hours of the night with haunting spectres that beckoned her to a doom more awful than martyrdom. The Inquisition sat upon her case, but the fate of Jeanne d'Arc had been sealed before the deliberations began.

In spite of an intelligent and convincing defence, the innocent captive was condemned to be burned at the stake. At last the fateful morning came, and from all the countryside throngs of blind and frenzied people surged into the city as to a coronation. The pyre had been prepared, and

at the appointed hour the saintly virgin, robed in the white garments of the martyr, was led to the holocaust. As the flames enveloped her, she cast her gaze toward heaven, and muttering the Holy Name of Jesus, she passed to her crown. Was this death, attested in its details by historians hostile to her cause, the death of a sorceress? Did the witchery of the devil, who, her enemies claimed, was her patron, beguile her in her last fearful moment into a testimony of Jesus Christ? Though her blinded judges thus assert in a hopeless effort at their own vindication, they are not able to discover the ulterior motives that must have moved the dark powers of hell to such a contradictory course.

As ages pass the haze of sentiment, the veil of policy is drawn from all things, revealing them in their naked truth to the searching eye of history. There is to-day no more exacting tribunal on earth than the Court of Beatification. And history is acknowledging the authenticity of Jeanne d'Arc's claim to a divine mission, while the Catholic Church has already called her "Blessed."

The days of superstition and fanaticism are past, and in the light of a better era we behold the "Martyr of Rouen." Time has vindicated her course and put to shame the oppressors who, yielding to their passions, have heaped eternal obloquy upon their own heads.

The Pearl of Morn.

F. A. ZINK, '08.

CLEAR pearl of morn, from heaven didst thou fling
 In clustered mist thy crystal drops of dew,
 To freshen, nourish, and give fairer hue
 To nature's verdant treasures. Everything
 Reflects thee. Thou art healthy till the king
 Of light hurls forth his parching fire anew,
 Then misty white dissolves to azure blue,
 And sleeping flowers into awakening spring.
 Bright Star, far brighter than the star of morn,
 From Orient to Occident thy light
 Has warmed the hearts and cleared the minds
 of man,
 Has raised the misty veil of doubt, and borne
 Again the day of truth out of black night
 To cheer the world as no one ever can.

My Pencil.

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.

My pencil rolled off the table and lay musing on the floor. I'll not disturb it. However, its falling reminds me of the day it was bought. It takes me back into the greatest metropolis under the western sun—to New York; to a noisy Third Avenue corner it takes me, where four trolleys cross at right angles on the surface, where two elevated lines cross in the air above; where subways meet underneath the ground; policemen strain their eyes and voices from morn till eve; where newsboys prance in twos and threes before every well-dressed passer-by; where takers display fighting cocks and divers automatic toys—there stood the man with his box of pencils at the foot of the steps leading to the elevated station. The box hung suspended by a little band from his shoulders. He stood there quiet and gloomy. Hundreds had ascended those steps and hundreds had already descended that day; nevertheless, there were still many pencils in the box; but few pennies (he had a partition in the box for pennies, for he was evidently blind and deaf, and passers-by were supposed to take the pencils themselves and drop the coin into the box).

When I took a pencil and dropped a coin he started out of his waxen attitude and world of gloom like the laughing moon from an inky cloud. He burst into silvery smiles of gratitude and foreign expressions which my heart rather than my ear readily understood. They washed from my brow the frown indented by a quarrel with an officious pedler whose fruit wagon had crippled my umbrella. Having ascended the stairs and paid my fare at the stile, and having entered upon the platform, I looked down at the blind man as I waited. I was just in time to see the last vestige of that smile and that delightfully disturbed attitude dying away. I prayed that some stranger would rekindle it and save it from destruction. But the kindness came not. And just as I was stepping into the train I saw the delight die completely. It was devoured by the same melancholy monotony that had fled at my approach.

Varsity Verse.

THE NIGHTS OF OTHER DAYS.

OFT in the stilly night
 With dreamers all around me
 It really is a fright,—
 Those snorers just astound me,
 The thumps of gas
 From lungs of brass
 Sound like spring bull-frogs croaken;
 The grunts, the groans!
 And O, such moans!
 You'd think their hearts were broken.
 Thus in the stilly night
 With dreamers all around me,
 It really is a fright,—
 Those snorers just astound me.
 I can't forget the noise
 Those dreamers make together;
 'Tis worse than college boys
 When angry at the weather.
 When everyone
 Has once begun,
 'Tis simply just d-testing,
 They all support
 Each other's snort
 To keep me from my resting.
 Thus in the stilly night
 With dreamers all around me,
 It really is a fright,—
 Those snorers just astound me.
 PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

A MATHEMATICAL ENGAGEMENT.

A fellow by name, Johnnie MS,
 Once courted a lady, Miss KS;
 Twice a week he would call
 And 'twas rumored by some
 Mr. MS would soon have a new MS.
 But cruel, alas, was Dame FS!
 For before they had settled the dS,
 The country he flew,
 For him, 'twas 23;
 And Miss KS is now minus her MS.
 J. H. ROTH, '10.

A QUEER STATE.

There once lived a lass in Idaho,
 Who fell in love with a lad named Hoe;
 The day soon came,
 And row the dame
 Is known as Mrs. Ida Hoe.
 J. B. KANALEY, '09.

HIS VIEW OF IT.

There once was a cynic named Prootch
 Who said, "All this world is a botch;
 If its builders but knew
 As much as I do,
 It never would be so hotch-potch."
 F. T. MAHER, '08.

A REFORM IN PATRIOTISM.

