Weak Man.

THOMAS A. LANEY, '11.

I STOOD beside a lofty pyramid,
And gazed in awe upon the massive mount
Of solid rock, whose time-defying crest,
Upreared into the clouds, still stands to count
The flight of ages numberless. And long
I viewed that monument of human skill,
So vast and huge in its entirety,
Until in wonderment, my soul athrill
With conscious pride upwelling in my heart,
I thought, "O man, how like a god thou art!"

I gazed upon the Himalayan chain,
That huge, stupendous bulk uptowering high,
Its hoar--element-emjattled brow
Above the very clouds that deck the sky;
I rode three hundred leagues along its base,
And lo, tremendous sight! its snow-capped peak
Still towered there in solemn majesty.
"O man," I cried, "presumptive worm! how weak
Thou art! Thy puny work seemed grand to me
Before; but now, O God, I see, I see."

Gregory the Seventh.

JOSEPH A. O'NEAL, '11.

THE decease of Alexander II.,
when tolling bells announced
that another of Christ's Vicars
had passed beyond the portals
of death, the heart of every
devoted Catholic was reani­
mated with a fire of zeal and charity
brighter and more unquenchable than, for
many years, had glowed in Christian
breasts. Yet, apace with their ardent love
for justice and righteousness grew a bitter
hatred and utter detestation of vice and
sin, which were then most prevalent. A
momentous period in history had been
reached. Good contended against evil. To
which side would the tide turn? That
rested entirely with those concerned in
choosing a successor to the late incumbent
of Peter's chair. And who can estimate the
sagacity exhibited by all Christendom as
she fixed her gaze upon a humble monk, and
hailed as Peter's successor one who had
been private counsellor to not less than five
popes, and had frequently acted as papal
legate on the most complicated missions;
hailed him as the one designed by the
Almighty to wage, among clergy and laity
alike, that war of reform so manifestly
imperative? Hildebrand was the man, the
much-calumniated saint and reformer of
the eleventh century, known also in history
as Pope Gregory the Seventh.

Seated on the throne in an age of dark­
ness, he had to contend with difficulties far
beyond human comprehension. The masses
and the nobles were woefully ignorant and
neglectful of their most essential duties.
The Church, fettered hand and foot, was
tyrannized over by despotic barons and
princes, who always set God's honor second
to their own, and never "allowed justice to
stand in the way of their own ambition."

The clergy were sometimes appointed by the
king from a court of professed libertines, and
then, as his "sworn vassals," shamefully
forced upon that Church that had afterward
to bear the disgrace and ignominy brought
down upon her by their disreputable lives.
Other abuses, notably, simony and infidelity
among the ministers of the Gospel, were
the natural fruit of such seed. Each setting
sun found the high standard of morality,
implanted by the early Fathers, sinking ever nearer and nearer to the rock of destruction.

Under these unfavorable circumstances, it was with the utmost reluctance that Gregory had assumed the onerous responsibilities of governing the flock of Christ. Humility, so rare in those days of crime and depravity, far from permitting him to seek high honors and exalted stations, had placed forcibly before his eyes—indeed, too much so—his own unfitness, and made him shudder at the very thought of being created Pope, compelling him, but in vain, to beg exemption from the torture of elevation to an office of dignity. But once convinced that it was God's will that he be there, he determined to be exact—yes, scrupulously exact—in the discharge of his functions, cost what it might. His ascension to the pontificate marks the last instance where papal election was confirmed by an emperor, and the first gigantic stride to a long-needed reform, the accomplishment of which was to be his life-work.

Behold with what indomitable energy, with what undying courage, with what unflinching resolution he dealt that first blow directed against the unfaithful clergy; with what rapidity—fearless of consequences, ready, if need be, to face death itself in the cause of justice—he followed up that first blow with others in condemnation of simony and lay investitures. He did not so much as hesitate, though he knew he must oppose one of earth's mightiest monarchs. To him king and pauper were alike.

