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## Cheer the Team.

AIR:—"Down the Field."

CHEER the team, boys,—cheer the team,  
On to victory!  
Shake the thunder from the skies  
With a grand old U. N. D. Rah! rah! rah!  
Raise the Gold and raise the Blue,  
Our hearts to old N. D. beat true,  
Fighting, always fighting for  
The Gold and Blue.

Cheer the team, boys,—cheer the team,  
On to victory!  
Cheer the team, boys,—cheer the team  
With a grand old U. N. D. Rah! rah! rah!  
Show the N. D. fighting spirit,  
Let the foemen know and fear it:  
U. N. D. Rah! U. N. D.  
Vic-to-ry!

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

## America and the World's Peace.

WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.



ON the battlefield of Gettysburg at the foot of Culp's Hill stands a monument bearing three bronze tablets on one of which may be read the words, "The strife of brothers is past." The monument commemorates an incident of a most touching character that took place during the progress of that battle, the bloodiest conflict of the Civil War. Here on this hallowed spot where once issued a refreshing spring the soldiers of the North and the South met under a flag of truce which made the place a sanctuary of safety while death and carnage reigned on every side—met to quench their burning thirst and

bathe their wounds. This incident tells in plainer terms than words can express that men love peace, not war; that to live in strife is not a natural but a perverted condition of society.

Peace, universal and perpetual peace!—for ages past humanity's fondest dream. After nineteen centuries of Christian civilization the god of war still rules the nations. Must the sword forever devour? Is the earth forever to run red with human blood shed by the hand of man? Is it forever to resound with groans wrung from breasts which the sword of violence has pierced? No, the day is at hand when nations may no longer meet in the shock of battle to vindicate their claims of national right and national honor, but must seek justice at the bar of reason where the power of thought alone may prevail as the only legitimate means for settling international disputes. There is a movement afoot the world over for the establishing of universal peace by substituting arbitration for war. The promoters of the world's peace await the initiative of leadership of one nation in this movement. That nation is our own Republic which, as I firmly believe, is destined by the God of peace to be the instrument of Divine power for the establishing of universal and perpetual tranquillity among the nations of the earth.

In the movement for world's peace I do not recommend to our government any departure from the policy it has heretofore pursued. On the contrary, America's leadership shall rather strengthen and confirm our government in the policy so long and so consistently followed in the conduct of its foreign relations. I am not unmindful,

however, that our late war with Spain seems a contradiction to the American policy for arbitration. But I believe I express the sentiments of the best thought of the nation when I say that this war was regarded as a sacred duty owed to a suffering and down-trodden neighbor and was only entered upon after diplomacy had exhausted every effort at conciliation. America's example and influence have ever been a ruling power in making reason a substitute for armed conflict in the adjustment of international differences. For a hundred years and more we have been settling controversies with other nations by arbitration. Within the comparatively short period of her history the United States has been a party to no less than forty-eight agreements for international arbitration.

In 1802 our government received from Great Britain, through a commission, an indemnity to cover losses suffered by American vessels at the hands of Great Britain during her war with France; in 1842 our northeast boundary, a subject of contention for over fifty years, was determined upon by joint commission; in 1893 the menacing Behring Sea question was amicably settled by arbitration; in 1902 a dispute of long standing between the United States and Mexico was ended peacefully through the Hague Court. The crowning victory of arbitration, however, was in 1872 when those giants among the nations of the earth, Great Britain and the United States, taught that the magnitude of a controversy need not be a bar to a peaceful solution. I refer to what is commonly known in history as the Alabama Claims. What international controversy that has ever been arbitrated presented a more discouraging aspect or involved more explicitly the question of national right and national honor? President Grant, the prime mover for submitting the disputed claims to arbitration, regarded this victory of peace a triumph greater than that of Appomattox.

Besides showing by her own example what may be accomplished by arbitration, America has exerted a powerful influence in preserving and restoring peace between hostile and warring nations. In 1900 the great Empire of China lay in the throes of an internal war. The European nations—France,

Germany, Italy, England, and Russia—taking advantage of the Boxer uprising in China threatened a division of that empire. A war that portended a conflict involving almost the whole eastern world was the awful and imminent possibility. A clash of powers seemed inevitable. At this supreme moment the United States stepped forth to mediate for the integrity of China, and insisted on the policy of the "open door." The world knows the result. America's proposals were accepted by the powers, the integrity of China was preserved, and a world war averted. Could ever nation gain a more brilliant triumph than the United States in this victory of peace?

Again in 1905 the mediatorial power of the United States, through the action of our President, brought to a close one of the most titanic conflicts that mankind has ever witnessed. It was through the good offices of our President that Japan and Russia consented to lay down their arms and once more to resume peaceful relations. No military exploit ever received such universal laudation as this deed of peace.

The triumphs of peace are henceforth to receive the plaudits of the world, while the glories of war must fade and sink into oblivion. To conquer or to die on the field of battle is no longer the highest achievement of excellence, the true test of patriotism or devotion to one's country. A life spent in the cause of peace is as far more glorious than life sacrificed on the field of battle, as the serene and boundless heaven above is to the earth on which we tread. Witness the Grand Old Man of England, whose life spent in furthering the peace and amity of his country with other nations, shines a far brighter star in the firmament of fame than the martial achievements of a Wellington or a Nelson. Our own revered Washington stands forth the true father of his country, not when we contemplate him kneeling amid the frozen snows of Valley Forge in supplication for the success of his beloved cause; not when we see him with his soldiers crossing the ice-gorged Delaware at the peril of their lives; not when we behold him the victorious general at Yorktown; but when in noble defense of justice and peace we regard him steadfastly sustaining the neutrality of our country when the noisy

clamors of the people would have precipitated it into war. Let not the triumphs of war then be extolled above those of peace. The victories of peace are incomparably more glorious than the victories of war. In the measure that man transcends the beasts of the field, that the angels transcend man, that the God of peace transcends the gods of war, in that measure do the victories of peace transcend the victories of war.

