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The Ocean Graves.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

OH the dull reddish disc on the western sky
Hangs low on the broad-bosomed deep,
And the pale, fleecy clouds, as they pile mountain high,
Seem to linger awhile in the dim saffron dye
Ere the shadows begin to creep.

Ah, then eve wraps the sea in its mantle grey,
For deep in the watery tomb,
Where the wave-drift above plays its white-frosted
spray,
With no dear ones to mourn them, no true ones to
pray,
Loved ones sleep 'mid the deep sea gloom.

And at twilight the wind from the land-locked wold
Steals over the glittering waves,
And it croons and it sighs for the loved ones of old,
Who lie sleeping beneath where the sun's gleaming gold
Shines so full on the ocean graves.

The Spirit of the Celt.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '08.



HE greatness and glory of a people do not depend entirely upon national achievements. There is a difference between being great as a people and being great as a nation. The Greeks won their renown principally as a people; while of the Romans we may say that their chief glory lies in what they achieved as a nation. Ireland and England bear a similar relation to each other. The glory of the one lies in what its people have accomplished; the greatness of the

other lies in what it has done as a nation. England stands among the most remarkable of nations, and the Irish stand fully as high among the most remarkable of peoples.

The Irish are remarkable, because for every walk of life, for every field of human affairs, they have produced men of the highest type, men of extraordinary ability. In war, turning the tide of battle; in peace, strengthening the councils of nations; in the realms of the esthetic, adding to the riches of literature and art; in the busy world, turning the wheels of commerce and moving the machinery of industry; in fact, in every sphere of human activity, may be found the sons of the Irish race. They are remarkable, not only because of what they have accomplished, but also because of the conditions under which they have labored, the oppression of political institutions which fate seems to have destined for them to suffer. In short, this is the race with which Nature has been most prodigal, endowing it with a variety of characteristics, with a most remarkable versatility, and lavishing upon its country her choicest gifts, making it a most congenial home for man. It is, at the same time, a race that has met with numberless adversities, a race that has had to contend with innumerable difficulties. Nevertheless, it has borne those difficulties nobly, and it has distinguished itself in war and in peace, in the affairs of governments, in the pursuits of industry and commerce, and in the world of literature and art.

Ireland with her fertile fields, green meadows, beautiful woods, delightful climate, and incomparable scenery of all kinds, with her shores washed by the warm waters of the Gulf Stream, with her rich natural

resources, seems to have been intended by Providence for the home of a happy people. Apparently she has been formed for a sister to England. But this nice design of Nature has been perverted. England mistook her sister for her slave; and that island, endowed with all the necessary environments for the home of a happy people, has been subjected to the purblind policy of a nation that has seemingly done all in her power to make it the home of a wretched people. If brutal treatment could make a people brutal, the Irish would long ago have sunk to the lowest depths of degradation.

There is one characteristic in particular inherent in the mental makeup of this wonderful race, that has saved them from such a fate: they can always see some rays of the star of hope even through the darkest cloud of adversity. The character of this people is so remarkable that it has aroused the interest of all races and peoples. They are industrious and home-loving; they have learned to suffer with the stoic's fortitude; they are characterized by a sharpness of wit that can not be surpassed; they possess a shrewdness, a subtlety sometimes concealed under the semblance of dulness; they seem to have an instinctive knowledge of the world, which others must acquire by mingling in its societies. Hospitality is a characteristic predominant to a fault. Their love for their family is equalled only by their patriotism.

One element of their nature which, in some instances, is a failing, is their excessive love of warfare. In battle there is none more fearless. In fact, their impetuous bravery often causes them to rush into dangers which discretion should cause them to shun. No people can boast of an equal chastity among its women. The Irish have in their breasts a love of liberty and justice which nothing can eradicate. Upon no people have more severe methods for the suppression of religious freedom been inflicted; and in the hearts of no people does the desire for that freedom burn more ardently; among no people is the faith stronger. Against no people have more stringent measures been taken to deprive them of their commercial, industrial, and political freedom; and yet, no people cherish a warmer love for such freedom.

The Irish were never intended to be a race of slaves, and this is the reason they have never been completely subdued. They have been subjugated, but never conquered. If the Almighty created some men to be slaves and others to be rulers and leaders, it is most certain that the Celtic race belongs in the latter class. They have never, as a people, manifested a single tendency that would fit them for serfdom, but they have, on the other hand, often shown their capacity for leadership.

And yet, this race, possessing so many remarkable characteristics, has, for some reason or other, never attained much national success. Some attribute this deficiency to lack of unity; some to religious feuds, which always prove subversive to national prosperity. Whether or not these reasons have had anything to do with the failure of the Irish to become a nation, it is most certain that the immediate cause for such failure is the sway of that mightier power to which Ireland has been subjected for centuries.

English dominion began in the latter part of the twelfth century, and with British rule began British oppression and persecution. This dominion was not generally diffused over the island until the time of Elizabeth. That queen's success in the extension of her authority lay in wanton massacre and in deliberately created famine. Year after year the crops of Ireland's fertile fields were destroyed. During the famine that resulted the queen calmly beheld thirty thousand of her subjects starved to death. For the first four hundred years of the extension of English authority, the Irish were considered outlaws. They might be killed by an Englishman with perfect impunity, so far as punishment by law was concerned.

The devastation carried on in the time of James I. forms material for another dark page in the history of Ireland's oppression. Perhaps no account in the annals of Christendom is more horrible than that of Cromwell's subjugation of Ireland, with his deliberate cruelty and systematic bloodshed. According to his own words: "When they submitted, their officers were knocked on the head; every tenth man of the soldiers was killed, and the rest were shipped for the Barbadoes (to be sold into slavery)."

Fully as intolerable as the sword were the iniquitous laws imposed upon Ireland, the penal laws and the restrictions on Irish trade. Such have been the trials, oppressions and persecutions of this people.

Where is there a race that could undergo all this without becoming abject, without losing that ambition which distinguishes the freeman from the slave, without being deprived of those qualities which go to make up the character of a people, without sinking into the obscurity of thralldom, without losing its very identity as a people? But adversity has stimulated instead of discouraging them, and a race that has been tortured on the rack, "dragged to the scaffold, robbed of the fruits of its labor, scattered like the autumn leaves before the winter's blast," over all parts of the earth, and left destitute and miserable only in its own land, has proved itself the world over capable of leading its fellowmen.