Come sing a song of Washington,
 Shout loud, that all may catch it;
 But on your life, no word—not one,
 About the little hatchet.
 And tell his boyish traits, they won't
 Be aught to us than pleasing;
 But, as you love us, don't, please don't,
 About the cherry-tree sing.
 We've had that hatchet thrown at us
 So oft by glib haranguers,
 We're prone at length to swear and fuss
 As bad as paper hangers.
 The cherry-tree through fancy's wells
 And patriotic speeches
 Accounted is 'midst immortelles
 Past glory's farthest reaches.
 So when you praise our leader bold
 In prose or rime unsteady,
 Tell not the tales that are "twice told"
 A thousand times already.
 F. T. MAHER, '08.

SOLD AGAIN.

Said a shoemaker up in Dundee,
 "This thing is as strange as can be.
 Why should I be blue?
 I have half soled my shoe
 And yet it is all owned by me."
 R. S. SALEY, '08.

THE OPEN DOOR.

Once there was a little boy
 Who was his parent's pride and joy,
 His father bought him, for a toy,
 A hatchet.
 He went out in the backyard lot
 Beneath a tree, in a shady spot,
 But as for the door, he quite forgot
 To latch it
 His mother saw that open door,
 Put on her shawl and out she tore,
 And when she saw that tree she swore
 He'd catch it.
 His pa came home from work that day;
 He didn't whip poor George, they say,
 But only basely took away
 That hatchet.
 O the open door's a pol'cy
 We all should shun, you must agree,
 For where can you find a thing for me
 To match it?
 FRANK DERRICK, '08.

A FRACTIONAL LIMERICK.

There was an awful Mexican
 A raging, roaring Mexican—
 (The final rime don't mind
 For I am sure you'll find
 It in the riming Lexicon.)
 F. DERRICK, '08.

Vale of Avoca.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

BENEATH Erin's sky near the mountains of Wicklow
There lies a fair valley that's dear to my heart.
How fondly I muse on the hours which I passed there;
Ah, sad was the day when with it I did part.

Within its sweet bosom Dame Nature has bedded
In lavish profusion the lily so fair;
And through it a streamlet flows on to the ocean,
Now echoing music, now breathing a prayer.

But though the bright sun throws its beams on that
valley,

The streamlet in sorrow glides slowly along,
And with its cold tears it refreshes the lilies
Which deck that fair garden of nature and song.

Yet blame not the streamlet though slow be its
motion;

But list to the murmurs that swell from its breast,
Which tell of the sorrow that mantles its beauty
On leaving that valley where fain it would rest.

Sweet Va'e of Avoca! the thought of thee haunts me
Each day since I wandered from Erin's green shore.
At night in my slumbers I fancy I'm with thee,
But morning returns and I find thee no more.

The Idler.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

He was a little lad, but oh, so beautiful! People said that his was an angel's face, and the children on the streets envied him for it, and called him "Silly Spider," because his limbs were crippled and withered away and his tongue was bound. But he was not silly, though his actions were queer. People could not understand him; no one ever did; no one save only the animals of the field—they knew, and he was satisfied.

The villagers could not explain how he came among them other than the fact that the first morning of spring they found him sleeping by the roadside with a single beautiful violet clutched tightly in his hand. Strange to say, too, it was the first flower of the season—a fully developed bud of the most delicate color—and the chubby face of the little crippled youngster seemed to smile faintly as he slumbered. They questioned him, the simple country folk, in their own rude way, but he only gazed dreamily toward the eastern hills where the sun was

just beginning to appear over their highest crests. Even their threats had no effect until the curé came and spoke to him in his low, musical voice; then he smiled a moment and turned his large expressive eyes upon the feeble old man, and the kindest and most gentle soul in all the village loved the boy from that hour. They offered him food, but he ate only a few wild berries which he had in his pockets, and when the children laughed at him in scorn he winced a little and walked slowly away.

Later they saw him lying under a large oak tree in the pasture where the cows congregate. How eagerly he watched them as they came one by one to the stream to drink, and with what evident pleasure he listened to their gentle lowing. "Surely the boy is possessed," said a sharp-faced granny to the curé as she passed, but he only smiled; he knew, for God gives to the good and humble and pure to know what is denied to the great and proud ones of the earth. Once, indeed, he arose, and grasping one of the cows by the horns, looked long and steadily into her large placid eyes with his own beautiful ones—looked long and steadily—and then smiled the beautiful smile which so resembled that of an angel. The people smiled too when they saw it; but theirs was a smile of contempt for the youth who could see beauty in the eyes of a common cow.

Noon came and he went into the wood, pausing a moment on his way to listen to the song of a bird in a near-by tree; and in truth he seemed like a bird himself, as he stood there wrapt in the profoundest attention, with upturned face and flashing eye, as though he too was about to take wing as the little bird did a moment later. The people pitied him as they went their way and wondered among themselves that he did not eat; but their sons and daughters related that evening at the supper table how they had seen the boy in the early afternoon feeding upon berries down by the old mill and how infatuated he seemed with the rushing waters of the dam. A few hours later and the entire village was in total darkness, for its people loved thriftiness and knew the value of early rising; but on the farthest outskirts of the town, in a little two-roomed cottage, a faint lamp light glimmered.

far into the night; the curé was waiting there, for he alone seemed to understand in a dim sort of a way, and besides he loved the strange homeless little creature with his wild ways and his queer, dreamy looks.

But no, he did not seek shelter of any one, for the first rays of morning found him there in his old place again, listening to the wind as it rustled the leaves above him and watching the ever-flowing stream. Thus he lived day after day and week after week. He was always there; sometimes lying prone upon his back for hours, listening to the songs of the birds and the fluttering of the leaves. Often the children jeered at him and called him "Silly Spider," but he turned his large dark eyes upon them for a moment as though in pain and then seemingly forgot them forever. And as the summer grew apace and the flowers became more beautiful and more plentiful every day, and the birds flocked to their old haunts again, he lived in the fields day and night, speaking never a word, for he was dumb, playing never with any one, regarding no one, only listening and watching—listening and watching continually. Occasionally, it is true, he came to the old curé to look long and steadily into the old, soft grey eyes, and then he went away again, and the saintly old man smiled sadly, for he knew how the youngster loved the flowers and birds and clouds; but the vulgar village folk laughed among themselves and called him the "idler," and their children hooted and threw pebbles after him.