It is a rightful boast of the American people that in their Declaration of Independence they asserted the claims of mankind to life and liberty to be rights "inalienable." To America was it given to cast down tyranny and oppression and to enthrone in their stead freedom and liberty. It was America's sublime privilege to assert to the world once and forever that "all men are created equal." Hers was the mission delegated by an all-ruling Providence to banish from the earth the reign of despotism and to make all civilized peoples, if not in name, assuredly in fact, free and self-governing. To-day the mission of world's peace, the mission to free mankind from that "scourge of nations," war, is proffered the American people; a mission which in duty to themselves and in justice to the world it is imperative for them to accept. The fate of our American nation depends upon the realization of the great ideals that characterize her as a nation and that underlie the foundation of all her institutions. It was America's love of liberty that moved her to declare her independence and thus to free mankind from the thralldom of despotic power. But liberty and peace go hand in hand. The desire for peace is but a desire for justice, equal rights and universal liberty. It must be America's love for peace that shall prompt her to be the champion in the cause for humanity's highest weal.

Some, however, will say that international peace through arbitration is indeed a most desirable thing but is a scheme too ideal to be realized. We must judge of its ideality by results in the past. Of the numerous questions that have been submitted to arbitration, the world has yet to point to a single instance where two nations after having agreed to arbitrate have refused to accept the decision of the arbitrators and gone to war. Arbitration has brought peace,—honorable peace. But

granting that it is ideal, remember that ideals have ever been the uplifting forces of humanity. Great ideas once brought to light can never die. Was not the idea of liberty, of a "government of the people, for the people and by the people," ideal? And will you say that this ideal has not been realized in its fullest measure? Besides, is it worthy of our Christian civilization with its watchword of the angel's song "peace on earth to men of good will," that we should still be stooping to the methods of the jungle and the forest. Our civilization is a vain boast until the spirit of Christ shall rule the nations and the vision of the poet has become a reality, when

The war drum throbs no longer and the battle flags  
are furled

In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the  
world.

American philanthropy is already strongly active in the movement for the world's peace. In far-off Europe, in that land where the dogs of war have scarcely ever been fettered, where for centuries, with but short intervals of peace, the flash of cannon and musketry set the air aflame by day and the lurid fires of the bivouac cast grewsome shadows of horror and death by night, there is to be erected by American munificence a Palace of Peace wherein shall sit the arbiters of the nations, the Hague Court of Arbitration; where Justice, enthroned upon an international tribunal, shall speak to the nations in the majesty of reason and the calm splendor of peace. It was our nation's head that set the machinery of this actual but thus far inactive court into operation and confirmed its efficacy at the very moment when the nations that had created it were bent on its dissolution. America may not live for herself alone. Providential nation that she is, she can not deserve the approving smile of Heaven unless she makes the interests of humanity the guiding star of all her movements. May the name of the American people be foremost upon the roll of the champions of the world's peace and of true civilization. In the circle of nations America stands the stateliest and most honored of them all. May the accomplishment of this mission of peace, which I believe to be divinely hers, be the brightest jewel in her crown of glory.

## Peace.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

NOT in pleasure and enjoyment is the greatest joy  
obtained,  
For the pangs of recollection ever after are retained;  
Not in loafing through the country with that easy  
care-free air,  
For a blot upon our honor ever after we shall bear;  
Not in hoarding golden treasures do we find the peace  
we seek,  
They're forever playing havoc making all so cold  
and bleak;  
Not in holding highest office in this land of freedom's  
toil,  
For the fears of a misjudgment oft our dearest plans  
do foil;  
But in truth and right and justice we shall find the  
peace we seek,  
Living out our own existence, useful, helpful, ever meek.

## Over the Green Cloth.

R. T. COFFEY, '10

A sufficient time having elapsed since his election, the new mayor of South Fork, realizing the futility of continuing his reforms, raised the "lid" from his town. As in the majority of cases where a radical reform has been instituted, the hour of righteousness being passed, the people resumed with added zeal their viciousness. They seized the cup of evil which had been so long denied them and drained it to its very dregs. The haunts of vice and sin again threw open their doors to cater to those in whom reason is dominated by passion.

The gambling house above Richardson's saloon was crowded that night. The click of the dice, the steady whir of the roulette wheel, the calls of the croupiers, the curses of the losers, the clinking of glasses, filled the tobacco-scented air. Here mankind, casting aside all social veneering, allowed the beast of avarice brazenly to assert its supremacy. The young man, his face suffused with the excitement of his first game, touched elbows with the hardened and

passive gambler. The poor laboring man, hopefully risking his slender wages, was surveyed with scorn by the gilded son of "society."

By the roulette wheel cynically surveying the disgusting scene, sat Frank Mahon—croupier. His white face—the face of a man of sedentary employment—hardened by the life he led, immobile save for the cynical smile, gave no hint of the loathing he felt for his condition. Night after night for years he had sat in the same position and viewed the same scene with antinomianical indifference. But to-night all had changed. His love for a woman had awakened his remnant of manhood and filled him with discontent. She had rejected him because he was a gambler.

His mind reverted to the scene. She stood in the calm moonlight, the moonbeams playing in her brown hair and setting the golden tints glimmering in the pale light; her face was suffused with excitement. Her chin, though dainty, was cast in a firm mould. Her whole countenance, softened with compassion, struggling to veil the battle of passion against principle that was being waged in her soul, shattered the self-composure of the man. Never before had he realized how a high-minded girl would regard his vocation. The companions of his other days asked him what he had and not how he got it.

"No," Frank she said, "I am sorry to wound you. But I can never marry you. Yes, I once cared for you. I might say that I even loved you. But those days have passed. I sometimes wish they could return. That was before I knew what you are," she answered with a sorrowful intonation in her voice. "That sad day—for it was indeed a sad day—that I learned that you were a gambler, that you worked in a gambling-house, I gave you up. I hated to tell you the reason. To-night you have placed me in a position that I feel I owe it to you to tell the whole truth. You have always treated me like a gentleman would treat me. It was a hard battle, Frank, to live up to my ideals. I wish to God it had been different, that you led a different life."

"But suppose I change. Suppose I give up my position. Will you come with me

to start life anew, to forget the past?" he pleaded.

"No, it is too late now. In the beginning it might have been different. But when I gave you up, I learned to love another man, a man whom I can respect," she answered.

"Who is he?"

"Joe Philips."

"The attorney?—I know the man slightly."

With a discernment born of years, watching men's passions and weaknesses, he saw that the strain was telling on the girl. It wanted but a moment more of the ordeal to cause her to burst into hysteria. Fearing such an outbreak, he left her. As she watched his retreating form, she wished it could have been different. But the fates had already decreed. The woof of their lives was already woven.

"So this is the life that I have led for all these years. These are the people that have made me what I am. By catering to their passions I have become one of them. No wonder she despised a gambler. It is strange that I never realized before what this life means to others," he soliloquized.