In the pursuits of peace, that Celtic blood has been found solving the problems and molding the characters of empires and republics. It was that blood that fired the soul of Edmund Burke, the greatest orator of modern times and the mightiest statesman of his age. It was that blood that warmed the hearts of Parnell, Grattan, Phillips, Sheridan, and O'Connell. It was Celtic love of liberty and justice that burned in the heart of Emmet and impelled him to sacrifice his life a martyr to his country. It was Irish blood that lighted the brain of Oliver Goldsmith, most remarkable for his versatility, whose "Deserted Village" and "Vicar of Wakefield" are so full of rich vivacity and charm that they are as readable to-day as they were in the days of Johnson. It was Irish love for the esthetic that guided the chisel which gave form and beauty to those masterpieces of art produced by the greatest of American sculptors, Saint-Gaudens. The muse of song inspired the Irish heart of Tom Moore, "who swept the strings of Erin's Harp," and lo! the whole world echoed with its sweetness. And to-day, those songs may still be heard in the cots of the simple folk. They are the comfort and solace of thousands of Irish homes.

But the leadership of Ireland's sons is not restricted to the fields of oratory, statesmanship, literature and art. Even in the

industrial and commercial world they have proved themselves masters of commerce and captains of industry. Particularly is this true of our own country. In fact, we are greatly indebted to this race for the part they have played in our national development. Among the presidents of banks and railroads, and, in fact, of all the leading industries of our country, may be found countless names of Irishmen.

Ireland has also furnished us with her share of statesmen and governors and presidents. In our congressional halls sit dozens of members of Irish descent. Among the most noted of these is Bourke Cockran, with his unequalled flow of Celtic eloquence. The Sullivan family alone, in New England, furnished a governor for Massachusetts, one for New Hampshire, and another for Vermont. Three of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were Irish by birth and five were of Irish blood. And Charles Thompson, who read that famous document on the birth-morning of our republic, was Irish by birth. Andrew Jackson was the first American president to rise to that exalted position from the lowliest walk of life, without the prestige of birth or the polish of education. And this Irish president was probably the first in the history of the world to climb so high through the "free choice of a free people."

These remarkable people, with their love for the fray, have made themselves equally conspicuous in the realms of war. Wherever roars the din of battle, there may be found the spirit of Irish chivalry. Whether it be Wellington at Waterloo or David Crockett at the Alamo; whether it be Ney, "bravest of the brave," following the standards of France or Houston fighting for the liberty of the Lone Star State; whether it be the Irish regiment at Gettysburg or Phil Sheridan riding like a god of war onto the battlefield of Winchester, turning defeat into victory; "whether it be Andrew Jackson at New Orleans or 'Stonewall' Jackson at Chancellorsville," it is that same daring, impulsive, indomitable Celtic spirit of gallantry, forever weaving crowns of glory for republics, forever forming the character of nations, forever enriching the history of Ireland's sons.

It is hard to estimate our indebtedness

to this wonderful race. In every phase of American life they have been a predominant factor in aiding the growth and adding to the greatness of our country. Without our Irish names, our history would lose half its brilliancy, our crown of national glory half its splendor.

When we stop to consider the adversity with which this race has met and the fortitude it has displayed in bearing its afflictions, what it has achieved in spite of these adversities and afflictions, and how its sons have mounted to the pinnacle of fame, we can not but conclude that the Irish are a wonderful people.

Why then should they not be permitted to govern themselves? They have withstood the persecution of centuries without ever faltering. For generation after generation they have been oppressed, without ever wavering in their determination, without ever losing their strength of character. They have so often and so splendidly shown themselves capable of leadership, directing the armies of empires, sitting as legislators and statesmen in the councils of nations, ruling as governors of states and presidents of republics, are they not capable of governing themselves? Did God intend that this people, so remarkable and yet so unfortunate, so capable and yet so helpless, so worthy and yet so oppressed, should be sacrificed for the aggrandizement of one nation?

In the all-wise designs of an all-seeing Providence, it may have been ordained that this people, even with its striking characteristics, should be sacrificed, not for the aggrandizement of one nation but possibly for the good of all peoples; for it is usually the choicest of the flock that is brought to the altar of sacrifice. Perhaps it was by virtue of the very qualities inherent in this people that they have been chosen as the elixir of life for the nations of the earth, that they are to be driven from their homes and scattered over all countries to infuse their invigorating blood into the hearts of all peoples, that pulsing through their veins it may keep the older nations from declining, it may aid the younger ones in growing, it may give to the infant democracy those qualities essential to its success—perseverance and determination—it may help in the upbuilding of great republics.

But even though Ireland may never obtain national freedom, that race to which she has given birth is destined to live. Empires may rise to the zenith of their power and then sink into obscurity; nations may play their parts on the stage of history and then forever vanish from the scene; but on through the ages, the mighty influence of this people will ever be felt; and the deeds which that Celtic blood has impelled men to perform will forever redound to the fame and glory of the Irish people.

Old Friends.

P. J. HAGGERTY, '10.

"CARLO, come! we'll take a stroll
Out beyond the old green knoll,
Where we've listened to the chimes,
And, who knows, perhaps sometimes,
Though those jaunts have been so few,
Lingered longer than we knew;
So let's go while yet we may;
Shadows gather 'round the day.

"Know you not I'm growing old?
Times there are when I grow cold
Stung by that, I know not what,
When I rise from off my cot.
And you see I'm not so glad
That my life is growing sad,
For I dare not even dream,
How without you it would seem."

While he spoke, the dog ne'er stirred
Or responded to his word;
Never did he wink an eye
At the blackbirds flying by.
As the dog lies there so still,
Through the old man crept a chill,
And the thought ran through his head,
"What if Carlo should be dead!"

While he could not realize
That a dog should close his eyes
On a master good and kind,
Still the thought ran through his mind.
What if what he saw were true!
Ah! the years have been too few;
In his hands he bows his head;
Falling o'er, he, too, is dead.

In a cabin old and grey,
Cold winds whistle all the day
Over ashes long since chilled,—
O'er two bodies long since stilled.
Dog and master side by side
Tell the tale of how they died.
Each one was the other's friend,
Faithful till this last sad end.

To Cinara.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

WITHIN a garden redolent of rose,
 Come, let us linger till the evening sky,
 Bathed with the purple amethystine, glows
 With vivid scarlet for a last good-bye.
 Then, hand in hand together you and I
 Shall wander where the tinkling streamlet flows,
 A silver thread where bosky dells defy
 The golden shafts that fair Artemis throws.
 And there a sylvan goddess shalt thou be,
 Perched in sweet splendor on a mossy stone,
 And Philomel shall make sweet melody
 While perfumed breezes sigh the'r silvern moan;
 Then all the wood shall bend and worship thee,
 Sweet love, that hast a universe for throne.

