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## A May Memory.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

OUR Lady's Month at College long ago will live  
for aye,

A memory whose radiance doth cast  
A halo o'er life's springtide that life's prime knows  
not to-day,

A thrilling joy that vivifies the past.  
Adown the busy decades that have vanished swift  
since then

My soul hath felt keen pleasures come and go;  
But freely I'd forget them all could it return again,  
Our Lady's Month at College long ago.

Our Lady's Month at College in my youth was one  
long feast;

Its spirit, loving joy and praise combined:  
The echoes of our canticles throughout the May ne'er  
ceased,

Her garlands from our hearts were ne'er untwined.  
Each evening round her altar fair we gathered, truly  
blest,

Our hearts with filial piety aglow—  
Ah! life has had its seasons bright, but that of all  
was best,

Our Lady's Month at College long ago.

Our Lady's Month at College in life's May—'tis with  
me yet;

The old hymns chime their melodies e'en now.  
"O Mother dear, remember me" my heart shall ne'er  
forget,

However deep Time's furrows on my brow.  
I see the old-time chapel with its incense-clouded nave,  
I hear the youthful voices sweet and low,  
I scent the fragrant blossoms, and my soul's deep  
longings crave

Our Lady's Month at College long ago.

## Reason versus Force.\*

FRANCIS J. WENNINGER, '11.



WAR is the result of primal disobedience. If man had not risen in rebellion against his Maker, there would be no contention, no murders, no wars; but disobedience, founded on pride, gave birth to the war-spirit, and hate has nourished and fostered it through the centuries. Those who defend that spirit falsely contend that its purpose is righteousness and justice. Their philosophy presents subtle arguments in support of the proposition that the war problem is one of ungovernable human emotions. They tell us that the problem involves moral issues which war alone can solve. But from the battlefields of the world, from the fever-tents and from destitute survivors comes back the answer that a moral issue is served too dearly at such a cost. The purpose of war righteousness and justice! What a travesty on enlightened civilization! Are our methods for settling disputes between nations never to advance beyond war limits? Shall we follow forever the methods of barbarism to vindicate justice? Shall we never rise above the plane of the brute savage, whose loftiest conception of right finds expression in the phrase, "An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth?" What has decided the issues for which nations have gone to war? It was might, not right; chance, not justice. Is this the solution for a problem involving the rights of nations?

\* Competitive oration delivered at Purdue University in the recent State Peace Contest.

Justice may cry in vain for the claims of her clients,—war smothers the cry.

That war has sometimes done good can not be denied; but that this good has come through bloodshed and misery must ever be deplored. Far back in the twilight of civilization war was sometimes a necessity; but are we forced to admit that nations must continue to shed blood in deciding questions of mutual difference? The day may be far distant "when swords shall be beaten into plowshares and battleships converted into merchantable steel," but to-day the world is beginning to understand that war is not the price of peace.

If it is true that war calls forth virtues that are high and noble, it is likewise true that it engenders passions that are low and base. Our Revolutionary War produced the "Minute Man" of '76, but also the traitor of '80; our Civil War gave us the hero of '61, but likewise the "bounty jumper" of '63; from the war of '98 we have the gallant volunteer, but also the ghoul who despoiled his comrade's corpse. If progress in civilization is to come at all, it must come through struggle, but that struggle does not mean the butchery of men. It means the clash of minds, the battle of intellect,—a higher and nobler struggle against vice and passion and ignorance. In the effort to solve this problem of human emotions are we to take the side of force or of reason? of war or of arbitration?

How does war solve the problem of settling base human emotions? Search the records of time, and see there written large in human blood the barbaric deeds of man. History is loud in her praises of war and its heroes. She uses high-sounding phrases in lauding their courage, their daring, their patriotism. She will show you battle flags crimson with the blood of brothers and laurel wreaths to crown the slayers. She will exhort you to erect marble columns to the heroes of war and to institute festivals in their honor. But war, shorn of its trappings and of its tinsel,—what a monster Moloch! We are told that fifteen billions of lives have been sacrificed in war. What mind can comprehend the vastness of these figures? It is only when we reflect that this number would nearly populate ten worlds like our

own that we begin to understand the extent of this loss of human life. Imagine every man, woman and child of the largest city in the world a bleeding corpse upon the battlefield, and you have numbered hardly one-third of the loss of life in the wars of the last century. Men call it the glorious Nineteenth Century. Yes, glorious century whose history is written in the life-blood of fourteen millions of human beings. They call Napoleon the great captain of the age, but six millions of grassy mounds supported his tottering empire.

In the historic campaign through Russia there fell during a hundred and seventy-three successive days an average of two thousand nine hundred men a day—every week enough men to populate a large city. Between the years 1791 and 1814—those twenty-three years of glory—seventeen millions of men fell in battle, a number which equals the entire population of Australia. And what has been the record of the past fifty years? Half the population of the state of Indiana hardly equals in number the loss of life in the Civil War. With two hundred and twenty-five thousand men—the number killed in the Franco-Prussian war—the city of Lafayette could be repopulated a dozen times, while all the men, women and children of Boston number hardly as many as were killed in the late Russo-Japanese war. Such is the carnage of war. Do you wonder at these losses which fairly stagger the imagination when you consider that for a period of six hundred and seventy consecutive years England spent two hundred and sixty-six—one year in every three—at war with France; and that throughout all Europe during the long lapse of centuries the dogs of war were scarcely ever fettered?

And what shall we say of the economic loss? Reason laughs at the understanding that tries to comprehend the vastness of the losses entailed by war. Does there live a man with conscience so perverted as to measure in dollars and cents the value of even a single human life? Yet every mangled corpse upon England's battlefields cost that nation fifty pounds. With eight hundred millions of pounds shot from the mouths of English cannon, a dozen institutions of learning like the University of Chicago could have been built. The total amount of all

our foreign trade for 1906 was only one-seventh as great as the cost of Napoleon's campaigns. The losses in the Crimean War were forty times the stupendous sums paid in 1903 for higher education by France, Great Britain, Russia and the United States. Universities like those of the Old World would dot our land could we but use for educational purposes the twenty-four billions of dollars employed in killing men during the last century. These are but a few of the cold figures that tell the awful story of war.

But what pen can describe its moral aspect? The printed word is but a ludicrous mockery of the frightful reality it attempts to portray. The keynote to the woe and the misery of war was struck by the ancient Cicero when he wrote: "The law is silent during war." Yes, it is in times of war that the ghosts of vice and crime stalk the land; that murder and rapine flourish; that virtue and honor are forgotten, for war is the spawning-ground of iniquity. It is in time of war that the husband trembles for the honor of his wife, the father for the honor of his daughter, the brother for the honor of his sister; and all this fear and trepidation, they tell us, is sustained in the name of patriotism. Patriotism! if this be patriotism, then let us pray God that we may never see the day it shall rule in our land.

But, it is asked, what solution does arbitration offer for the adjustment of international difficulties? And the cynic answers: "Beautiful dream, but alas, how impracticable!" It is the same old objection advanced each time a new idea is proposed. Progress has ever met the sneer of the sceptic. But the vital test is not "will our standards and our ideals apply backward?" but "will they apply forward?" Yes, friends, let us not "attempt the future's portals with the past's blood-rusted key."

