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## Bennabeola.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

SERENELY it stands by the sorrowing sea  
And lists to that pitiful tale  
Which tells of the thousands that silently sleep  
Evermore in the cheerless, the coffinless deep;  
About it at even the moan of the shee  
Blends sadly, alas, with the winds muffled wail;  
But Bennabeola still leaves them to weep.

Unmoved, it looks inland on silvery streams  
That weep 'long the flower-strewn vales;  
It hears the wee lambs as they bleat on the plain,  
But their call means as much as the call from  
the main.

Above it, resplendent, the morning star gleams;  
At eve it steals back and it blushes and pales:  
Ah, Bennabeola is charming and vain.

## World-Federation.

JOSEPH A. QUINLAN, '11.



FEW years ago, some farmers of northern Italy ploughed up a battlefield. In the course of their work, they made so large a collection of human bones that an American traveller, who saw the heap, called it "a pyramid of skulls." On that field, one of the world's great battles had been fought. There, reason was cast aside and in its stead brute force was enthroned as the judge of right and wrong. When the battle was over, countless dead and wounded lay strewn upon the plain, and today their whitened bones make silent but eloquent protest against the outrages of war.

This protest was not the first, nor the last.

Other battles have provoked vigorous invectives against the unreasonableness and barbarity of human slaughter. Thoughtful men have recognized the wrongfulness of using the sword where reason ought to decide; and their condemnation of war has grown in volume and strength. Public sentiment has been aroused; the national conscience awakened; and the decision of the Second Peace Conference at the Hague emphasized the fact that war should not be the medium of obtaining justice. In that conference, forty-five independent powers united in the declaration: "That peace is the normal and war the abnormal condition of civilized nations; that the relations of sovereign states are properly based on principles of justice, not upon force; that disputes between governments should be settled as far as possible by judicial methods, not by war." What prompted that important declaration? If you would know, read the history of the world, read the history of war; behold here, the ravages and slaughter that wrecked the ancient world; there, the desolation and ruin that wasted mediaeval Europe. Gaze upon the unnumbered graves that dot our battlefields; try to reckon the fabulous sums of money spent in bringing men to an untimely death. Consider the human sacrifices offered to the greed of commerce, the unending woe occasioned by the pride of rulers. Economic losses, the wailing of wives and widows, the complaints of homeless children, ruined morals, the wasting of God-given lives,—these have made men say that war is not for man, but for the brute.

But shall we be content with the mere condemnation of war? Shall we pause upon the threshold of victory and offer no plan for its prevention? The advent of world-peace has been long delayed because men

insist upon rehearsing again and again the horrors of the battlefield. The first steps have been taken. Why retrace those steps? If we would advance toward peace, we must move on, on to the final step. Too long have we paused; too long trodden and retródden the bloody fields of war, when we should have been adopting a practical scheme whereby to establish and preserve peace. Such a plan exists, no longer a theory, but a working actuality.

Here in the United States there is exemplified a system of arbitration that may be taken as a basis for the establishment of world-peace. Our government owes its existence and unparalleled prosperity in great part to self-imposed sacrifices. The original States and every State since admitted to the Union sacrificed much. It was hard to forfeit independent sovereignty; it was hard to abandon the right of armed protection; hard to bend in submission before the proud dictator born of these sacrifices, the federal court. But all this and more was not too great a price for the untold blessings that have resulted from our federation; and the marvellous success of our system of government warrants the belief that World-Federation will solve the problem of war.

We are not unmindful of the struggle of 1861; the pages that tell the story of that war are among the saddest in all history. Under the best plan ever devised for the maintenance of peace, war broke forth in maddest fury; every meadow became a graveyard; every river and rivulet, a stream of human blood. And if the history of our country teaches anything at all about the preservation of peace, the lesson is this: that the paramount consideration rests, not in the desirability of arbitration, but in its practicability. Men may plead for arbitration from an economic or from an ethical standpoint; they may deprecate the outrages of the battlefield; and, in a hundred ways, prove that peace is preferable to war; but until they have shown how to abolish war, they will have done nothing to further the peace movement. Already the nations are grown impatient of the incessant clamor against war, and demand that, instead of always inveighing against the horrors of the battlefield, we tell them how to preserve peace.

And encouraged by the reign of peace in

our own Union, we answer that World-Federation is not only the ideal but the practical way of maintaining harmony among the nations. Our Civil War was possible only because the Union's strength was equally divided on an issue affecting the vital interests of all. Domestic slavery never could have caused great trouble, had not the strength of the North and the South been evenly balanced. And so in the event of World-Federation, war could be possible only when the nations were equally divided on a question of interest to all.

The realization that much was to be gained made possible the Union which now constitutes us as a nation. Union meant strength in the hour of danger. Union meant freedom from tyrannical oppression. Union meant industrial prosperity, internal peace and glory for a common flag. World-Federation will mean the international development of an idea fundamental to our own government; the merging into an international court of arbitration a part of the sovereignty of the nations subscribing to such a court; the forfeiture of the right to declare war. To expect universal arbitration while war is lawful is as vain a hope as to expect a safe and sane Fourth of July when the use of explosives is legal. Under the very shadow of the Hague Tribunal, nations that are advocates of arbitration have resorted to bloody conflict; some of them, because they felt their cause to be just; others, because might makes right; all of them, because war is tolerated.

And now comes the most important consideration of the whole problem of peace, a consideration re-emphasized only last month when the German Premier declared that universal peace must remain a dream because of its impracticability. If every nation in the world agrees to abide by the decisions of an international tribunal, even then peace will not be assured unless that court has the power and the means to enforce its decisions. Our Whisky Rebellion of 1794 was a small thing in itself; but it became great because of the basic principles involved. Had our Federal Government failed in that crucial moment to enforce its decision with national militia, federal authority would have been a misnomer, and the State would still have been supreme. For the same reason, World-Federation must mean a world-army at the

court's command. Suppose Germany and France, at variance on some issue, arbitrate, and the verdict favor France. Germany might refuse to abide by that decision as the leaders of the Whisky Rebellion refused to obey the federal order. If an international tribunal is to have a distinct personality and power proportionate to its jurisdiction; if the nations are to respect such a court, it must be able to enforce its verdicts, if need be, with army and navy.

Our own Union was not established in a week or a month, without hesitation, without bitter words; nor was it established firmly until sealed with America's best blood. World-Federation may not come in a decade or half a century; it may not come until the god of war receives again and yet again the bloody homage of nations; but once it is established, periodic wars will no longer stop the wheels of industry; nations, no longer drain the resources of nations; brothers, no more slay brothers. The nations realize and have publicly acknowledged the futility and cruelty of war; they are eager for the reign of peace; but universal peace will never be an actuality until Tennyson's dream of "The parliament of man, the federation of the world," is realized.

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### An Appreciation of "Ivanhoe."

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A. HERBERT BOLDT, '14.

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"Ivanhoe" represents one of the best examples of historical romance in English fiction. In it is reflected the characteristics of its author. It shows Scott's love for the past, how he delights in painting gorgeous pictures of the tournament, or vividly describing the adventures of a knight-errant.