The New Foreman:

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

Long's camp that morning was a silent place; all the miners had deserted it the previous evening, leaving Pat O'Reilly, the foreman, lying in a pool of blood on the floor of his shanty. The prospects before Frank Long, as he viewed the scene, were far from encouraging.

Frank was a young man just out of college. He had no previous experience; and as he gazed on the lifeless form his heart sank. Coming out to this God-forsaken country much against his father's wishes to relieve the foreman for a few weeks of his trying position, he had found the man dead and the camp deserted. What could have caused the crime?"

He was interrupted in his thoughts by the sound of approaching footsteps. Glancing down the trail, he saw two men whom he judged by their attire to be miners. As they drew near, the elder addressed him:

"Are you Frank Long, the new foreman?"

Instead of replying to the questioner the youth gazed at him in surprise. How did this man know his name? His curiosity, however, was soon satisfied, for as he spoke the stranger had drawn a letter from his

packet and now held it out for his inspection. Frank immediately recognized it as the one he had sent to O'Reilly to notify him of his coming. Then they had robbed him also. The idea angered the lad, and he was about to give utterance to his thoughts but he was again interrupted as the stranger continued:

"This letter states that we are to have a new foreman, and we would like to know if you have come to play the part?"

"I have," was the terse reply.

"So they have sent a kid out to run things, have they? Say, ain't you afraid you'll dirty your hands?"

"It does not concern you, sir, who runs the camp. Good morning."

"Oh, not so soon, youngster; we came to learn the terms of labor from the new foreman, but, seeing as he's a child, perhaps we can dictate them."

Frank paid no heed to the taunting remark, but continued in silence with his work.

"Scorn me, do you? I'll learn you how to treat your elders," whereupon the speaker stepped forward and gave Frank a smarting blow on the cheek. With the quickness of lightning the youth swung around and caught the fellow squarely under the chin, sending him sprawling to the ground. As the enraged miner sprang to his feet he drew his revolver, but before he could use it, Frank, with the same quick movement which had won him fame in the college world, wrenched it from his grasp. At the same time he drew his own weapon and covered the second man, who had been an eager listener to the conversation and had not yet recovered from the surprise of the sudden encounter.

"Throw up your hands," he ordered. When they had complied, he continued:

"Now what do you know of this murder?" No reply came from either of the two men.

"I'll give you until I count ten to speak; one, two, three, four,"—the gleam in his blue eyes satisfied the prisoners that he was in dead earnest.

"We didn't do it," muttered the older man doggedly.

"Who did do it?"

"Don't know."

"Tell me or I'll put a bullet through you."

Again the prisoners saw that dangerous gleam.

"Sam Wilson."

"Who is he?"

"The boss of the gang."

"Why did he do it?"

"Because O'Reilly fired him."

"And he led the gang away?"

"Yes, but finding the letter, he sent us up to arrange a settlement."

"There shall be but one settlement for this man. Tell him I shall not rest until he has answered for this crime. The rest may come to work to-morrow under the former terms. You may go."

Early the following morning the young foreman saw the miners climbing the trail, headed by a surly-looking fellow whom he judged to be Wilson, and he immediately realized that this visit boded no good. As they drew near, the leader spoke:

"So you are the fool that sent me that message," he exclaimed. Pulling his revolver, he fired. Frank had expected just such a reception and dropped down behind a large boulder. Almost simultaneously his own gun sent back an answering shot which laid the leader unconscious on the ground. As he fell the men gave a cry of rage and sent volley after volley against the rock, but with no avail.

When the firing had finally ceased, the youthful foreman fastened his handkerchief to a stick and raised it above the stone as a sign that he wished to speak. The men, now free from Wilson's hateful influence, and beginning to admire the lad's courage, commanded him to speak. Well aware of the awful peril to which he exposed himself, Frank stood before the enemy and began:

"You have seen what has occurred, and it is for you to judge who is at fault. God knows I did not desire such a scene, but it could not be avoided. Gentlemen, let me explain my presence here, and you will agree with me that I did but what was right. I know this is no place for idle words, but before we go further, I wish to tell you a very touching story.

"Once there lived a little child on the shore of the Atlantic, and, like all children, it was ever ready for mischief. One day it was playing on the beach near its home,

and in its childish desire for adventure, it climbed into a boat and pushed free from land. It did not see the great black cloud that was bearing rapidly down upon it, no, but the mother saw it, and saw her child upon the water. With a cry of horror she ran down to save it, but she was too late, the gale had struck the boat with all its fury and carried it far out to sea. The poor, frightened child called frantically to its mother for help, while she, poor woman, sank down upon her knees and begged piteously to God to give her back her child.

"Her prayer was heard. A youth on his way home from market happened along and hurried to the rescue. Taking the only remaining boat he pushed out to the child's assistance. Blown hither and thither by the gale and blinded by the steady downpour, he pushed bravely on, expecting at every stroke of the oar to be thrown into the raging sea.

"At last he reached the child just as its boat capsized throwing it into the water. Steadying the boat as best he could before the awful waves, he tried again and again to seize the child but without avail. As a last hope he plunged bodily into the sea and grabbed the child as it was sinking from sight. With an almost superhuman effort he succeeded in placing it in the boat and climbing in himself. But he thought himself well rewarded when he saw that poor woman's joy upon recovering her boy.

"Gentlemen, that child was myself; the lad was Pat O'Reilly, your murdered foreman. I came out here to relieve him from his task that he might visit his dying mother. Now I find him dead. What did he do to deserve such a death? He could not have been cruel or unjust."

As he ceased, the tears coursed down their cheeks; the men were moved, their sympathy was aroused. At that moment the figure on the ground stirred, immediately Frank became stern and upright. The figure raised its hand as if to speak. All silently gazed on its bowed head.

"I have heard that story and I am sorry that I committed this crime. Boys, go back to work; your foreman is a man, though his appearance belies it. Stand by him, boys. I will give myself up to the authorities and take the punishment I deserve."

Varsity Verse.

THE FIGHTING TEAM.

AIR:—"John Brown's Body."

RISING from the cheering stands there comes a
mighty roar,
Gathered from the ages past and hurled along before:
'Tis the slogan of the fighting team whose name we
all adore,
Our fighting N. D. team.