Arbitration is not an untried scheme of some busy brain, but a practical solution for international difficulty. During the last century alone about two hundred and thirty-eight disputes have been settled without the shedding of blood. More than sixty of these settlements occurred between the years 1890 and 1900. And even the Twentieth Century, though the first decade is still incomplete, has already witnessed twenty-

one important settlements by arbitration. In all, thirty-seven nations have been parties to these agreements—Great Britain to nearly seventy, the United States to about sixty, France to thirty. If an average of three arbitrations a year for a period of ninety-five consecutive years means anything at all, it means progress for the peace movement.

The questions submitted for the decision of the arbiters have been those usually arising from the common intercourse of nations. They have been questions of boundary, of violation of territory, of sovereignty over islands; questions of protectorates, of commerce, of fisheries, in short, questions of every kind. In several instances large sums of money were involved. In 1871 no less than twenty-two millions of dollars changed hands in the arbitration between the United States and Great Britain. And through it all the world has yet to point to a single example of consequence where two nations which agreed to settle their dispute by arbitration, have refused to accept the decision of the arbiters and gone to war. This surely is proof that arbitration is a practical solution for international difficulty.

Let no man, therefore, extol the glories of war above those of arbitration, but rather let the nations of the earth unite in furthering the peace idea. Only so shall we be a people "whose God is the Lord;" only so shall the message of the Divine Master: "Peace on earth" be realized among men.

### The Loyal Legion.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

See the Loyal Legion as it marches into view,  
Tramping toward the bleachers underneath the Gold  
and Blue

Going to help bring victory to good old N. D. U.—  
Rah! The Loyal Legion, Rah!

Megaphones are thundering out their "p-p" with  
fullest steam

The band is playing "Victory," and "Boys, let's cheer  
the Team,"

The Loyal Legion's singing now beneath the pennant's  
stream—

Rah! The Loyal Legion, Rah!

Hear the Legion rooting when the boys begin the game,  
When the contest's over, why, they're rooting just the  
same.

Win or lose, they're loyal, these true fans of Notre Dame—  
Rah! The Loyal Legion, Rah!

## Memory.

FREDERICK M. CARROLL, '12.

RARE as dreams in peaceful slumber  
 Rise the scenes of yester-year;  
 Rise fair fancies gay and sombre  
 And sweet visions without number  
 With a silent bitter tear.

Then retells the heart with pleasure  
 Of its every hope and fear;  
 And recounts its buried treasure  
 And recalls the even measure  
 Of a voice it loved to hear.

All the charms which can enrapture  
 Like a melody full clear,  
 Lift the soul to seek and capture  
 And to tune the songs of nature  
 With a memory that's dear.

## The Biters Bitten.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

Jim Weston, green-goods man, had spotted his victim in the crowd ahead. He was a "home-grown article," just in from the country and evidently having the time of his life. The busy Chicago crowd hurried along, hardly noticing the rural old gentleman as he gaped in large-eyed wonder at the rush and roar of the great city, but Jim did,—it was his business to notice just such people—and so he immediately quickened his step.

Now Jim was experienced in his own peculiar line of business, or, as the word went, in the lingo of his profession, "had been there before," and so he took great care to conceal his diamond stud under the broad folds of his necktie, and to deposit his two finger rings safely within his vest pocket. He knew that the country folk are apt to be suspicious of finery upon occasions, and was going to run no risks by frightening his prey this time. So, following the crowd in the nonchalant manner of the ordinary business-man out for his daily stroll, Jim slowly passed the country stranger, when suddenly, as though forgetting something, he stopped, and turning, bumped squarely into the queer old fellow, who was at that moment gazing at a huge "Merry Widow"

hat, borne triumphantly along upon the head of a diminutive lady.

"Pardon me, pardon me, sir. It was my fault en—" Jim stepped back a pace, and his eyes opened in well-assumed astonishment. "Can it be possible! Am I at last face to face with one of the old villagers again? Pardon me, old gentleman, may I ask you your name?"

"Waal, I don't know, young man. Be ye from Scranesville? If ye air ye know Hiram Scarow, but I never seed ye thar." Jim stepped out of the way of the passing crowd and Hiram unconsciously followed.

"Hiram Scarow! Well, well, well! Why Hiram, I'd know you in a thousand. Don't you remember me, Hiram? Why I was one of those little chaps that used to throw stones at your pigs. Remember? The one with the—"

"Be ye one of them brats? Waal now, I swan I do believe I remember, come to think of it, but then so many of the boys left home that I kinder lost track. You ain't Widow Barby's son, be ye—the one who left the village after she died away back thar in the sixties?"

Evidently Jim saw that he was making great headway. He slapped his victim on the shoulder in a familiar way.

"Why, Hiram, old man, you're a wonderful guesser. I'm the very lad himself. I thought you couldn't forget an old neighbor. How is everyone in the village anyway? I'll have to go down and see you all soon. You know, Hiram, a person never forgets his old home."—"Waal now—"

"But say," Jim interrupted, "aren't you hungry after your long walk? Come on, and we'll have a little lunch while we're talking over old times," and leading the way, he took the old fellow to a neighboring café. It was not altogether a reputable place, but as Jim was slightly acquainted with the owner, an old-time "pal" of his, he entered. Having selected a remote corner, he called the waiter and ordered food and drink, giving him to understand by a familiar sign that he wanted plenty of the latter. The obliging young waiter was evidently well acquainted with Jim, for he winked knowingly, as the simple-minded old farmer sat there stroking his whiskers in admiration of all the magnificence about him.

Although he had already acted in a manner

that would have excited suspicion in any ordinary person, yet the old gentleman seemed so credulous in his actions that Jim felt absolutely safe in getting down to business at once. And so he immediately began urging glass after glass of the sparkling liquor upon the farmer, who drank freely, talking all the while about the old folks of the village, the great changes that had taken place, and the new improvements of the last three years. Jim listened contentedly, only pausing in his attention occasionally to fill the farmer's half empty glass. A half hour had hardly passed before he had the old fellow upon very confidential terms.

"Yaas, it was this way," Hiram went on. "You see Mirandy—she's my wife, you know,—waal, Mirandy, she says, Hiram, you jest take a thousand dollars from the bank and see New York like any gentleman, and by gum, I did it. 'Nd thar ain't no gold-brick man a-goin' to get me, I kin bet you. And jest to think that I should meet Mariar Darby's son down here. Waal, if that don't beat all! Wait till I tell all the folks at home. I'll—"

"Yes, yes," Jim interrupted, "but there is something I want to talk to you about, Hiram. You see, you're an old friend of mine, a neighbor, you know, and I can trust you with secrets,—things I couldn't tell to these here smart city folks. Hiram, I want to be frank with you, because you're an honest man, and I can trust you to help me. I need money Hiram, yes, I'm in trouble and I need it bad. One of my creditors, an enemy who always has hated us country folks, is pressing me hard. I have property, lots of it, but it takes cash to pay this debt of mine, and if it's not settled by to-morrow why I'm a ruined man, that's all. A little money and I could show this smart city man that we country folks are smarter than they think. Now Hiram—remember though, I'm telling this confidentially—if you could loan me, say, five hundred or a thousand, for a few hours, I'd—"

"Waal, ye see," broke in Hiram cautiously, "that's all right too; but as my wife says to me when I left, Hiram, says she, don't you give one dollar of that thar money away till you've somethin' to show for't. Them's my principles, sonny, them's my principles."