Momentarily Henry repented of his faults, and besought pardon. But it was only for a moment. Elated by new victories, urged on by depraved courtiers, unworthy priests and bishops, Henry once more renewed his old tactics; reinstated imperial counsellors who had been formerly excommunicated by Alexander II., stole precious stones from Catholic churches, and began again to oppress unjustly the Saxons. Reassured by these encouragements, voluminous storms of reproach and the vilest calumnies were thrust by the discontented with increased force and audacity upon Gregory. Decrees had often provoked dissatisfaction and murmuring; but never before—and never more unreasonably—had they met with such violent and relentless opposition. To attempt to enforce them was to expose oneself to any angry mob whose sole aim was to hinder their execution.

Paternal warnings fell upon Henry's ears only to be contemptuously resented. His ungracious response to Gregory's fatherly admonitions—reproofs dictated by the purest charity—was a letter announcing that the venerable patriarch had been dethroned as a fallen monk. Think of it!—a subject has arrogantly presumed to depose his king! But if Gregory is to be considered great on account of the iron-willed resolution with which he prosecuted so rigid, so drastic a reform, it must not be forgotten that he is far more worthy of our admiration because of the extraordinary serenity and composure he displayed at all times when his personal honor and dignity were at stake. His coolness on this occasion recalls to one's mind what astounding patience and gentleness he manifested on Christmas Eve of the previous year when, without resistance, he allowed himself to be dragged from the altar and, bleeding and faint as he was, to be hurried off to prison. But his spiritual sons realizing that, in a mass of debris, they had found a pearl, at once demanded and obtained his deliverance; then in triumph he was conducted back to the altar from which he had been so shamefully taken. Who but a saint could have endured such insults? Why was he so treated? The answer comes back, because he was a lover of truth and an enemy of sin. Yet the fact that he bore uncomplainingly all personal injuries is an incontestible proof that he labored not for selfish interests, but for the One above.

Nor did the amiable ruler of Christendom attempt to vindicate himself. His humility, his spirit of mortification, inculcated in childhood by his tender mother, would not permit it. Henry, with all his accomplices, was branded with anathema: for that the dignity of the one concerned had no influence upon Gregory's actions—and would we have had more such men—is evident not only from his treatment of Henry of Germany, but likewise in his dealings with Philip of France and Boleslaus, King of Poland. Courage of this stamp belonged, not to the Dark Ages, but to apostles eager
to suffer for Christ; therefore his greater
claim to our praise, our admiration.

The result of Henry's excommunication
was instantaneous. No longer capable of
ruuling he was deserted by friends and con­
sellers. In this way the justice of Gregory's
measures was universally acknowledged. He
who had been the target at which were hurled the most malicious accusations was confessed to be guiltless. And no proof of
one's innocence can be more irrefragable
than to have it proclaimed by his bitterest
enemies. Henry in a flash saw the precari­
ousness of his position; he must either render
allegiance to Rome, or forever lose his king­
dom. Always actuated by the most selfish
motives, he preferred to suffer any humilia­
tion rather than let slip from his tenacious
grasp an office so productive of ease and
luxury. There was no alternative: the
anathema had to be removed.

It was during that frightfully cold winter
of '76 and '77 that Henry, all but alone,
came as a penitent into Italy. Every step
across the snow-capped Alps had meant untold agony. How benumbed with cold he must have been when he reached Canossa
whither Gregory had retired! And incredible
though it seems, the penance had just begun.

For three dreary days the haughty despot
stood pleading for admittance into Gregory's
presence. What a reversion!—the emperor
has become the suppliant. The good Pontiff,
stern and immovable, appeared senseless to
the feigned repentance. At length, however,
yielding to the urgent intercession of Matilda
he allowed Henry to enter. Here we see the
meeting of two extremes—virtue and vice.

In the venerable old Pope behold a light
of the Church, a man wholly devoid of self­
interest, who does all things from a pure
love of the Crucified. In Henry beheld one
whose career is but dawning; one who leads
a licentious, pleasure-seeking life, one whose
only ambition is self, first, last and always.
The penetrating eye of the magnanimous
Gregory read insincerity on his heart; and
though the anathema was uplifted, most
stringent terms were imposed upon the
delinquent. Some there are who dare accuse
that same Holy Father of over-severity;
rather let them say that no mortal ever
could have dealt out to Henry chastisement
equal to his sin.