Glory, glory, Notre Dame,
Yours is victory and fame,
Glory, glory, Notre Dame and your fighting N. D. team.

Marching back to U. N. D. we go in proud array
The championship is won for us and coming home
to stay,
So rally round the Gold and Blue and give a glad
hurray
For the fighting N. D. team.

Glory, glory, Notre Dame,
Yours is victory and fame,
Glory, glory, Notre Dame and your fighting N. D. team.

JOHN F. SHEA, '06.

IF ALDRICH PASSED HIS BILL.

Our plan of currency is great,
It's well-devised, but still
We're told 'twould reach a perfect state,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

Utopia were surely bum,
Millennium were nil,
Compared to blissful days to come,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

No more there'd be that strife for dough,
No empty bank or till;
In autos 'round the world we'd go,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

There'd be no strikes or such blamed dope,
No failures or bad-will;
The golden gates of peace would ope,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

No corporation funds there'd be
The campaign purse to fill;
The world would swoon in ecstasy,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

There'd be no rushing banks, they say,
The land would know no ill;
The earth would wend its heav'nly way,
If Aldrich passed his bill.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

TWO FOWLERS.

Said a coon to his pal, Rastus Fullet,
"Come along with your gun and a bullet,
And mind now, you nigger,
Keep your hand on the trigger;
When you see a fat pullet just pull it."

T. A. LAHEY, '11.

BALLADE OF THE WALL STREET WOE.

On Wall Street now, the people say,
The trade in stock is rather slow;
And lambs no longer skip and play,
Unconscious of the coming blow.
The bulls and bears are lying low
In empty vaults with faces drear,
And streams of cash no longer flow;
Where are the lambs of yester year?

The boastful bears no longer flay
A lamb for dinner, ere they throw
Amain with Fortune—lambs to pay
No matter how the dice may go—
The lambs now scamper to and fro
When predatory beasts come near.
The beasts lament and wonder, oh,
Where are the lambs of yester year?

Gone, gone, indeed, the happy day
When lambs stood waiting in a row;
Their fleece is golden still, but grey
The beards of all the fleecers grow.
They can't believe it's really so,
But pay the tribute of a tear,
And wish kind fate to them would show
Where are the lambs of yester year.

ENVOI.

To all who safely bank their "dough,"
I send this screed without a fear
That they will ever care to know
Where are the lambs of yester year.
HARRY LEDWIDGE, '09.

WITTY AND WISE.

A facetious young darkey named Blair
When asked what a bald man should wear,
Replied with a grin
As he smoothed down his chin,
"I tink, sah, he should wear mohair."
WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

WHAT'S THE MATTER?

If I'm slow about my rising,
For I hate to leave my pillow,
I shall hear that sympathizing,
"What's the matter?"

If I'm absent from the table
Pushing lines for misdemeanor,
I still hear that same old fable,
"What's the matter?"

If I change my place of living,
Seeking rest in humbler quarters,
I have still that same misgiving,
"What's the matter?"

I am tired of list'ning to it;
Can't you change it just a trifle?
If you do we'll never rue it,
"What's the matter?"

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

The Alumni.

WILLIAM A. CAREY, '11.

WHEN long years have left their traces
 On the bright and happy faces
 Of the loyal ones who love to call old Notre
 Dame their home,
 Roving fancy goes a-stealing,
 Back to hear those glad chimies pealing,
 Right within the very shadow of that grand
 old golden Dome.

How they love to pause and ponder,
 As in memory they wander
 By the mirrored lake whose placid face reflects
 unequalled peace.
 How they fling aside all sadness,
 And their hearts o'erflow with gladness,
 As they see again the haven where all care
 and sorrow cease.

Ah! these happy recollections,
 That beget such fond affections,
 Can not satisfy the faithful hearts who love
 her very name.

So there comes an earnest yearning,
 Till their wearied steps they're turning
 Back once more to *Alma Mater*; back to
 dear old Notre Dame.

The Unexpected.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.

Bill Lewis was acknowledged the most popular man in his class; more than that, he was the brightest. He was pointed out as such to visitors by his friends who never tired of admiring him. Almost everybody who knew Bill was his friend, for there was something fascinating in his nature, something that caused one to admire him. No matter where he met you there was always the same cheery word, the same friendly smile upon his countenance to greet you. His sympathetic and jovial disposition naturally drew one toward him. No one could have the blues with Bill around.

But there was one quality which Bill possessed other than his kindly disposition. It might be called, for want of a better word, pride, a very common failing to all of his race. He knew he was what the fellows called a "heart-crusher," and though his masculine friends were legion, he had

just as many admirers amongst the fairer sex. Of this he was aware, but he prided himself on the fact that he had never yet been in love. It was not his fault that he was admired by every girl he met. It was a matter of course, and grew out of his nature. No girl could blame herself for feeling kindly toward Bill, for no one could know him without being drawn irresistibly toward him.

Upon his return to college to complete his course, his friends noticed that he was more silent than formerly and that at times he was moody. He was often found wool-gathering, his mind entirely absorbed in something other than that which pertained to class-work. This was particularly noticeable to Randal, his closest and most intimate friend. He endeavored to ascertain Bill's sudden change of attitude, but whenever he touched upon the question, Bill would always turn his friend's attention to some other topic. If any one could find out Bill's innermost secrets Randall was that one. Since they had first entered college three years before they had been on the closest terms of intimacy, and when anything went wrong with either, both knew of it. So Randall persisted in his endeavor, knowing that some day he would be successful. One day when Bill was more talkative than usual his friend said:

"Bill, I have noticed that you are not the same old fellow any more. You don't seem to take as much interest in college affairs as you used to. Aren't you sure of getting through this year, or has anything gone wrong?"

It was the same old question Randall had asked before; but to-day Bill wanted his friend to know, so after he had lighted his pipe and carefully pondered the question before he gave an answer, he replied:

"Seeing that it's you, Rand, I'll tell you. I seldom keep anything from you, and I don't mind if you know this. The fact is I'm in love."

"Bill Lewis in love!" almost shouted his friend, amazed at the revelation. It was the last thing he had expected of Bill. "And who might the lucky lady be?"

In spite of Bill's seriousness, the situation was amusing to Randall, whose merriment could not be controlled.

