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## The Sixth Station.

THEY tore Him with their leaden whips,  
With thorns they crowned His head,  
The dark blood crimsoned all the ground,  
The snowy rose blushed red;  
And with curséd glee the soldiery  
Reviled Him as He bled.

They drove Him from the sunshine day  
Along the death-dim road,  
With twisted ropes they lashed His flesh,  
And pierced Him with the goad,  
And like demons all they cursed His fall  
Beneath His heavy load.

But in the throng one heart beat true,  
Her eyes dimmed at the sight,  
Veronica her kerchief gave  
To Jesus in His plight,  
And He left the trace of His sacred face  
Upon the linen white.

And so we give our hearts each day  
As she her kerchief gave,  
We care not for the jeers of men  
Or how the wicked rave,  
And His image white, the God of light,  
Doth on our souls engrave.

## The Inquisition.



HIS paper is not an apology or an excuse for the Inquisition. Neither is it a defense of that inquisitorial tribunal used by Spanish princes, nor a justification of individual actions perpetrated by inquisitors in open violation of the Church's laws. The purpose of this paper is simply to present in a historical way, and to pass judgment upon the Inquisition as established,

sanctioned, and approved by the Church.

We distinguish three stages in the development of the Inquisition,—Episcopal, Legatal, and Monastic or Papal Inquisition. By virtue of his office the bishop is the inquisitor in his diocese. This right the bishop has exercised from the very first centuries of the Church. It is known as Episcopal Inquisition and is as old as the Church. In the 11th century, error seemed to be making way in spite of episcopal vigilance, and the pope named special legates to reinforce the bishops in their efforts to stamp out heresy. These were called Legatal Inquisitors. But when Gregory IX. saw the immense power wielded by the Dominican Order against heresy, he reorganized the Inquisition with modifications necessary to meet the needs of the hour, and put it in the hands of the Dominicans. Of this tribunal, known as the Monastic or Papal Inquisition, we shall now deal.

The Monastic Inquisition was an ecclesiastical court established by Gregory IX, 1232, composed of a judge who was to be a priest of honor, 40 years of age (Decree of Gregory IX), and a jury of "conscientious" men who took an oath "to judge fairly." The number varied. We have on record one such body composed of nine canonists and twenty-seven laymen; but a smaller number was commonly used. The judge, or Grand Inquisitor, as he was named, called upon each bishop to denounce those heretics residing in the diocese who were dangerous to the faith. In the Law of the Empire formal heresy was pronounced to be one form of high treason, and even a graver crime than treason as we understand the word. The judicial procedure and the penalty used by the state against treason was employed against heresy. In the case of treason every citizen was obliged to inform on an offender. The same applied to heresy. Testimony that sprang from malice alone was rejected (Council Narb.).

All accused were admonished and given a time of grace to repent and make profession of faith. If they repented a light penance such as the Way of the Cross was given them. If they did not repent they stood trial. The accusers of one charged with *treason* were unknown to the accused. In the case of *heresy* also the accuser's name was kept secret when danger to the one accusing was feared. The accused, however, might name his enemies, and these were not allowed to testify. Two accusers were necessary for valid denunciation. And these two accusers had to be approved by honest men of standing versed in the law. The point on which the accused was charged was read and the accused asked to defend himself. The Grand Inquisitor conducted the trial; the jury gave sentence. If there was doubt, lack of evidence, or proof of innocence, he was set free, the principle being "it were better that a crime remain unpunished than that an innocent person be condemned" (Alexander III; Synod of Narbonne). If convicted of heresy he was not turned over to the secular power immediately, but received repeated admonitions to repent. If he confessed that he was guilty of the sentence and repented he received a penance of a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, or else some temporal imprisonment. If he refused to repent still, he was turned over to the secular power. As the punishment of the state for high treason was death by fire, the punishment for obstinate heretics was the same, unless one repented. Repentance even at the very last moment saved from the punishment of death. And it must be borne in mind throughout this discussion that the punishment of death was never inflicted by the Church, and not even pronounced by her, but by the secular power who declared heresy to be a capital crime—treason. The Church's sentence in that case was to hand over to the secular arm the guilty person as the state commanded. But she did so imploring the state to be merciful and not to inflict the death penalty.

In the criminal courts of the time, torture was employed. The majority of judges used it even against thieves. The Inquisition used the same means but under many restrictions and limitations. If circumstantial evidence pointed to the guilt of an accused person, torture might be used with a view to completing the evidence by a full confession (Decree of Innocent IV). But torture could

not be employed unless both the bishop of the diocese and the Inquisitor consented (Decree of Clement V). The torture could be used only once (Decree of Innocent IV), while in civil courts there was no limit. The severe forms of torture could not be used until the milder forms had failed (Decree of Innocent IV). The severity must have regard to the strength of the accused, fasting for the delicate was the equivalent of the rack for the robust, etc. (Constitution of Clement V). A cleric could not use the torture or at one time look at one being tortured without incurring irregularity.

#### PRINCIPLES.

Lawful authority has the right to protect its own existence. The Church has lawful authority over all baptized persons, her subjects. The Church has the right to protect her subjects in their faith and in the fulfillment of their religious duties, therefore to resist the false preaching and scandal of those outside the faith, and when the attack comes from her own subjects she has the right to punish them with the necessary punishment. If corporal punishment is necessary, she has the right to use corporal punishment (Syllabus of Pius IX).

The Church has the right to use corporal punishment, for the Church is not simply a spiritual body with merely spiritual power, but a perfect society with power not only over souls but over men in relation to their salvation. In order that punishment be justly inflicted two things are necessary. First, there must be proportion between the offense and the penalty. Secondly, it must be inflicted by one having power and jurisdiction (Suarez). No one can doubt that the sin of heresy is sufficiently grave to merit corporal punishment, since the soul which it kills is more excellent than the body which is killed by murder. St. Thomas says in this connection that it is a graver thing to corrupt the life of the soul by heresy than to subvert the social order by coining counterfeit money (a crime punished with death in the middle ages). The Church is the only power that can judge heresy, for the gift of infallibility was given to her to distinguish the false from the true. To judge the faith of her subjects is the undisputed right of the Church. She has power and jurisdiction over her subjects and can therefore inflict corporal punishment when necessary (Syllabus Pius IX).

"In extreme cases the Church has the right to pronounce a sentence to which the penalty

of death is affixed by the state, and to deliver the one condemned over to the state."

"If malefactors can be put to death justly by secular princes," says St. Thomas, "so those convicted of heresy can not only be excommunicated but can be put to death." He quotes the retractations of St. Augustine in support of this position, and also the famous passage of St. Jerome regarding Arius: "Arius at first was only a little spark, but because that spark was not put out it kindled a flame that filled the earth. Cut off the decaying member that the body may be saved." "But on the part of the Church," St. Thomas continues, "there is mercy to those erring in faith. The heretic should not, therefore, be immediately condemned, but corrected and admonished a first and second time. Then the Church, no longer hopeful of his conversion, for the *salvation of others* separates him from the Church by excommunication and delivers him to the secular power to be put to death. Theologians cite the example of God in the Old Testament where He orders the false prophets to be put to death, and decreed the same death penalty against those who refused to accept the decision of the priests on questions of belief. In the New Testament heretics are called ravenous wolves, and we know these animals have no right to life. Again, heretics are called thieves, and robbers were punished with death in the time of the evangelists. The evil tree is to be cut down and burned, we read in Holy Scripture. Whether the Church has the right to put to death is a question much disputed among theologians, but in no way connected with our discussion, for the Church has never inflicted or even pronounced capital punishment.