The setting of "Ivanhoe" is in England at the time of Richard the Third who was known as "Richard the Lion-Hearted." The action in the story is rather slow as Scott spends much time in description. His descriptions, especially of nature, of knights, or of the tournaments are very vivid and beautiful. The story deals with events which happened while Richard was in the Orient, and at the time of his return to England. It presents to us all classes of people who lived in England at that time. Scott took his characters from real history, but dressed

them in a romantic garb, and made them act according to his own desires. Thus we find portrayed all classes of men from the royalty down to the outlawry. The different races and their attitude toward each other are also described. The Norman, the Saxon, and the Jew are all portrayed. The characters are all idealized to a certain extent, and in doing this Scott showed that he belonged to the idealistic school of romance.

It is said that Scott was the forerunner of the nineteenth century writers, in the "return to nature." The story of "Ivanhoe" is full of beautiful descriptions and appreciations of nature. We find ourselves in cool, mossy glades, the haunt of Robin Hood and his band, and again he describes beautiful landscapes and wild mountains.

As Scott was a student of nature, he was also a student of men. This is shown in "Ivanhoe." Richard is idealized as the good king; and the characters of the Norman barons and lords of that time are portrayed. Even Locksley or Robin Hood was shown to have respect for poor people and to champion their cause.

From a standpoint of historical accuracy, "Ivanhoe" may be said to embody certain real facts. It was Scott who led the romanticists of his time in creating a greater interest in the Medieval Ages. It has been said of Scott that he recreated that period of history by his romantic stories.

In short, "Ivanhoe" ranks as one of the most delightful and interesting romances of English fiction. What schoolboy is not familiar with the fascinating stories of the tournaments in which Ivanhoe took part, or of the adventures of the knight who styles himself "Sir Sluggard?" "Ivanhoe," is also one of the most popular romances, and nearly everyone is familiar with it. Thus, it can be said that "Ivanhoe," embodying the best qualities of fiction, can be regarded as one of the best works of its kind in English literature.

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Who is there whose real interests can be served by anything else than by the prevalence of truth and justice, of joy and peace? Attach not thy heart then to thy particular whims; but trust God and believe that He guides the universe to right ends in ways thou canst not comprehend.—*Spalding*.

### The Hermit.

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY, '11.

As a child Swanson had given evidence of an inordinate temper. On the least provocation he would give way to infantile rage, screaming at the top of his voice and throwing from him anything he might have in his hands. These outbreaks were attributed to his poor health, for, up to his fifth year, he was a puny child, although, as the doctor said, "he was too 'cussed' contrary to die."

On starting to school, however, he became gradually stronger. At the same time, as the years passed his disposition grew gentler. But the ungovernable temper remained, and at times would break out unexpectedly in a perfect fury. For this reason it was necessary to take him from the public school where he got into so much trouble and procure for him a private tutor.

Under the patient and kindly influence of his devoted mother the boy came to have more and more control over his passion. The mother knew that these outbreaks were the result not of a wicked nature but rather of an inborn weakness. And the deep contrition that followed these attacks touched her deeply. For ordinarily the boy was unusually gentle and loving. In fact, he was somewhat over-sensitive on account of his weakness.

In proportion as his disposition waxed kindlier his body grew stronger. At fifteen he was as strong as most men. In a wrestling match he could hold his own with any ordinary person. When he was ready to begin his college course his strength was extraordinary; so much so that it was a constant source of anxiety to his mother who feared that in a sudden outbreak he would do some serious damage.

And she had some reason to fear. On one occasion his anger was aroused by the sight of a drunken man beating his child and in a moment he had picked the man up bodily and heaved him in the air with such force that, had he been in a sober condition, the fall might have killed him.

Strange to say, Swanson was as over-sensitive about his great strength as he was concerning his weakness. Consequently, at college

he remained much by himself and gained the title of "The Hermit." This exclusiveness on his part was heightened by his being expelled from one school for throwing a chair at a professor. However, at the second one he was more fortunate, not getting into trouble again, and making some close friends.

On leaving school he had acquired a good hold on himself, and in the business world, which he entered, he was known as a man who never lost his temper. Several years passed and he began to have confidence in himself and his control over his passion.

"Mother," he said one day, "I believe I am fit to get married. It is two years now since my temper got the better of me. Still I fear to take the step, for I would not place another woman in your position—to suffer the shame, I have caused you—no, not for the happiness I will lose."

"My dear son, you are too scrupulous. You have shown that you are morally as strong a man as you are physically. You have proved your ability to control that evil passion. Besides if this girl is all you claim for her, she will be another strong influence to help you."

"I'll explain to her, Mother, and ask her if she is willing to take the chance."

And so it was settled and the day arrived when Swanson was to be made the happiest of men. Naturally he was a little excited, and to this excitement was added an irritation by the stupidity of his servant. He decided to go out for a short walk in the crisp air before taking the carriage for the church. Rounding a corner he came upon a sight that made his blood boil. An overworked and poorly-fed horse was lying on the slippery street and its angry owner with curses was beating it unmercifully in an effort to make it rise. It was apparent that the poor horse was unable to do this, for though it tried time and again to gain its feet it lacked the strength, and each effort was feebler than the last.

As Swanson approached the scene it was with difficulty that he could control himself. With suppressed passion he addressed the driver.

"Stop that!"

"What the — is it to you?" was the sneering retort, and the driver turned to renew his efforts on the now unresisting brute. Swanson could contain himself no longer. With

ne iron hand he grasped the arm that held the whip and with the other he dealt the driver a blow on the side of the head. Something snapped, and the driver fell over unconscious on the body of the horse.

In a moment several persons had gathered. One of them, apparently a doctor, bent over the man, and Swanson, who was gazing on horror-stricken heard him say:

"The man is dead."

Turning to the sergeant with whom he was acquainted, he said: "I will go with you." As they walked up the avenue, Swanson thought of the girl waiting for him at the church, and then his mind reverted to the man he had just left lying on the street. "I have failed," he said to himself. "It can never be. She would never be secure from disgrace. And what other violence am I liable to commit." All his old sensitiveness and fear of self rushed over him and the future became dark.

Looking down on the dark gray water beneath the high bridge they were crossing a feeling of despair seized him, and he was about to throw himself over the railing when bright rays of light seemed to flood his soul. A message of peace came to him, and as the vision of the dead man arose before him he knew that the demon within him had been stilled forever. It had been the storm before the calm, and he now knew that the long years of hard and patient struggle had not been unavailing. Another picture came to him of a sweet girl in white waiting for him amid the peaceful scene of consecrated walls and with renewed vigor in his walk he hurried to give bail for his appearance in court where he felt sure of an acquittal, and then to explain to her who had given him her love his fall and his triumph.