Yet while the flowers and birds were there in abundance he was happy—oh, so happy!—but when they began to disappear one by one, when each morning brought fewer birds and fewer songs, the youth grew sad and a great sorrow seemed to lurk in the large dark eyes. His visits to the village became less and less, for his pleasure world was fast fading away, and he could not leave, would not leave, his dear flowers and birds while yet one remained. And when the days grew shorter and the leaves began to fall one by one he wandered away. The curé saw him going and the people watched him too, for his little form was sharply outlined against the blazing western sky as he followed the course of the little stream.

"Look, he is going south where it is

warm and he can idle away his time in the fields and woods," said the miller's sharp-tongued wife to a gossiping neighbor who paused for a moment at the cross-roads to gaze after the retreating figure of the boy.

"Ah, no indeed," the old curé muttered to himself as he walked slowly away across the fields, "he is but following his beloved flowers and birds to their southern homes. He had such a passionate love for the beautiful; nature was his only God, for he knew no other, the poor fledgeling. Alas, how many poets there are in the world who live and die unknown because people can not understand." And the old man seemed to suppress an involuntary sob, as though he too might once have had ambitions. And again the vulgar country folk laughed among themselves at the boy's foolishness, and their children hooted shrilly and called him "Silly Spider" as they had done so many times before; but the curé gazed for the last time upon the youthful figure of the boy as he disappeared in a distant wood, and then turning reluctantly homeward smiled again in the same sad old way, for he alone among all the people seemed to understand.

The Call of Sympathy.

THIS world is like a senseless thing,—

It loves but self supremely,
Its quip and jest and venom'd fling
Inflict but pain unseemly.

It mocks the earnest, slays the bold,
Does murder with unfeeling;
The young it poisons, scoffs the old,
Its crime and vice concealing.

Yet love thy fellow-man full well,
His pain of heart assuaging;
The burdens on his shoulders tell
The war within that's waging.
His breast may weight'd be with woe,
His head bowed down with sadness;
A kindly word may cause to glow
The light of hope and gladness.

The sweetest, holiest, noblest thing
That life leaves to our making
Is just the comfort that we bring
To those whose hearts are aching.
Our burden may nigh weigh us down,
'Tis well that we conceal it,
And smile and laugh and never frown,
Though dying to reveal it. J. B. R.

A Kind Deed.

BERNARD MULLOY, '11.

I WALKED into the garden bay
 At once my eyes beheld a tree.
 'Twas very young and I could see
 Its life was withering away.
 I took some water from the well,
 And then upon the border ground,
 I poured these dewdrops all around—
 A simple deed, yet life did dwell.

And so when on one's daily course,
 We meet with some heart-broken soul,
 Perhaps a mother's sweet control
 Might turn to joy its wild remorse;
 And thus a word of simple love
 May gain a life long spent in sin
 To Him who on the cross did win
 A place for all mankind above.

The Ideal.

R. L. SALEY, '08.

There are in the world certain irresistible moral forces over which man has but slight control. So universal are they that their influence touches man of every color, of every race, whether he be civilized or barbaric, educated or ignorant, good or bad; they are as inherent as life itself and can not be disregarded. But they, with an insolent contempt for man's will, leave their mark upon his character, and the mark that has been left shows forth in his actions. Of such irresistibility and of such universality is the power of the ideal, and it is this very irresistibility and universality which gives value to the ideal.

To the man of the world, the idealist has ever been a dreamer, reaching out into visionary heights for a Utopia, which is always beyond. To the charitable he has been an object of pity; from the unkind he has received nothing but sneers, or what is worse a silent but insinuating contempt. Why should the dreamer care for their sneers and contempt? Have they never been dreamers? Have they never been attracted by that elusive something which they can never attain? Degraded indeed are they if they have never looked higher than hard reality; and when they assert that they

have never been dreamers, it is not a defense of their sanity, but a confession of a deficiency. It is the man of no ideal who becomes the criminal, while the dreamer dreams on, living not behind steel bars and within gloomy, forbidding granite walls, but away from worldly thoughts and worldly things in a land supremely fair, beaming with sweetness and warm with gladness.

But despite what anyone may say, ideality is not a dreamy, impracticable thing; it is rather the most practical element of human experience, for it ever gives us a model which is always becoming more and more perfect, and by conscientiously following this model at least a semblance of its perfection must come in time. Nor is the ideal the opposite to the real. Absurd as it may seem, it is reality itself, or, perhaps better, it is the very soul of reality; for the ideal is the real over and above its low limitations; it is the real expanded and perfected.

Ideality is an endowment which we can not value too highly, for it is synonymous with the best form of excellence, but like every gift of nature it is not bestowed equally on all. It is like a talent for music or for art which may be developed or neglected. It is similar to a tender conscience whose warnings may be ignored until they no longer speak. But between a tender conscience and the natural tendency to follow the ideal, there is this difference: the conscience unheeded is in time dulled and at length is smothered; ideality unserved grows less and less, and sometimes dies, but oftener it is perverted, and we no longer have that which leads us to higher and better things, but in its place comes a standard all degraded, all evil, which leads one on to sin and vice and crime.

That ideality is innate is seen in the child mind. The toddling infant sits upon the nursery floor and pats and fondles and coos to the doll of rags which has its cradle close beside the loving little child-mother's crib. There is no such thing as a rag doll for the child, for that same dirty, torn, worn rag doll which has been beaten and fondled by turns, is as real and true as the child's own pink baby sister. It is later in life that we distinguish the imaginative from the matter-of-fact, and it is when this distinction is made that the ideal is of real

value, for it is then, or it should be then, that the ideal begins to mould character.