The law of the empire declared heresy to be a crime even graver than treason and fixed the punishment of death for all who were found guilty. The state therefore and not the Church inflicted the death penalty. The heretic was put to death, not because the Church declared him such but because he committed a crime which the state law said was worthy of death. Heretics were tried in ecclesiastical courts as heretics because only the Church can judge of heresy, just as criminal cases are tried in criminal courts and civil suits in civil courts. The law of the empire fixed the punishment regardless of the court in which the case was tried. If the Pope and Government (of this

country), for example, agree that the bishops shall constitute a court to try divorce cases, we could not blame the bishops because certain penalties of the state followed their decisions. The judge is the occasion not the cause of death. It was the duty of the Church to take into account the fact that the state punished heresy. When the Church found a man guilty of heresy and the state said heresy is treason, what could the Church do but deliver him to the state. To shield offenders from the state punishment would be to set up a hostile body. As a good citizen the Church was obliged to deliver him over for punishment. The Church was not the cause of his being a heretic. The Church did not inflict the punishment—she is the author of neither.

To judge the Inquisition rightly the principle must be distinguished from its application. "It can not be denied," says Hergueröther, "that in the application there were grave and lamentable defects, though the question has been much falsified by historians. In the first place appeal was never denied. Internal heresy was never punished. And even historians who condemn the Inquisition as a whole usually admit that the Inquisitors kept the sincere conversion of the delinquent first and foremost in mind. This is the opinion held by Gezot, Villeman, and St. Simon. Abuses practised by individual Inquisitors were, in the words of Herg., always condemned, and we find the popes punishing, censuring and, in many cases, suppressing Inquisitors. And it is as unjust to condemn the Inquisition because some Inquisitor failed in his duty as to condemn our judicial system because a certain judge accepts a bribe.

The principle that formal heresy is a most grievous crime is the natural and obvious consequence of the belief in one true church. Our age maintains that everyone has the right to follow the dictates of his own conscience. Yet in spite of that principle we would not think of allowing a man to murder or to steal even though his ill-regulated conscience should convince him that there is no guilt in murder, in theft, or in embezzlement. Neither did the pope, the Church or the Catholic conscience of the middle ages feel obliged to allow a man to teach false doctrine even though he believed those errors to be true. The principle is the same in both cases.

To judge the Inquisition in its application we

must reconstruct the atmosphere in which the Inquisition flourished. To a generation which regarded religion as the prime objective fact of life—the bond of social and political order—heresy appeared in a very different aspect from that which it wears in an age of religious indifferentism and individualism. Doubt as to the doctrine preached by the Church seemed mere blasphemy. The end of mediaeval punishment was the vindication of the divine honor, and the supreme evil which a man could do was the denial of the revealed faith. In the statute books of the day, it was treason against the Sovereign Lord, it was a capital injury to the commonwealth. It was more heinous than murder in the degree that the soul which it killed is more excellent than the body. They imposed the worst punishment they knew, and the lightest was severe and in keeping with the then existing stage of civilization. Burglary, seizing another's territory, false coining of money, were all punished with death in that age.

Nobody now finds fault if we hand over a murderer to the state, because murder is a crime against the state as well as a sin against God. Heresy in the middle ages was a crime against the civil as well as against the religious society. And in truth every heresy was a cause of genuine disorder not only to Church but to the state as well. For example, the Albigensians denied baptism, the Eucharist and the mass. They denied the authority of the Pope; they declared oaths to be essentially evil. Feudalism was based upon the oath, the state was based on feudalism. The foundation of the state was threatened. They denied that church or state had a right to punish. Marriage was considered essentially bad, suicide encouraged and fornication permissible. We can see in this reasons why the state concerned itself with heresy and punished it so severely.

It is not the purpose of this paper to defend the torture. The Church did not invent it. The criminal courts of the day made use of it as a means for securing evidence as the sweat box is used in our own day. Nobody doubted about its usefulness. The Church accepted the torture. We may regret that the pope was not ahead of his time, as Pope Gregory was when he condemned trial by fire. We regret that the pope could not have used twentieth-century methods of securing evidence, but we have to admit that he acted as the man of the time and used the ordinary means of his day.

### Varsity Verse.

#### UNWILLINGNESS.

Ah, how loath all nature seems  
To bid farewell to winter's dreams,  
And yet her heart is wont to sing  
The praises of the coming spring.

Ah, how loath my heart does seem  
To bid farewell to childhood's dream,  
And yet there is a voice that sings  
Of stronger thoughts which manhood brings.

S. T. M.

#### IT CAN'T.

Love may make the world go 'round,  
And love may make your gladness grow;  
But love wont bake the bread or cake,  
Nor furnish you with dough.

F. W.

#### EVENING STAR.

Evening star, 'tis sad to see you  
Stealing off so soon;  
But your light is but the pathway,  
Of Night's Queen, the moon.

J. S.

#### A CHANGE IN THE WEATHER.

By Jinks, the old day's looking crackin' bright!  
The sunshine beating down upon my back  
Is just as cheering as a comrade's whack  
Of greeting. Chummy-like, it puts to flight  
The old "blue-devils,"—sort of sets me right  
With everything. It has a homely knack  
For letting loose the whole darn laughing pack  
Of Joys, and riveting the Glooms up tight.

It certainly does start me feeling fine,  
And vaporizes every jot of care.  
The sap o' Spring goes climbing up my spine—  
Believe I'll ditch this winter underwear.

By Jiggs, wish I'd kebt ob by heavy glothes;  
This blooming gold has plub stobbed ud by dose.

HUGH V. LACEY.

#### PERFECT AGREEMENT.

This verse is short and breezy, it moves like hobby  
horse,  
Its rime is rather wheezy, it has but little force;  
It's like the car on Hill St., which is the subject  
of it,  
Neither will move an inch until you get right out  
and shove it.

R. V.

Called.

CHARLES FINEGAN.

"Come on, Jim, deal the cards; we haven't got all night."

"Just keep your shirt on, old boy, and you'll get your cards soon enough."

"Well, don't try to shuffle the spots off 'em. Father Black will be in here pretty soon and kick us all out."

"He isn't afraid of me."

"He isn't, eh? You'll think he's afraid of no one if he hands you fifty demerits to keep those other two hundred thirty-company."

"Oh, I guess I can stand 'em without having a nervous breakdown."

"Uh-huh, I suppose you'd be bored to death if you had three hundred."

Before Jim could reply Bob Greely interrupted.

"Come on, cut the rag chewing both of you, and let's play cards. It's your lead, Pete."

"Jiggers, fellows! Listen! That sounds like Father Black."