"OUR worship of the successful is part of our acceptance of facts. Hence those who achieve great position or wealth easily obtain pardon for the crimes which served them to rise. We judge them leniently, find that circumstances alter cases, and that if the end does not justify the means, it may make us willing to forget them. Thus the founders and aggrandizers of states, however false and tyrannical, become national heroes. To call attention to the great poet's or painter's moral delinquencies is to live in the atmosphere of village grandmothers."

### Varsity Verse.

#### THE FIRE-FLY.

The earth in darkness lay  
Enfolded 'neath the wings of night,  
The dim moon rose and fell among the clouds;  
Darkness,—but there I saw a light,  
Bright, like a starry ray  
A moment stripped of all its airy shrouds.

Again appeared the gleam,  
But when, intent, I sought its source,  
An ungly insect quivered in my hands:  
Such is Ambition's course,  
Which, scorning God and right, that seem  
To be surpassed in splendor, ne'er understands,  
That God and right are all.

S. E. T.

#### TRY OUTS.

Said a millionaire's wife: "Pray, be still  
Till I give him this dynamite pill!

It will work like a charm,  
And then, pray, what's the harm,  
If Will wills me all, and he will.

A man and young lady from Austin  
Took their wedding trip clear up to Baustin,  
But a thief swiped his money  
And also his "honey;"  
Says he, "Oh how much it is caustin."

One who wrote for the N. D. SCHOLASTIC  
Dashed out pathos in measures so drastic,  
That the readers all cried  
And a score or more died  
When he wrote on the price of elastic.

T. A. L.

#### BOOSTING.

The days are hot and sultry now,  
We're thinking more of home;  
But why not turn our thoughts awhile  
And dream about the "Dome."

We buy a lemonade a "fives,"  
We eat an ice-cream cone;  
But why not save our nickels now  
And later buy the "Dome."

W. D. C.

#### ROSE.

Once I said unto Rose:  
"Dearest, won't you be mine?"  
And she whispered: "Who knows?"  
When I questioned my Rose,  
Then a little leaf blows,  
Like a vision divine;  
It too was a rose,  
Like the dear Rose of mine.

D. E. L.

### The Course of True Love: A Review.

JEREMIAH A. MCCARTHY, '14.

"To Have and To Hold" was written by Edward Caskoden. It is a part of his own life, and he gives this excuse for introducing the other characters. He himself played a prominent part in it; and as the custom prevailed in those days, especially at court for every nobleman to keep a diary, this story is written from the notes of Sir Edward Caskoden.

The scene is laid in England in the time of Henry VIII. Sir Edward Caskoden was Master of the Dance at King Henry's court, and became well acquainted with the heroine of the story, Mary Tudor, sister of Henry. Charles Brannan, the hero, was a young cavalier just returned from the wars.

At the age of sixteen, Charles went to the wars with his father and brother, and lived the life of a cavalier until the age of twenty-five; the wars then being over he returned home. On the way the father and brothers engaged in a quarrel with a man by the name of Jason. This man was known throughout the country as the best swordsman in England. He challenged them to a duel. The father and elder brother were killed, and young Brannan resolves to die with them or obtain revenge. Charles Brannan is a well-knit man and has crossed swords with experts during his campaign experiences. Moreover, he had learned the value of self-control, and had studied his man. Seconds were chosen and the duel ensued. Brannan found nothing new in the thrusts of Jason and watched his opportunity. He lunged at his breast and his sword bent. He chuckled to himself. Now he knew the success of Jason. How this man had defeated his father and brother and why their swords had failed. Under his waistcoat he wore a coat of mail. Knowing well his own strength, Brannan determined to tire his man and then kill him as he chose. Jason was breathing heavily and growing pale. His thrusts became feeble, but Brannan dared not attempt another lunge at that coat of armor. With a sudden dexterity he sent Jason's sword flying over his head and Jason fell on his knees and begged for mercy. With one slash he clove the man's eyes and left him blind and disfigured for life.

The news of the duel spread far and wide. When King Henry heard of it, he sent a messenger to bring the stranger who had defeated Jason, a man whose skill he himself had witnessed at his own court. So the court was alive with interest and all wished to see this wonderful stranger. When the day of the tournament came, Brannan arrived at court, and as he was also skilled in the use of the lance, won much honor. The king made him a courtier, and told his friend, Sir Edward Caskoden, to take care of him. Sir Edward obtained rooms for Brannan near his own and the two became great friends.

Mary Tudor, sister of the king, was the most beautiful woman in all England. Coupled with this rare beauty was a tact and diplomacy that would have done credit to any statesman. Everyone at court seemed to be in love with her and many tried to gain her favors. Sir Edward warned Brannan about Mary, not to fall in love with her, for the king would surely behead him. He himself had fallen a victim to her charms, but since she refused to marry him saying that she would rather have him as a friend, he overcame his foolish desire. Brannan was a strong character and had met many beautiful women in Spain and France and had not as yet become enamored of them. So when his friend told him about the beautiful Mary he only laughed.

Sometime afterwards Brannan met her by accident and found her to be beautiful and an interesting conversationalist. She was not shallow as most of the pretty women he knew. Gradually their love for each other grew, to Brannan unconsciously, but Mary was conscious of it from the beginning. He never complimented her on her beauty, and, in fact, seemed indifferent to her altogether. Most men began by admiring her beauty and saying pretty things in a sycophantic manner, but this man was entirely different. The king perceived the friendliness of the two but did not oppose it openly. He warned Mary several times and employed indirect means to show his displeasure to Brannan.

The Duke of Buckingham, a great friend of the king, was deeply in love with Mary and took every occasion to show it. He had proposed to her but was rejected. Naturally, he became very jealous of Brannan. Meantime, Brannan who unconsciously had made so many enemies and unaware of them did his



utmost to avoid Mary. As things grew worse he determined to leave court and sail for New Spain. He had packed his goods, and was only waiting for the ship to sail when Mary found out through Sir Edward that he was about to leave. Mary sent an invitation to Brannan and Sir Edward to dine with her in private that evening. These invitations were given only to special friends, and as Sir Edward was in liege with Mary who wished to detain him, he persuaded Brannan to accept the invitation. Jane, Mary's maid, was present and Sir Edward was desperately in love with her. Brannan accepted the invitation, and that evening found to his horror that his love for Mary had become too great to stifle and resolved at the first opportunity to flee the country. He tried more than ever to avoid her and she all the more to see him. One day as he was reading in one of the private libraries of the palace she stole in, and not having seen him for some days, he was astonished to hear some one calling him by his Christian name, Charles. Looking up he saw Mary and for once in his life he lost complete self-control. That day both saw how madly in love they were.

Despairing of his ever marrying a princess on account of his rank and means, he firmly resolved to set out for New Spain. He had bought his passage and secured everything when Mary begged him to take her with him. That diplomacy and skill that had won many things from her irate brother now convinced Brannan, and disguised as a young nobleman she set out with him. However, on the ship they were discovered. Buckingham sought to seek revenge on Brannan, and had him thrown into a dungeon, while Mary was severely reprimanded by the king.