"Oh, that's all right," answered Jim

patronizingly, "just you lend me that \$1000 of yours until to-morrow night. I'll give you,—let's see,—yes, I'll give you a lease upon my restaurant down town."

"No, you don't," the old man broke in again. You can't fool Uncle Hiram that way. Silas Jones, he got caught by one of those bunko critters, year ago last harvest time. But say, son, bein' you've been so good to me, and bein' you're Widow Darby's son, I'll tell ye what I'll do." Hiram took another preliminary sip, and Jim watched him intently, knowing that the wine was developing his generosity. "Now see here, you give me that thar watch you've got on, and that chain thar, for security, and I'll lend ye \$500 till to-morrow night."

"Done!" said Jim immediately, "but by the way, Hiram, I have a shirt stud and two rings here. Do you think that will make it a thousand? You surely can trust one of your old neighbors, can't you, Hiram? Why I need every cent of this money, man. \$500 won't be enough, and if I don't get a thousand in cold cash to-night, I'm a ruined man. If I do the money will be restored to you to-morrow night, and the watch and jewels—well I'll buy them back from you at your own price," and Jim held them enticingly towards him. Hiram's eyes glistened with excitement. Here at last was a chance to show his neighbors what he could do in the city.

"Waal now I do believe you, son," said Hiram, and his talk already evidenced the results of the empty bottle upon the table. "You know I had a son once,—looked like you too, by Heck. I'll do it, boy, by cracky, we'll do it, won't we, Jim. Here ye are, my child, one thousand good, hard-earned dollars."

Jim said nothing, but handed over the watch and jewels and took the bills, one thousand dollars in all, as Hiram clumsily counted them out one by one, in tens, twenties and fifties. They were new and crisp, just as if fresh from the treasury, and Jim with a self-satisfied smile, which he took care not to let the farmer perceive, however, thrust the bills into his pocket and arose from the table.

"Well, good-bye, Hiram, old man; I'd hate to part with you at all, but you know, 'duty first and pleasure afterwards.' But

whatever you do, don't leave those jewels out of your sight for even a moment—they're solid gold, Hiram, and are of priceless value. Why that stud there alone is worth \$700. Now remember, I'm trusting you, Hiram. This money will place me upon my feet again, and in twenty-four hours I will be able to return, not a thousand but a thousand five hundred for your kindness. And by jinks, Hiram, I'll do it,—I'll set your son up in business right here with myself. He'll be a gentleman, Hiram, one that you can be proud of. Well, good-bye, old man. Remember, to-morrow night at six o'clock, in this very place;" and Jim went out leaving the half-intoxicated farmer to pay the bill out of whatever silver money he still had left. When Jim arrived at the entrance he glanced stealthily about for a moment, and then stooping as though to tie a shoe-string, arose an entirely different man; he had taken off his heavy false mustache, and brushed an ingeniously arranged lock of hair into its natural position. One would have thought that he was an entire stranger. Jim smiled blandly and opening the door walked rapidly away.

"The old rube wouldn't know me now if he met me face to face. By Jove, what a haul!" Jim felt the wallet in his pocket: "One thousand plunks for a single morning's work. Pity I had to lose that ticker and those sparklers though, they were worth two hundred and fifty dollars at the least. Well, no matter, I had to throw off suspicion some way. Seven hundred and fifty dollars is a pretty good morning's haul. By the time that fellow comes here to-morrow night, I'll be so far away that he can turn the whole bloomin' city upside down for all I care. Say, he was easy on that old village gag, though; swallowed it like a hungry fish. Ah, here's a jewelry store. I must get a watch of some kind," and turning Jim entered the building.

In a moment he had satisfied himself as to the one he wanted, and taking his wallet extracted two fives, a ten, and a twenty, the exact price of the watch. Jim chuckled to himself, as the astonished looking clerk disappeared into an outer room with the newly purchased watch.

"Guess he never saw so many bills at a time," thought Jim as he replaced the

wallet; "well, I needn't kick, for I never had such a bunch of the long green at once either."

The clerk, a very affable young man, returned a moment later while the watch was being set to wait upon another customer. Jim in the meantime picked up the morning's paper which had arrived but a moment before, and in answer to the clerk's inquiry about the recent baseball games, was about to read the scores, when he stopped suddenly—some one had touched him upon the shoulder. Turning abruptly he found himself face to face with an officer of the law.

"No scene, please. You had better come along quietly, sir, and save trouble."

"But, officer!" Jim protested —

"Never mind now, come on. Thank you Mr. Clarkson for the favor," said the officer turning to the clerk. "You'd better keep that watch, and I'll take the money if you please. Thank you, thank you. We may need you at the trial in a few days, you know. Come along, sir. Jim knew better than to protest; he had been in such predicaments before in other cities, and he felt the utter futility of arguing upon the present occasion. However, he did venture a word.

"You don't realize what you are doing officer,—arresting an innocent man—but I'll go, I'll go. It will go hard with somebody though, and don't you forget it."

"Shut up and come along," the officer snarled in answer, and Jim seeing that further speech was useless obeyed. The old farmer, he was certain, had at last become suspicious, and had told the police everything. Jim was furious and resolved that he would clear himself from the charges at any cost, and beat the old farmer at his own game. On his way to the station, which was only a block away, he arranged it all in his own mind. Hardly anyone knew him in the entire city, and the farmer, he felt certain, was a stranger too. Furthermore, the only person who really had taken any notice of them whatsoever was the waiter, and Jim knew he would keep his mouth shut. The jewels he would swear never to have seen; the money he would declare was his own; the farmer would have no proof against him; he would deny everything, and they would be compelled



to dismiss him for lack of evidence.

His mind made up, Jim entered the station at the side of the policeman, an innocent and thoroughly surprised look upon his countenance. An onlooker would have said, "there goes an innocent man."

"I have the scoundrel, Captain," said the policeman to the officer sitting at a near-by desk. "I got him all right. He has the very bills we were looking for upon his person."

"Search the prisoner," the Captain commanded, gazing sternly at Jim over his glasses. The policeman did so, and immediately discovering the well-filled purse handed it to the officer. The Captain looked at the bills and then at Jim. "Well, what have you to say to this? What do you know about this money?"

Immediately Jim remembered his plan.

"I don't know anything, sir, except that it is mine. I want you to understand that it is going to go hot with some one for having a man arrested simply because he happens to possess some money and a foolish clerk gets excited and telephones the police station. I tell you, sir, this is my money," and Jim put on a mingled look of anger and persecuted dignity.