Some one came to the door and knocked; the card players were silent. The knock was repeated, so was the silence. A key was slipped into the lock; the door opened and Father Black entered the smoke-filled apartment.

"Greely, Perkins and Wilson, go to your rooms. Jim, there's smoke in here; that's fifty demerits."

"I wasn't smoking, Father."

"This is your room, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"Well, you have control of it, and it's up to you to see what is done in here and be the responsible person. Smoking in rooms is fifty demerits. There's smoke in here; it's your room and the demerits are yours, too. You'd better open a window before you choke to death. I think you have about three hundred now. You know what that means, don't you?"

"Yes."

"Then, draw your own conclusions."

When the prefect left Jim's room the unfortunate one cursed his luck aloud:

"Confound it all anyway. I'm always getting a present of some kind hung on me. Two hundred an' eighty demerits with three months till June. Can't miss morning prayer, can't

let n one smoke in here, can't skive to town, can't miss class. Pretty soon I wont be allowed to breathe without permission. I'm goin' to quit, that's all. What's the use of hanging around here in prison."

Jim was a grasshopper. His motto was: "Go while the goin's good, and don't think of tomorrow." He never let rules worry him until he got into trouble, then he blamed them instead of himself for his difficulties.

The abused one crossed the hall and knocked on Wilson's door.

"Come in. Well, what's the matter now, Jim, you look like that nervous breakdown was coming after all. Funny what a difference just a few demerits make," taunted his friend.

"Aw rot, what's eatin' you, anyway. Demerits nothing. It's the principle of the thing. Demerits for smoking and he knows mighty well that I never smoke!"

"But the smoke was in your room."

"Yes, and I've got a saw in there too, but I'm not a carpenter."

"If you told that to Father Black he'd probably tell you that you also had brains in your head but you never used them."

"Now, don't try to start any argument. I'm in enough trouble now without looking for more."

"Trouble! Why the sudden change? When you were playing cards you intimated that demerits were the least of your troubles. What's wrong?"

"Oh, I'm just sick of the whole outfit. Every thing seems to be going against me since I got caught on that night skive. Every time I miss a class I get reported, and now I'm on the Delinquent List in three subjects, and in the 'Cause for delinquency' column are the three words, 'Hopeless,' 'Absence' and 'No Application.' I'm going to dig out, and I'm going quick too."

"What are you going to do if you do quit?"

"My dad might get me a good job, and if he don't it wont make any difference. It'll be a relief to get away from here, no matter what happens."

"Evidently you're not in love with the place, Jim."

"What's there around here to get stuck on, anyway? You don't like it, and you know you don't. You've just got in a rut and your too lazy to get out of it."

"Huh! Good thought but poor expression."

"What are you trying to do, kid me?"

"Nope."

"I suppose you think I'm just blowing off hot air, but I'm not. You'll see; I'm goin' to get out of here inside of a week." As he said this Jim left his friend's room and hurriedly scribbled a few lines to his father.

Three days later Jim received an answer. He opened the letter and a check fell to the floor. The youngster did not take time to read the epistle; he snatched up the check, rushed into Wilson's room and waved the pale blue paper before his friend's face.

"Well, old man," he cried triumphantly, "I got my money and I'm goin' tomorrow."

"You talk as though you had just solved a fourth dimension problem. If I were you I'd put on the soft pedal instead of ringing in the base drum and cymbals."

"Say, Pete, what's the matter with you lately. Seems to me you're sore about something."

"No, not sore; just a little disappointed."

"Disappointed in what?"

"You."

"Why?"

"Do you really want to know?"

"Shoot away."

"And you won't think I'm trying to give you any holier-than-thou stuff?"

"No, go ahead."

"Well, Jim, I've been through the mill. I earned my own living for two years before I came here, and in those two years I learned that life is just about what you make it. If you plug along and mind your own business and don't break any laws you won't get in jail; but when you start nosing around and going out of the way to look for trouble you're sure to find it. It's the same proposition here. Mind your own business, plug along at your classes, smile occasionally instead of kicking, and you'll find that the more you do the better you feel. You're crabbing about the Delinquent List, but you know you haven't done any work; you're kicking about the prefects, but put yourself in their place and see what you'd do under the same circumstances. You haven't given yourself a chance to make good, that's all. Listen, Jim, why don't you take another shot at it? Walk the straight and narrow for two weeks, and if you're not satisfied then, just quit."

The inner workings of Jim's pliant mind were affected by the advice of his older companion. The young fellow looked at things from a saner point of view. He saw now that he was to blame for his trouble, although he gave his pride a bone-breaking kick when he admitted it. He knew he had done little or no work in any of his classes, and he finally concluded that he wanted to get away from school simply because he was too lazy to work, too conceited to admit that he had made mistakes. The confession surprised and hurt him, for never before had he shut himself off from the rest of the world long enough to realize that his shortcomings were as numerous as those of anyone else. He decided that he would stay not only two weeks, but the remainder of the year. He would work faithfully and in some small degree make up for his six months of idleness. He would show some of the fellows who had "kidded him about his high delinquent-list batting-average that he was as good a student as any of them. He would "come back" and make good.

Jim's flow of good resolutions was interrupted by the entrance of Wilson.

"Well, what do you say, Jim, going to try your luck again?"

"Yes, Pete. I've thought it all over, and I've just concluded that I've been a monumental ass. I'm glad that I didn't go home because my Dad told me last year that if I ever quit or if he ever had occasion to take me out of school, I'd never get another chance."

"What did your Dad say about it in his letter?"

"The letter! Why, I forgot to read it. It isn't in my pocket and—I remember I laid it on the table in your room."

They found the letter on Pete's table and Jim read:

DEAR SON:—Your report card came a week ago; the highest number on it is 230. You got that in Demerits. The rest of your grades range from 48 to 63. I decided then that you could learn more in the school of Experience than you can in college. Come home immediately; I have a job for you in the warehouse. Enclosed find check for thirty dollars.

YOUR DAD.

P. S.—I just received your letter of March 2. Glad to hear that quitting school will cause you no inconvenience. Will expect you home no later than March 6th.

H. G. W.

## Swapping Cousins.

LEO MUCKLE.

"All right, Joe, it's a go if you say so," enthused Tim Hansbury to the other occupant of a pennant-decked room in one of the large living halls of a university in Indiana.

"You wont see me back down on my own scheme, Hansbury, you can bank on that," came the emphatic answer.

"We had better get busy mighty sudden," suggested Winters. "Vacation is only five days away and I can tell you, Tim, we've got to get each other's family history on our finger ends if we succeed with this little experiment."

"Oh, it wont be so bad; not for you anyway," Hansbury said as thoughtfully as his thoughtless nature permitted him to say anything. "You see, I've always lived with my family out in Maine away from all our relatives, and I'm not supposed to know very much about my cousins and aunts and grand-uncles and whatever else is included in a fellow's genealogy, especially the ones that I've never seen. I know that you will get by all right, but I'm afraid I'll fall flat when your uncle—I mean, of course, my uncle—puts me through a cross-examination on that family of yours."