"That I do not know. But they say that

everything comes to those who wait, and I guess it has come to me at last. You see it happened like this: Last fall when I was coming back to college, after a well-spent vacation, a peculiar incident happened that has set me to thinking. At a station, some distance outside of Chicago, two ladies boarded the train and took a seat opposite from me. They were returning home after having spent several weeks on an outing and visiting friends, judging from their conversation which I overheard. Each carried a grip, and one of them, the younger, a golf bag. The one was middle-aged and the other I should say about eighteen—but say, Rand, she was and is a beauty—and to tell you plainly I fell in love right then and there. I have recalled those features oftener than anything else since I first saw her.”

“Well, rather ordinary; nothing romantic in that, Bill,” said Randall after listening to Bill’s outburst. “Same thing happens to me often, but I never worry over it. See lots of pretty faces on the trains nowadays. Don’t bother your head about that, Bill. Come, there must be something else.”

“Well—yes, Rand, there is. You see I could not help but admire her and I caught her glancing in my direction several times whenever her elderly companion was not engaged in attracting her attention elsewhere, or keeping her glances and smiles for herself. So when I saw the conductor take up their train checks, a happy thought struck me. I took out my card-case, and selecting one of the cards wrote below my name “Sorin Hall, Notre Dame, Ind.”

“When they left their seats to get off the train I followed them to the platform hoping I might have the opportunity to exchange cards. But it was a small station, and I just had time to stick the card under the strap of *her* grip when the train began to pull out again. That’s the whole thing, Rand, but I feel certain I shall hear from her some day.”

So things went on the same old way and Bill still kept up his hope that some day he would hear from her. The long winter months came and went, but no letter. Valentine’s day passed by without a token of any kind. Bill chided himself on not obtaining her address, why didn’t he scrutinize the bags more carefully. He remembered of

seeing initials on one of them. As time went on, Rand would often inquire about the girl, the reliability of the postal system, and incidentally sound the condition of his heart. But Bill was patient, even stoical, and his only reply to Randall’s solicitous inquiries was, “Never mind I may hear yet.”

One day in early spring—April first it was—Bill was rewarded for his long wait. Upon his return from class he found lying upon the table in his room a letter neatly addressed to him. It was written in a strange script, one which he had never seen before. Instinctively he thought of the girl. It must be from *her*! The laugh would be on Rand this time. He tore open the envelope not noticing the blurred postmark upon it. With nervous fingers he drew forth a card, one which he had seen before, with just a few additional words—“This was in the wrong grip.”

Evening Fancies.

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.

OF T I stroll along the river in the quiet after-glow
 Where beneath my path the waters murmur deep
 and soft and low.
 High o'erhead the downy purple of the evening clouds
 is hung,
 Glitt'ring in the silvered glory that from starry
 lights hath sprung.

On my right there lies a woodland,—gently sway its
 scented pines
 In the cooling evening breezes. Sweet the verdant
 creeping vines
 Guarded well by ivied giants, slumber on the dew-
 stained earth;
 Hushed is gentle, dreaming nature, hushed alike the
 songbird's mirth.

In the lily's perfumed bower sleeps the weary honey
 bee;
 Cradled in the blushing tulip dreams the beetle bold
 and free.
 Through the waving, golden wheat-field, through the
 trees among the brier,
 Flits the ever-restless firefly like a spark of living fire.

Beautiful in untold splendor are the dreamy summer
 eves
 Ere the dreary breath of autumn falls upon the
 yellow leaves,
 Ere the many-colored songsters sad their parting
 greeting sing,
 Mourning for the dying summer, longing for the
 unborn spring.

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—Once upon a time, and that not so long since, a doctor said "anybody that's happy nowadays must be crazy." Some of us agree with that; some of us don't; some of us are pessimists, others optimists. We may not be so plain spoken as the doctor, but we say the same thing in our actions, our criticisms and in knocking. We Americans love to call ourselves a nation of builders. To-day is the day of action, the day of the builder. These struggles and trials of the business world are reflected even in our college life. Here at college we have our leaders and builders; we have our captains and pushers no less than the commercial world. The man that leads our football team to victory is a builder. The man who works and helps in a debate is a builder. The man that leads the baseball team to triumph, who watches the play and the player, the act and the method, he is to us what the financial organizer, the superintendent, the boss, is to the commercial world. He strives and builds and does things no less than they.

Also, here in our college world we find that other type of man corresponding to the bankrupt, the failure in the realm of

business. He is the knocker who stands on the side-lines, his hands in his pockets, cat-calling the players on the field, or sneering at other spectators who cheer with enthusiasm. He is the man who picks up the college paper, and throws it down in disgust because it isn't as good as Doyle or Howells or Mark Twain would and could have made it. He sneers at the deeds of others, but his own deeds are not noticeable, because he accomplishes nothing.

Everything done has its cause, every condition has its process. Behind every deed there is a human story; a story of struggle against circumstance, a tale of work and worry. Rarely does the deed reflect more than a small fractional part of the interest and detail and truth of the human exertion and struggle back of it. It is this human story back of the deed which the knocker and pessimist fail to see. Forgetting the struggle in and behind a touchdown or a home run, they have no real sympathy with the fighter. Much more evident is this lack of sympathy when the man with the ball fumbles, or when the debater forgets his speech. If the knocker would only stop knocking and think of the effort rather than the failure or success itself, he would soon forget his pessimism, and cheer.

—The modern reformer has many things to contend with, and, strange as it may seem, the greatest opposition comes from the people who are to be the most benefited by the reform. This has been the experience of nearly every reformer.

In dealing with child labor reforms, great opposition has been met with at the hands of the children themselves: parents have instructed their children not to disclose the true conditions, and have told them to keep away from any stranger or reformer who may visit the factory. Others do not wish to attend school, and will lie regarding their age in order to evade the law. The parents are afraid if the true state of affairs is made known that the children will be thrown out of employment and thereby reduce the family income. The same is true in regard to the liquor traffic, and in regard to other matters that are subject to the scrutiny of the reformers.

Our First Defeat.

On Friday evening, May 1, before an enthusiastic crowd in Washington Hall, the Georgetown debating team met the Notre Dame team in a debate on the federal incor-



FRANK C. WALKER, '09.

poration question. This is the second time these two universities have competed in this line of work. Two years ago the team that we sent East won from Georgetown by a unanimous decision, and consequently much interest was taken in this second contest between Notre Dame and Georgetown. Also the fact that Notre Dame has never before been defeated in this line of work made us desirous to maintain our good reputation in debating.