His meditations were suddenly interrupted by a portentous stir in the crowd at the farther end of the room. Looking up he saw, entering the door, the man of all men he least expected to see, the man of all men he wished the least to see—Joe Philips the fiancé of the woman who despised a man that gambled.

"What can he want at this place? He surely does not want to gamble. I am sure he is not that kind of a man," the croupier asked himself.

The newcomer's purpose was soon made evident. Without glancing to his right or to his left, his eyes widely opened in a slightly drunken stare, the man advanced to the only vacant roulette wheel—the one tended by Frank Mahon.

"Give me a thousand dollar's worth of chips," he commanded in a petulant voice.

For a moment the croupier hesitated to comply with the demand. He was tempted to refuse to play the wheel with his rival. Then came the stinging memory that he was merely a servant of the place. Any scruples that he held in regard to serving the man who had won the prize that he craved for himself were quickly smothered

by the knowledge that it was not his duty to designate or to judge who should play. Calmly he dealt out the requisite number of chips. The other noting the momentary hesitation, broke forth in that confidential air born of drunkenness.

"I presume that you think it strange that I should come here and that I should gamble. Well, I must admit that your surprise has a good foundation. It would certainly give some of my South Fork acquaintances a shock to find me here. But I once was a gambler and a gambler in every sense of the word. Five years ago I determined to quit the game forever. Since that day until to-night I have never touched a card or entered a gaming house. I have often been tempted, but I kept my resolution. To-night the fever of fate has again seized me. I can restrain myself no longer. I am going to play my last game. I swear to God that it shall be my last. I am going to win—for lose I can not. I am then going to marry the sweetest little woman in the world. She will keep me straight. What is the matter!" he exclaimed as the dealer's face blanched with pain as he alluded to his marriage.

"Nothing at all. Go on," Mahon replied.

"Yes, I am going to play my last game to-night and I am going to win. No, I can't lose. That is absurd. Come; the game. I want to play. My brain demands the musical whirl of the wheel. Here's all my money. Come; start the ball. Here she goes, one hundred dollars on the 'Red.'"

The slim, nervous fingers of the dealer, active by years of practice, sent the little ivory ball whirling on its path around the bowl. Round and round, racing and leaping like an animate being, spun the little sphere. Dropping upon the rotating disk, it leaped in and out of the steel apartments. At last it quivered and came to rest in one of the red niches.

"You win. Double your bet," urged the croupier filled with the gambler's enthusiasm.

The game went on with varied success. Sometimes playing single numbers, sometimes playing the corners and again the colors, regardless of any system, Philips played his chips. Loiterers gathered around the table giving their advice and urging him

to try some of their favorite systems. He turned a deaf ear to their congratulations and their consolations; but soon the fickle goddess of fate ceased to smile. The truth dawned upon the player that the pile of chips at his elbow was growing smaller and smaller. Glass after glass of whiskey he drained, hoping to brace his nerves, but it was in vain. His excited brain urged him on to recklessness. Smaller and smaller grew the pile of chips. The money with which he had intended to build a little cottage for himself and bride was going to satiate the inexorable appetite of the wheel. At last in a frenzy he burst forth:

"I am tired of this fooling. I am going to win or lose this time and have done with it. Here goes my pile on "00." If I win I am going to quit. If I lose I am going to kill myself. I would rather die than let Nell know that I could not marry her because I lost my money at the gaming table. I know what the name gambler means to her."

Mahon looked at the man before him. The naturally thin face of the attorney was drawn into a ghastly shape by the fire of the liquor within him. His eyes were blazing with the light of maniacal fury. The well-groomed, cultured Joe Philips had changed into a primordial savage. The elementary man had claimed supremacy. With the blind fatalism of his naked ancestors in the gloomy forests of Germany, he was willing to hazard his life on a single try, a man who held the decrees of fortune inviolable. The croupier saw it would be useless to try to dissuade the man from his purpose. A refusal to continue the game would cause an outbreak in which one or both of the men would be injured. And then the newspapers seizing the story would drag the girl's name into the affair. That must be avoided by all means.

"Hurry up, I want the game. This is the time I win or die—win or die—win or die," the man mumbled with that repetition of the drunken who have one dominant idea.

Seeing further hesitation useless, the dealer seized the little ball and mechanically sent it whirling on its path. Like a little demon participating in the sport, wishing to prolong the suspense, the ball rolled, tossed and jumped on its way. Like a man watching

the "crystal sphere," mesmerized by its changing colors, gazing into it as though trying to divine his fate, Philips watched the whirling disk. The gambling-house was now deserted except by these two men,—the one staking his life; the other powerless to save him. The wheel whirled on with a steady drowsy hum. The ball clicked and jumped on its path. As though yielding to the drowsy hum, lower and lower sank the head of the attorney. The croupier, intently watching the ivory messenger of fate, did not see the other; he was thinking, thinking, thinking. Slower and slower sped the ball. Like a tired being it wanted rest but could not stop. With a click, it dropped onto the disk. It rested in "00," but only for a moment. With renewed energy, it leaped out. Struck and tossed by the revolving partitions, it passed in and out of the niches. At last it gave a death-like quiver and came to rest in number "18." Pale and wan, Mahon quickly glanced at the other. Philips, his head bowed upon the table, was in a drunken slumber.

"Win or die, win or die, win or die," he murmured fretfully.

"So this is the man Nell loves; this is the man she respects. I wonder what she will say when she hears of his death. But—oh, heavens, she said she loved him. You love him, Nell. For your sake I will save him," whispered the croupier.

Quickly, like a man fearing detection of a crime, Mahon reached down, seized the ball and placed it in "00." Then walking to the other he roughly shook him.

"Wake up. You won this time. Here is your money. Get out; it is time to close up," he brutally ordered.

The early outgoing train from South Fork contained a man filled with contentment, that his life had at least been some good at last. He was going to seek a new country, to forget the past and become a man. He wished to forget the girl he loved.

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### Returned.

Like the swell of an anthem joy rises from men,  
When the harbinger heralds that Spring's here again.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.



## Varsity Verse.

## APPROACH OF JUNE.

THE summer breeze has come to stay,  
At least our hope is that it may;  
The snow is gone, the birds have come,  
All things are bright, and songs are sung.

The days are longer than before,  
The hours for work and study more;  
Withal it seems our wants, though great,  
Would all be filled, and we could wait  
With hearts as light and free from care  
As seem the birds' and children's fair.