"Do you still insist that this money is yours after having been captured?" the Captain asked.

"I do," Jim answered still remembering his plan. "It is—"

"Make note of this, officer," the Captain interrupted. "He admits that the money belongs to him. I think that will be enough to send him over the road for a few years. I guess that money is yours, young man," continued the Captain with a significant smile. "We've been looking for you for a long time now, and you've been pretty slick, but we've got you at last. Why, man, that same identical counterfeit money, which you insist is yours, has been flooding the country for over two years. We've tracked you under every disguise possible, but we've got you now, and no story that you can invent will save you. Caught red-handed with the money in your possession, trying to pass it on that young clerk; why, man, that and your own confession here this afternoon will mean a twenty years' sentence for you, sure. Take the prisoner to his cell, officer." And Jim was led away mourning

the loss of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of jewels, and speaking very ill of the innocent-looking old farmer, Hiram, who had slipped through the coils of the law, and left him there with the counterfeit money upon his person to take the punishment for an offence he had not committed. It was the first time that Jim had been beaten at his own game.

As the west-bound limited pulled out that evening at six o'clock, a well-dressed young man entered the smoker with the latest edition of the paper in his hand. Excepting that his face bore the signs of recent dissipation, he was not otherwise remarkable. Taking a near-by seat he opened the paper, and immediately his eye caught the glaring headlines:

"DARING COUNTERFEITER CAUGHT.  
\$1000 IN BILLS UPON HIS PERSON.

ADMITS THEY ARE HIS OWN."

Smiling blandly, the reader yawned half-wearily, and pulling out a beautiful gold watch, he looked at it musingly for a moment, and then settled himself down for a nap. For full thirty minutes he sat thus, his regular breathing attesting to the soundness of his slumber. The two gentlemen in the seat opposite who had entered the car immediately after him, continued quietly playing at their game of cards, in the nonchalant manner of professional traveling men. Their interest seemed only partly centred upon the game however, for it was growing late, and they too were evidently wearied after a long trip on the road. Suddenly the conductor entered calling the first stop. The sleeping man awoke with a start and half stood up, but sat down again,—it was not his station.

"Pardon me, sir, could you give me the time?" The younger of the two men stood up, suit case in hand, as he addressed the stranger. The half-awakened man yawned slightly, and looked at his watch:

"It's exactly half past—"

"That's the watch, Bill," said the tall companion who had also arisen. "My friend, I see you're ticketed for a station further on. We want you back there in Chicago, and you might as well get up now and come along with us on that Seven-twenty. A suspicious movement, mind

you will mean handcuffs. Now hand over that watch and those rings and that stud. I know you've got them. Hurry up!"

The stranger laughed nervously, as he took the jewels from his vest pocket and held them in the palm of his hand.

"I guess you're mistaken, stranger," he answered, "I have this watch and jewels, it is true, but I purchased them from a gentleman in Chicago."

"Oh, that's all right partner," the younger of the two replied. "We've heard that story before. Since the night you robbed the Richardson home we've traced you by means of that watch charm, which, you see, has a peculiar shape. You escaped us on State Street this morning, but we've got you now, with the goods upon you. You'll have to come back and take your medicine."

"Yes, but what proof?"

"Never mind now, that's enough. If they hadn't caught that counterfeiter red-handed this afternoon, I'd swear almost that you were the man himself." At the word "counterfeiter," a shrewd, almost self-satisfied look came into the eyes of the prisoner.

"Say, partner," he broke in, "I've read about that there counterfeiter; he's a mean cuss and a dangerous man, he is,—tried to swindle me once, but I guess I was a little bit too slick for him. Caught with the goods, you say? Well I'm ready to suffer for my offense, if the law makes that rascal suffer for his. I'll suffer my penalty, and if you want any witnesses against him, I'm the man can send him over the road for you."

"Never mind, sir! He's confessed and you've confessed,—you'll both go, and there's nothing on earth'll save you either. Get up now, and, mind you, no suspicious movements. If he tries anything funny, well, give him the cuffs, Jim. Come on!" The prisoner without another word arose and left the train, closely guarded by the two detectives.

Three days later the prison gates closed upon two new prisoners; both sentenced to a term of twenty years, one for counterfeiting, the other for robbing the Richardson residence and various other places in connection with it, each convicted upon his own confession and the evidences of guilt found upon his person, each innocent of the misdeed for which he was serving, but guilty of the other's offence.

### True Balm.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

POOR drooping rose,

If all thy budded sisters' bloom,  
From time's first dawn until its doom,  
Could lose their fragrance in thine own,  
Thy form, I know, would rise full blown,  
Poor drooping rose!

Oh, one-time friend,  
If all the kindest deeds e'er done  
Were concentrated into one,  
That deed would make thee ever true  
Unto the friend that once you knew,  
Oh, one-time friend!

Poor broken heart!  
If all the thoughts of love e'er heard  
Were centred in a single word,  
Its balm, I know, would soothe thy pain,  
Would make thee live and love again,  
Poor broken heart!

Father Ryan, Poet.

RAYMOND E. SKELLEY.

Poet-priest! What a compounded wealth of beauty the title suggests—the poet with his eye for the beautiful and his soul tuned to sing what others fail to see or are unable to express; and the priest with his spiritual insight and peculiar experience; the priest who sees the angels hovering near to assist at each morning Sacrifice; who sees the peace of heavenly benediction calm each troubled heart; who hears the distant choir in the silent watches of the night. Little need for the poet to phrase the words of prayer ascending from the sacerdotal heart to the great Heart on high. Yet, does not the very prayer of the priest attune the soul of the poet to sing His praises to the world?

Abram T. Ryan was both priest and poet born, for, as he himself says, in speaking of poets,

The poet is great Nature's own high-priest  
Ordained from very birth.

And as truly was he born a priest. It was not sorrow, as some have thought, that led him to enter upon his life's calling.



On the contrary, it was his faithfulness to his vocation that brought the great sorrow that saddened, yet sweetened, his whole life. The story is set forth with an unexampled delicacy in his poem, "Their Story Runneth Thus,"—a story sublime of two hearts bound together by the strongest ties of affection, renouncing an earthly union to labor for the love of God. Some trace of this sorrow is to be found in all his poems. Whether he sings "A Flower's Song" or "A Christmas Chaunt" its shadow is visible in the background. While he always felt its weight, it never bore him down; for the many who came to him with their troubles he always wore a smile. And he sent them away cheered and happy.

Aside from this tinge of sorrow he, like all true Southerners, felt the sting of the cruel war. He believed firmly in the cause of the South. His ardent loyalty was the inspiration of those truly poetic songs, "The Sword of Robert Lee," "The Prayer of the South," "C. S. A.," "The Land We Love," and "The Conquered Banner." His brother David, one of the "youngest who donned the Gray," was among the first to fall at the front. And the priest kneels and—

.... weeping for each slaughtered son,  
I turn my gaze to my own sunny sky,  
And pray, oh! Father, let Thy will be done!