King Henry was a very avaricious man and as Louis of France was looking for a wife, he thought he could persuade Mary to accept him and the honor of queen of France. But Mary would accept only under a condition which the king promised to fulfil if she would only marry Louis. Mary's condition was the release of Charles Brannan and that after the death of King Louis she could choose her second husband. The king promised. Mary sailed for France and became the wife of Louis. The king of England received an enormous sum of money. About a year and a half later King Louis died and Mary returned

to England. She married Charles Brannan. As the Duke of Suffolk was slain in battle and as there were no successors to the title, Mary begged her brother to do something for his little sister. He wished his sister to marry a nobleman, and partly on this account conferred the title of Duke of Suffolk and all the estates that went with it upon Charles Brannan. Sir Edward Caskoden married Lady Jane and lived near the Brannans.

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In 2911 A. D.

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GLENN A. SMITH, '14.

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It was one of these rare days in June which Lowell has so ably perpetuated in our memories. The sun shone bright, as is his wont on such days, for though it was now the year 2911 A. D., Old Sol had so faithfully followed his routine through the ages that folks still remarked "Then if ever come perfect days." He smiled as he gazed through his glittering beams on the world below. It was only one of the countless spheres which he blessed with his brightness and light; but it amused the old fellow to reflect on the changes which had come over that particular mass of twirling molecules in the short space of ten centuries. He chuckled as he thought about the queer ways of its inhabitants, chuckled so deeply that three men were simultaneously stricken down with sunstroke. Suddenly becoming aware of a noise on the other side of the world, he stretched his neck to get a glimpse of the Western Hemisphere—but alas and alack! he stretched too far and the long-haired, spectacled scientists registered an eclipse. This tickled Old Sol immensely and the smile broadened, causing a Taft dimple on either side. Again those of the long-hair frat pulled out their note-books—this time to take cognizance of the fact that the spots on the sun which had so puzzled their ancestors had reappeared. Old Sol heaved a sigh and shook his head in a manner which intimated the hopelessness of it all. Then his gaze fell upon New York City.

Boat No. 23 of the International Aerial Navigation Co., incorporated, copyrighted, and patented, was just leaving the moorings on the top of the Hot Iron Building, New York;

for the second quarter of its daily sight-seeing trip around the world. In exactly 25 minutes the boat pulled over the city of South Bend, Indiana,—the remarkably slow time being due to the fact that the sight-seers wanted to get a good glimpse of Ferry Field at Ann Arbor where Notre Dame administered the final and long-awaited blow to Michigan University. Since then no more battles were fought between these two nations, which makes the battlefield all the more interesting—as well as historical. The guide was speaking in Esperanto:

"Ladies and Gent-ulmen, our next stop will be Notre Dame, one of the 7000 wonders of the world."

The immense machine hovered over the beautiful place at the top of Hill Street, anchored mechanically into a stall on the roof of the New Aerial Hall, and the occupants floated out on their individual wings.

Coming to the dilapidated structure, known as the Main Building in the past age, the guide shouted:

"Within the walls of this mighty structure ladies and gentlemen, lie the ruins of the original humble building known as Notre Dame University, the college which sent forth the greatest minds of the 20th century, in fact, the greatest minds the world has ever known. Within these walls lie interred for evermore all that remains of those great minds. Well, let us enter.

"To the right you see the coat-of-arms of the one great chief of the institution. He was very learned and very versatile in his day, but civilization was not very far advanced then—why, they had not even discovered perpetual motion. Hard to believe as it may be, in those days of mediaeval history, people ate three times a day and actually slept a third of their lives.

"The chief was a strong man. Why he could lift 500 freshmen up into the sophomore class in five minutes. Such performance was considered remarkable even in those ages.

"This is the bust of Poyntelle Downing, the 68th President of the United States, also a great linguist and a great organ player. He also played this crude instrument, called French horn, in the army. It is said that when at the age of 17 he was asked about his prospects of becoming president, he replied: 'Perhaps.'

"This dark spot in the glass is said to be the first drop of blood Paddy or Fady—consult the historians about names—Ryan ever shed in the name of footballs. Footballs—often called Football in these ages—was a very noble game in which the object was to kick the ball at each other—the side which kicked the ball the farthest being declared the winner and he who got the most kicks was proclaimed a hero.

"Here is a monument erected to a professor. It is said that through his hypnotic mathematics the students threw fits which indicated that they had flunked. "Flunk," in those days, meant "to fail to pass a subject satisfactorily." In those times almost everybody used slang which was supposed to be a very bad form of English and yet at the same time very expressive. The most renowned user of slang was Art Hughes, who is said to have spoken once within this structure.

"Ladies and Gent—ulmen do you see these two immense busts? Well, they are monuments in honor of Dimmick and Philbrook. These were the last two of the famous race of O'Flannagan giants, now extinct.

"To your left is the bust of the immortal "Billy" Ryan, the most famous of the ancient tragedians. Why they called him a tragedian is a very hard matter to understand, for he tickled his audience's ribs with his highly ludicrous performances. He is said to have been descended from Shakespeare, whose works our children are now learning in the kindergarten.

"Old Sol, who seemed to have remembered Ryan, burst into such a hearty laugh that it caused an earthquake in China.

"In the ancient days the phone system of education was a thing of the future. The professors in those times merely professed.

"Here lies the remains of Marshall Tully, the greatest orator of antiquity, and those of Paul Rush, the greatest advocate of woman's rights. Here is the pickled heel of Casey Jones, the immortal locomotive driver. Here are the bones of Samson Figel, the famous center on *The Stub's* All-Star Football team of 1910. Here are the fins of Harry Hebner, the Greyhound of antiquity. These are the same fins that enabled him to cross what was known as the Atlantic Ocean in three weeks—a truly remarkable feat in those days.



"Ladies and Gent-ulmen, we will now go to Old College Building, another of the 7000 wonders of the world. This edifice is said to be in as good condition as it was 1000 years ago."

The sun frowned as the earth moved in a position that cut off his view.

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### The Choice of Our Reading Matter.

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Man is an imitator; from the cradle to the grave his actions are governed, and, to a great extent, controlled by the men who have gone before him. It is this innate tendency to imitate that has perfected our arts and our governments: and it is the influence that other men's thoughts and deeds have on our own lives that underlies that famous axiom: "Tell me with whom you go, and I'll tell you what you are." There is no better index to a man's character than the friends with whom he associates. If they are of a high type, he will be of a high type; if they are of a low standard, he will be of a low standard.

Man is essentially a social being and he must have friends. But, while this is true we must remember that the choosing of our friends lies with ourselves. We are to determine who they shall be and what they shall be. Let us see to it then that they are always of a high type. Let the standard be high and measure each one according to it. We should be particularly careful in the choice of our mental friends, for a bad book is more insidious than a bad companion. The evil of a bad companion is easily determinable while the evil in a book is often hidden and the mischief is done and the poison is absorbed before we discover the source. Again, the influence of a bad companion is limited whereas that of a book is of almost infinite extent. Therefore let your mental companions be worthy ones. Read good books and read none but good books.