But far from home and friendly cheer,  
The summer's air but brings more clear  
Before the minds of students here  
The thoughts of home and June so near.

We count the days till we shall wend  
Our homeward way from old South Bend!  
No more we think of budding trees,  
Of singing birds, or humming bees,  
But as the days pass slowly by,  
Our hearts grow light as June draws nigh.

ALBERT F. GUSHURST, '09.

## THE SONG OF THE TRUSTS.

*Air.—Get rich quick.*

Where did John D. get his dough?  
From the trusts.

How do Morgan's millions grow?  
By the trusts.

Ask of Harriman and Gould  
Where their mighty wealth is pooled,  
And they'll say their fate is ruled  
By the trusts.

How did Fisk get rich so fast?  
By the trusts.

How do Roger's fortunes last?  
Through the trusts.

Ask some Senators of note  
What controls their precious vote,  
And they'll say, "Don't squeal, you goat,  
It's the trusts."

If you're poor you'll have a boss  
In the trusts.

When investors suffer loss,  
Watch the trusts.

Ask the merchants that have failed  
Who their modest profit nailed,  
And they'll say, "It was curtailed  
By the trusts."

So alas! we must obey  
The blamed trusts,  
For they rule the world to-day,  
Do the trusts.

When our earthly work is done,  
Let us hope the heav'n we've won,  
Is a place that won't be run  
By the trusts.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

## THE END OF MY RIME-MAKING.

I once took time  
To write a rime—  
Four dozen times 'twas mended—  
And when my rime  
I thought sublime,  
I to my Prof. ascended.

He took my rime  
And said, "you mime,  
You think such stuff is splendid?  
Why where's the rime,  
'Tis 'line' and 'slime'  
Is this what you intended?"

"To write such rime  
Is nigh a crime,  
And you should be suspended;  
I'll bet a dime  
That trash—your rime—  
Was thought a poem splendid."

He seized my rime,  
Did it begrime  
With pencil marks unended.  
"Give me that rime,"  
I said, "for I'm  
Quite badly now offended."

I took that rime  
And home did climb,  
Repeating words distended;  
And from that time  
I rimed no rime,  
For there my riming ended.

CHARLES J. MARSHALL, '11.

## AN APRIL FOOL TRAGEDY.

Pa was sleeping,  
Kid came peeping  
At the window of his room.  
Little liar  
Shouted "fire!"  
Threw at pa a burning broom.

Pa jumped sky high,  
Ma said "why, Si,"  
Kid stood with a six-inch grin,  
Till his daddy  
Seized the lad; he  
Licked him till he yelled like sin.

Kid was sorry,  
Very sorry,  
As he walked that day to school,  
And said not much  
Would he plot such  
Tricks again on April Fool.

DENIS MORRISON, JR., '10.

## PROCRASTINATION.

*(Iliad Bk. ix. lines 312-313.)*

Who has one thing in mind but another doth tell  
Is as hateful to me as the portals of hell.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

## To a Buried Soldier.

THOMAS O. MAGUIRE, '09.

I LOOKED upon the city of the dead  
 And there I saw a cross of common wood;  
 I stopped to look, and thereupon I read  
 How holy was the ground on which I stood.

Within that tomb reposed a soldier bold,  
 A soldier true to country and to God,  
 A man whose glories oft by men are told,  
 Whose fame will ne'er be closed beneath the sod.

'Twas he who comfort gave in case of need,  
 'Twas he who fought as any soldier true,  
 'Twas he in fighting ever took the lead,  
 'Twas he a common soldier of the Blue.

## Deer Park Glen.

FRED GASSENSMITH, '10.

It was in the olden days of which history tells no story, and of which man has no recollection, that nature spent the years in modeling out the beautiful pictures which we now enjoy. She still continues her labor, but man is unable to notice her slow progress, and only wonders at the beauty of completed work. One of those marvellous pictures of nature is to be found near the little village of Deer Park, which is situated in the northern part of central Illinois. Deer Park Glen is about 150 feet in depth and about 100 feet in width, its course winds through the woods for about a mile toward the Vermillion River.

Picture the surprise of the stranger as, walking through the little park which surrounds the glen, he comes unexpectedly to its brim. There is a little bridge which extends for about ten feet over the edge; and walking out on it, you can look down into the miniature canyon, and obtain a general view before exploring it. How beautiful is the scene below. The rocky wall presents a very jagged appearance in its almost perpendicular descent; here and there a bird, perched on one of the many projections, is warbling his pleasant song, and the answering notes of his mate are heard coming from beneath where the nest has been built far beyond the reach of enemies. Looking down to the bottom

you can see the little spring, its clear water sparkling in the few rays of sunlight which manage to reach it, and reflecting the image of the rocky wall as it flows off along the base.

But let us leave the bridge and go to the head of the little canyon; here we may descend by a natural stairway to a ledge about fifty feet lower than the bridge. In the centre of this small platform is a well into which the water falls from above; it overflows, and then continues its journey to the bottom of the canyon. The well situated on this ledge is called "The Bottomless Pit," because its depth has never been found; swimmers have been drowned in it, but their bodies have never been recovered. The water is so clear that you are able to see many feet below the surface. On looking up at the bridge, one can see that the wall beneath has caved in for several feet, where, covered with vines and dotted here and there by bushes and small trees which have found root in the fissures, it presents a very beautiful picture.

About two hundred yards down the ravine, a staircase has been erected for the use of visitors; this leads down about one hundred and twenty feet from where the natural path conducts you to the bottom. As you go back toward the head of the ravine, you will notice the many bright-colored fish in the stream and the wild flowers that grow along the bank. In time the spring is reached. Directly above is the bridge, but how different is the picture! The scene from above is a common one compared with that from below. One can not help stopping in wonder and looking up at the ledges and caves above. Here and there the names of reckless visitors are painted high up on the wall, and in different places little springs are seen gushing forth and leaving a rusty-looking trail downward along the side. Except for the ripple of the stream, the occasional note of a bird, or the croak of a frog, all is silent. When leaning over to drink the clear, cold water of the spring you can see many bright-colored pebbles in the bottom as well as a few arrow-heads, which goes to show that the Indians frequented this place.

Everyone who visits Deer Park becomes interested in the structure of the many caves.