But the poet found solace for his woes in the comfort of the priest—in "the bright mountain of prayer"—and beautifully the poet sings the thoughts of the priest on the "Feast of the Sacred Heart" and "The Feast of the Assumption."

In addition to his American patriotism and his loyalty to the South, Father Ryan was intensely devoted to the home of his fathers. "Erin's Flag" is undoubtedly one of his finest pieces, and it is one of which Erin may well be proud. It is a song to quicken the breast and nerve the arm of every loyal Irishman. Father Ryan saw a bright day dawning for Ireland. He felt that her dark night of misfortune and oppression was waning.

In keeping with his priestly fervor and Celtic heart was his tender and whole-souled devotion to the Virgin. In his devotion to the great Queen his affectionate spirit doubtless found an incomparable balm for

whatever pain he may have experienced in the renunciation of earthy love.

Undesirous of earthly fame, and with nearly all his loved ones departed before him, Father Ryan longed for the time when he might lay aside his cross and go to the blessed home of his Father. "After Sickness" he wrote:

What were my thoughts? I had but one regret,  
That I was doomed to live and linger yet  
In this dark valley where the stream of tears  
Flows,—and in flowing, deepens thro' the years.

In another place he says:

Haste, Death! be fleet,  
I know it will be sweet  
To rest beneath the sod,  
To kneel and kiss Thy feet  
In Heaven, oh! my God.

But it was the divine will that he should bear his cross longer and he was well advanced in age when death came to bring him joy.

As a poet Father Ryan laid no claim to distinction. In the preface to his verses, "which," he says, "some friends call by the higher title of poems," he tells us that "they were written at random,—off and on,—here,—there, anywhere,—just when the mood came, with little of study and less of art, and always in a hurry." He continues the apology: "Hence they are incomplete in finish, as the author; though, he thinks, they are true in tone. His feet know more of the humble steps that lead up to the altar and its Mysteries than of the steep steps that lead up to Parnassus and the home of the Muses." And souls were always more to him than songs.

It is evident Father Ryan did not realize his genius—and genius it was—for modesty alone would not lead him to make so humble an apology for that for which the world owes him a debt of gratitude. It is true, his works show a lack of care and finish; but they likewise show a genius at least equal that of a Longfellow. Whatever place he may be assigned in American literature he has won a place in many an American heart. Throughout the South, especially, Father Ryan's volume of poems is a household book among Catholics and Protestants alike. To know him is to love him. And not to know him is to miss the treasured glimpses of a strong and beautiful soul.

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—There are two distinct schools of politics in America. No sharp party-line divides them, but both schools are represented in each of the old-time political organizations. The trend of these schools is in opposite directions. One has been termed "reactionary" by the magazine and press of to-day. It stands in the way of progress. It still clings to the old doctrine that ours is a representative government, that legislators are selected by constituents for superior ability, that their duties are to examine into conditions, discuss and consider proposed legislation, and to vote according to their conscience in view of facts and conditions as they, with superior advantages, see them. This school has an exalted opinion of the legislator, but is seemingly about to succumb to the modern trend—the populism of the Twentieth Century. For the other school, which promises to be in the ascendancy within a decade, teaches that the great *People* should have a more direct part in forming the legislation under which they must live, that legislators are but clerks to register, not their own, but the opinions of their constituents. Sup-

ported by the press, whose aim appears to be to place itself in a better position to dictate public policy, this school has made itself felt in a variety of ways. The great parties now submit their measures, not their men, to the consideration of the electorate. In a number of the states we find manifestation of the trend in the establishment of the initiative and referendum features; while the people at large, with little study and little fitness to judge, criticise the votes of their chosen representatives. But with the passing of the so-called "reactionary," there will pass much that has contributed to the successful operation of the American government. Matters of public policy can not be, and should not be, determined by the hasty and erring judgment of the populace. For integrity and good intention, unless supported by ability, may make very poor law. Taking, for instance, the agitation during the last campaign for a guarantee of bank deposits, it must be apparent that a body of men, selected for superior merit and ability, provided with facilities for information, could better decide on the remedies for our financial evil than the partially and poorly informed public. The tariff question now before the public, requiring, as it does, deep study, should be attended to by competent men whose decisions, in as far as they are honest convictions, should not be influenced by public opinion. If the old school gives way to the new, if policies and measures are to be determined by public opinion, erratic and whimsical as it often is, it does not require a prophet to foresee that there will be more ill-advised legislation than at present. The best remedy for existing evils is not always indicated by the popular demand for certain measures. We need men rather than measures.

—Another Peace Conference has come and gone. The delegates met in Chicago, voted that international arbitration and disarmament, were admirable, and went their ways. But still the powers continue to build battle-ships. This mad race for naval supremacy seems deplorable on the face of it, but its cost, in comparison with the value of the property protected, changes its aspect. The

annual naval appropriation is only one-thousandth part of our national wealth. It is the smallest property insurance premium in the world and it is a life insurance as well, for the chief cost of war is human lives, not dollars. We assumed very serious obligations when we agreed to protect South America and the Philippines, and we must conscientiously observe our duties towards them. Each of the three countries which we have most to fear in this regard, England, Germany and Japan, maintains in the adjacent oceans a fleet superior to ours; England and Japan have three times the number of ships, and Germany about one-half more. Either we must prepare to meet the conditions as they stand, or abandon these policies. Dr. McNamara, of the British Admiralty, characterizes this naval rivalry as folly, but in the same breath says that the only remedy is more folly.

#### Holy Cross Wins Championship in Debate.

The final Interhall Freshman debate was held last Tuesday evening. The contesting teams were from Holy Cross and Corby Halls, the former team having defeated St. Joseph and the latter Brownson in the preliminary trials. The question for debate was, "Resolved, That the United States navy be increased." Corby Hall, which upheld the affirmative, was represented by Fabian N. Johnston, John Daily and Paul Rush, while the Holy Cross team was composed of William Minnick, Bernard O'Brien, C. J. Donovan.

The debate was unique in that there was no common ground on which to judge the merits of the two teams. The men from Holy Cross showed splendid team work and had well-composed and well-memorized speeches, which they delivered with oratorical effect, while the Corby representatives showed a much deeper insight into the question, but paid less attention to form. They evidently had given the matter a great deal of study, but this very fact was their greatest hindrance, for, as, one of the judges expressed it, "they had the better arguments, but they did not put enough force into them."

Johnston was good in his main speech, but

in his rebuttal seemed anxious to cover all the negative arguments advanced. Minnick, for the negative, skilfully evaded the question of the size of the navy, but this discrepancy was apparently covered up by the earnestness of his delivery. Daily displayed considerable spirit in the first part of his speech, but went to pieces somewhat in the latter part. This considerably weakened Corby's chances. O'Brien's speech carried much weight, as it was clear and he was careful to cite his authorities. Rush was a little nervous at first, but overcoming this, delivered the most logical and forcible speech of the evening. His rebuttal was excellent and conclusive, but, like his colleague, he seemed over-eager to exhaust the question. Donovan had a splendid array of statistics concerning other uses to which the money spent on the navy could be put, and had he not depended on this argument alone, ignoring the affirmative contention that we must have ample protection, regardless of the cost, his speech might have been more effective. Several of the men on Inter-Hall ought to make good Varsity material in a year or two.