But it is not to be expected that either institutions or individuals should win always. And although we did not win this time, our reputation in debating work is far from being seriously hurt. Though unsuccessful in getting the decision, our team was successful in giving the Georgetown men a good "fight,"—one that would do honor to any school. Success is not always measured entirely by laurels.

The presiding officer was Hon. Walter A. Funk of South Bend, Ind., and the judges were Rev. Thomas E. Cox, Hon. Luther L. Mills, and Mr. George Hinman, all of Chicago.

The question under discussion was the

same one in which our men, defending the negative, had defeated Ohio State University on the Friday previous, "Resolved, That corporations engaged in interstate commerce be compelled to incorporate under federal laws, constitutionality granted." Notre Dame supported the affirmative and Georgetown opposed the proposition.

Mr. Walker opened the debate for the affirmative, and in his clear, convincing style, enumerated the evils existing in corporations under the present system of state control or "lack of control," as he termed it. These evils, he said, are over-capitalization, interholding of shares, and secrecy in accounts. He cited numerous instances illustrating the harm accruing from these pernicious practices. He alleged that the reason these evils persist in our present system is the lack of uniformity in the laws regulating corporations. He showed conclusively the need of uniform laws for controlling corporations.

The negative was opened by Mr. Effler, who began by admitting the evils of the present system. He held that according to numerous decisions of the United States Supreme Court, agricultural, mining, manufacturing, and all productive industries were not, strictly speaking, interstate business, and would therefore not be reached by the proposition advocated by the affirmative. He also contended that abuses existed not only in corporate wealth but in other kinds



JOHN B. KANALEY, '09.

as well, such as joint stock companies, etc. These, he claimed, the plan of the affirmative would not remedy.

Mr. Kanaley continued for the affirmative by stating that the question under discussion dealt with corporations, not with joint stock companies. He held that it was corporate wealth that practised the most abuses. Productive industries, Mr. Kanaley claimed, could be compelled by the federal government to come under his proposition. He demonstrated that the uniformity needed to remedy the evils enumerated by Mr. Walker could only be obtained by compelling corporations engaged in interstate commerce to incorporate under the federal laws. He showed how federal incorporation would



WILLIAM P. LENNARTZ, '08.

remedy the evils in the present system.

Mr. O'Mara continued on the negative by saying that there are other remedies just as efficient as federal incorporation. He advocated publicity as a cure for over-capitalization, and the passage of a federal law prohibiting interholding of shares. As a last resort before federal incorporation, he suggested that it would be better to adopt the franchise system. Not until all these remedies have been exhausted, he said, will federal incorporation be justifiable.

The final main speech on the affirmative was given by Mr. Lennartz. He dealt with the objections offered against federal incor-

poration. That it is too drastic, that it deprives states of their taxing powers, and that it tends to centralize government, he pointed out to be objections not of much weight. He also argued that federal incorporation involved no interference with state rights or police powers.

Mr. Spiller, who closed the main speeches for Georgetown, began by saying that in such a question there were two considerations, power and expediency. He said that we were unable to bring corporations under such a law as the affirmative were advocating, and that it would not be expedient even if we could. The evils connected with the adoption of the remedy offered by the affirmative, he held, were centralization of government, centralization of business, conflict between state and general governments, and the usurpation of state powers.

In the rebuttals both teams were strong. Several of the speakers did better in their rebuttals than in their set speeches. The Notre Dame men contended that so far attempts to legislate against corporate evils had fostered the very evils intended to be eliminated, and the only way to remedy the evils was to get at the root of them, which lay in the charter. The negative insisted that it devolved upon the affirmative to prove the inefficiency of all the remedies proposed by the negative. They claimed that the federal government already possessed sufficient power to control interstate commerce without compelling all corporations engaged in such commerce to incorporate under federal laws.

Mr. Kanaley closed the debate with a good rebuttal. He showed the inefficiency of publicity in preventing over-capitalization. He also pointed out the defects in the franchise system. Mr. Kanaley's rebuttal brightened our prospects considerably.

A feature of the debate was the insistence of the negative that interstate commerce laws can not reach the producer, and illustrated the proposition by quoting Chief Justice Fuller in the Knight Case. This was made an issue of the debate. Notre Dame contended that federal corporations must have the right to produce, and that the terms of the question eliminated arguments involving the constitutionality of the scheme

of the affirmative. Notre Dame also contended if producers are engaged in interstate commerce they must therefore come under the control of the proposed federal incorporation act. Georgetown insisted on the Knight Case to prove that Notre Dame's argument was untenable.

The debate was, in every respect, an exceptionally good one. The judges rendered a decision of two to one in favor of Georgetown. Any school might justly have felt proud to have been represented by either of these teams.

Athletic Notes.

Coach Maris' athletes defeated the Lewis Institute team of Chicago Saturday in a one-sided affair by the score of 78 to 25. The meet was advertised as the opening contest of the local outdoor track season, but raw weather made it necessary to transfer the scene of action to the local gymnasium. The Lewis lads, although they fought gallantly to the end, were completely outclassed, and at no stage of the contest did they have a look in. They annexed but three lone tallies in the field events, these resulting from a second place landed by Nicholl in the high hurdles.

Leiber of the visitors was the individual star of the meet. First places in the shot put and high jump and a tie for second with Cripe in the broad jump enabled him to present his side with twelve of their twenty-five points. Next to Leiber, "Bill" Schmitt was the star performer. Schmitt made his debut as a hurdler, winning over the speedy Scales in the high obstacles, and landing second place to him in the low event. Second in the quarter-mile gave him a total of eleven tallies. Scales was somewhat off color. Heretofore he has been the undefeated Varsity obstacle man, but things went wrong with him Saturday, and he simply could not connect with starts and the high sticks. However, Schmitt's performance gives promise of better things in the near future, and no doubt the new hurdling acquisition of Coach Maris will be heard of in the State Meet.

Shea ran a splendid race in the two-

mile run, which he won hands down. He finished strong and did not seem to be much the worse for the grind, which would seem to indicate that he could have gone in faster time had he been opposed to the end. Dana, as usual, breasted the tape a winner in the mile run; Shea and Hughes, two Varsity men, finishing behind him in the order named. O'Leary clipped off the quarter in the fast time of :55, and his teammates, Schmitt and Cripe, took care of the remaining places in the event, but had to press close on O'Leary, for the Lewis Institute runner was fast.

"Mike" Moriarty did not take part in the meet, and therein lies the *raison d'être* of only 78 tallies. "Mike" had a bad cold, which, nursed with violent exercise, might have affected his heart, so it was thought more advisable to keep him in the gallery where he might be immune from serious injury.