We have in Hawthorne's beautiful story of the Great Stone Face the tale of the youth who, in after years, came to resemble—in fact, became the very counterpart of the great God-carven rock in whose shadow he had always lived, and even in our own knowledge each one of us knows the story to be true to life. If, then, a face of hard bone and flesh may be changed, how much more easily must character, ever supple and easily influenced, be moulded by the ideal. And whatever moulds character, whatever makes a man better and truer and nobler, must be esteemed highly, for, when looked at in a dispassionate way, character is all that counts in this life. We may envy the man of fame, of success, of fine physique, but great as all these things may seem they are but worldly trifles which may not last at all and can at best last but a few short centuries; but a noble character even in the most lowly, poverty-stricken, deformed of men gains for him our respect and admiration and later pleads for him before the eternal Judge.

But aside from forming character, the ideal has other practical uses. It gives a standard to the most lowly laborer as well as to the artist, who would paint a Madonna; to the sculptor who would chisel an Apollo Belvedere from Carrara marble, to a Tennyson or to a Shakespeare.

Truly ideality is a beautiful word, for it stands for a beautiful thing; it stands for all that is good and true and Godlike, and it lifts us upward with an influence which is so tender that it is unnoticeable, until in our own imperfect way we become like the One who is all perfect.

Life.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

I STOOD upon the shore one night
And gazing o'er the harbor bar,
Beheld one moment there a light,
And then 'twas gone—a shooting star.

Methought I saw on yon bright shore
A picture of the fate of man:
One day alive, the next no more,
Obeying God's decree and plan.

The Song of the Wind.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

ON the threshold of the day,
I can hear the breezes say
"Come away
Where the lily's chalice swells
And the crocus decks the dells
Of the May;

Where the rose's fragrance rare
Renders sensible the air,
Will you dare
Search the cloister of the woods
For the violet solitudes
Hidden there?

Lo, the wild clematis flings
Tossing arms in luring rings
Round the trees
In whose perfumed bells abide
Sleepy 'ogs whom eventide
Gladly frees."

She.

B. H. LANGE, '11.

We all loved her—I especially. To me she seemed the dearest and most beautiful creature of her kind. It was almost a case of love at first sight when I first laid eyes on her. But then, as is usual, those who like or love anything always have rivals. It happened that my rival was a cousin. We did not desire to quarrel in her presence, and we promised not to quarrel when out of her presence, so we sort of compromised and loved her between us.

Now for a description of her as she appeared to me. As I said before, I thought her the dearest and most beautiful creature I had known. Her hair was a rich brown or more near auburn. The eyes were large dark brown and, it seemed to me, conveyed a tender look whenever I looked into them. She carried her small head in an extremely graceful manner on her well-shaped shoulders. Her hands—ah! her hands,—they need not be described; but her feet, so small and dainty, and how daintily they carried her. Ah! how I loved her, how we all loved her,—our old Jersey cow.

Notre Dame Scholastic

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

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

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

Notre Dame, Indiana, February 29, 1908

Board of Editors.

ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08	VARNUM A. PARISH, '09
IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09	JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08
JOSEPH J. BOYLE, '08	JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08
EDWARD M. KENNEDY, '08	ROBERT L. SALEY, '08
FRANCIS X. CULL, '09	OTTO A. SCHMID, '09
GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10	COE A. MCKENNA, '10
RICHARD COLLENTINE, '09	EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09
HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09	PETER E. HEBERT, '10
THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.	

—The February examinations are nearly over; one more reckoning has been made in the work of the class room. For some the result spells disappointment, but they are few in number. For some tomorrow will be a day for the making of good resolutions. For everyone it should mark the renewal of ambitious effort.

—Advices from Washington inform us that Representative Waldo at New York has introduced a resolution into the House demanding the impeachment of Judge Wilfley of the United States court for China at Shanghai. If the New York congressman succeeds in making good his charges of "corrupt conduct in office and high crimes and misdemeanors," and thereby succeeds in detaching this man from the Federal pay-roll, he will deserve the gratitude of all sincere lovers of fair play and the "square deal."

Judge Wilfley belongs to a class of bipeds—we are happy to say now nearly extinct—that takes pleasure in slurring the Catholic

Church. Charges were preferred against him for his offensiveness in this respect and filed with the late Secretary Hay. As might be expected they were pigeon-holed by the author of "In Castilian Days;" but perhaps we may look for more favorable action upon them on the present occasion.

"Corrupt conduct in office and high crimes and misdemeanors," are exactly what we would expect of a man—aye, a United States judge—who in the present age and under the present administration, has so little of common sense and so much of temerity as to speak disparagingly of the Catholic Church. It seems almost superfluous for us to point out that the availability of Judge Wilfley for further service on the Federal bench has ceased.

—It is indeed a surprise that the Chicago Police Department would be so derelict in its duty as not to break up the anarchistic meeting held in Hod-carriers' Hall on the night of December the 15th. But it is even more surprising that it should allow such an anarchistic advertisement of the event to appear in a newspaper as appeared in the *Tribuna Italiana Translationa*. It was stated in this advertisement that the object of the meeting was to make war on Catholic priests. It was also stated therein that only such persons would be allowed to speak as would confine their remarks strictly to the theme of the meeting, "Anti-clericalism." If the supposition of Chancellor Dunne is correct, the Chicago Police Department made a grave and costly mistake in allowing this meeting to be advertised and held. Such laxity will never conquer anarchy.

If the police had undertaken to prevent this meeting they would probably have succeeded. But even if they were not entirely successful, and the meeting was held secretly, the audience would be so diminished and the evil done proportionately so, that it would have been well worth the effort.