The Holy Cross men showed great composure and self-confidence, and this undoubtedly contributed much to their victory. The judges, Father John Talbot Smith, Professor Hines and Prof. Farrell rendered a unanimous decision in favor of the negative.

#### C. E. W. Griffith in Hamlet.

On Friday, May 7th, Mr. Griffith of Chicago gave Shakespeare's Hamlet before the student body. Probably no play of the great writer is more difficult to present because of its great diversity of characters. A long and intense study is necessary to give a true interpretation of the drama. Mr. Griffith was good throughout, but certain interpretations are especially worthy of praise. In all the climactic scenes the reader was exceedingly strong, the closet scene between Hamlet and the queen, and the Play scene being probably his best. Great versatility was shown by the fine production of Ophelia's madness, and the comic situation at the graveyard. Mr. Griffith has been at the University several times and has never failed to please and to instruct.

### Laying of Corner-Stone of Walsh Hall.

With the simple elegance of the ceremonies prescribed by the Catholic ritual, the corner-stone of Walsh Hall, the new residence building of the University, was laid last Tuesday, May 11, and the edifice in course of erection was solemnly dedicated to the memory of Rev. Thomas E. Walsh, C. S. C. After the eight o'clock Mass, which was attended by the students, the Reverend President, Father Cavanaugh, delivered a short sermon. It was a fitting tribute to the memory of the man who for twelve years successfully guided the destinies of the University. He gave a brief sketch of the life of the distinguished priest, and delivered a glowing eulogy on the work of Father Walsh as an educator, as a man of affairs and as a Christian. He recalled the expressive tribute which Bishop Spalding paid him in his panegyric, "it is worth coming three hundred miles to see Father Walsh smile," as indicative of the genial and gentle influence which the esteemed President held over the minds and hearts of all who knew him. In the words of Father Cavanaugh, no nobler man ever wore the habit of Holy Cross.

Immediately after the sermon the students, followed by the clergy, went in procession from the church to the site of the new Hall. A box was placed in the stone containing a number of medals, some minor relics of the saints, a list of the members of the Holy Cross Congregation and of the full registration list of students at the University this year, copies of the current issues of the *Ave Maria* and *SCHOLASTIC*, and a parchment with the following inscription: "In the Name of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son and Holy Ghost. Amen. On the eleventh day of May, One thousand, nine hundred and nine, Pius X. gloriously reigning, William Howard Taft being President of the United States, Thomas Marshall being Governor of the State of Indiana, Herman Alerding being Bishop of Fort Wayne, Gilbert Français being Superior of the Congregation of Holy Cross, Andrew Morrissey being Provincial of the same Congregation, in the presence of the officers, faculty and students of the University of Notre Dame, this corner-stone

of Walsh Hall was solemnly dedicated." The stone was lowered and set in place, and then, after the building was blessed and dedicated, the procession reformed to return to the church. Here a thousand voices joined in that magnificent hymn of praise, the "Holy God," thus concluding the services of the morning.

### In the College World.

A county fair is to be given by the Agricultural students at the University of Missouri.

William Jennings Bryan delivered his lecture on "The Price of a Soul" at Illinois University on May 12.

Fifteen languages are represented in the enrollment of St. Vincent's College, Beatty, Pa., seven of which are taught at the college.

A course in Naval Engineering will be added to the curriculum of the Massachusetts' Institute of Technology next fall.

For the first time in history the Indiana University nine defeated Chicago. Johnson of Indiana gave but three hits. The score was 1-0.

The baseball schedule of Niagara University includes games with Jersey City, Newark, Toronto, Providence and Rochester, all of the Eastern Leagues.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the new Jesuit college, Grand Coteau, La., on March 23, its first pupil, Hon. Homer Mouton, was present. He entered his name on the register of the college, Jan. 6, 1838, and is now eighty-five years old. O. A. S.

The Knights of Columbus have offered an endowment fund of half a million dollars to the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. A condition attached to the donation provides that for each \$10,000 of the fund a perpetual scholarship shall be established, thereby ensuring fifty perpetual scholarships. A committee representing the Knights will have control of the fund.

## Personals.

—James A. Toohey, who completed the short electrical program last year and has since entered the employ of the Rochester Gas and Electric Company, is living at 14 Gladstone Street, Rochester, N. Y.

—The Rev. Charles P. Raffo, Louisville, Ky., will celebrate his Silver Jubilee on June 3d. Father Raffo is an old friend of the University, and on behalf of faculty and students the SCHOLASTIC sends him most cordial felicitations.

—Dominic L. Callicrate (C. E. '08), the hero of many a gridiron contest during his years at Notre Dame, is on the engineering corps of the Transcontinental Railroad. While at the old college, "Cally" combined studies and athletics with marked success.

—Mr. H. P. Morency, a student here from '66-'72, now in business at Versailles, Ky., came back last week to renew old friendships and see the changes which have taken place since his time. It was very interesting to hear him tell in his vivid way of the numerous incidents which enlivened the olden times. It is hoped that Mr. Morency will come again and stay longer.

—*The Round-Up*, published by the students of the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in its issue of April 28, reports a complimentary dinner given by the Junior Class to Prof. C. A. T. Hagerty (B. S. '90, M. S. '95). Prof. Hagerty is called the "grand old man" of the college. He is now the oldest professor in point of service and is evidently held in high repute. We sincerely wish him the continued and progressive success which his spirit and effort so richly deserve.

—Word was lately received that Harry N. Roberts (C. E. '06), of Tlaxiaco, Mexico, is to be married within a few days to his loved one in Mexico, Señora Adelina Dioz. During his term here Harry distinguished himself as one of the ablest and most brilliant students ever enrolled at Notre Dame. After their marriage the couple will come to Wilmington, Illinois, the old home of the groom, and will no doubt visit Notre Dame during their stay. On the part of all the SCHOLASTIC extends heartiest felicitations.

## Athletic Notes.

Michigan, 12; Notre Dame, 5.

The result of the Michigan game last Saturday was a painful surprise to us, resulting as it did in our first defeat of the year. A large crowd had gathered despite the threatening aspect of the sky, and the Loyal Legion was out in full force. We had expected that we would have a hard time beating Michigan, but the thought that they would win and by such a large margin was far from being anticipated.

"Dreamy" Scanlon, for two years practically invincible, was slated to do the slab work, and our confidence was strong. But "Dreamy" was off color, and Michigan took advantage of the fact and pounded out fifteen hits for a victory. Gibson took Ruel's place at short-stop, but had little chance to show how he could manage the position.

Michigan played a steady, consistent game, and gave Blanding excellent support. Blanding only allowed five hits; but for the work of the men behind him, however, the number would have been larger.

Hamilton used his batting eye this time, and was on deck with two pretty doubles, both of which scored runs when they were needed. In the seventh inning Don landed for a long drive to deep right-centre, but Sullivan robbed him of another double by a pretty catch. Hamilton's sacrifice in the third inning also aided in the run-getting. Kelly lived up to his reputation as a sticker by landing a single and a triple, both to left field, and both of which were factors in the scoring.