Gregory's just apprehensions were not
long wanting confirmation. Having returned
to Germany, King Henry most shamefully
violated those conditions to which he had
so lately promised fidelity. Not greatly
surprised, the sagacious shepherd of the
Catholic flock, unshaken in his resolve to
see that the laws were carried out, at once
renewed the sentence of excommunication,
and declared Henry incompetent to rule.

Though conscious that his mere silence
would have insured for him unlimited con­
cessions, Gregory would rather die than
sanction what his reason could not approve.
His words to Matilda are an ineffaceable
evidence that he labored for something more
than "gold, jewels and the treasures of this
world." His goal was heaven, and he knew
that the way was rough.

Compliance with Henry's will would have
obtained the deliverance of the Anti-Pope
into his own hands; it would have obtained
Henry's homage, and eventually have ended
the already long-protracted struggle. But
Gregory remained inflexible as death itself;
for he well understood that such a move­
ment must, of necessity, lower the Church's
standard of morality, oppose the designs of
Providence by allowing the state to conquer
the Church, and mean the utter failure of
his life-work—that so imperative reform.

But his days were fast drawing to a close.
To the very end he confides in God's help
and support. Suffering was always to him
a source of great joy and consolation. To
fight for God and the truth had meant end­
less opposition; yet never once did he repent
of any measure taken in furtherance of a
holy cause, and it was with the greatest
peace of conscience that he uttered those
ever-memorable words: "I have loved justice
and hated iniquity: therefore I die in exile,"
as he gave up to God his pure soul, so
deserving to be numbered among the saints.

The death of Gregory was not the passing
of an ordinary pope; but it was the loss
of one whose virtues, shining forth like so
many suns, had lighted up the darkness
of his age. His character has been well
summed up in a few words: "To resolute
moral courage and strength of will he added
an unbounded devotion to the interests of
the Church and intellectual gifts of such
eminence that he readily took in the most
complicated facts, devised their solution, and applied a remedy. Grave in his utterances and dignified in his conduct, he was neither vain nor proud of his power. His very enemies had to acknowledge that his morals were pure and his life above reproach."

He, like all great men arising at the critical moment, labored, not for his own days, but for the future. Though in the eyes of the world he seemed vanquished, yet he died a glorious conqueror. The Anti-Pope did not reign; Henry, by virtue of his excommunication, was unable to retain the imperial crown; lay investitures became a thing of the past; simony ceased to be practised; and the Church was once more blessed with worthy ministers. "He chained up monsters; he destroyed the feudal hydra; he saved Europe from barbarism." In a word, that reform, the failure of which would have brought inevitable disaster to both Church and State, under the vigilant eye of Gregory, had become a perfect success. And to him we owe it that to-day the Catholic Church is absolutely free and independent of all temporal sovereigns. Yet this is why he died in exile; this is what made the world's most illustrious soldier exclaim: "If I were not Napoleon, I would wish to be Gregory the Seventh."

Retrospection.

PETER P. FORRESTAL, '11.

As I list to the mirth of the youths here around me,
'Tis in silence I muse on the days now no more,
When in joy and in gladness each morning's sun
found me
And the sweet cup of pleasure did all but flow o'er.

Ah, how quickly the time seemed to pass as I wandered
Over woodlands and valleys with those I held dear;
And how oft on those friendships so true have I pondered
When I see how deceitful are those that are near.

To that place of my childhood I fain would betake me,
If the joys it once gave me again I could find;
But those youths, fair and true, like myself did forsake thee
And they left but thy beauty and grandeur behind.

So adieu once again to those fond recollections,
As the joys that have vanished 'tis vain to deplore;
But I'll try round things present to twine my affections
And on childhood's bright pastimes to muse nevermore.

The First Home Run.

MAKEY J. KELLY, '09.

They were sitting together in the softly-lighted library discussing many things. He was Chester Collard, for two years captain of the Frisbie varsity football team and third baseman of the baseball team. She was Florence Argus, a most loyal supporter of Frisbie College and beloved by Frisbie men.