"Don't let that bother you," laughed Joe. "I can tell you all you'll need to know about my family in fifteen minutes; you will have to depend on your acting talent to do the rest. All you need to do when you reach my uncle's house is to introduce yourself as Joe Winters, and make yourself at home. The folks will be expecting you—or rather me—as my uncle has given me three or four bids to visit him. But say, Tim, don't forget to ask for Agnes right away; she's my cousin and I've been careless about answering her last two letters."

Hansbury looked out of the window across the college campus and laughed as he reviewed the scheme in his mind. Then he turned to his colleague and began to instruct him in turn.

"In the first place," he said, "talk as little as possible about my family, for if my aunt is anything like mother she will talk about the family pedigree all day and get you tangled up a thousand ways. About all you need to know is that you are the oldest of six children, four girls and two boys. They are all well and

Jimmie's broken arm is as good as new again. Let me see—there's Genevieve, she's eight;—you'd better get these facts down in your notebook or you will get stuck—then there's Winifred, she's ten; next comes Jimmy, he's twelve; Annie's fourteen, and Mary and Louise, the twins, are eighteen. You want to get the girls down fine, for my cousin, Louise, and my sister, Louise are both named after my mother and are both the same age, so you are apt to be dragged into a study of comparative heredity."

That night Joe Winters wrote two letters. One was to his cousin in Chicago telling her that he would accept her invitation for the Easter holidays; the other was to an old high-school pal filled with promiscuous news and a full account of the trick the two boys had planned to play on their Chicago cousins.

"You may think it a rather risky plan," he wrote, "but I think it's a good chance for some real sport. It's like this: my room-mate and I are both going to Chicago to spend the holidays with kinsfolk we have never seen. I'm going to be Tim Hansbury and he's going to be Joe Winters, just for variety. Simple, eh?"

It was late when Joe had finished the two letters and as he stepped out to drop them in the box in the hallway the lights were already out.

The plans for the visit had been made Tuesday: Friday afternoon found both boys waiting for the train to Chicago. Meantime, Winters had received a reply from his cousin bearing some unexpected news.

"I was talking to a friend of mine yesterday, it read, "Louise Maxwell, and found out that her cousin, Mr. Hansbury, is coming to visit her the same day that you are coming. You know that we live just across the road from each other and have always been the best of friends, and as she said that Mr. Hansbury knew you, I thought you might come together. We two girls will meet you at the station, but as neither of us have ever seen you, I'll ask you to carry a copy of the *Post* conspicuously in your left hand so that I'll be able to know you."

This was an unexpected run of luck and things were bright with the two boys as they stepped off the train and walked into the Union Station in Chicago. Joe, alias Tim, held the magazine in his left hand in a manner to attract attention, and soon the students saw the two girls coming towards them. Introductions over, the four

started on their pleasant way through the hurrying streets. That day March was in her most amiable mood and the weather was like that of June. Even on the most crowded streets there was a freshness in the air that made the four young people fairly bubble over with mirth, though there was more than the weather in the mirth of Winters and Hansbury.

"We are so glad you came together," Agnes Winters remarked; looking at each of the boys in turn. "You see, Louise and I never do enjoy anything quite so well unless we are together, do we Louise?" But Louise Maxwell and Tim Winters were engaged in their own conversation. Joe, or rather Tim now, answered instead, "I'm not a bit sorry, and I'm sure Winters isn't either, for we chum together—you know we're room-mates."

The conversation drifted merrily from one topic to another, but there was never a word said about families, and the two boys were congratulating themselves about their success. Soon they were home.

That evening, after successfully navigating through the introductions to the older people, the two boys in their respective rooms thought the situation over. Both felt easy and sure of themselves, for neither had made any considerable break, though once Hansbury had become absorbed in telling a story and had called upon his companion to verify it with an "Isn't that right, Tim?" But this was only a slip, and no one noticed it except the boys themselves. Tim, or rather Joe, had not as yet met his uncle because the latter had not returned from business, and the coming meeting caused him some anxiety. The boys had planned to spend the first evening with their assumed relatives, and for the following day an auto ride through the city for the four young people had been arranged, followed by a theatre party in the evening. The lads had decided to return to school the third day, as it marked the opening of the college baseball season and they did not want to miss the big opener with a rival university nine.

It was seven-thirty that evening when Mr. Conboy Winters returned home from business. Tim, alias Joe, met him at the door, and after a hearty handshake felt much relieved, but there was still a sinky feeling about his heart, a kind of evil foreboding sensation like the one he had felt before he had his face painted black during his Freshman year. Things went smoothly,

however, during supper, and soon Joe discredited his premonitions entirely.

"Well, I certainly would like to see Tim," musingly spoke Mr. Winters. "It's fifteen years since I saw him. You say he's well?"

"Father? Fine, he hasn't been sick a day in the last ten years," answered Joe promptly.

"That's good. And say, Joe," he continued, "how's old Bill Johnson, the fellow who lives across the street from you. I knew him well?"

Joe squirmed uneasily. Bill Johnson? he said thoughtfully, "I don't remember him."

"Oh, surely you do. Don't you remember the old soldier with the wooden leg that the kids all used to tease?"

"Oh, yes; sure I remember now. I'm stupid," Joe explained trying to be easy. "Sure, old Bill Johnson with the wooden leg. Why—er—we called him grandad; he's fine. Many's the time I've bothered him till he chased me half a block."

"Chased you half a block," roared Mr. Winters. "That's a good one." And the whole family joined in the uproarious laugh. Joe couldn't see much in the joke, but laughed with them as if he did.

That, however, was the only unpleasant moment of the evening for him. Indeed he began to think that he was just a little bit happier than he had ever been before. The excitement of the proposition made him vivacious and entertaining, and his new "relatives" seemed to like him well. Yes, he was happy. And every now and again he caught himself stealing furtive glances at his "cousin," and he gradually became conscious that he was glad she wasn't really his cousin after all.

That night sleep refused to come at Tim's bidding. But when it came finally, it brought with it happy dreams of a fair face and soft brown eyes, and again he was glad she was not really his cousin.

Next morning after breakfast he 'phoned the real Joe Winters.

"How's everything, Tim?"

"Couldn't be finer," answered the other.

"Say, Tim, let's take a walk this forenoon," and in a lower tone, "I want to see you alone."

"Sure, I'll be glad to," agreed Joe alias Tim. "I'll be over in twenty minutes, and we can walk till noon."

"It wasn't fifteen minutes before the two room-mates were walking with quick step down the street.

"How did you make out, Joe?" queried Tim.

"Great!" answered his companion. "Great, Tim; look here, I want to tell you that your cousin's a fine girl, with emphasis on the fine. But how did you get along?"

Hansbury chuckled to himself as he compared notes with his friend, and thought of his own sentiments towards Winter's cousin.

"Just the best," he explained. "Didn't run into a single snag. Just up a tree once when your uncle asked me about a certain old Bill Johnson who lives across the road from your home. I was lost for a minute, but then he said that I must remember old Bill Johnson, the soldier that the kids used to tease. I took the cue and remembered."

"What did you say, anyway?"