## THE GAME IN DETAIL.

1st Inning.—Sullivan drew four wide ones. Lathrop laid one down for Scanlon, but he fumbled and both runners were safe. Fountain popped one into the air to be gathered in by Daniels. Lathers grounded to Gibson who threw to second to catch Lathrop, but Hamilton dropped the ball. Hill singled between Hamilton and Daniels, scoring Sullivan. Lathrop was thrown out at the plate by Phillips, Lathers taking third and Hill going to second on the play. Olson hammered one at "Dreamy" that was too hot to handle and Lathers and Hill scored. "Dreamy" caught Olson napping off first base and ended the inning. Three runs.

Connelly walked. McKee sacrificed. Daniels reached first on Snow's error, Connelly taking third. Daniels.

stole second. Kelly hit to left field, but Lathrop dropped the ball, Connelly scoring, Daniels advancing to third and Kelly to second. Hamilton doubled to right scoring both men. Phillips and Gibson struck out. Three runs.

2d Inning.—Enzenroth and Snow were retired on strikes. Blanding went out, Scanlon to Daniels. No runs.

McDonough out, Snow to Hill. Scanlon struck out. Connelly drew his second pass and stole second. McKee flied out to Sullivan. No runs.

3d Inning.—Sullivan fanned. Lathrop went out. Connelly to Daniels and Fountain was retired in the same way. No runs.

Daniels walked. Kelly singled to left field. Hamilton sacrificed. Snow booted Phillips' grounder and Daniels scored. Kelly was caught between third base and home plate and went out, Lathers to Blanding. Gibson flied out to Lathrop. One run.

4th Inning.—Lathers out, Scanlon to Daniels.

Hill struck out.—Olson knocked a pop fly back of third which Connelly dropped, but Olson was thrown out, Kelly to Hamilton, in trying to reach second. No runs.

McDonough singled to right. Scanlon sacrificed. Connelly flied out to Olson. McKee fanned. No runs.

5th Inning.—Enzenroth singled to centre. Snow sacrificed. Blanding doubled to right and Enzenroth scored. Sullivan singled to centre scoring Blanding. Lathrop struck out. McDonough dropped Fountain's third strike, but threw him out at first. Two runs.

Fountain scooped up Daniel's grounder and threw him out at first. Kelly tripled to left. Hamilton came to the rescue with a clout to right-centre for two sacks, scoring Kelly. Heyl, who replaced Phillips in right field, flew out to Olson. Gibson grounded out to Hill. One run.

6th Inning.—Lathers out, Hamilton to Daniels; Hill lifted one to Heyl and Olson fanned. McDonough flied out to Hill and Scanlon to Fountain. Connelly got in the way of one of Blanding's slants and ambled to first, but died there as McKee flied out to Sullivan. No runs.

7th Inning.—Enzenroth walked. Snow rolled one to "Dreamy" who threw to second, but Hamilton's error saved Enzenroth. Blanding sent a slow one along the first base line which drew Daniels in, but Hamilton covered first in time to receive the throw. Sullivan took three swings and went to the bench. Lathrop beat out a bunt, filling the bases. Fountain singled, and Enzenroth and Snow scored. Lathers singled, bringing Lathrop home, Fountain going to third. Lathers stole second. Hill fanned. Three runs.

Daniels went out, Lathers to Hill. Lathers gathered in Kelly's high one. Hamilton lifted a long one to centre-field, but Sullivan made a pretty catch, robbing Don of a hit and ending the inning. No runs.

8th Inning.—Olson flied to Hamilton. Enzenroth fanned. Snow hit to Gibson who threw wild, letting Snow reach second. A moment afterward "Dreamy" caught Snow off second, Hamilton getting the out. No runs.

Phillips went out on a fly to Snow. Gibson out,

Lathers to Hill, Fountain pulled down McDonough's liner. No runs.

9th Inning.—Blanding opened the inning with a long drive to left and raced around to third, but he cut second, and Hamilton secured the ball and put him out. Sullivan doubled to left. Lathrop singled past Gibson, and Sullivan scored. Lathrop stole second. Fountain tripled to deep centre, scoring Lathrop. Lathers fouled out to McDonough. Hill singled past short-stop and Fountain tallied. Olson singled to right centre. Enzenroth put up a pop fly which dropped between Gibson and Hamilton and Hill came home. Hamilton picked up the ball and threw it to McKee who had come in from centre-field, catching Olson off second. Four runs.

Ulatowski, batting for Scanlon, was first out, Lathers to Hill. Connelly followed. Blanding to Hill, and "Dike" Scanlon, who was sent to bat for McKee, sent a rainbow out to Sullivan, ending the game.

Michigan	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E
Sullivan, cf.....	4	2	2	4	0	0
Lathrop, lf.....	5	2	2	1	0	1
Fountain, ss.....	5	1	2	2	1	0
Lathers, 3b.....	5	1	1	1	4	0
Hill, 1b.....	5	2	2	10	0	0
Olson, rf.....	5	0	2	2	0	0
Enzenroth, c.....	4	2	2	4	0	0
Snow, 2b.....	3	1	0	1	1	2
Blanding, p.....	3	1	2	2	3	0
Total	39	12	15	27	9	3
Notre Dame	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E
Connelly, 3b.....	2	1	0	0	3	0
McKee, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0	0
Daniels, 1b.....	3	2	0	9	1	0
Kelly, lf.....	4	2	2	0	1	0
Hamilton, 2b.....	3	0	2	5	2	2
Phillips, rf.....	2	0	0	0	1	0
Gibson, ss.....	4	0	0	0	0	1
McDonough, c.....	4	0	1	11	1	0
Scanlon, p.....	2	0	0	0	5	1
Heyl, rf.....	2	0	0	1	0	0
* Ulatowski, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
† R. Scanlon, c.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Total	31	5	5	27	14	4

\* Batted for Scanlon, 9th inning.

† Batted for McKee, 9th inning.

Score by innings:

Michigan—3 0 0 0 2 0 3 0 4=12

Notre Dame—3 0 1 0 1 0 0 0 0=5

Three base hits—Fountain, Kelly. Two base hits—Blanding, Sullivan, Hamilton (2). Bases on balls—Off Blanding, 3; off Scanlon, 2. Struck out—By Blanding, 4; by Scanlon, 9. Hit by pitcher—Connelly. Sacrifice hits—Snow, Blanding, McKee, Hamilton, Scanlon. Stolen bases—Sullivan, Lathers, Lathrop, Connelly, Daniels. Umpire, O'Brien.

\* \*

Notre Dame, 13; Hillsdale, 0.

The Varsity walked away with an easy victory over Hillsdale Wednesday afternoon. Heyl pitched excellent ball allowing only



two hits and walking but one man. He also secured two pretty hits. Everybody on the team was able to get at least one hit from Hall, and many secured two. Kelly's triple in the eighth and "Wilhelm" Ryan's coaching were the most notable features of the game.