Three in particular are generally explored; to reach them you cross the bridge of stones which leads across the creek to the entrance. The first cave is quite large and is very light, but the second and third are dark. The most interesting part is the passage between the first and second caves; it is called the "Fat Man's Dread" because of its narrowness; it prevents a fat person from seeing the beauties of the middle room. On coming out from the last cave one is surprised to find himself on a little ledge directly behind the waterfall; through the spray on either side can be seen the spring and the door through which he entered. Coming out again into the open and wandering down the ravine, you meet with many new and equally beautiful scenes. One thing that struck me in particular was a little canyon formed in the wall; a very small stream flowed over its brim and onto the roots of a great tree which had grown out from the fissures; the roots were covered with moss, and from them the water fell in a light rain into a little pool beneath. The spray caused miniature rainbows to be seen on all sides.

Passing down the ravine, we come at last to the large swinging bridge which spans the Vermillion. Few pass over this bridge without stopping to enjoy the gentle swinging, and to watch the swift current as it passes on its last few miles toward the Illinois.

### Charity.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

IN far-off lands where rivers ever flow  
 Midst summer scenes, the alma tree makes gay  
 Their banks with purple bloom; and through the day  
 The breezes, laden with its blossoms, blow  
 Across the bosom of the stream below  
 To place their tribute there ere fades away  
 The sunset's glory: with morn's earliest ray  
 New buds are seen where late the old did grow.  
 Let night not come and find that those good deeds  
 Which thou hadst planned are still undone by thee;  
 Let noble works their daily blossoms strew  
 On other lives; lose not the pregnant seeds  
 Of charity; but, like the alma tree,  
 To-day give all; to-morrow bloom anew.

### My Roommate.

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

My roommate is an odd little fellow. Souris is his name. He is quick, active, alert. Whether it is from habit, or from heredity, I can not say, but I never yet have seen him walk erect. His appearance is that of a hunchback; his head literally hangs low between his shoulders, and his eyes always seem to search the floor. The glances, which he occasionally shoots at one, last for only a second. This, coupled with the fact that his shoulders are so stooped and his head ever bowed so low, has made it impossible for me to discover the color of his eyes. They must be a steel-gray—I can't imagine any others for him.

His eccentricities are noticeable even in his voice, which is high-pitched and shrill—and he seldom or never speaks. "Shy as a fairy" and "tight as a clam" express his manner and speech pretty well.

One afternoon I was sitting on my bed and Souris sat on my trunk. That was his favorite seat and position. He knew how to be comfortable. He was more intimate that day than I had seen him for weeks. He looked pleasant and wore a sort of smile that seemed to say, "Let's be friends." Of course I was willing; he was so small that I couldn't help feeling kindly toward him. Whenever he got in that mood of friendliness we succeeded in getting along fine. On this afternoon we had a very enjoyable time, although the conversation was one-sided. I said practically everything that was spoken between us. The only outwardly noticeable part that he took was to wink, or rather squint, his eyes and shake his head. Even then in his moments of greatest intimacy he persisted in his silence. We had carried on our one-sided conversation for about ten minutes when some one knocked at the door.

"Come in," I yelled.

That ended our conversation. He let me understand by his actions that he refused to be seen in my company. When my visitor entered Souris was gone. Down behind the radiator was Souris, my pet mouse.

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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Notre Dame, Indiana, May 2, 1908.

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—The University was honored on the 24th of April by the presence of a member of the Hierarchy, the Rt. Rev. Bishop Maes, of Covington, Ky. His Lord-

**Bishop Maes.** ship took dinner with the students, and at the close of the meal made a short address in which he gave expression to the pleasure which he experienced in coming to the University, and explained the meaning of true education. He was introduced by the Rev. President of the University, Father Cavanaugh, who spoke of the Bishop's steadfast friendship for Notre Dame.

—Sunday, May 17, has been set as the date for the meeting of the Lætare Medalists at the University. It is now twenty-five

years since the honor was first conferred. Nearly all the recipients of the medal are alive, and will, with one or two exceptions, be present at the reunion. The Lætare Medal for 1908 will be conferred on Dr. James C. Monaghan on the occasion of this first congress; the jubilee sermon will be preached by the Reverend Dr. John Talbot Smith. The event will be a notable one in the history of the University.

## Oratorical Victory at Bloomington.

On Friday evening, April the 24th, in the Students' Building, Bloomington, Indiana, William P. Lennartz, '08, won the State Intercollegiate Peace Oratorical Contest. The Intercollegiate Peace Association is a comparatively young organization established principally in the leading universities throughout the Middle West, and has as its object the peaceful adjustment of all national disputes "at the bar of reason where the power of thought alone may prevail" and not in "the shock of battle." The association has lately become international, many



WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

universities in Europe having Chapters, and most notably the universities of Belgium.

Early in the spring Notre Dame was invited to send a representative to the State Oratorical Contest conducted by the organization. Mr. Lennartz was chosen to take part in the contest. This being the first year Notre Dame has entered the contest, our victory is justly a cause of jubilation, and our joy is still further heightened when we consider that it is the second time we have won any state contest in oratory.

Our victor impressed profoundly the student audience. His oration dealt with "America and the World's Peace." Written in beautiful language and delightful style, the oration was an admirable composition, and, with the fire and whole-souled oratory

of the speaker, was most convincing.

The reception tendered Mr. Lennartz as he stepped on the platform rivalled any given in our own hall; and when the chairman had made known the decision of the judges, the hall resounded with cheers for Notre Dame and her victor. The result was anticipated as soon as Notre Dame's representative had concluded his oration. The applause which indicated this was more prolonged than for any of the other visiting contestants. This and other signs of approval gave our orator more encouragement than if the contest were held here at the University. The students of the University of Indiana are to be thanked for the expression of their good will towards the University of Notre Dame.

Five institutions were represented in the contest: Indiana University, DePauw, Earlham, Goshen College and Notre Dame. It was impossible to obtain the markings of the judges beyond that Notre Dame won unanimously. The other colleges were ranked as follows: Earlham second, represented by O. Wessner, who had for his oration "The Forces of War and the Forces of Peace." Indiana secured third place through Mr. Shake, who spoke on "The Dawn of Peace." C. Flynn of DePauw was awarded fourth place. His oration was on "The Redemption of Patriotism." The judges assigned Goshen College fifth place. This school was represented by J. Shank whose subject was "The Growing Sentiment." The judges were Prof. Demarcus Brown, State Librarian, Indianapolis; Prof. Benton, Principal Shortridge High School, Indianapolis; and Prof. Brown of Wabash College, Crawfordsville.