Collard was busily engaged in telling his hostess what the Frisbie team would do to a certain western college team which it was scheduled to meet on the diamond that spring, when suddenly, and with very apparent haste, she excused herself.

Naturally, he followed her with his eyes as far as he could, and he saw her pass out into the hall and go toward the front door. Then he picked up a magazine and started to look through it. While doing so he heard a very feminine and a very short exclamation of fear.

That "Oh-li" was enough. He was in the hall in a second. What he saw was indeed a surprise, and he halted for an instant, but a very short instant. Then he jumped at the man who was choking his friend, and pulling him away from her, threw him on the floor, and held him there. He was just about to suggest that the police ought to be called when Miss Argus recovered her breath and interrupted him.

"Oh, Chester, I am so grateful to you," she said fervently.

At that moment the prisoner almost succeeded in escaping, for since she had always called him Mr. Collard before, the change came so unexpectedly that as a result he let go of his prisoner's arms, but he soon controlled him again. Being a football man, he had learned to make use of every advantage, and he immediately made use of the present one.

"Why, that was really nothing, Florence, but may I ask what the trouble was?" he replied modestly.

"That fellow was our butler. Mother discharged him to-day, and when I saw him going out with two suit-cases I decided that there was something wrong and started
after him. I stopped him right here, and demanded that he let me see what he had in the cases. He never said one word but simply began choking me, and then you came," thus she related the incident with eloquent emphasis on the last words.

"Hadn't you better open the cases, Florence?" he suggested.

"Why, yes, if you will hold him," she replied, somewhat disconcerted by the savage grin of defeat on the face of the ex-butler.

"Go ahead, I think he will stay with me," Collard confidently assured her.

She proceeded to open the cases. One contained valuable fur coats belonging to herself and her mother. The other contained jewelry. In this case was Collard's last Christmas gift, a pretty opal. When they saw all that the cases contained both were very glad; she, because she had been saved from a heavy loss of her property; he, because he felt that after all he really had done something worth while for the best girl on earth.

After the cases had been thoroughly examined a silent reverie seemed to possess both until the prisoner becoming tired of his position rudely broke in upon it with:

"Well, what yer goin' ter do about this? Lemme up. Do yer tink I'm er Morris chair?" In his anger at having his game blocked so suddenly, he forgot the language of the butler, and used the familiar, slang of his other profession.

"Oh, excuse me for forgetting your comfort, you're so small," nonchalantly retorted Collard. "Get up."

"Be careful, Chester, don't let him get away," anxiously put in Florence, "for it's the little things that count, you know. I think I ought to 'phone the police station now."

"You need not worry about his getting away," Collard answered.

A short time afterward a plain clothes man from a neighboring station-house arrived. Accompanying him was Miss Argus' father whom she had also notified. The officer took care of the ex-butler, leaving the father, daughter and guest to discuss the remarkable occurrence.

It must have been a happy discussion if one were to judge from Collard's joyful return to the 'dorm' at Frisbie. He danced his way down the long corridor, humming a snatch of a song and arousing several of the inmates from their slumbers. Some of them put their heads outside their doors and yelled: "What's doing, Cap," "Cut it out, Cap," "Take a look at our captain," "So late, it looks bad." To all of which he merely answered, greatly pleased with himself: "Oh, I scored a hit to-night."

When his fellow-students read the papers the next morning they realized that he must have scored a hit, and it was their unanimous opinion that it was a home run, the first of the season.

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All Day and Night.

Otto A. Schmid, '09.

Upon the lake the shadows wake  
And ripples break  
By night and day.

In silence grows the blood-red rose,  
Its beauty glows  
All night and day.

Across the sky the planets fly  
And still pass by  
Through night and day.

Among the trees there lisps the breeze,  
Its aim to please  
By night and day.

Upon the hill the wild birds trill  
Their song with skill  
By night and day.

Beside the stream the flowers gleam  
And gleaming dream  
All night and day.

But how and why do creatures fly,  
And whence their song, now soft, now strong;  
And who can make  
The shadows break,  
And guide the race of worlds through space  
By night and day?