To attempt to prevent recurrence of anarchistic murders by arresting and convicting the murderers as they commit their foul deeds is like trying to stop a pack of wolves by killing one of its number. It

serves its purpose, but only for a very short time. The only permanent way to get rid of an effect is to eradicate its cause. The only permanent way of preventing anarchistic murders is to prevent, not nominally but actually, all anarchistic meetings.

Chicago will realize this after it has passed through an era of murder at the hands of the Gordiano Bruneo Club, such as New York, Patterson, N. J., and Wilksbarre, Pa., have passed through at the hands of the Mafia or Black Hand.

—There are in the United States numerous societies and associations organized entirely for the purpose of suppressing crime and decreasing, if possible, the num-

To Decrease Crime. ber of criminals in the prisons of our American states. That there is a necessity for activity along such lines everyone admits; but one sometimes thinks that such people use their influence only along minor lines, when they could do so much more good in other directions. For instance, it seems to be the common opinion of such societies that the "certainty of punishment and an undeviating and inflexible strictness in carrying the law against offenders into full and sure enactment," is preventive of crime and has a natural tendency towards a decrease in the number of prisoners.

The fact is undoubtedly true to a certain extent; but fear never can reform a criminal when he is once firmly established in his evil ways. The early preventive is what we need. Why not begin reform in the child, and guard against the increase of crime for the future in a practical way? Statistics tell us that "in France, in 1890, the number of convictions of criminals under nineteen years of age was not above seven thousand, but in 1900, that is in ten years, it had leaped up to thirty-six thousand." Now it is a known fact that the population of France during the ten years mentioned, had been depleted to the extent of 300,000 persons, while at the same time the record of youthful or juvenile crime increased 500 per cent. This remarkable increase of crime and decrease of population took place immediately after the Christian schools had been regulated against by the government. As a result the sanctity of the

home was destroyed, and the foundations of morality and the purity of the family tie undermined; such disorders we know are the beginnings of all criminality.

Since 1900 the un-Christian schools of France have continued increasing to an appalling degree the juvenile criminal rolls of that country. Are the Americans blind when they advocate only mental education with no moral or religious foundations? Do we want a country of sharp, unprincipled scholars, or mental gymnasts? Do we want an increase of crime and a decrease of population? Let us look rather, and see what godless schools have done for France, and then admit that it is our public schools that stand in need of reformation and not the prison discipline. Let us beware that in supporting our so-called modern liberal education, we are not raising a brood of young criminals as did France by her system of secular schools.

—One of the leading Eastern colleges has returned to the fold of compulsory classes with a few electives, after a period of experimenting in purely elective

The work. Elective classes may be the proper form for post-graduates, but for a young man in his collegiate course, a certain number of classes should be rigorously insisted upon. It is only consistent that if a student has faith enough in an institution to pursue his work there, he should have sufficient faith in its direction to outline the studies which he should assume. Moreover, the officers and faculty, by their own experience and observation, know what studies are most suitable for a young man, both as exercises of his mental faculties and to prepare him for work in after-life. It is only natural for a person on entering college to take those studies most suited to his taste, and if he has a choice between a difficult and an easy branch to select the latter.

An outline of work, composed of a number of compulsory classes, and the choice of one or two electives seems to be the proper course. The student then receives the benefit of a well-arranged plan, which time and experience have commended, and he may also follow that work for which he is especially inclined and adapted.

Washington's Birthday.

Last Saturday, the anniversary of Washington's Birthday, was observed with the usual commemorative exercises. In the morning the students attended Mass in a body, and afterwards assembled in Washington Hall to listen to music, poetry, and eloquence. At the close of the exercises the University band discoursed pleasing music in the rotunda of the Main Building. Both the band and orchestra did well the part they had in the program of the day, and are a credit to their accomplished leader, Professor Peterson.

The first number in the program in Washington Hall was an overture by the University orchestra. This was followed by a general chorus in which the audience sang "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean" to the accompaniment of the orchestra. Following this was the formal presentation of the class flag, the address being delivered by Mr. John F. Berteling, president of the senior class. Mr. Berteling spoke with graceful ease and dignified simplicity, performing his task in a manner that deserved praise. We have the pleasure of reproducing his address as well as the speech of acceptance which was made by the President of the University. Father Cavanaugh's reply was, as usual, couched in the language of a master of expression.

Next in order on the program was a selection by the orchestra, followed by an ode in which Mr. Francis T. Maher sang the praises of Washington in a manner that brought honor to the poet of the class of '08. Hon. B. F. Shively delivered the oration of the day. We regret that the speech had not been prepared in manuscript so that we might be able to reproduce it in full. To praise the oration would be to rehearse the unanimous comments which were made by all who had the pleasure of listening to the distinguished speaker. The chief thing to be said is that he had an abundance of good things to say, and he said them as only an orator can say things. At the close of the oration the audience sang "America."

Mr. Berteling, in presenting the flag, spoke as follows:

We are assembled here to-day to do honor to him

who has been called the "Father of his Country" and also to pay tribute to that high patriotism which was the guiding spirit of his acts,—meeting here not because we have been commanded by law to do so, not at the insistence of custom or routine, but through love of our country and a wish to make a public acknowledgment of that love, thereby to keep the fires of our devotion ever burning.

We are members of one of the greatest nations in the world, a nation whose growth and development during a comparatively short term of years have not been equalled in all the ages of history. Historians that have noted the growth of our country and recorded it for the wonder of succeeding centuries tell us that our government will one day become a kingdom or an empire even as did Greece and Rome. But was it not only when the people of those early republics no longer appreciated their responsibilities and allowed vice and corruption to become rampant that they lost the power to govern themselves? Did patriotism ever perish until morals had first been corrupted?

True patriotism is based essentially and fundamentally in that greatest of all commandments enunciated by the Master Himself: "Love thy neighbor as thyself," from which it follows that to be a true patriot one must be a true Christian. True patriotism does not consist in vague and sentimental rhapsodies about the flag, but in a strict obedience to the principles of the constitution; in still further obedience to the laws enacted by our legislators, to preserve public order, to further human happiness and to regulate the industries and finances of our country.