The relay race was easy for Notre Dame, each one of the Gold and Blue speed artists winning over their opponents by a good margin.

Summary.

Forty-yard dash—Won by Roach; Keach, second; Allen, third. Time, :04 3-5 (Roach won fastest heat).

One mile run—Won by Dana, Notre Dame; Shea, Notre Dame, second; Hughes, Notre Dame, third. Time, 5:08.

Forty-yard high hurdles—Won by Schmitt, Notre Dame; Nicholl, L., second; Scales, Notre Dame, third. Time, :05 4-5.

Four forty-yard dash—Won by O'Leary, Notre Dame; Schmitt, Notre Dame, second; Cripe, Notre Dame, third. Time, :55.

Shot put—Won by Leiber, L.; Wood, Notre Dame, second; Murphy, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 38 feet 2¼ inches.

Pole vault—Rich, L., and McNally, Notre Dame, tied for first; Jordan, L., third. Height, 9 feet.

Forty-yard low hurdles—Won by Scales, Notre Dame; Schmitt, Notre Dame, second; Allen, Notre Dame, third. Time, :05

High jump—Won by Leiber, L.; Scales and McDonough, Notre Dame, tied for second. Height, 5 feet 7 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Nicholl, L.; Leiber, L., and Cripe, Notre Dame, tied for second. Distance, 20 feet 7¾ inches.

Two mile run—Won by Shea, Notre Dame; Roach, Notre Dame, second. Time, 10:38.

Half mile forfeit to Notre Dame.

Relay—Allen, Schmitt, Cripe, O'Leary, Notre Dame; Hedman, Libby, Eldred, Nicholl.

Bishop Lenihan's Visit.

The Right Rev. George Lenihan, D. D., Bishop of Auckland, New Zealand, was a most welcome visitor last week. He was accompanied by Rev. Father Patterson. The Bishop is an old friend and has lost none of the charms of other years. It is to be regretted that the brevity of his visit prevented him from addressing the University. Father Patterson is one of the most delightful of men. Their visit, though short, gave great pleasure to their friends.

Lecture by Frank H. Spearman.

Frank H. Spearman, whose "Whispering Smith" is one of the great literary successes of recent years, spent a few days at the University this week. Mr. Spearman is an old friend of Notre Dame and has frequently visited us before. Monday afternoon he addressed the English classes on the study of English. In a deliciously informal way he talked for an hour on the literary profession as seen from within. Practical hints about the making as well as the publication of books were dropped in abundance. Finally, Mr. Spearman read a chapter from "The Daughter of a Magnate," a marvelous chapter, which Thomas Wentworth Higginson places beside Lincoln's Gettysburg address and John Brown's famous speech at his own trial.

Lecture on Esperanto.

Following Mr. Spearman's lecture on Wednesday afternoon, Mr. Edmund Privat, International President of the Esperanto Educational Committee, delivered an interesting lecture on the new world language which has attracted so much attention. Mr. Privat is a young man of exceptional promise, and his address was followed with extreme interest, despite an occasional foreign flavor in phrasing or pronunciation. He is a rather remarkable linguist, as he has been studying our language only a few months and has already attained to great fluency in its use. His lecture has generated considerable interest in Esperanto.

Lecture by Doctor Monaghan.

Doctor Monaghan's lecture on Politics, of which a report should have appeared earlier, was one of the notable numbers in our lecture course for the present scholastic year. In his usual clear, forceful, and most entertaining style, the distinguished speaker discussed the characteristic features of party spirit as it appears in the historical development of the country, giving particular attention to the influence of America's two greatest leaders in this field of political thought, Hamilton and Jefferson. At the close of the lecture there was a song by the Doctor's wife. Mrs. Monaghan has a charming voice and is without doubt an accomplished soloist.

Notre Dame Club of Portland.

Former students of Notre Dame University now residing in Portland gathered to the number of 23 at the Commercial Club last Thursday evening. After partaking of an enjoyable dinner those present repaired to the club's lecture room, where they organized the Notre Dame Club of Portland. Officers elected were President, Hon. John M. Gearin; vice-president, John F. Daly; sec.-treasurer, F. J. Lonergan; executive committee, John P. O'Hara, Dr. W. A. Shea, George Houck.

Speeches reminiscent of old days at Notre Dame were made by a number of the men present, and a happy evening was passed. Before adjournment the club voted the establishment of a day scholarship at Columbia University, Portland. Very Reverend Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., President of Columbia, extended the hospitality of the college for one of the club's semi-annual dinners.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

John M. Gearin, George Houck, A. R. Zeller, Rev. E. P. Murphy, Rev. J. H. Black, John F. Daly, John O'Hara, Dr. W. A. Shea, J. P. Kelleher, John Shane, H. E. Kirby, Walter M. Daly, Lawrence Antoine, F. J. Lonergan, Frank Hennessey, Roscoe Hurst, Joseph E. Wiley, Rev. Joseph Gallagher, C. S. C., Rev. Hugh Gallagher, C. S. C., Rev. Fred McKeon, C. S. C., Stephen A. Gavin, Frank Collier, Roger Sinnott, N. G. Sinnott, Ed T. Long.—*Catholic Sentinel*.

Obituary.

Philip V. Butler, student at the University from '98 to '03, died at Los Angeles, Cal., April 26. Phil had been engaged in electrical engineering work since leaving Notre Dame, and had met with gratifying success. He will be remembered by a wide circle of friends who will be grieved to hear of his death. The sympathy of the faculty and students of the University is tendered to his bereaved relatives and particularly to his sorrowing wife. *R. I. P.*

Personals.

—John C. Fanger (Commercial, '04) is in the employ of Fanger & Rampe, 337 E. Pearl St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

—Henry E. Brown (Litt. B. '02) is now a member of the firm of Charles A. Pope & Co., Santiago, Chili. As was to be expected, Henry is "making good."

—Jack Lamprey, who was a student at the University three years ago, has the state agency for the West Disinfecting Co. with headquarters at St. Paul.

—Stewart McDonald, who was a student at the University from '94 to '97, is now secretary to the Moon Auto-Car Automobile Co., with headquarters in St. Louis.

—Dr. Francis Powers, Master of Science in Biology '99, has received his appointment as interne in Mercy Hospital, Chicago. Frank is entirely worthy of this special honor.