The One who stands above Time's hands,  
Who knows the past and future vast:  
He makes the song,  
He-right the wrong,  
And rules unseen His vast demesne,  
By night and day.
**Varsity Verse.**

**TO A KNOCKER.**

YOU lie in wait for some such lapse
As may o'ertake the best of chaps,
Some blunder small or oversight;
And when it comes, with huge delight
You deal your tingling verbal slaps.

You fail to see that your mishaps
Full oft deserve far harder slaps,
For under wrong impressions quite
You lie.

Yet does your conduct show broad gaps
That prove your conscience sometimes naps;
And if you say it is not spite
That whets your greedy appetite
For scandal's meanest crumbs and scraps,
You lie.

K. N. AWKEE.

**OUR BASEBALL TEAM.**

When our nine gets in line
With the boys of the West,
And the Eastern teams skilled in the game,
They will show that they know
How to win from the best,
For the honor of old Notre Dame.

They can all hit the ball
When we need it the most,
And at fielding you bet they're the same;
Yes, we're proud of our crowd,
And we fear not to boast
Of the team that defends Notre Dame.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

**GRAFT.**

If there's water in your milk,
That's graft.
If there's shoddy in your silk,
That's graft.
If you buy a can of meat
And it isn't fit to eat
For the poodles on the street,
That's graft.

If you're boozled by a cop,
That's graft.
If you're "lifted" in a shop,
That's graft.
If the price of Standard Oil
Rises till you have to toil
Like a slave upon the soil,
That's graft.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

**Duty.**

**OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.**

"Private fortunes are held in trust for the people," is a doctrine that has defenders in all parts of the world. Great Americans as well as the foremost Europeans have promulgated it. An ideal idea! a beautiful thought! a conception much more easily conceived than carried out—therein lies its weight. Difficult to carry out and seldom carried out, because at bottom it involves two great world-principles, antagonistic and opposite. The one partakes of the nature of the Pharisee, the other the nature of the Samaritan. It is selfishness versus altruism.

What more natural and more human than that a man should use his wealth to increase his wealth; employ his dollars to gather more dollars, to make them millions? Can we blame the capitalist for so doing? Would not we, or at least the great majority of us, do the same if we had the opportunity? In the millionaire's place we would do the same that he does, simply because it is human nature. Selfishness is a universal trait of mankind; wherever it is found, its effect is the same. It promulgates the doctrine: "First look out for Number One, then others."

Since selfishness is here, there and everywhere to-day as well as yesterday, altruistic economists can but try to curb its evil effects, forestall its devastation and avoid its curse by striking at the root of the evil. If we would have altruistic principles carried out, if we would have public-spirited actions, we must be trained and educated with that end in view; we must educate ourselves thus and help educate others.

This curbing of the selfish instinct in human nature is one of the greatest, perhaps the greatest, of all questions before the modern world. But how can mankind be taught altruism? How can millionaires be made to see that their wealth is to be used for the good of the public as well as for their own good; and not as a check to their neighbors and fellowmen? The answer to this must perforce be incomplete...
and complex. There are doubtless many ways by which we can and may reach the sought-for solution. There are as many solutions as there are phases to human character.

The principle that great wealth should be used for public as well as for private good is based more or less on the doctrine that the public helps to give value to an article, that it gives goods their exchange-ability. Thus the question, why shall the public not reap a benefit from that which it produces? is an expected and evident one—a logical question. Is the public entitled to its proportionate share in everything it helps produce? Are men in the mass to be considered as the individual is considered? Do economic laws of production and returns apply to masses and classes in the same way as they do to single persons? On the face of matters it seems as though the answer must be yes. Then if the public produces ten per cent of the market value of an article it is logically entitled to ten per cent of the proceeds.

Since the public, like the individual, is entitled to its share of production, we can but conclude that the public has a claim,—a vital claim,—on the great fortunes, because it has helped and continually helps to create and sustain them. Then obviously men hold wealth in trust for the public, and they do their duty toward the public by making wealth produce more wealth, by increasing the world’s stock of capital goods. The debt can not be paid by going out into the street and scattering dollars broadcast among the poor and needy; but it can be paid by making goods—the needs and necessaries of life—cheaper, better and more easily procured. To arrive at this conclusion is not a serious task for economists, but to devise ways and means to have the conclusion carried out is another problem, more serious and far deeper.