Reasonable criticism of the abuses that have lately threatened the very foundation of our business structure, determined effort to correct these sins, even an honest discontent with the questionable methods of some political leaders, are not inconsistent with true patriotism, but give evidence rather of its sincerity. The true patriot is not satisfied to live complacently under the flag, but exerts his every effort to the end that his flag may ever wave over the ramparts of honor, honesty, truth and Christian manhood.

Patriotism is called for in time of peace as well as in time of war, and let us proudly remember that Notre Dame has shown the true spirit on both occasions. In the early sixties, when it seemed as though our country would be rent assunder by internal strife, students left school to go to the front. Again in '08, when President McKinley issued a call for volunteers, a company was promptly organized among the students ready to fight for their country if their services should be needed. But Notre Dame has done her greatest work in time of peace by preparing her children to become good citizens, and her efforts in this direction have been crowned with such success that the world may look upon them and say: "Wherever you find a son of the Gold and Blue there you will invariably find a true patriot."

Fellow-students, the class of '08 presents to you this flag, the emblem of patriotism, hoping that you will ever be true to all that it stands for.

Father Cavanaugh, we ask you, as President of this

University—this historic stronghold of patriotism,—to accept it in the name of *Alma Mater* as a token of our love for our country and for Notre Dame.

At the conclusion of the speech of presentation the Reverend President of the University replied as follows:

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENIOR CLASS:—The custom which assembles the University on Washington's Birthday for this beautiful exercise is now among the best established of our college traditions. Genuine in its spirit, enthusiastic in its expression, it is one of the days looked forward to with deepest pleasure and remembered with profoundest gratitude.

Youth—glorious, fresh-hearted youth—is the time for generous and unfeigned emotion. In every age and in every land the fires of patriotism have burned brightest in the hearts of the young. The venerable men whose genius first planned this new experiment in self-government did indeed plan with the experience of age and the cunning of statecraft, but the stout hearts that won the battles of the Revolution were the hearts of youth. The brilliant debaters who first flung the Civil War athwart the imagination of men and the tears of women were advanced in years, but the blood that crimsoned the seas of the world and the bones that whitened the battlefields of North and South alike were the blood and the bones of the young men of the nation. The survivors of that titanic conflict are veterans now, and their heads, as some one has said, are whitened with the snows that never melt, but it was in the idealism and in the faith of youth that they found the courage to turn away from mother and sister and sweetheart and home and go out upon the battlefield to clasp hands with death, if so be America might live.

There are some of us, admirers of our time, who feel there is reason to lament the decay of the old-fashioned patriotism that created our government. Where is the "Glorious Fourth" of a quarter century ago, when the best men of our cities thought it no shame to send up shouts of patriotic oratory, higher and more brilliantly colored than the cheap sky rockets which now cleave the clouds? It has become vulgar and in bad taste to show emotion at the sight of the flag or the thought of country. What has become of the ardent rhetoric of the country picnic on Independence Day, when the Declaration was read almost as reverentially as the decalogue? It has become the jest of the vaudeville artist. The Fourth of July is a day of noise and horror instead of a day of gratitude and jubilation, and ten times as many lives have been lost in celebrating it—God help the phrase!—than were ever lost in achieving it.

Last week, for lack of better conversation during an enforced interview, I asked a colored man how he stood politically. He only said: "Well, sah, I don't know yit. A'm still on de fence. A'h ain't quite persuaded yit." But he must have mistaken me for a politician for his manner made it perfectly plain that he was for sale at a bargain, if anybody wanted him. That man ought to have been disfranchised forever, and forever banished from America—not because his face was of chocolate, but because his heart was yellow. But, gentlemen, that dusky statesman was a thousand

times better than the republican and the democratic politician who purchased his vote and made him a traitor to the country that placed the freedman's ballot in his hand.

It is to the young men of America that we must look to make patriotism popular again. It is in the fresh, the buoyant, the unjaded heart of youth that I have most hope. Here, if anywhere, in this ancient cloister, idealism ought to wrap you about as an atmosphere; for the faith in which you believe tells you that to fail in love of country is to fail in love of God. Here history comes to lay garlands on the graves of religious, professors and students, our predecessors in this University, who gave us great example. Here lessons of patriotism are nobly taught and nobly accepted, and here to-day the senior class a little while before they leave us present us with this beautiful banner of our country. Gentlemen, on behalf of the University I receive it from your hands as a symbol of the patriotic feeling of which as cultured men and good Americans you are proud. God grant you may never forget your duty to the great country over which that superb flag waves!

The South Bend News contained the following summary of the oration of the day:

Mr. Shively took for his theme "Washington," and in his discourse spoke in a forceful, impressive manner, portraying to his hearers the "Father of our Country" as a man and as a soldier, delineating the greatness of his character in each capacity. He spoke of the difficulties he had to encounter and of his ultimate triumph over all obstacles. Up till his time, he continued, the government of all nations was conducted along the lines advocated by Aristotle: that to the aristocracy or leisure class belonged the power of arbitrary rule, while to the servile class was left only submission to their authority, but with Washington and his contemporaries, that doctrine of the divine right of kings, to the amazement of the entire world, was overthrown, and in its stead was promulgated the doctrine of freedom and "the equality of all men." And with the birth of the American Republic were promulgated other doctrines similar to one another in their striking contrast to those heretofore in vogue among the civilized nations. Its unique doctrines were unprecedented. First the doctrine "that once a subject, always a subject" was irrevocably repudiated by the war of 1812; then came the promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine, which protected the States of South America from spoliation by European monarchs; and lastly the Civil War which forever crushed the hated institution of slavery, such were the principles for which this republic has stood.