### The Notre Dame-Ohio Debate.

Last year when Messrs. Bolger, Donahue and Burke, one of the strongest teams Notre Dame ever had, left us, we felt a little downhearted as to the future; but again the sons of the old Gold and Blue have risen to the exigency, and we no longer need fear, for another battle has been fought, another conquest has been added to our long list, and our line of victories still remains unbroken.

Messrs. Collentine, Hebert and Mathis won Notre Dame's fourteenth consecutive victory on last Friday, April 24, against the strong Ohio State University team, composed of Messrs. Bale, King and Ketcham. The presiding officer was Mr. Henry F. Wurzer of South Bend, Ind., and the judges were Hon. Joseph H. Defrees of Chicago, Hon. Floyd Mechem of the University of Chicago, and Mr. Elmer Crockett of South Bend.

The question under discussion was: "Resolved, that corporations engaged in



RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.

interstate commerce be compelled to incorporate under federal laws, constitutionality granted." Notre Dame supported the negative side of the question. Mr. Frederick G. Bale opened for the affirmative.

Mr. Bale spoke very clearly on the history of trust legislation, gave the affirmative interpretation of the question, and showed that the evils of over-capitalization, forming pools and interholding of shares are allowed to exist under the present system, being punished simply by a fine. He also spoke of New Jersey's lax laws, and charged the



PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

present evils to such states as attempt by laxity to attract corporations for revenue purposes, and closed by advocating federal incorporation as a remedy.

Mr. Richard J. Collentine opened for the affirmative. He began by telling the affirmative that they had missed the issue, that it wasn't a question of evils, but whether federal incorporation was the best remedy. He held that federal incorporation is unnecessary and uncalled for, because the evils can be cured without it. For the evil of interholding, he recommended further legislation on the part of the federal government; for the cure of over-capitalization, he recommended the passage of the Beveridge Law, making the sale of watered stock a felony, as has been done in California, Massachusetts and England.

Mr. William N. King continued the affirmative argument, and emphasized the point that the system of state incorporation will never succeed because the states can never have control over interstate commerce. He also insisted on uniformity of law as a necessity for efficient control.

The second negative speaker was Mr. Peter E. Hebert. He began by saying that we do not have to strike the charter to cure the evils, stating that the plan proposed by the negative would accomplish that. In a clear and logical speech he showed that the proposed plan would destroy our dual government and bring greater evils into existence than there are at present. His style of delivery was very forcible.

The last affirmative speaker was Mr. Alvin Ketcham. Mr. Ketcham was Ohio's best debater. He showed the practicability of federal incorporation, arguing that such a system would bring national matter under national control. The plan, he said, would make business more sound and would protect the people against such things as inflated stock. He gave as a fair example of federal incorporation the national banking system.

Mr. Michael A. Mathis closed the negative main argument. He won hearty applause from the house by a powerful rebuttal in which he took up the last words of Mr. King and showed that our national banking



MICHAEL A. MATHIS, '10.

system is the worst in the world. Throughout his whole speech he was forcible and convincing. He insisted again that the issue was not evils, but whether federal incorporation was the best remedy. He took examples of federal incorporation in the District of Columbia and Alaska, and showed that they were failures, arguing from this that we could expect nothing better in the future. When Mr. Mathis sat down Notre Dame stocks were high.

The rebuttals were excellent. Ohio State repeatedly insisted that under the present system a state could neither keep out an interstate corporation nor control it. Notre Dame emphasized several points, namely, that we could control the corporations without touching their charters, that as long as we can cure the evils, no state wants to keep out an interstate corporation, and that such a plan, besides being unnecessary, would bring greater evils than exist now. Mr. Ketchum was easily the best rebutter for Ohio State, while all three starred for Notre Dame, Mr. Mathis ending the argument in a conclusive manner. The decision of the judges was two to one in favor of Notre Dame.

All around, the debate was a good one, and we are proud of the team. Of the three Notre Dame men, Mr. Collentine is a Junior and Messrs. Mathis and Hebert are Sophomores. This is the first year any of them have been in an intercollegiate debate, although the last two were in the inter-hall series last year.

#### Economic Prizes.

In order to arouse an interest in the study of topics relating to commerce and industry, and to stimulate those who have a college training to consider the problems of a business career, a committee, composed of Professor J. Laurence Laughlin, University of Chicago, chairman; Professor J. B. Clark, Columbia University; Professor Henry C. Adams, University of Michigan; Horace White, Esq., New York City, and Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Clark College, have been enabled, through the generosity of Messrs. Hart, Schaffner and Marx, of Chicago, to offer in 1909 prizes under two general heads.

Attention is expressly called to a new rule that a competitor is not confined to subjects mentioned in this announcement; but any other subject chosen must first be approved by the Committee.

Under the first head are suggested herewith a few subjects intended primarily for those who have had an academic training; but the possession of a degree is not required of any contestant, nor is any age limit set.

- 1 German and American methods of regulating trusts.
- 2 The logic of "Progress and Poverty."
- 3 What are the ultimate ends of trade-unions, and can these be gained by any application of the principles of monopoly?
- 4 In view of existing railway progress, should the United States encourage the construction of waterways?
- 5 Is it to be expected that the present and recent production of gold will cause a higher level of prices?

Under this head, Class A includes any American without restriction; and Class B includes only those who, at the time the papers are sent in, are undergraduates of any American college. Any member of Class B may compete for the prizes of Class A.

A First Prize of Six Hundred dollars and a Second Prize of Four Hundred dollars are offered for the best studies presented by Class A, and a First Prize of Three Hundred dollars and a Second Prize of Two Hundred dollars are offered for the best studies presented by Class B. The committee reserves to itself the right to award the two prizes of six and four hundred dollars of Class A to undergraduates in Class B, if the merits of the papers demand it.

Under the second head are suggested some subjects intended for those who may not have had an academic training, and who form Class C.

- 1 The best scheme for uniform corporation accounts.
- 2 Desirable methods of improving our trade with China.
- 3 The proper spheres of the trust company and the commercial bank.
- 4 The relations of oriental immigration to American industries.
- 5 The relative efficiency of American and European labor in manufacturing industries.

One Prize of Five Hundred dollars is offered for the best study presented by Class C; but any member of Class C may compete in Class A.

The ownership of the copyright of successful studies

will vest in the donors, and it is expected that, without precluding the use of these papers as theses for higher degrees, they will cause them to be issued in some permanent form.