Instead of applying the foregoing conclusion to material wealth, let us apply it to education, higher education, which is a certain kind of wealth, subject to the laws of supply and demand and exchange. What is the result of the application? What is the answer?

Since the public has a claim on wealth because it helps produce wealth, it is an undeniable fact that the community has a share in the production of higher education, because college courses are based on wealth, the fortune of the student’s father. As far as education is concerned, the recipient does no work of economic value to earn the education. His only claim is the cashable check or the checkable cash of a parent or guardian. Is not the educated man more indebted to the public for his education, his wealth, than the man rich in material goods? Naturally he is, and that being the case he should pay his debt.

Immediately the query arises: “Can the educated men of the country be taught to see and understand their debt? Assuredly yes; but the teaching must begin in the place where the man is educated, namely, the university. Verily the university is the hope and mainstay of the State, of Democracy, of the Union. A thing well begun is half done. A man’s life can only be well begun when he has been taught to see his debt to mankind as well as his duty to himself. Educate men to see and do this. That done, a great step has been taken toward the betterment of the race, for the uneducated and untrained will follow the educated and the trained in all undertakings of fairness and squareness.

If the educated class leads the uneducated, either poor or wealthy, the rich man must follow or fall, for he loses the support of the public if he fails to follow. The wealthy man pays his debt to society when he makes the wages of the laborer of more value in use to-day than could have been bought yesterday. The educated man does his duty toward society when he influences the rich man to see and do his duty.

The educated man gets his ideas and ideals from the institution where he got his schooling. Thus, the evident truth is, America must look to her schools and universities for her future leaders. What kind of leaders shall they be? This question once decided, the rest of the problem of the distribution of wealth works itself out naturally, easily and alone. Teach men their moral, economic and social duties; teach them the doctrines of the Master, the doctrine of brotherhood, and the fall of American democracy and ideals will be as far distant as the fall of ancient Nineveh.
"Et in Arcadia."

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

The waters of Bandusia's rill
Reflect the Umbrian forest still;
But in their crystal glass
No poet sees his idle dreams
Take form and color in the streams
Of bubbles as they pass.
No coronals of ivy leaves,
Nor golden grain in twisted sheaves
Placeate the nymph who dwells
Within those depths so misty clear,
I almost thought I saw appear
The mistress of thy wells.
No Bacchic mysteries profane
Thy silence with a wanton train,
And mystic dance and song;
But where the crimson vintage fell
Red roses spring as if to tell
Of that enchanted throng.
And thus a dream has come to me
Of hills and dales of Arcady
Through which your ripples flow;
Where nymphs and satyrs hurry by,
While Philomel sings praises nigh
As in the long ago.

McNulty's Scoop.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR. '10.

Robert McNulty was the new reporter on the Globe. Fresh from the triumphs of a brilliant career in college, and confident with the buoyant hopefulness which youth and strength inspire, he entered upon his chosen work with zest and energy. He had ideas on certain things which were born of older men's advice and of his own ponderings. One of these ideas was that time spent in acquiring useful knowledge is not wasted, and another, that a kind deed done to another is something that will never cause regrets or remorse. And by these ideas of Robert McNulty, there hangs a tale.

One fine morning in spring, McNulty, as was his wont, left his boarding-house and hurried down to the office of the Globe. It was a day to make a man's blood pulse through his veins with renewed exuberance; to make him feel within himself the healthy glow of new-born life. There was exultation in the swinging stride of the young man, as his rapid footsteps beat the pavement. Men do deeds that last in the memory of other men when they are under the influences that governed Robert McNulty that May morning. He reached the office and stepped inside, and the office boy returned his greeting with a nod.

"The boss wants to see you, Mac," he said. Mac entered the city editor's sanctum.

"There's talk of labor troubles over in Denmark to-day, Mac," said the boss; "I wish you would go over there and see if you can't get up a story on it. Guess you can cover the job, can't you?"

McNulty would not have said "no," had the question referred to those Algerian stables which helped to make Hercules famous, so he replied in the affirmative and withdrew.