Notre Dame—0 0 2 2 2 2 0 5=13 13 3

Hillsdale—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 2 5

Batteries Hall and McGrath; Heyl and McDonough.  
L. C. M.

### The Colorist.

The *Colorist* by Mr. J. A. H. Hatt is a clever publication. His scheme of "Color Analysis" is an infallible guide to every artist who is striving to see truth in color presentation. Each chapter contains simple, pleasant, instructive ideas, which are to the physicist or artist perfectly accordant. Indeed a successful painting of to-day is intrinsically dependent upon the theories and methods herein advocated. J. W.

### University Bulletin.

Lost—A watch in gymnasium. Finder please notify Harry Curtis.

All students, from Seniors down, are reminded that *the final examinations count in the matter of promotion and graduation.*

We are instructed by the Master of Studies to advise those whom it may concern that theses from all candidates for degrees and the competitive essays for the Meehan Medal will be due on Thursday, May 20.

### Local Items.

—After trying for several long weeks, the SCHOLASTIC's weather bureau feels that it has something worth while to offer. Just open your eyes and enjoy it.

—Five weeks more and the year's work will be finished. It might be well to buckle down and make the best speed possible on the home-stretch.

—"Goofie," after carefully and honestly diagnosing himself, reports that he "eats well, sleeps well, and has plenty of fun—but no ambition to work." He terms the

ailment "loaferitis;" it is thought to be chronic, becomes more acute—or rather, obtuse—on warm days, and is curable only by the most stringent remedies.

—The Annual Philopatrian picnic was held last Thursday and passed into history with the same success that has attended all the Philopatrian functions. "Mickie" McMahon, as chef served the refreshments in appetizing style. A baseball game between the Philopatrians and ex-Philopatrians resulted in a victory for the former. Between swimming and playing games the time was whiled away pleasantly.

—Rev. John E. Burke, director-general of the Catholic Board for Mission Work among the colored people, has sent a letter to the SCHOLASTIC giving a brief outline of the mission work this board is doing. It is Father Burke's hope to raise \$100,000 annually for the colored missions, the fund to be made up from \$1 subscriptions. Persons desiring to help in this work may address Father Burke at the headquarters, No. 1, Madison Ave., New York.

—Inter-hall baseball is now the rage, and at almost any recreation time the diamonds are filled with opposing teams. Several teams from outside of school have played at the University, and most of them have met defeat at the hands of the locals. A number of scrub teams have been organized, and everybody is striving for the championship of something or other. The new Corby diamond is immensely popular and makes one of the best ball fields on the campus.

—Monday evening, the preparatory teams of Holy Cross and St. Joe met in joint debate on the question of governmental ownership of railroads. The debate, although a lively one, finally resulted in a unanimous decision in favor of Holy Cross. The St. Joe team, while they handled the question in an admirable manner, were evidently inferior to their opponents in knowledge of the question and in logical team work. The winning team was composed of J. Butler, J. Kelley, J. Stack and F. Biter, alternate. The deciding contest for the preparatory interhall championship will take place some time in the near future between Holy Cross and Brownson.

—At a meeting of the Junior class, held in the law room on Thursday of last week, the

staff of the 1910 Dome was elected. Denis Morrison was chosen editor-in-chief; George Finnigan will be art editor, and William C. Schmitt will have charge of the business details. The other members of the staff appointed by the editor-in-chief are: Peter Hebert and Leo McElroy, associate editors; Leo Cleary, Harry Miller, Leo Moriarty, Raymond Coffee, Michael Mathis, James Redding, assistant editors. It is the intention of the Juniors to get to work early on their annual, and an effort will be made to have the 1910 Dome out earlier than any other of the year books has ever been issued.

—With "Copper" Lynch acting as toast-master, the Junior Law class held its annual banquet at the Oliver one night last week. The entire class, which by the way, is the largest ever enrolled at Notre Dame, was present and made things merry until a late hour. The menu was elaborate and the lawyers did it ample justice. Hon. Timothy Howard, Dean of the department of law, was the guest of honor and responded to the toast "Our Guests." Judge Howard is an eloquent and forcible speaker and gave much excellent advice to the members of the class. The following is the list of toasts: "*Alma Mater*," James L. Cahill; "Retrospection," James Kennedy; "Class of 1910," M. D. Clark; "The Absent Ones," James Kenefick; "The Lawyer in Politics," George Sands; "Forensic Oratory," Paul Donovan; "Our Guests," Squire Berry.

—One of the most notable events in the Latin-American calendar this year was the banquet of the Mexican Club at the Oliver Hotel on the evening of May 5. The occasion, known as "Cinco de Mayo," commemorates the victory of the Mexicans over the French army under Maximilian at Puebla in 1862. Napoleon at that time intended to establish an empire, but was overthrown by the great General Zaragoza, and since that time Mexico has been a most contented and prosperous republic. Pedro A. DeLandero was toast-master of the banquet, and right royally did he perform the duties of his office. Prof. G. L. Trevino responded to the first toast, and following, came addresses from Señors Nieto, Cortazar, Rosso, Romana, Lopez, Romero, Simon, Garcia, Duarte, Grande, Alarcon, Arteaga, Sahagun, Sanchez, O'Dowd, Wolff and R. V. Garcia. The menu was an elaborate one and the talks were given with a fervor and earnestness that did full justice to their patriotic spirit.

—The editors of the 1909 Dome are working overtime in order to be able to issue the year book on June 1. The book is now in the hands of the printers and the job is being rushed as much as is consistent with good workmanship. This year's Dome promises to be a treat. The athletic department is being featured and individual pictures and write-ups of all the team men, managers and coaches will be published. The other departments will also be unique in their way and the book will be profusely illustrated with pictures that are sure to please. It is said that the Senior Class will be treated in a perfectly unconventional manner, and it may be said that this will be the general policy of the book. The wit and humor department will contain many good laughs and the annual will be of a nature so general that it will please every friend, alumnus and student of the University. The first subscription to be received from the outside came yesterday from John S. Hummer, an alumnus of Chicago. Mr. Hummer's subscription was followed by that of Daniel P. Murphy, another member of the Chicago Alumni Association.

—There is in circulation a rumor, which, if true, will do much to show that the great American Hen has not yet reached her zenith. Two rank outsiders, so the story runs, promised a chicken dinner to the Corby debating team in case they won, and alternating visions of drumsticks and shortcake, battleships and 10-inch guns chased in rapid succession before the eyes of Father Farley's men as they made frenzied appeals for protection against the hostile invader. However that may be, it is true that when Curran sought the aid of the dry psychology of James, Rush went straight to nature. "Eggs," he said, "eggs, mind you, just little things like eggs would buy a battleship a year,"—and who could vote against Her Majesty, the hen. If the tale of this foul play is true, we believe an apology is due from the deliberate malefactors to the Brownsonites, for how could they debate against the Epicurean dreams of a paradise such as inspired the winners. The pledge was incentive enough, and the bold challengers were sore afraid, when the Holy Cross champions came to their rescue with reason and eloquence to blast the Corby argument.