But the question arises, what are good books and what are bad? Are there any marks by which we can determine the character of a book, and are these symptoms apparent to all readers? There are rules and methods for analyzing a book in order to determine its value, but these are not surely apparent to everybody. And even if they were, we students with our limited knowledge, would

make poor judges. In this age when the market is flooded with literature of doubtful character it is well to let judges more competent than ourselves select the good from the bad.

In the library of the Apostolate of Religious Reading we have just this very thing. The books are selected by competent unprejudiced judges. These men have a wide experience and their decision is governed by two motives only—the character of the work and our welfare. And their choice of books is a happy and a varied one. From the learned and instructive works of Cardinal Newman, that master-stylist of English prose, to the beautiful and delightful novels of Christian Reid, that easy and graceful writer who today is so warmly admired and so widely read, there is one long list of classical writers whose works are just as fascinating as any in modern literature and far more wholesome than most of its products. Remember that you are an imitator, and that the character and standard of your reading will be reflected in your moral make-up. Read wisely that you may profit by your reading.

A READER IN ST. JOSEPH HALL.

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### Sea-Fog.

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THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

When the hours have laughed themselves away  
In warm and riotous glee,  
The solemn ghost of the dying day  
Walks over the long-hushed sea.

Like the white-robed spirits of the dead  
That know nor hope nor rest,  
They glide along towards the trail of red  
That hangs in the dying West.

'Tis the mists, some say, that often blow  
From out the ocean caves;  
But sailors fear, for 'tis they who know  
The spirits that walk the waves.

For the ships of those who dared to sail  
Where mist-wraiths dance in play,  
Have struck the shoals in the driving gale,—  
Their sailors, oh, where are they?

When the day is done, the seamen say,  
Their spirits once more free,  
With the solemn ghost of the dying day  
Walk over the long-hushed sea

# Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Last Thursday one of the largest classes in the history of Notre Dame received First Holy Communion. It was a great day for these boys who were

**First Holy Communion.** so exceptionally privileged, and they will not readily forget the sentiments which the occasion awakened. First Communion to every Catholic is always a memorable event. It suggests youth in life and youth in nature: the growing child whose heart is still unsullied by sordid things; the young summer when every bud is bursting into leaf and every leaf will presently be crowned with a blossom. It suggests wealth of light and color, and splendor of service. It suggests the tenderness of the Church in giving the Bread of Life to strengthen those who with more mature reason are soon to be subjected to temptation. Then if ever is the perfect day; for then if ever the soul is undefiled. What wonder is it that after long years of waiting and battling against sin, after many victories and defeats, people go back in spirit over time and space to some quiet church on some bright May or June day and picture the scene and the time, and experience yet again the emotions of the morning of First Communion. To the Catholic of deep, practical faith it is the day of days.

—What do you intend to do when the summer season comes? Have you any definite idea of how to spend your time profitably?

There are just as many reasons why you should make the warm days of these three months profitable as that you should spend the nine scholastic periods to advantage. Now is the opportunity to get into some practical work connected with the theoretical training you have been having. Now is the time to determine whether you are adapted to the profession you have chosen. Somebody has been paying your way; somebody has been put to extra trouble and expense that you might get an education to fit you for the future. You will be given the chance when the school days end to show that you have not been fitting yourself for a dream world; that you have been preparing to enter the commercial world and take an active, if not a leading part. There is no reason why you should go home to idle away these days that may be made to mean so much. Get into some work which will develop you in the profession which you have accepted. Get into this work and then go home, if need be, with the proof that you will "make good."

—At the reorganization of classes in the fall, at certain specially called meetings and at class banquets there is a general overflow of oratory on class and college spirit. No doubt the overflow of oratory serves a purpose; and if we were without it we would probably wax lonesome and wish it back. But it should be borne in mind that the orators are not by any means the most abundant in that class and college spirit which finds an outlet in deeds. Usually your orator will not condescend to the unpoetic toil of decorating a hall for a class function of some kind. The chances are he will not be the first to come forth with his assessment to defray the expenses of some class event; more often he will dignify the end of the procession. He will not be strikingly in evidence to represent his class in a crew or a ball team; he probably will feel it is no part of his business and should be taken care of by the "other fellows."

All this is written merely to point out the general truth that class oratory is one thing and class activity quite another; that

orators round out fine periods; but it must be borne in mind that the fellow who sweats and soils his hands and musses up his hair to help his class in athletics, or in any other kind of physical endeavor, is oftentimes voiceless in the conventions. In giving due credit to the orators for the manner in which they marshal their periods, let us also give a thought too to the voiceless orators whose deeds must speak for them.

—There is a certain duty of citizenship in the observance of national feast days. These days are set aside to honor men or to commemorate events of the

**Honor to the Living as** past. The honor we

**Well as to the Dead.** pay to the heroes of the past is fitting, and

helps to raise the dignity of the nation; but it is, in a way, an empty honor, for it is too often paid to men who in life lacked even the consolation of sympathy from their fellow-men. The honor paid to men still in life is, then, of greater significance, for it comes when its earthly character may still be appreciated. It is this fact that makes the observance of Decoration Day, in a special way, the duty of an American citizen. Decoration Day, although instituted to honor the memory of the dead, is an occasion for a tribute to the living brave who fought for the defense of the Union; and although a great part of the rank and file of that vast army has passed silently to the field of death, the ceremonies of the day must quicken the pulse of the surviving comrade. Decoration Day is a holiday of the living as well as of the dead, and its observance should be the religious duty of every American citizen.

—We clip the following extract from a circular recently sent out to senior classes at colleges by a South Bend firm manufacturing "High Grade"

**An Appreciation of the** goods:

**"Rah Rah Boy."** "In future years you will want something reminiscent of those days when you recognized no authority and considered it a lark to take a policeman's club and star away from him or celebrate victory by bonfires the fuel for which was supplied by the town fences."

As an absurdly mistaken appeal to what is somewhere known as "college spirit," this

must be given a high place among the foolish utterances of the American manufacturer. One wonders at the utter lack of good sense that would permit such writing to go through the mails under the protection of a one-cent stamp. We have read of such things in the dime-novel stage of our college career, but never outside the dime novel before. Surely the enterprising firm making a bid for college patronage should be able to find something more worthy of memory for the college man than that of beating up a policeman and burning other people's property. Also, it seems cheap business and cheap morals to grow melodramatic over the days when the college boy is said—though by no means truly—to "recognize no authority." The firm's ad man has not a very high concept of college life; he is not a very deep student of human nature, and we do not consider him skilled in his craft. An appeal to the higher, sweeter and truer things of college life would have been in better form and probably would prove better advertising.