In his conclusion he pointed out the way along which the republic must continue. New questions will arise, new problems must be solved, and the nation must continue to advance forward as it has at all times, and not to drop backward. Her successful march onward is in the hands of the present generation, and the men who will guide her right are not only those of education, but, what is far more important, of good morals, of self control and lofty character.

Lecture by Miss Emily Canfield.

Last Wednesday evening we had the pleasure of viewing a series of stereopticon pictures dealing with Venice. The views embraced subjects that were chiefly architectural and artistic as well as semi-historical. Miss Canfield has visited the scenes which she describes, and is well prepared to entertain her audience with a running commentary on the significance of the pictures presented.

Athletic Notes.

On Tuesday afternoon the final inter-hall track meet was run, and Brownson defeated Sorin by the score of 51½ to 43½.

A peculiar thing about all these inter-hall track meets is that each one has been decided by the relay race. And on Tuesday when Brownson and Sorin came together for the final, the relay race again decided the winner, and by winning the relay Brownson tied the knot on the inter-hall championship. Devine of Brownson proved to be the star of the afternoon, carrying away 14 points, and his run in the relay was in a large measure responsible for Brownson's victory. Roth of Sorin won second individual honors with 12 points, and Cripe and Daniels finished third with 11 each. Cripe's win of the quarter in 56 flat and his leap of 20 ft. 2 in. in the broad jump were the most "classy" performances of the meet, and his work gives great promise for the Varsity meets.

In the 40-yard low hurdles, Roth of Sorin and Maloney of Brownson ran a dead heat in the final, and in the run-off, the Brownson man won from Roth by inches. Daniels upset a little dope when he defeated Roach in the 40-yard dash. Heilman showed good form in the pole vault and with practice should develop into a Varsity man.

The meet as whole was a great success, and Coach Maris has surely done wonders in arousing spirit in the various halls. At no other time has there been manifested a like amount of genuine enthusiasm for the various sports that go to make up a track meet.

Kasper and Bracken, two members of the

1904-'05 Varsity track team, competed for Sorin, and the old-timers were made to look foolish by the youngsters, as neither man showed any of his old-time ability; they had to content themselves with the knowledge that they used-to-was, if they are-no-more. A week from to-day the Varsity track team will clash with Indiana in the first meet of the season. Coach Maris held a try-out this afternoon, and from now until the Indiana meet will get all the men in shape. On paper Notre Dame has a good chance of defeating the down-state school, but this time a week from to-night you will know all about it.

Summaries:

Mile-run—Devine, B., 1st; Parish, S., 2d; Lynch, B., 3. Time, 5 minutes 8 2-5 seconds.

Shot put—Daniels, S., 1st; Burdick, B., 2d; Edwards, B., 3d. Distance, 36 feet.

40-yard dash—Daniels, S., 1st; Roach, S., 2d; Cripe, B., 3d. Time, 4 3-5 seconds.

Half-mile run—Devine, B., 1st; Parish, S., 2d; Daly, B., 3d. Time, 2 minutes 16 seconds.

Quarter-mile run—Cripe, B., 1st; O'Leary, B., 2d; McDonald, S., 3d. Time, 56 seconds.

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

40-yard high hurdles—Roth, S., 1st; Devine, B., 2d; Miller, S., 3d. Time, 6 seconds.

Pole vault—Heilman, S., 1st; Murray, B., 2d; Lange, B., Bracken, S., tied for 3d. Height, 9 feet.

High jump—Roth and Miller, S., tied for 1st; Blackman and McKenzie, B., tied for 3d. Height, 5 feet 1 inch.

Broad jump—Cripe, B., 1st; Maloney, B., 2d; Daniels, S., 3d. Distance, 20 feet 2 inches.

¾ mile Relay race—Won by Bronson. Time, 3:30.

40-yd special—Won by Keach; Allen, 2d. Time, 4 3-5.

* *

The Varsity basket-ball team defeated Indiana University in Bloomington, on the 19th by the score of 21 to 20. Indiana led up to the last second of play, and Dubuc's free throw won the game for Notre Dame.

* *

On the 21st the Varsity defeated St. Mary's College of Kentucky by the score of 32 to 24, in a hard fast game. And on the 22d, the Y. M. I. of Indianapolis received their second drubbing at the hands of the Varsity, losing to Notre Dame by the score of 43 to 22. A more complete account of the games is impossible, as they were played away from home. The trip was in every way successful, as the team won three games out of four.

The Varsity basket-ball team closed the season on Thursday afternoon by defeating the Michigan "Aggies" by the overwhelming score of 39 to 20. The Farmers did not come up to expectations and the Varsity simply ran away with them. In the first half the visitors scored but four points, one field goal and two free throws, the period ending 24 to 4. In the second half, the "Aggies" braced and put up a fast game, but the Varsity held the game safe at all times, and there was never any doubt as to the outcome. Captain Scanlon and Dubuc played a star game; Maloney made a couple of brilliant passes for baskets, and Wood likewise was strong with long throws. In fact, every man on the team put up a great game in honor of the closing of the season. Burke spoiled many of the visitors' plays and Heyl and Fish did their share. Voudett and Merg starred for the Aggies.

The game closed a very successful season for Notre Dame. Out of twenty games played, the team lost but four, and finished second in the race for the Indiana championship. Coach Maris has surely made himself strong with the basket-ball fans, and with the team deserves much credit for the season's work. A good feature of his work is that we have a team that is not dependent on any one star.

Line-Up.

Notre Dame		M. A. C.
Dubuc	R. F.	Dickson
Maloney, Heyl	L. F.	McKenna
Burke	C.	Voudett
Wood, Fish	R. G.	Merg
Scanlon	L. G.	Krehl

Field goals—Dubuc, 4; Maloney, 2; Burke, Wood, 3; Scanlon, 4; Heyl, Dickson, Voudett, 2; Merg, 3; Krehl. Free throws—Maloney, 9; Krehl, 6. Referee—Barrett. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Personals.