Competitors are advised that the studies should be thorough, expressed in good English, and although not limited as to length, they should not be needlessly expanded. They should be inscribed with an assumed name, the class in which they are presented, and accompanied by a sealed envelope giving the real name and address of the competitor. If the competitor is in Class B, the sealed envelope should contain the name of the institution in which he is studying. The papers should be sent on before June 1, 1909, to

J. LAURENCE LAUGHLIN, Esq.,  
The University of Chicago,  
Chicago, Ill.

### Our Fourteen Victorious Debating Teams.

May 3, 1899—Sherman Steele, '97; M. A. Schumacher, '99; H. P. Barry, '01.

May 2, 1900—J. P. Hayes, '01; W. A. McInerney, '01; and Paul J. Ragan, '00.

May 22, 1901—G. W. Kuppler, '01; H. P. Barry, '01; and B. V. Kanaley, '04.

March 15, 1902—J. J. Sullivan, '02; C. C. Mitchell, '02; and F. E. Hering, '02.

May 14, 1902—B. V. Kanaley, '04; J. L. Corley, '02; and J. P. O'Hara, '02.

April 11, 1903—G. A. Farabaugh, '04; M. F. Griffin, '04; and B. V. Kanaley, '04.

April 16, 1904—M. F. Griffin, '04; T. D. Lyons, '04; and B. V. Kanaley, '04.

April 14, 1905—P. M. Malloy, '07; T. B. Cosgrove, '06; and W. A. Bolger, '07.

May 5, 1905—W. J. Donahue, '07; C. L. O'Donnell, '06; and J. C. McGinn, '06.

April 26, 1906—C. J. Hagerty, '06; W. J. Donahue, '07; and W. A. Bolger, '07.

May 17, 1906—P. M. Malloy, '07; T. B. Cosgrove, '06; and G. A. Farabaugh, '06.

May 23, 1906—J. J. Boyle, '08; J. V. Cunningham, '07; and W. A. Bolger, '07.

April 27, 1907—T. E. Burke, '07; W. J. Donahue, '07; and W. A. Bolger, '07.

April 24, 1908—R. J. Collentine, '08; P. E. Hebert, '10; and M. A. Mathis, '10.

### Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 4; M. A. C., 2.

The Varsity won the fifth straight last Saturday by defeating Michigan "Aggies," 4 to 2.

Willie Ryan and his spit ball were on good

terms, and although the game was somewhat of a slugging tie, both teams annexing ten hits, Ryan after the first inning kept his well scattered.

The "Aggies" got away fast. Ellis, the first man up, drew a pass, but went out attempting to steal. Mills drew another; Vance hit for a base, and Baker followed with another single, scoring Mills. Harrison singled, but Baker was out attempting to steal third. Vaughn went out by way of Daniels.

The Varsity did not get going until the second, when McKee scored on McKenna's single after one man was down. Three hits in the third resulted in one run. In the fifth, McKenna singled and Ruell hit one on the nose for a trip all the way round.

The "Aggies" second run came in the eighth. With one down the next three men singled, scoring Vance. The first triple play of the season was pulled off in the eighth inning. McKenna was given his first chance in fast company, and proved he had the goods in him, playing a good game in third and slammed the ball for two hits. Ruell's fielding and hitting was the feature of the game.

Notre Dame.....	B	R	H	P	A	E
Bonham, lf.....	4	0	0	2	0	0
McKee, cf.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	3	0	1	5	1	0
Cutshaw, 2b.....	4	0	0	4	3	2
McKenna, 3b.....	4	1	2	2	1	1
Ruell, ss.....	4	1	2	1	2	0
Centlivre, rf.....	4	1	1	0	0	0
Scanlon, c.....	4	0	2	12	3	0
Ryan, p.....	3	0	1	0	3	0

Totals.....34 4 10 27 13 3

M. A. C.....	B	R	H	P	A	E
Ellis, cf.....	4	0	0	3	0	0
Mills, 2b.....	4	1	1	3	2	0
Vance, 3b.....	4	1	2	0	0	0
Baker, rf.....	4	0	3	7	1	2
Harrison, lf.....	4	0	3	7	1	2
Vaughn, p.....	4	0	1	0	2	0
Peterson, ss.....	4	0	0	3	2	0
Cressey, c.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Vandett, 1b.....	4	0	1	6	0	0

Totals.....35 2 10 24 8 4

M. A. C.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	0=2
Notre Dame.....	0	1	1	0	2	0	0	*=4

Two base hit, Centlivre; home run, Ruell; triple play, Ryan to Daniels to Scanlon to McKenna; struck out, by Ryan 10, by Vaughn 2; hit by pitcher, Daniels; passed balls, Scanlon, Cressey; wild pitches, Ryan; umpire, Farabaugh.



Sorin Hall has taken the lead in the inter-hall race, due in a large part to the great work of Attley who is pitching for them, Attley just missed landing a berth on the Varsity pitching staff and is, without a doubt, a "comer." In another year he looks like a sure thing for the Varsity and the experience which he is getting in the inter-hall race is just what he needs to make him a good man. Sorin has not lost a game so far, and Attley has been allowing but a small number of hits in each game.

The eastern trip will start next week. On Friday the team will leave by way of Ann Arbor for the first game, and if the deal comes through Case University in Cleveland will be taken on for the second game. And then in turn Niagara University, Cornell, Syracuse, Williams, Dartmouth, Boston College, Fordham, Seton Hall, Georgetown, and Western University, will follow. The trip will extend over two weeks and will be the longest eastern schedule a western team has ever made. With any kind of baseball luck Notre Dame should win every game on the schedule, as the team which represents the University this year appears to be the best in the history of the school.

\* \*

The game which will be played in June between the Varsity and the Alumni will afford the student fans an opportunity of seeing some of the greatest athletes in the country. "Mike" Powers, who is with Philadelphia, will be on hand. The famous spit ball artist, Gibson, who for several years was with Boston, has promised to return. L. Salmon, former football sensation of the country, and several other prominent men, have promised to return for the game.

### Personals.

—Charles S. Warner, Commercial Graduate '84, visited the University recently. He is now manager of a lecture bureau with headquarters at Chicago.

—Waldo Healy, Commercial Graduate '96, visited the University in the company of his wife last Wednesday. He was on his return trip to Chicago after having enjoyed the pleasures of a honeymoon in the East.