#### First Communion Visitors.

Among the visitors to witness the ceremony of First Holy Communion last Thursday were: Mr. and Mrs. Bowles and daughters Dolores and Helen of Chicago; Mrs. Pearl Cagney and Master Bert Cagney of Chicago; Mrs. Fumasoli of Chicago; Mrs. McBride of San Francisco, California; Mrs. Ansberry of Defiance, Ohio; Mr. and Mrs. M. Peugnet and daughters the Misses D. J. and B. Peugnet of St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. Lensing and daughter of Evansville, Indiana; Mr. John Muldoon of Chicago; Mrs. Young of Chicago; Mrs. Golden of Racine, Wisconsin; Mr. W. Quinn of Syracuse, N. Y.; Mrs. Osborne of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Schaeffer of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. McConnell of Ft. Wayne; Mrs. Mullaney and Master Paul Mullaney of Chicago; Mr. Fecher of Chicago; Mrs. Boyle of Linton, Indiana; Mr. and Mrs. Haggerty and sons of Chicago. Mrs. Martin and children of St. Louis, Missouri; Mr. and Mrs. Dohn of St. Joseph Michigan; Miss Shannon of Washington D. C.; Mr. and Mrs. White and son of Chatanooga, Tenn.; Mrs. Paul Welsh of Chicago; Mrs. Cook of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. Shepard of Baltimore, Maryland; Mr. and Mrs. Shale of Chicago; Mrs. John Railton of Chicago.

### First Communion and Confirmation.

On Thursday, May 25th, the Feast of the Ascension was made doubly solemn at Notre Dame by the additional and beautiful ceremonies of First Holy Communion and Confirmation. It was a day long and pleasantly anticipated by those for whom it meant so much. Ever since the opening of school in September, they had been singled out as being worthy of this great privilege and kept constantly reminded of its seriousness and instructed in its religious significance. Since Easter, daily attendance at Mass and an hour of weekly adoration evidenced the sincerity and thoroughness of their preparation. Nothing was left undone to make the occasion impressive and memorable. At eight o'clock, students, faculty, clergy and the Rt. Rev. Bishop Alerding formed in procession at the Main Building and marched around the quadrangle to the Sacred Heart Church. In front moved the University band followed close by four companies of cadets whose neat uniforms and well-trained movements added much to the dignity of the line.

At Notre Dame First Communion is always a glorious event. But never perhaps have the services of last Thursday been surpassed. The ideal day of light and sunshine, the rich growth of flowers and shrubs on the front lawn, the correct marching of the companies, the appropriate music of the band, the vestments of the ministers, clergy and servers, the exceptionally large class of First Communicants, the many visiting parents and friends—all served to make the event bright in comparison with any previous celebration.

Solemn High Mass, *Coram Episcopo*, was celebrated by Reverend President Cavanaugh, assisted by Fathers Carrico and Dalton. The sermon, a final instruction and fervent exhortation, was given by Father Carroll. When the happy moment of Communion arrived each knelt at the altar and received for the first time the Bread of Life. It was a great moment and will long be remembered by the First Communicants.

At two o'clock, the Rt. Rev. Bishop, after an instructive discourse on the nature of the Sacrament and the proper dispositions for its worthy reception, administered Confirmation. Pontifical Benediction followed.

Many visitors, parents and relatives of the young communicants, witnessed the ceremonies. A notable fact, and one eloquent of the unity of the Catholic discipline and doctrine, was that, among the class of forty-three, were boys not only from all quarters of the United States, but from two foreign countries as well.

There was something peculiarly inspiring in the neat appearance and becoming manner of these well-trained lads during the exercises. The uniform suits of black, the white rose of purity, the modest badge of the College Eucharistic League, no less than the symbolic lights and the innocent, earnest faces, left an indelible impression of true piety, and recalled to all present the happy occasion of their own lives when, as children, they, too, received their First Holy Communion.

Those who received First Communion and Confirmation are as follows:

Edward Ansberry, John H. Bowles, Francis T. Boyle, Randolph J. Buskirk, Lawrence J. Courcier, Leroy Cagney, Walter Cagney, Sheldon A. Clark, Bernard C. Dohn, Walter M. Fecher, Theodore Figel, Ernest Fumasoli, Francis Green, Edward W. Golden, Walter J. Honor, Richard Haggerty, John S. Holden, William F. Jansen, Philip F. Johnston, Kenneth W. Krippene, Henry B. Lensing, Albert G. Marion, Joseph E. Martin, John A. Muldoon, Walton J. MacConnell, Thomas M. McBride, Lousius A. McBride, Thomas Mullaney, Robert Mullaney, Arthur Nieuwland, Theodore W. O'Connell, David E. Outhouse, Lee Osborne, Sarpy J. Peugnet, William I. Peugnet, Willard C. Quinn, John R. T. Railton, John C. Skale, John H. Shannon, George M. Shepard, Geraldo Alejandro Viso, Thomas R. Welch, Roland B. Welsh, Richard White.

The following received Confirmation only:

Thomas Nester, John Lucas, Abbot Story, John Roeder, Jasper F. French, Ludwig Virant, Robert McCune, G. Cremer, H. Murray.

### Civil Engineering in Final Program.

Last Wednesday evening the Civil Engineering Society held its last open meeting of the year. The special program which was given for the Faculty was delivered by the senior civil engineers.

Mr. George Washburn's paper on "The Work of the Civil Engineer," showed the result of careful consideration, and Mr. Washburn is to be congratulated on his masterly composition and delivery. He pointed out the real merits of the Civil Engineer as a servant to the public, and urged young engi-

neers to enter their life's work with the thought in mind to elevate to the highest degree their profession.

In the second part of the program was observed a slight departure from the regular procedure of preceding meetings. In this division a debate took place on the question, "Resolved, That Municipal Engineering offers better opportunities for the professional advancement of the young civil engineer than does railroad engineering."

The affirmative side of this question was defended by Messrs. DeLandero and Funk, while the opposition was composed of Messrs. Gamboa and Hebenstreit. This debate proved to be a most interesting affair, and the contestants were very evenly matched. The judges rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative. The President of the University and Colonel Hoynes of the Law Department in their addresses urged the members of the society to further advancement, and congratulated them on their excellent showing thus far. Especially was Professor McCue congratulated for his display of untiring energy in perfecting the system upon which the society operates and for the zeal and interest he has always shown in the work.

#### Twin-City Club Organized.

The Twin City Notre Dame Club was formed April 18th at the St. Paul Hotel, St. Paul, Minnesota. Its membership is restricted to Notre Dame men of St. Paul, Minneapolis, and surrounding cities. The officers are as follows: Rev. Edmund O'Connor, President; F. E. Murphy, vice-president; W. D. Jamison, secretary; T. O'Regan, treasurer; R. G. O'Malley, W. O'Brien, V. E. Morrison, Executive Committee.

Old students in any city or town of the great Northwest are invited to communicate with Mr. W. D. Jamison, College of St. Thomas, St. Paul, Minnesota and be enrolled as members of the club.

#### Result of Rifle Shoot.

The result of the Gallery competition held on May 18th is announced as follows:

Company competition:—First, Co. B, 1036 points; second, Co. D, 1001 points; third, Co. C, 973 points.

Company A did not enter a complete team. Possible 1200 points.

Gold, silver and bronze medals to first, second and third, respectively.