"Oh, something about the times I used to bother him, and he used to chase me half a block.

"You told him what?" gasped Joe.

"That I used to bother him and he used to chase me half a block and then they all laughed at something"

"Laughed? I should think he would laugh. Why old Bill Johnson hasn't walked in ten years."

There was silence between them for half a block. Then Hansbury still undaunted remarked, "Well, I seemed to get by with it all right, so what's the difference. But here's something really important, Joe, 'Mihi crede!' as Cicero would say, your cousin captured this kid from the start. Why I fairly couldn't sleep for thinking of her last night."

"We're both in the same boat," confessed Winters.

"I guess we are and I think we're both pretty far out at sea. We've got to straighten this thing out and let them know we really are not their cousins. What do you say?"

"Well, I'm willing to break even with you, Joe, for I'm in the same felicitously unhappy mood about that blue-eyed cousin of yours. I'd like to have her know that I'm not her cousin and see how she would seem then."

"When we are taking that auto ride we've planned for this afternoon we'll tell them all about the whole affair and see how they take it."

"Sure, that's a good idea, Joe," agreed Tim. "I think that both of the girls will appreciate the joke and somehow or other I don't believe they'll really be sorry to find it out."

That afternoon instead of making a tour of Chicago the students prevailed on their cousins to take a ride into the country. The roads

were quite dry. Spring was pleasantly evidenced on every side and the four young people were enjoying the ride immensely when Louise said, "Joe, I really believe that you and Agnes Winters look alike."

Joe reddened, but with his characteristic coolness in such times he answered: "And you Louise Maxwell, you look like Tim Hansbury. Now there's a compliment for you in return."

"But I really mean it. I'm serious," insisted the girl.

"And so am I serious," Joe replied, "and I'm going to get more serious. Hansbury, tell them the story."

"Both girls assumed a surprised look, while Hansbury fingered his watch-fob and moved uneasily in his seat. Then he cast his eyes down and waded straight through the story without a break. Winters watched the two girls closely to detect any change in their manner, but both sat motionless until Hansbury finished with, "And we've told you this because you see—we—er—we both—a—kind—a—thought we'd like to have you know it."

"Then Agnes opened her handbag, took out a letter and handed it to Winters. It was the letter he had written to his high school pal explaining the joke. His blunder flashed through his mind instantly.

"Then you both knew?" he asked sheepishly.

"Couldn't help it when you wrote and told me about it. You must have been pretty sleepy that night."

"Well, the joke is on us Hansbury," grinned Winters. "I'm really not sorry though, are you Louise?" he said addressing the girl he had tried to fool."

"Why, Mr. Winters?"

"Well, are you?" he answered in the Celtic style.

"Not so very. Look, Mr. Hansbury, and Agnes don't seem sorry either."

The boys lost track of time after that. It was an hour later when Louise said abruptly:

"Before we go back home," she said, "let me tell you, boys, a real joke. It's just this: you see Agnes and I have known each other so well and so long that we are like sisters and our people are like the same family. So when I got this letter I showed it to Louise and we arranged to turn the tables on you fellows. We arranged to change places with each other, while you were here so you have been making love to your cousins after all."

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—The English government has not in a hundred years been in so critical a condition as she appears to be in at present, if one can judge by the recent resignation of army officers who were ordered on to Ulster. Once the army discipline of a country is relaxed, once it is in the power of officers to decide what enemy they will fight against and at what times they will keep the peace, the Commons is simply a figurehead and the army officers are the real leaders of government. For officers to resign in the face of an oncoming conflict seems to most people little short of treason, and for the Government to tolerate such action without punishing the offenders shows the condition of affairs in England. That the Government should bind itself by written contract not to demand officers to fight against this or that faction seems preposterous, and yet that is what the army demands from the Government. A statement was recently given the officers by the Minister of War which guaranteed that the army in Ireland would not have to fight against Ulster. "If Premier Asquith withdraws this guarantee," says Brigadier-General Gough, "he will have to throw over the army council, and the Government will be faced practically with the disruption of the army." Such a condition in the army is certainly most serious, and if the leaders are permitted to carry their point in this case, what assurance has the Government

that they will not refuse to act in the next affair that is displeasing to them?

If the Home-Rule Bill passes, and there seems little likelihood that it will not, England will either have to force the army to obey or she will be a laughing-stock before the powers. There is little doubt as to what other nations would do if officers resigned on the eve of a conflict, and there is little doubt as to what John Bull will do when he has to maintain his old-time reputation. Resignation under such conditions is treason, and treason has its own punishment in army discipline.

—A recent letter written by Senator John Sharp Williams brings up the old question of the relation between Catholicity and patriotism.

Senator Williams' letter **Catholic Men in Public Life.** was written in reply to an inquiry regarding assertions recently printed in anti-Catholic papers. The assertions were of the character that so regularly appear in such publications—that "Roman Catholics are flocking to this country," "that Catholics hold office in the United States," "that bishops or cardinals of the Catholic Church are meddling with or defying our laws," and—a rather new one,—that Secretary Tumulty is dangerous to the freedom and independence of the American republic." Senator Williams rightly rebukes the inquirer, and assures him that we are in no immediate danger from our Catholic office-holders.

That there has been a distinct undercurrent of anti-Catholic feeling among certain classes in America for the last half century it is useless to deny. That this feeling is the most un-American movement that America has ever known ought to be just as evident. To suppose that one is being patriotic in America when he is opposing a fellow-citizen on religious grounds is an absurd mistake; for religious liberty is a fundamental principle of American government.

It is well that Catholics in public life should bear in mind the fact that there are many unpatriotic, underhanded critics, who are certain to attribute every misdeed of the Catholic to his Catholicity. Such men will not fight in the open, and there is only one way to oppose them. Every Chief-Justice White on the Supreme Bench, every O'Gorman in the Senate, every Tumulty in the President's office, is one more

answer to the one who sees antagonism between Catholicism and Americanism. The American public is all too willing to forget the deeds of a Sheridan or a Taney. Hence we must keep the right kind of Catholics constantly before the public; and every Catholic who aspires to or secures public office must feel that the duty of demonstrating the patriotism of the Church rests upon him.

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—We are not accustomed to look to the Canadian snows for much advice, believing as we do that these States are better developed in every way. Yet the Dominion has set us an example well worthy of emulation. The Watsonian quagmire, known as the *Menace*, has been emphatically drained off Canadian soil. The people there are convinced that freedom of speech does not imply the use of language unworthy of the name, and their government has extended this principle to the mails. A sheet which even our far-Western Mormon dailies decry as vilely libellous, which sane men everywhere are likening to the residue of a witch's cauldron, should not pass through the posts of a self-respecting nation. Polemics surely are of a more admirable character than this; the principles of modern warfare do not countenance the introduction of cholera or the poisoning of cisterns; why then should that highest departure of human thought, the search for ultimate religious truth, be stained with the filth unworthy men have cast upon it? The *Menace* is not merely a sectarian sheet; it is anti-Christian most decidedly. How can you besmirch the oldest, largest, and most influential body and not soil the others? So soon as we realize this we shall not be the sole enemies of the *Menace*. All will then recognize that the disease of religious calumny and personal vituperation is just as noxious as malaria. Then, perhaps, we shall follow the example of Canada and establish immunity.