—Professor Dehey, a former member of the faculty of the University; is now a member of the faculty of Pittsburg College. We wish him success in his new field of labor.

—John M. Rogers, graduate in the commercial course in '83, was a welcome guest at the University last Sunday. He is now

paying teller in the sub-treasury at Chicago, a position he has held for fourteen years.

—Dr. Frank Barton, who was a student at the University thirteen years ago, visited us last Saturday and spent a few enjoyable hours in the company of his former teachers and friends. Frank is now practising medicine at Danville, Ill. He made a brilliant record at the University and is well deserving of the success which he has achieved.

—Among the recent visitors to the University was the Hon. John Gibbins, student in '67 and '68, who is now an occupant of the bench in the circuit court of Cooke County, a position which the Judge has held for fifteen years. As a judge he enjoys the signal distinction of having but a very few of his decisions reversed in the superior courts, maintaining in this respect a better record than usually prevails. He was accompanied in his visit to the University by a prominent Chicago manufacturer of printing inks, Mr. C. M. Moore.

—On Saturday, February 22, Mr. Jerome J. Crowley and Miss Henrietta L. O'Brien were united in the holy bond of matrimony in St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind. Ten years ago Mr. Crowley entered the University and formed with the men of the University those attachments of friendship which have endeared him to faculty and students. He is now a prominent attorney in the city of Chicago and a leading member of the Knights of Columbus. Mrs. Crowley is charming, accomplished and exceedingly popular in her home city. The ceremony was performed by the Rt. Reverend P. J. Muldoon of Chicago, assisted by the Rev. John F. DeGroote, C. S. C., pastor of St. Patrick's Church. The ceremony was one of unusual brilliancy in every respect. The Church in which the marriage took place was decorated in a manner surpassing anything that had been done before; not an element was lacking to make the affair one of signal distinction, and as a climax to all, a telegram, received at the breakfast table, brought word that the Holy Father conferred upon the happy pair the Papal blessing. The bride and groom are now on their way to Naples to enjoy the pleasures of their honeymoon abroad. Success and happiness to them both!

Subjects for Orations.

Inasmuch as some of the students of the University are beginning the preparation of orations to be submitted in contests to be held in the middle of May, it might not be amiss to list some of the subjects which have been submitted in other schools for similar purposes. In the University of Chicago the preliminary contest involved the discussion of the following subjects: "Am I Thy Brother's Keeper?" "Public Sentiment vs. Criminal Law," "To-Day," "The Solid South," "A Plea for Colonization," "The Mirror of American Life," "The Gratitude of an Adopted Son," "Uncle Sam and His Water-Way." In our local state contest, held on the 6th of this month, the subjects were as follows: "Co-operation and Modern Life," "The New Crusade for Democracy," "Christianity and the World's Peace," "The Present Problem," "The Individual and His Party," "The Orient and the Occident," "Russia Libera." These subjects have been listed here to show in a practical way that the present tendency in college oratory is away from biographical subjects and towards those of a political, economic or social nature.

According to announcements made before the Christmas vacation there are to be four oratorical contests held during the latter part of May: one will be limited to preparatory students, one to freshmen, one to sophomores, one to juniors. The orations must not exceed 1600 words in length and must deal with a subject that is approved by the head of the English Department, with whom all candidates must enter their names. A prize of ten dollars will be given to each of the winners of these contests. Considerable interest has been manifested in this program as may be judged from the fact that more than forty contestants are already on the list. In case any further announcements are to be made they will reach the contestants individually, and for that reason it is advisable that all who intend to compete should see to it that their names are on the list so that they may be notified of any meeting of the contestants or any changes in the conditions.

Local Items.

—Found.—Two fountain-pens and a number of cuff buttons. Owners may obtain same from Brother Alphonsus.

—For three weeks Prof. Webster, director of the Choral Club of South Bend, has replaced Prof. Griffith in directing the Varsity Glee Club.

—Next Friday evening at 7:45 Dr. Nieuwland will lecture before the Engineering society in Science Hall on the origin of current in the primary battery.

—The Law Debating society will meet next Monday evening. "Resolved, That the United States government should enact a ship subsidy law," will be the question up for debate.

—A Carroll basket-ball team defeated the Holy Name team last Thursday, score 30 to 15; another Carroll team lost to the C. A. C. by a score of 14 to 23. Jaenke and Sippel were the stars for Carroll.

—At the meeting of the Notre Dame Congress last Wednesday, the House voted that certain charges made against President Roosevelt be investigated by a committee from the House. The speaker appointed Messrs. Deery, Coffey and Parish on the committee. If the charges are substantiated the President will be put on trial in the House.

—The professor of Botany acknowledges gratefully the following additions to the library of the department of Botany: Vols. I. and II. Erythea, a journal of botany founded by Dr. Green at the University of California; also Plantæ Bakerianæ, 3 Vols; The Genus Pelea; Contribution to U. S. Nat. Herbarium; likewise a large herbarium collection of parasitic fungi.

—The trial of the case of Brogan vs. the Indiana Northern Traction Co. which was to be held last Tuesday evening in the Moot-Court, was postponed until next Tuesday, in order to give Wood and Walker, attorneys for the plaintiff, an opportunity to amend their complaint. Nebel and Quinn, who represented the Traction company surprised the plaintiff by filing a demurrer to the complaint.

—The Civil Engineering department is indebted to Mr. Alonzo J. Hammond, of South Bend, Ind., for two splendid photographs of the recently constructed bridges which span the river St. Joseph in our neighboring city. These two photographs are large and beautifully framed; they are not, however, the only gifts of the kind for which the department is indebted to Mr. Hammond. He has made similar presents in the past.