—Omer D. Green (LL. B. 1903) and Miss Josephine C. Hund were united in marriage at the Cathedral, in Galveston, April 28th. After May 15th Mr. and Mrs. Green will be at home at Pottsboro, Texas. On behalf of a multitude of friends among the faculty and old students of Notre Dame the SCHOLASTIC sends cordial greetings, and wishes the bride and groom every blessing. Omer sent word that he could not attend the alumni reunion, but we expect Mrs. Green to convert him on this point, and we hope she will accompany him to the University for June 17th.

—John F. Shea, Ph. B. '06, has been spending a few days at the University, visiting his brother and numerous friends. John is pursuing a course of law at Harvard, and on account of examinations in June, will not be able to attend the organization of the alumni which takes place here at the same time; nevertheless, he is as loyal to Notre Dame as one might wish to be, and more than any other class president has endeavored to keep the spirit of loyalty and union alive among the members of his class. Each member of the class of '06 has contributed by personal letter to the making up of a collection of letters that are circulated in a package among the members of the class. While visiting the University, John has received the collection from the last of those to whom it was sent.

### Local Items.

—Important.—There will be a meeting of the ex-Philopatians in Washington Hall Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.

—The stage hands will have their annual banquet May 7.

—Philopatians' Day has been transferred from May 7 to May 14 on account of the Michigan game.

—Last Thursday Carroll Hall first team defeated Holy Cross by the score of 9 to 11, Ferrell pitched for Carroll and McCawley for Holy Cross.

—The painters are at work repairing the window frames of the library. These have been in bad shape all winter, and the cold winds have swept through making it impossible to heat the room adequately.

—The Easter play made use of a new scene in the stage equipment of Washington Hall. It was the work of Professor Ackerman, and is a considerable improvement on

the other street scenes that have been in use.

—Our winner of the Indiana Intercollegiate Peace Oratorical Contest will compete with representatives from the states of Ohio, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Michigan. The last-named state will be represented by a student of the University of Michigan, F. B. McKay.

—The line-up for the Carroll first team is as follows: H. Wilson, Catcher; Ferrell, Oliver and Vanderheide, pitchers; Capt. McLain, first base; Nugent, second base; E. Moynihan, short stop; Rolando, third base. The fielders are McCarthy, Duffy, Newton, G. Daily.

—Last week the Carroll Hall first team played the ex-Junior team a game of ball and won by the score of 8 to 7. This was a ten-inning game, Carroll scoring the winning run. Both teams put up a good game, this being Carroll's second game in the inter-hall series.

—The following is the standing of the teams in the Inter-hall baseball league:

Name	Won	Lost	Per cent
Sorin	3	0	1000
Corby	2	2	.500
Brownson	1	2	.333
St. Joseph	0	2	.000

—In the game with Brownson Thursday afternoon Corby played all around the former team. Heyl was in the box for Corby and Lenertz for Brownson.

Score by innings

	R	H	E
Corby.....	1	2	3
Brownson.....	0	2	0

Batteries: Corby—Heyl, Skahen and Roan.

Brownson—Dodge, Lenertz, and Fish. Umpire—Cook.

—Corby lost one and won one game during the past week. The first game went to the Sorin nine last Sunday by the close score of 3 to 1.

Score by innings

	R	H	E
Sorin.....	0	0	0
Corby.....	0	0	0

Batteries—Sorin: Attley and Cook.

Corby: Sours and Skahen. Umpire—Bonham.

—In the Moot Court last Monday evening a demurrer, filed by the defendant, was sustained in the case of Rice vs. Lotteridge. A question in Real Property was involved, but the sustaining of the demurrer brought the trial to a sudden ending. The plaintiff was represented by Diener and Beckman. The demurrer was filed by Skahen and Deery for the defendant.

—The Chinese Magnolias made quite a display on the lawn before the frost destroyed the blossoms. It speaks well of the culture of our students that not one of them was seen to break off any flowers. The one in charge of the ground tells us that he seldom has any fault to find with them. Sometimes a few of those who should give the example do not deserve such a compliment. If every-

one acted as they do, there would be nothing left but the roots of trees and shrubs.

—One of the features of the programme of the debates which were held in Washington Hall recently was the singing of local songs by the students in unison. If something like this were done every time that the students were to assemble in the hall we would soon have such a collection of college songs that we could publish a Notre Dame song book. Other colleges have books of the kind; we, also, should have ours. Sometimes there is a delay in starting the programme on account of the length of time taken in assembling the students from the various departments. During such an interval it would be quite proper for the students to indulge in the singing of songs that are expressive of the spirit of Notre Dame. Let there be a special attempt this year to inaugurate such a custom. It is a good one.

—The question, "Who is going to pitch?" was used as a headline for a comment on our game with Indiana, the article appearing in last Tuesday's *Daily Student*. The "write-up" was as follows:

Notre Dame will present a line up of all-stars against the Varsity Saturday afternoon. Capt. Brogan, third-base, Bonham, left-field, McKee, centre-field, Dubuc, and Scanlon, pitchers—these are the names to conjure with in Indiana collegiate baseball.

The question which the Indiana nine would like to have settled before Saturday is who is going to be on the mound for the visitors? The Varsity players have wholesome respect for "Dreams" Scanlon, who defeated them twice last year. He is a left-hander with an enigmatic delivery. Although Chauncey Dubuc, who is going to the New York Nationals at the close of the Notre Dame college year, has the better reputation, the Varsity is willing, even anxious, to take a chance with him.

It is altogether likely that the Dreamy One will twirl against the Varsity. But Coach Curtis will not have to hesitate for want of a pitcher; he has, besides Scanlon, Ryan, Dubuc and Phillips. McDonough will catch the game here.

—In die yesterdia Brownsonii playerunt Junior ballum teamal in campo latterorum. Magna westerniensis winda incessanter blewebat thruoutper ninos inningarios et fieldomines keptierant hustlingerrimi. McCaulius et otheri ballum semper chasiverunt runnentes et climbantes barbos fencos wirerios. Ad jolias bistantantium, McElhonus runnam homeram knockivit in luckiente innigerio septo. McCaulius didnon runnebat past foulum trans barbom fencum flientem, et theërfora ballus fairus callitus est. Nowinde juniores beganiti sunt differentiari, quia non pleasante erat takita remarkia. Mucherrimis antem chewatis ragiis, Hacketus returnans ad saccum initialem shoutivit, "Keepare coolerrimi. Juniores teamalis, keepare ona shirtialia tua." Brownsonii a skinnibus teetherium finaliter carrierunt offe victoriam. Non autem themibus, sed win-dae whistlingerrime erat gloria.