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#### St. Joseph's Day Entertainment.

The annual entertainment for the feast of St. Joseph was held under the auspices of the Literary Society in St. Joseph's hall Saturday evening, March 21. The program was opened by Mr. Frank Bartel, the Chairman, who thanked Father Cavanaugh on behalf of the hall

for his kindness in securing several improvements for the hall among which are the excellent shower baths, which were recently installed. The remainder of the program was as follows:

Essay—"St. Joseph, the Man."....Jos. F. Smith  
Piano Solo—"The Rosary.".....James Foley  
Recitation.....Jos. W. Stack  
"The Hall".....James E. Sanford  
Melodies.....St. Joe Trio  
Sullivan, Stack, H. O'Donnell.  
Recitation, "The Hibernians.".... Ray T. Miller  
Violin Solo, "Traumerei".....Paul E. Weiland  
Catholic Influences on Liberty."....Frank H. Hayes  
Vocal Solo, "Bandelero".....Robt. E. Daly  
Recitation, "At the Circus".....Wm. J. Redden  
Poem, "St. Joseph".....Jno. J. Reynolds

The Very Reverend President was then called upon and gave an excellent talk to the students. He expressed his pleasure in finding that the program contained a note of seriousness as well as being entertaining. Rev. Fathers Irving, MacNamara, Schumacher and Maguire were also present. A smoker followed.

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#### The Senior Ball.

Setting a precedent, the Senior Lawyers have joined with the Seniors in the four-year classes, and the Senior Ball this year will be the first real senior ball given at Notre Dame. The action was taken after the classes had considered the union in separate meeting, and after both classes declared the advisability of uniting. Committees on the place of the dance, on programs, decorations, and entertainment have been appointed, and are at work to make the affair the best of the 1914 social season.

Both classes wish to extend an invitation to all men in the college courses, and to alumni of the University to attend the ball. It will be held the evening of Easter Monday at a time and place to be announced in the next issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

Out of town graduates, especially, who can not be reached by personal invitations from the members of the Senior classes, are assured of a welcome, and are promised a royal time because all of this year's ninety-five seniors are striving to make it a success.

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#### Society Notes.

##### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS.

Tomorrow afternoon Notre Dame Council No. 1477, Knights of Columbus, will welcome

thirty-six candidates into membership in the order. The First degree will be exemplified by South Bend Council at American Hall. The Officers of Notre Dame Council request that all candidates be in the chamber at Walsh hall no later than 1:15. Members of other councils are cordially invited to attend the initiation.

#### BROWNSON LITERARY AND DEBATING.

Quality rather than quantity was emphasized in the brief, well-balanced program of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society at their weekly meeting, Sunday evening.

A debate, "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be Abolished," made up the first part of the program. Although a rather time-worn subject, so much spirit was injected into it, and it was so ably argued pro and con, that at the conclusion of the debate, the judges were unable to decide just where they stood on the mooted question. It was called a tie.

The second half of the evening's program consisted of three recitations, of which W. Henry's rendition of Kipling's "If" was the most artistic in conception. A. McDonough followed with a creditable reading of Pope's "Essay on Man." S. Carroll added zest to the program with a clever St. Patrick's Day aftermath entitled, "A Little Piece of Green."

#### Book Reviews.

A new edition of the "Holy Week Book" containing the mass, vespers, and compline for each day in Holy Week, and for Sunday, Monday and Tuesday in Easter week; the Special Morning and Night Services for Palm Sunday and the last three days of Holy Week, together with Matins and Lauds of Easter Sunday and the blessing of the Holy Oils on Maunday Thursday, has been published by Benziger Brothers. The Latin and English prayers are in parallel columns so that the student may be able to follow them without difficulty. The price of this edition is 20 cts.

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A second edition of Christian Reid's "Light of the Vision," has been published by the *Ave Maria* Press. This is perhaps the most fascinating story this well-known author has written, and as it deals with the marriage problem which is so much discussed at the present time, and shows the Catholic position

in such a clear light, its influence for good is unbounded. The style of the author is enchanting and carries the reader along in spite of himself. The book is neatly bound in red cloth.

#### Personals.

—Mr. Grattan Walls, who attended the University till Christmas time, has entered St. Andrew's Seminary, Poughkeepsie, New York.

—Mr. Frank X. Cull (Ph. B. '08) is associated with the firm of Bulkley, Hauxhurst, Inglis & Saeger, Attorneys at Law. The address is 1023 Garfield Building, Cleveland, Ohio.

—John O'Shea, a former student at the University who has been engaged in business in the West for the last six years, called on his many friends at Notre Dame during the week.

—James Armstrong, whose address is 628 Briar Place, is believed to be the oldest Notre Dame man in Chicago. His period was from '57 to '61. Is there anyone to dispute his claim? The Notre Dame Club of Chicago hopes to have him at the next annual dinner.

—Mr. Charles DeLunden, who is well known to the older students, enjoyed a brief visit at the University last Tuesday. Mr. DeLunden was a student at Notre Dame for some years, and is now connected with large mining interests in Mexico. He was in Monterey during the recent engagements near there and tells of many thrilling sights.

#### Obituary.

##### REV. H. N. SANTEN.

We note with sorrow the death of the Rev. H. N. Santen, which occurred at Hamilton, Ohio, on Wednesday, March 18th. Father Santen, who was a student at Notre Dame during the years 1888-1890 was pastor of St. Anne's Church, Hamilton, Ohio.

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##### DR. JOSEPH O'MALLEY.

Dr. Austin O'Malley, former head of the English Department in the University, and Mr. Frank Ward O'Malley, have the sympathy of many friends among the Faculty and alumni in the death of their brother, Dr. Joseph O'Malley, who passed away some weeks ago in his home in Philadelphia. Dr. Joseph was known to several members of the Faculty. *R. I. P.*

## Holy Week Services.

Not to every one is given the opportunity to participate in the ceremonies of Holy Week in their fullest detail. But here at Notre Dame the ritual of the Church is followed in every detail, and the students should avail themselves of this occasion of grace, and at the same time acquaint themselves with the beautiful symbolism of the liturgy of the Easter season.

The celebration of Holy Week will begin at the high mass, Palm Sunday morning, at which Rev. President Cavanaugh will act as celebrant, Rev. Father Walsh as deacon, and Rev. Father T. Burke as subdeacon. The Passion of our Lord will be sung by Rev. T. Irving (*Evangelista*) Rev. E. Davis (*Christus*), Rev. J. Maguire, (*Petrus*) and the College Choir (*Turba*).

Tenebrae will be sung on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings at 7:30 p. m. This inspiring devotion is one of the most ennobling in the calendar of the Church, and is of special value at Notre Dame because of the wealth of voices which take part in it. The Lamentations will be sung by the Chorus and Rev. T. Crumley and Rev. J. Maguire; the Lessons by Rev. J. Ryan, Rev. M. Schumacher, Rev. W. Lennartz, Rev. M. Oswald, Rev. T. Irving and the Rev. Celebrant.