The following earned the right to use the 1903 rifle at range practice:

Company A—Cadets Keefe, O'Neill, Gurza.

Company B—Cadets Cavanaugh, O'Brien and Quish.

Company C—Rothwell, Dechant, Newning.

Company D—Cadets Skelley, Probst, Casey.

#### Personals.

—Mr. C. E. Shourds, of Terre Haute, Indiana, visited his son "Jack" of Corby over Sunday.

—Stephen H. Herr (C. E. '10), of Chatsworth, Ill., spent Sunday with his brother J. J. Herr, of Sorin.

—James S. Brady (Ph. G. '06) has assumed the ownership of the Chicago Red Cross Pharmacy, 624 West 47th Street, Chicago.

—Mr. James G. Crowley (student '86) writes that he has a son who will be entered at Notre Dame soon. Mr. Crowley's address is 107 West Court Street, Paragould, Arkansas.

—Leo J. Cleary, one of the most popular men of his time, is now Associate Editor of "Factory," the Magazine of Equipment. Leo is writing up some of the big industries of South Bend and incidentally spending a few days with his friends in the University.

—Last Sunday's Chicago papers announced the marriages of two former Notre Dame men, "Bill" Draper and Leonard Smith. Miss Eberhart, a former St. Mary's girl, became Mrs. Draper, and Mr. Smith's bride is from Chicago. The SCHOLASTIC extends a world of good wishes.

#### Calendar.

Sunday, May 28—Band concert, 7:30 p. m.

Monday, May 29—Student Vaudeville.

Tuesday, May 30—Decoration Day. Unveiling of Corby statue.

Military battalion drill.

Wednesday, May 31—Solemn closing of May devotions, 7:30 p. m.

St. Viateur's vs. Notre Dame, Cartier Field.

Thursday, June 1—Confessions.

Loyola University vs. N. D., Cartier Field.

Track team leaves for Minneapolis.

Friday, June 2—First Friday Communion.

Saturday, June 3—Conference Meet at Minneapolis.

## Corby Monument Fund.

Anthony J. Brogan.....	\$25.00
W. Bourke Cockran.....	50.00
M. Rumely.....	25.00
Hubert Kelly.....	50.00
B. C. Backrach.....	10.00
P. T. Barry.....	50.00
Eugene A. Delaney.....	50.00
Mrs. L. Griesbach.....	10.00
J. J. Dempsey.....	15.00
L. M. Antoine.....	2.50
Louis Bastrup.....	10.00
G. W. Burkitt.....	10.00
T. M. Hoban.....	25.00
George A. Houck.....	10.00
T. C. Cavanaugh.....	15.00
F. F. Duquette.....	5.00
Rev. E. P. Murphy.....	10.00
R. L. Fox.....	5.00
William Colby.....	50.00
Mr. and Mrs. David G. Jones.....	100.00
Total.....	\$517.50

## SORIN HALL

C. Hayes.....	\$ .50
J. Herr.....	1.00
A. San Pedro.....	1.00
C. Wolf.....	1.00
R. Rubio.....	.50
J. Moloney.....	1.00
D. McDonald.....	1.00
J. Ely.....	1.00
A. Keys.....	1.00
C. Lahey.....	1.00
R. McGill.....	1.00
J. Kelly.....	1.00
H. Piper.....	1.00
J. McNulty.....	.50
J. Mullen.....	.50
W. Phillips.....	.50
H. Kuhle.....	1.00
P. Rush.....	1.00
A. Sanchez.....	.25
R. Garcia.....	1.00
C. Delana.....	1.00
J. Fish.....	.50
P. de Landero.....	1.00
G. Romana.....	1.00
Jas. O'Hara.....	.50
J. Cortezar.....	1.00
F. Enage.....	1.00
W. Duncan.....	3.00
F. Johnson.....	.50
N. McAllen.....	1.00
C. Curran.....	.50
J. Daily.....	1.00
W. Helmkamp.....	.50
P. O'Brien.....	1.00
S. Trumbull.....	.25
L. Kiley.....	.50
C. Dixon.....	.50
R. Shenk.....	1.00
E. Story.....	1.00
Total.....	\$26.75

## CORBY HALL

G. Fleck.....	\$ 5.00
R. Cavanaugh.....	10.00
W. Yund.....	10.00
E. Bennett.....	5.00
Jos. Walsh.....	3.00
John Fordyce.....	5.00
J. P. Murphy.....	5.00
C. & E. Murphy.....	15.00
T. Shea.....	10.00
F. Durbin.....	2.00
J. Mehlem.....	.00
R. Noud.....	1.00
H. Hebner.....	10.00
Total.....	\$82.00

## WALSH HALL.

O. Griesback.....	\$2.00
R. Lang.....	5.00
G. Billingsley.....	2.00
F. Countiss.....	1.00
J. Lang.....	2.00
W. Case.....	1.00
J. Wheeler.....	.50
Rizo Patron Bros.....	3.00
Total.....	16.50

## BROWNSON HALL.

E. J. Reidman.....	.50
R. Dinnen.....	.25
J. Spillane.....	.50
E. McGaugh.....	.50
L. Erick.....	4.00
G. Dinnen.....	.25
R. Schnicler.....	1.00
R. Scott.....	1.00
R. Newton.....	1.00
G. Hanlon.....	1.00
J. Plant.....	1.00
D. Bennett.....	1.00
Total.....	12.00

## CARROLL HALL.

F. Mahaffey.....	\$2.00
F. Lague.....	1.00
Total.....	3.00

## Local Items.

—One of the most beautiful spots on the University grounds is the Grotto of Lourdes. This beautiful dell is the mecca for all visitors.

—IMPORTANT NOTICE.—The President of the University has been asked to recommend some Catholic young men for positions as teachers in the following subjects:

- (1) Mathematics and Physics.
- (2) Latin, Greek and English.
- (3) Catholic Philosophy, Latin and English.

Salary one thousand dollars. Work to begin in September.

Anyone interested may apply to the President for further information.



—A letter was received from the Detroit College of Law explaining the cause of their cancellation of the debate. The following is an extract:

“At a special meeting of the Detroit College of Law Oratorical Association held last evening, I was directed to communicate to you and the debating team of Notre Dame University that it would be impossible for the Detroit College of Law to meet Notre Dame this year owing to the fact that Mr. Entenza, of our team, has been called away by the serious illness of his wife. This would leave our team completely at the mercy of Notre Dame and would result in a contest unworthy of the name.”

—Noted figures will take part in the memorial day program and in the unveiling of the statue. General Black is the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. Rev. Father Chidwick was chaplain of the ill-fated *Maine* when it was blown up in Havana harbor. Then there is the venerable Father Lindesmith of Cleveland who will celebrate the mass. His letter of acceptance is characteristic of this grand old priest:

DEAR FATHER:—Yours of May 23rd received fifteen minutes ago. It surprised me very much indeed. I am nearly eighty-four years old. I can not do as much outside work as I did heretofore. But I am still in the fighting army of the Lord and His Holy Church. I however consider myself in its reserve line ready to go to the front when there is a hard fight on hand.