He took the first train for Denmark, a city of some importance, situated forty miles distant from Mt. Hamill, his own home. Going to the smoking-car, he observed two men who were known to him as reporters on rival papers. He greeted them, but they were not inclined to be sociable, so he seated himself a short distance in their rear and was forced to listen for almost an hour to their sneering allusions to the incompetency of some men to send out an ignorant young cub on such an important assignment as this was. He was anxious to get to his destination and to work, and when the train came to a stop at a dingy little station a few miles from Denmark, he jumped impatiently from his seat and went out to see what caused the delay.

It was a derailed freight train. Several cars had jumped the track, and on account of their weight had caused a displacement of the rails. The delay in any case would be long, and he could only reach Denmark in time by obtaining some other means of conveyance; he was about to do this when, as he turned to leave the small, shanty-like depot, the one-legged agent asked him if he would remain in the office for a matter of a few minutes, while he went across the street to get a plug of chewing tobacco. Mac was in a hurry, but after a moment's hesitation he acceded to the request.
“Five minutes won’t make any difference to me either way,” he thought. And besides, Mac had ideas of his own which he intended to live up to. So he re-entered the station. As he did so, the sound of a moving vehicle attracted his attention, and he turned to see his rivals, Frailey and Mason, in the seat of a phaeton behind a rapidly moving pair. At that moment he envied them their luck, but this could not help his own position, so resignedly he opened the door of the office, and sat down to await the agent’s return.

The time passed slowly. To McNulty it seemed as though he had been seated in the chair for half an hour, when the little telegraph instrument at his elbow commenced to click. Now, ordinarily, telegraphy is out of the line of journalism and journalists; but as we have already seen, McNulty was no ordinary person, who confined himself to the common boundaries of learning incident to his profession. During his high-school days, he had found time to become acquainted with the Morse alphabet along with an ill-assorted mine of other information. Therefore, thinking to while away a few minutes at some profitable occupation, he seized pad and pencil and commenced to jot down the message as it came off the wire. Listless at first, his face soon became tense with concern and deep interest. His eyes were alight with anticipation, but about the corners of his mouth were the furrows of anxiety and trouble. For these were the words of the message:

“Wreck on flyer below Montrose Junction. Send wrecker and doctors.”

McNulty was not slow to realize the possibilities the situation held for him. Montrose Junction lay only six miles from where he was, and he could easily reach it in a short time with a hand-car. The one-legged agent returned.

“Have you got a hand-car around here?” shouted a very excited young man in his ears. The other, dumfounded and with mouth a-gape, pointed to the tool shed.

“Jin’thar,” he said, “but wh'at'n the nation’s up? Did ole Gabr’el blow his trumpet?”

For reply Mac handed him the telegram.

“Read that; and then help me with that car—quick.”

When the agent had read the telegram, several traces of his pristine agility returned, and the car was set on the rails in a trice. The agent insisted on accompanying the reporter to the scene of the wreck, and McNulty was by no means loath to permit this arrangement, since two pairs of hands make lighter work than one. So the office having been locked, and the agent’s wife notified of her husband’s departure, the two men set forth for Montrose Junction. They reached the place in time to hear the groans of the wounded and the dying, and McNulty seized the opportunity to write up a thrilling story of the worst wreck in years on the very ground where it occurred. Before the first detachment of doctors and nurses had arrived, he had telephoned his story to the Globe office, and scored a complete scoop for the afternoon edition of his paper. Next morning he was seated in the editor’s office reciting his adventure of the preceding day. When he had finished, the editor congratulated him upon his energy and resource.

“I heard this morning,” he continued, “that there are a couple of pretty sore fellows on the Democrat and the Gem City. That strike over in Denmark did not materialize, so they lost out both ways. But, by the way, Mac, how much are you drawing now?”

“Fifteen a week,” was the reply.

“Well, how would it strike you if we made it twenty-five?”

It must have struck Mac just about right, for the first thing he did was to go down and tell the girl about it. Of course, it required a little persuasion to make her see things just as he saw them, but perseverance and a pretty solitaire ring won the day, and before long McNulty had someone to help him spend his extra salary.

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A Wish.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.