On Holy Thursday the mass will be sung by Rev. Provincial Morrissey, assisted by Rev. T. Irving as deacon and Rev. T. Burke as subdeacon. The same priests will officiate at the Mandatum services at 3:00 o'clock in the afternoon.

Good Friday at eight o'clock in the morning the mass of the Presanctified will be celebrated by Rev. President Cavanaugh, assisted by Rev. M. Walsh and Rev. J. Nieuwland as deacon and subdeacon, and at three o'clock in the afternoon the Way of the Cross will be made.

The blessing of the Holy Water will begin promptly at seven o'clock Holy Saturday morning, and the mass of the day will be sung at 8:45 by Rev. A. M. Kirsch, assisted by Rev. T. Irving and Rev. J. Farley.

Classes will be taught as usual during the first three days of the week. Saturday's classes will be held on Thursday, and there may be no classes taught on Good Friday and Holy Saturday.

The Senior Play will be held Easter Monday at 2:00 p. m. and the Senior Ball the same evening. Classes will resume Tuesday 8:15 a. m.

## Local News.

—Sprig has cub.

—Russell Downey, '16, Sorin hall, spent the past two days at his home in Churubusco. Where's that?

—"Heinie" Berger so enjoyed the measles at the University detention hospital, that he followed it up with a siege of grippe at the infirmary.

—Professor Koehler is holding rehearsals every day for "What's Next?" the Senior play to be held Easter Monday afternoon in Washington hall.

Notice!—All students from the New England states are asked to meet in room 201 Sorin hall, Sunday morning after mass. Important. Be there New Englanders!

—Father Hugh Benson, the noted English novelist, is to lecture at the University sometime after Easter, and will probably preach to the students at their Sunday mass.

—The field is being graded for a new baseball diamond for the students of Walsh hall. No pains are ever spared by Walsh for anything that may tend toward capturing a championship.

—The third team of the minim division of Holy Cross hall defeated the Carroll halls ex-Minims in a one-sided game by the score of 27 to 0. What they were playing, we don't know.

—The next issue of the SCHOLASTIC will be the Easter Number and will be published a week from Wednesday. Owing to the fact that this will be a larger number than usual, there will be no edition next Saturday.

—Another former Notre Dame man has contracted to play league ball. This time it is Tommy O'Connell, who played short-stop on the Varsity team last year. He has signed to play with the Grand Rapids Central League club.

—The grand opera company that was booked for last Wednesday evening failed to appear, and as a result the prefects were free to go to the city where they met many of the students. The boys were down looking for the company so that the students at home might not be disappointed.

—There is no truth in the rumor that "Hard-Luck" Campbell is to sign up with the Highlanders. John says he will continue to play

on the Corby team and that he has no particular desire to travel with the Varsity.

—An organ has been installed in the chapel of Walsh hall. Hereafter the gentle voices of the Walsh hallers will be afforded an inspiration toward greater quantity and better quality of tone.

—Brownson and Walsh halls met in a practice game last Wednesday on the Carroll campus, and from the form displayed by some of the members of these nines, it would seem that the coming baseball season was to be a prosperous one. Louis Malone was in the box for Walsh and worked with his usual speed.

—The good work of Lent still continues and large numbers are present at daily mass and Communion. Why not every one for Passion Week? If you have neglected this grace so far start now and end Lent in a fitting manner so that you may enjoy Easter as it can only be enjoyed by those who have made a sacrifice.

—The state Peace contest was held at Indianapolis March 20. The contest was won by the representative from Earlham College. Notre Dame's representative, John F. Hynes, was unsuccessful in landing one of the higher places in the contest, although he delivered a meritorious speech on "The Futility of War."

—The Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus will join with the council of South Bend tomorrow and will exemplify the first degree. The work will take place in American hall under the supervision of Grand Knight Louis McGann of South Bend. About one hundred candidates are expected to take the degree.

—At Kalamazoo last week Father Cavanaugh spoke to an audience of four thousand people in the armory building. Nearly a thousand more persons were turned away, unable to secure standing room. Father Cavanaugh's speech on "Socialism," was rated as one of the most powerful ever given on the lecture course in that city.

—The annual dinner of the Scholastic Editors has been postponed again on account of the illness of Father Moloney. It will take place, however, shortly after Easter and everyone connected with the paper is expected to be present. The bashful will not be required to make speeches, the bold will not be permitted, so that the evening may be enjoyed.

—The junior "Chicks" of Walsh hall held

a track meet last Sunday with the Carroll hallers and successfully defeated the Main Building aggregation by a score of 49 to 43. Allerton Dee was the "chick" who did good work in almost every event, and Robert P. Cavanaugh was his close second. The stars for the Carrollites were Emil Fritch and Sol Williams.

—It worried us exceedingly to learn from a Chicago newspaper that Eichenlaub was losing his sight and might be stone-blind in a week. The last time we saw the gentlemen he was able to take nourishment and to walk without the aid of a guide and if we may be permitted, we predict that he will be able to see holes in our opponents' line next fall without the aid of opera glasses.

—Col. George B. Goethals, who was recently appointed Governor of the Panama Canal Zone by President Woodrow Wilson, has favored the University with a large autographed photograph of himself. One of Mr. Mansfield Meriman, noted civil Engineer and a writer of a number of works on engineering subjects, has also been received. These will be hung in the Engineers' library with other pictures of famous engineers.

—The new three-thousand dollar organ at St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, was dedicated last Sunday evening with a program of sacred music. The sermon was delivered by Father Irving. Two of the musical numbers were rendered by Notre Dame students, Rosini's "Cujus Animam" being played on the violin by Arthur Carmody, and Wiegand's "O Salutaris" sung during the benediction by Cecil Birder.

—The Seniors in the regular four-year courses and the Senior Lawyers at their class meeting last Sunday decided to cooperate this year and give but one dance. Formerly the lawyers—otherwise the three-year men—have given a dance at which only the members of their profession attended, while the four-year men gave the bigger dance. The Senior Ball on Easter Monday will be the first of the three class dances which will follow Lent.

—A surer sign of spring than the robin is old Dominic with his axe on the quadrangle. The other day while working under the Carroll study hall he was forcibly struck by a few arguments from that hall, in the form of an algebra and Latin grammar. These books made an impression on him, but he was unable to

find the source of their descent. He refuses to do any more work in that locality. Dominic also requests us to add that he is not the Padre Dominic McCann made famous by Tom Daly.

—Judging from the strange noises heard in the different halls these days we would say that the Elocution contest is not far distant. Nevertheless, it is inconceivable to us how anyone could choose a recitation that contained the words "Fire! Fire! Fire!" to be given at the top of one's voice, and still more strange that any one should attempt to practise such a selection at night when the lights were out. If there are any more fires in the soul of the elocutionist there will be ready hands to submerge him in the lake and quench the flame.