### Athletic Notes.

VARSITY, 8; CATHEDRAL COLLEGE, 4.

In a rather easy contest with the Cathedral College of Chicago last Friday, the Varsity added another victory to its growing list, taking the game by the score of 8 to 4. Errors were numerous on both sides, but as the result indicates the miscues made by the gold and blue men had little effect in the scoring of their opponents.

Regan twirled in classy style, allowing but three safeties, though all of these were good for extra bases, one entitling the possessor to a complete circle. A couplet of errors aided by Maloney's homer and Mackey's double, did help the tallying some in the seventh, but the additional trio of runs tallied by the Varsity in the same session sewed up the game beyond recall. Complete box score:

Cathedral College	R	H	O	A	E
Maloney, ss.....	2	1	3	0	2
Mackey, 3b.....	1	1	1	1	1
Welsh, 2b.....	1	1	0	2	1
Murray, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Cavanaugh, cf.....	0	0	4	1	0
Hart, 1b.....	0	0	10	0	0
Ashender, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0
Keeley, c.....	0	0	5	0	0
Normoyle p.....	0	0	0	5	0

Totals ..... 4 3 24 9 4

Notre Dame	R	H	O	A	E
O'Connell, ss.....	0	1	2	0	2
Quigley, cf.....	2	1	0	0	0
Connolly, 3b.....	1	0	2	4	2
Sherry, 2b.....	2	2	0	4	0
Granfield, lf.....	0	0	1	0	0
Farrell, 1b.....	1	1	*13	0	0
Arnfield, rf.....	1	1	3	0	0
Wilson, c.....	1	0	5	0	1
Regan, p.....	0	0	1	5	1

Totals ..... 8 6 27 13 6

Cathedral College..... 1 0 0 0 0 0 3 0 0—4

Notre Dame..... 0 0 1 3 1 0 3 0 \*—8

Two base hits—Welsh, Mackey. Home run—Maloney. Struck out—By Normoyle, 6; by Regan, 7. Bases on balls—Off Normoyle, 5; off Regan, 2. Double play—Cavanaugh to Maloney. Time of game, 1:40. Umpire, Coffey.

### CORBY CHAMPIONS IN BASEBALL.

For the third time during the scholastic year Corby Hall ran away with the championship honors when it defeated the Walsh team by the score of four to one. The victory of Father Farley's team closed their season with a clean slate and placed Corby in the percentage column with a full 1000 to its credit. The contest was doubtless the most exciting game played in the hall league this year. Excellent team work and consistent playing predominated throughout the whole contest. Bergman was on the mound for the Corbys and Nick Ryan hurled for Walsh. The twirling of the young "Pride of Peru" marked the fourth victory that he has won for his team this spring. He held the Walsh men safely at all times and allowed but five scattered hits. Ryan pitched a good game, but could not overcome the zealous hitters.

										R	H	E
Corby .....	I	0	0	0	2	0	0	I	0—4	10	I	
Walsh .....	I	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0—I	5	3	

Batteries—Bergman and Bensberg; Ryan and McGladdigan.

### SORIN WINS A GAME.

The Sorin men delegated the guardianship of the vegetable pile to the St. Joseph hall club and incidentally surprised themselves.

when they won the first game of the year by the score of 10 to 3. Loose playing characterized St. Joseph's play, and costly errors were accountable for several of the victors' tallies. Kelly was on the hill for the Saints and San Pedro twirled for Sorin.

	R	H	E
Sorin .....	0	1	0
St. Joseph .....	0	0	3

#### JUNIOR LAWYERS BEAT FRESHMAN LAWYERS.

This game proved to be very exciting and interesting. Throughout the entire eleven innings of the hard-fought contest, both teams played gilt-edge ball. But the victory for the freshmen was due in a large measure to Ryan's pitching.

Freshmen Law .....	0	0	2	0	1	2	1	0	0	1	—7
Junior Law .....	0	2	2	0	0	1	1	0	0	0	—6

#### FRESHIES SHUT OUT.

In an exciting game the juniors defeated the freshmen by a score of 5-0. The pitching of San Pedro for the juniors was the feature of the game, the freshmen gathering only two hits.

Juniors .....	0	1	1	0	0	1	2	0	0	—5
Freshmen .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	—0

#### SENIOR COLLEGE MEN VICTORS.

In a somewhat one-sided affray the seniors won from the senior laws by a score of 8-1. Dana pitched for the seniors, Dixon and Kelly for the lawyers.

Seniors .....	0	1	0	2	1	0	1	3	0	—8
Senior Laws .....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	—1

#### Safety Valve.

The weather is quite warm and besides there's always something doing in German class.

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To subscribe for the Fund is one thing. To come across is another.

\*\*\*

The athletic reporter of the *Scholastic* says that a subtraction from the b. b. team would prove quite an addition. Let's work on the problem.

\*\*\*

The senior Latin class is to publish a book of essays on very ancient themes and we are promised a copy if we be good.

\*\*\*

The management has discontinued O. C. bathing beach, owing to tight conditions.

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Editorially the *Scholastic* commends our "athletic quartette" for splendid performance in Phil-

adelphia. We estimate the full unmixed choir will make a noise in Minneapolis.

\*\*\*

Henry Kuhle has finished his thesis. And still they gazed and still the wonder grew how one small head could carry all he knew.

\*\*\*

For a triumph in brass, witness the guy who drives his automobile down the sidewalk of the avenue.

\*\*\*

Even the most favored are forgotten. Who mentions Count DeLunden now?

\*\*\*

Bulla is in touch with the world. No party line either.

\*\*\*

Positively our last appearance. We'll do so much better next year.

\*\*\*

But we have decided not to be good.

\*\*\*

Oratory and Ode season begins.

\*\*\*

#### NEMO'S SOLILOQUY.

I dunno why for things don' go  
So smooth an' nice in Mexico.  
The gover'ment mek afwul stab  
For keepin' peace, and justa grab  
Some generals and shut heem queek  
In jail, then say he mek no keek.  
When Diaz sittin' on the lid  
There better been some peace, eh, kid?  
I dunno what for mekin' war,  
Madero, if he no feel sore;  
He say he coax a dove o' peace  
To been the Mexico police.  
I guess he mekin' war maybe  
For be his own press agency.

\*\*\*

Bill Galvin went to the State Penitentiary at M. C. Thursday. He was returned same evening on promise of good behavior.

\*\*\*

The Senior Law Banquet will be held in Mishawaka June 8th. Just why these disciples of Blackstone have seen fit to forsake their old haunts is not understood.—One of their members is identified with the firm of Kamm & Schellinger. This may furnish a clew.

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Over five hundred people are said to have visited the University on Sunday last. Notre Dame seems to attract South Bend people as much as South Bend attracts Notre Dame students. And there you are.

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Then there is the great Walsh Egress.

\*\*\*

The top of the morning to you.

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And the shank of the evening.