—Fred E. Kuhn (B. S. '83, M. S. '95.) is the senior member of the firm of Kuhn, Cooper & Geary, Nashville, Tenn. Fred will probably be here for the Alumni reunion.

—John G. Ewing, former professor and alumnus of the University, has been spending a few days with his old-time friends at Notre Dame. Mrs. Ewing accompanies him.

—Brevet Major-General N. M. Curtis, known to history as the hero of Fort Fisher, will be at the University some day between the 12th and 15th of May, and promises to deliver an address on Lincoln or some battle of the Civil War.

—Charles H. Benjamin, Dean of the Schools of Engineering at Purdue Univers-

ity, paid us a visit in company with Mr. Joseph D. Oliver of South Bend last Tuesday. The Dean made careful inspection of the schools of Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.

—Harry Crumley (C. E., '03) will be with us for the organization of the Alumni in June. He has moved to South Bend where he is engaged in engineering work in connection with the new roads that are connecting South Bend with the neighboring cities.

—Harold V. Hayes (B. S. '74, A. M. '95) is now in Los Angeles, whither his wife and two sons had preceded him by nearly two years. The boys have started into business in the city of the Angels, and Harold himself expects to begin work next month.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. Samuel Guerra (C. E. '06) and Miss Amanda del Valle in St. Joseph's Church, San Luis, Potosi, on May 1st. Mr. Guerra is one of the most highly respected of our Alumni, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him and his bride every blessing.

—The Hon. P. J. O'Connell (B. S. '73) is one of the prominent members of the Chicago City Council. His record in that difficult position is such that *Alma Mater* is proud of him. An alderman with a spotless reputation is considered by some to be as rare as an honest Indian agent, but Mr. O'Connell has shown that the thing may be.

—Dr. Leo J. Kelly, who was at the University for several years, passing in succession through St. Edward's Hall, Carroll Hall and Brownson Hall, has just recovered from a serious illness and is practising medicine in Joliet. Leo completed his course of medicine at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Chicago, two years ago.

—George J. Lins (Pharmacy '02), known to fame as "Studey," is connected with the firm of Thomas Lyons & Company, Arcola, Ill. He is Western Buyer for his house during the harvest of broom corn. "Studey" is remembered as one of the great football players of the past. He declares that if the graduates of the school of Pharmacy do not get in on the general Alumni organization they will start an organization of their own.

Local Items.

—The Professor of Botany gratefully acknowledges the receipt of a considerable number of plants contributed by Mr. W. W. Calkins of Berwyn, Ill.

—In Brownson and Carroll study-halls the statues of the Blessed Virgin have been beautifully decorated with flowers and electric lights for the month of May.

—The S. P. K. Club played a South Bend team and lost by a score of 6 to 7. The South Bend team won by a score in the ninth inning, the score being a tie for several innings.

—The members of the class in Architecture spent several days recently in Chicago and Gary inspecting certain structures in the study of the class was directed by Professor Adlesperger.

—The quadrangle has taken on its usual beautiful spring appearance. Bro. Philip and his men have been putting in new sod in several places, and the improvement is immediately noticeable.

—Our amateur anglers have displayed great activity so far this season. Every "rec" afternoon several fine strings of fish can be seen down at St. Mary's Lake, and interest in the sport is on the increase.

—It has been found that vandals have been engaged in the work of destruction in and around the Observatory. The building is being carefully watched and the depredators, when found, will be severely punished.

—Full reports of the recent Varsity baseball games are held over till our next issue. The scores: Wabash 2, Notre Dame 5; Indiana 0, Notre Dame 1; Indiana 3, Notre Dame 13; Knox 3, Notre Dame 22.

—The librarian of the department of chemistry desires information about Vol. 79, Part I., of the "Journal of the Chemical Society of London." A prompt return to the library shelves will be appreciated, as it is immediately needed for reference work.

—There are signs of spring in St. Edward's Park. The shaping of the familiar flower-letters was begun a few days ago, and before long the weather will be warm enough to complete the work of distributing the treasures of the green-house throughout the park.

—The Library is again indebted to Mr. William J. Onahan for valuable reports on Agricultural and Technical Progress in Ireland and a report of the Royal Commission of Trinity College. Mr. Onahan has also presented a most interesting volume entitled the "Sports and Pastimes of the People in England."

—With the advent of the warm spring days, renewed interest in outdoor sports is everywhere displayed. Baseball, of course, carries off the palm for the number of its adherents, but handball and tennis are rather close seconds. Tennis, especially, seems to have been given a new lease of life at the University, and several new courts have been laid out.

—It now seems to be an assured thing that the famous Portage, two miles below St. Mary's Academy, along the St. Joseph River, is to be marked by a memorial stone. The monument will stand upon the spot where Marquette, LaSalle, Hennepin and Tonty debarked in order to carry their canoes from the St. Joseph to the head waters of the Kankakee, and thus pass from the Great Lakes to the Mississippi and on down to the Gulf of Mexico.

—Sorin defeated Brownson in a game which turned out to be a swatfest, Sunday afternoon, by a score of 9 to 6. McBride, who was in the box for Sorin, was hit hard, but was given good support by his teammates. The Brownson team was inclined to go up in the air a couple of times, and costly errors at critical periods of the game lost them the victory. Dodge of Brownson showed all kinds of speed and curves. He has the stuff in him, and with better control should fill a berth in next year's Varsity pitching staff.

—The Holy Cross T. P's scalped the Latinos on the Seminary baseball campus last Sunday. The features of the game were numerous. Two tallies, one by Jumbogi, the other by Swattigi, notched the score-card for the Latinos in the first inning. Through the generosity of the umpire, whose decisions elicited much comment, two more scores were accredited the Latinos before the close of the game. McElhone broke loose for the T. P's by taking a trolley to first. Hackett took the next car; Joyce with his herculean power drove a liner in deep centre-field tying the score. In the excitement McCawley stole first. After five scores the T. P's were again on the field. With Devine in right closing upon sky scrapers, the Latinos took advantage of driving an occasional one in left-field where Heiser was found taking a sun-bath whenever a ball passed his way. McElhone burned them over, leaving a goose-egg for the Latinos. The crowd gathered round, and with three T. P's on-bags the balloon caught sail. Hackett insisted on hitting the reporter, but only fouled. Concha lined one over, and Schubert smashed it. When the ball was recovered the Seminary nag, despite the fact that the score was 14 to 4, had grown enthusiastic, and, in support of the home team, worked a squeeze-play with the spectators' hearty applause.