—St. Edward's hall was treated on Thursday evening to a unique moving picture show by Father Maguire. The film shown was a battle in the Mexican war taken by Mr. DeLunden who has just returned from Mexico. People who believe these Mexican battles to be no more serious than the proverbial French duel are greatly mistaken. The fighting was fierce all through and the number of dead and wounded much greater than even that given in the newspaper accounts. Mr. DeLunden has certainly procured *the* picture of the war.

—After Easter the SCHOLASTIC will run a new column entitled, "Who's Who at Notre Dame." There are so many famous personages in the Senior and Junior classes, not to speak of the Sophomore class, that it seems advisable to give short biographies of these different students so that all may know the truth. The difficulty of finding out the ages of some of these students and the almost hopeless task of locating, on the map, the birthplace of others, has delayed the publication of this column. Now that the facts are at hand you shall have them regardless of the joy they may bring to those unaccustomed to seeing their names in print.

—The finals for the picking of the debating teams was held on the evening of March 18 in Washington hall. There were eight contestants for places, these eight being the debaters who had withstood all the preliminaries. Those who spoke on the affirmative side were George Schuster, William Galvin, J. Clovis Smith, Emmett Walter, and Eugene O'Connell, while the negative speakers were Timothy Galvin, Fred Gushurst and Emmett Lenihan. The

judges were Rev. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., Rev. Paul Foik, C. S. C., and Prof. Frederic L. Simms, principal of the South Bend high school, and their decisions awarded places to the men in the order named: Messrs. T. Galvin, Lenihan, Smith, O'Connell, Schuster, and Gushurst. Mr. T. Galvin received twenty dollars in gold, Mr. Lenihan fifteen dollars, and Mr. Smith ten dollars. The remaining thirty dollars will be expended in the purchase of debaters' monogramed watch-fobs. The subject for debate this year is, "Resolved, that Indiana should adopt the Initiative and Referendum." The first debate will be held with St. Viator's College early in May, Notre Dame's affirmative team going to Kankakee, and St. Viator's coming here. On May 15 Notre Dame's negative team will debate with Indiana University's affirmative team at Bloomington, and the Wabash College negative team will debate with our affirmative team here. The affirmative team is composed of Messrs. T. Galvin, Smith and O'Connell; the negative of Messrs. Schuster, Lenihan and Gushurst. Messrs. Walter and W. Galvin are the alternates for the two teams. Both teams are now at work on their briefs.

#### Athletic Notes.

At last King Baseball reigns supreme. The last snows of winter having given way before the fervent prayers of Coach Harper's enthusiasts, the scene of activities has shifted from the gymnasium cage to the Brownson diamond. The men all seem imbued with new life, after having been shut up so long, and they are showing up so well in the field and with the stick as to relieve the Coach of all worries except on the problem: Who will be in the regular line-up? Only two positions are in any way certain, and the fight for the rest is a hot one. The pitching staff, Capt. Kelly, Berger, Sheehan, Crilly and Fitzgerald, are performing in such a way as to destroy all fears on that score, while the veterans Kenny and Gray, along with Brookes of last year's interhall champions, are holding down the receiving end in fine shape.

At first Farrell and Mills are showing up in great style, and there is ample assurance that the initial sack will be well cared for. Mills is also being tried out at second along with Mike Carmody and Bjoin. This all points to the conclusion that the Coach is going to

get the best hitters in the squad lined up somehow, for more games are won by heavy batting than are lost by occasional lapses in the field.

Shortstop, from the looks of things, could be well aced for by any of the three aspirants, Dec Newning, Art Carmody and Meyers, while Harry Newning and Elward are fighting it out for the hot corner.

In the outfield, Duggan, Berginan, Lathrop, Finegan, Pliska, Mooney and Bjoin, are having a warm contest, and it would take a clairvoyant to predict the outcome. Taken all together, we are going to have a team well up to Notre Dame calibre.

In a practice game Wednesday, the Regulars, for the time being, defeated their opponents 8-6. Kelly and Berger each pitched, and Crilly alternated on the mound for the Yonnigans. Another practice tilt is scheduled for today, with several more next week, in preparation for the first game with Olivet on April 11th.

### Safety Valve.

Every now and then some outrageous story is produced with our name attached to it. We wish therefore, to assure our readers that we never said:—

That Knute Rockne's head looked like a billiard ball.

That John McShane of Corby was a horrible example of a half-mile runner.

That Eugene O'Connell should stop working his face into a lather when he debates.

That Marty Meehan was beaten in a recent track meet by two little fellows.

That George Blount's brain was just like his name.

That John Donald McDonald bathed in rose water and used cold cream.

That Kinsella was canned from the University.

That Si Farrell finds it impossible to catch a baseball with both hands.

That Eichenlaub looks like cupid's big brother.

That Dee Newning is red-headed.

That Peter Yerns is a quasi-gook.

That Jimmie Devlin spends all his time reading cheap magazines.

That Sholem is a good swimmer.

That Mary had a little lamb.

That Conway can't write poetry.

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We have reserved the following space for nice students who play dominos and checkers, who are not rude or naughty, who detest the horrid slang words of the day (with the exception of fudge) and who are good to their teachers.

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### A THOUGHT FOR THE GLOOMY

You should always remember that this rainy weather is necessary. The rain washes all the bacilli out of the air (whatever that is) and makes it healthy.

### SIGHTS TO MAKE ONE WEEP.

A Corby Haller in the ninth inning when the score is dead against him.

A Walsh Haller who has passed a good examination in Math.

One look at any of the lemonade pitchers in Bro. Leopold's store.

Beauty Rohan trying out for the Varsity.

Willie Case in his Sunday clothes.

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### DIFFERENT.

Fr. Schumacher—What are you doing for Lent, John? Did you give up smoking?

John—No, Father.

Fr. S.—Did you stop eating candy?

John—No, Father.

Fr. S.—Are you attending mass every morning?

John—No, Father.

Fr. S.—What, John, not doing anything for Lent?

John—I'm living in Walsh Hall, Father.

Fr. S.—Oh, that's different; why didn't you say so.

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### LIFE'S LITTLE CONSTIPATIONS.

Students who come into your room to borrow a quarter, and who insist on telling you about their four touring cars at home.

The swell dresser who sits next to you at table and tells you the number of swell banquets he has attended, while he is eating peas with his knife.

A Carroll Haller acting natural.

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Keep your knives, there's pie for dessert.

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### OUR IDEA OF HEAVEN.

Being locked in a small room with Durbin and Sholem to interview us, with Eugene O'Connell going through his debate speech in one corner and Willie Case standing at the window singing, "Darling You are Growing Old."

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The other day we noticed two minims dragging a third across the campus by the legs, and on questioning them we were told that they were playing dead horse.

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The dunces turned those words upside down; it wasn't our fault.

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As one of the visitors remarked who witnessed Wednesday's baseball practice: "My, what a large wad of gum that short-stop chews! What did you say his name was, Meyers?"

\*\*\*

Recreation is poetry, class is pigs feet and sauer kraut.

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### FAMOUS.

First minim—Do you know Rupe Mills?

Second minim—Yes, he lives in my town, and once I held his coat when he was fighting.

\*\*\*

The Spring poetry has begun to come in and we notice that this year also "the grass is green and the skies are blue."



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