Not mine to lead a mighty host
When the bugle calls,
Nor hear the glory of honor won
When the battle's o'er;
But a niche to fill, for some quiet good,
In Duty's halls,
And leave behind a life well-spent
When I reach the shore.
—Among the many reforms that have been attempted and become successful, has been the unprecedented movement for prohibition, the regulation of child and woman labor, compulsory education, civic improvement and humane laws. A few years ago it was legal to employ children in factories and the city “sweat shops.” Now an age limit prohibits the hiring of boys or girls of tender years. Laws have been passed in many states whereby education is compulsory. An education is required of every child, to a certain age and compel them to attend school, should they refuse, under the penalty of severe punishment.

These reforms tend to better the moral, intellectual, economic and social condition of the nation. Amongst the young, in some states, cigarette smoking, which has reached such an enormous height within recent years, though not as common as drinking, is considered equally as injurious. An effort is being made to check this habit among boys. The National Anti-Cigarette League has established branches in many cities throughout the United States, and much has been done to prevent the spread of this evil.

The Late Lucius Tong.

Seldom does death bring with him more gloom into a community than was felt on Sunday morning when the sorrowful word was passed about that Lucius Tong had passed away. It was as though our person at the University had suffered a family bereavement.

Mr. Tong was one of those rare Christian gentlemen whom it was a great grace to know. Gifted with rare business talent, he always maintained and developed a fine taste for literature. Morally, he was an ideal man, and hardened men of the world, who would sometimes declare in a pessimistic mood that they would never again repose confidence in any man, would immediately make an exception if Mr. Tong’s name was mentioned. South Bend has known many men of unusual integrity, but there never was a citizen of South Bend so absolutely incorruptible as Mr. Tong. His personality in the banks of South Bend was recognized by the public as a surer guarantee than the best banking law on the statute books. In an age remarkable for deceitful business methods, a man of such honesty is a blessing in a community.

To those at Notre Dame who knew him, Lucius Tong will always be remembered with special reverence and gratitude. He was not only willing but eager to render us any service within his power. In earlier days, he was one of that band of noble and devoted lay-professors, who were as keenly interested in the upbuilding of Alma Mater as any member of the Community could be. He shared the spirit of Lyons and Stace and Hoyne and Edwards and McCue and Howard. On the roll of honor of the University, his name deserves a prominent place.

Endowed with an intensely religious spirit, Mr. Tong was received into the Church in his 21st year. Of his character as a Christian, it is enough to say that each day of his life was full of edification to all both within and without the Church. This fact more than any other is a consolation to those whom he has left behind, and especially to his devoted wife and family. The Scholastic assures them that all in the University share their grief.
Twelfth Night.

Seniors' Day and Easter Monday are synonymous terms at the University. This year, in accordance with the well-established custom, the members of the Senior Class presented a play in Washington Hall in the afternoon and danced in the evening. Last year "Richelieu" was staged; this year the play was "Twelfth Night." As usual there was a large gathering in Washington Hall, so large that the capacity of the hall was taxed to the utmost. Friends and relatives of the actors had come from far and near to be present at the entertainment.

In some respects the presentation of the play fell below the high standard established in other years. This was noticeable, not so much because of any special deficiency on the part of the members of the cast as because of the very excellent work of those who presented the same play a few years ago. Then, too, it must be remembered that the individual star is not ordinarily developed in a single season of college dramatics, and that when he does appear at his best he is very likely to overshadow the work of beginners who come after him.

Among the persons of the play in "Twelfth Night" it would seem that Frank Zink, taking the part of the Duke Orsino, was most at ease in his conduct on the stage. His voice was good and his manner graceful. George Sprenger, who took the part of Sir Toby Belch, succeeded in keeping the audience in good humor; George will be remembered also for the good work he did last fall in "Half Back Sandy." Richard Wilson was the Sir Andrew Aguecheek of the play, a part which he acted with commendable success. John M. Fox paraded the stage in the garb of Malvolio and gathered to himself a sufficient quantity of ridicule to make the character live in the memory of all who attended the performance.

Raymond Hughes, to whom was assigned the part of Sebastian, deserves a fair share of praise for the excellence of his work. Grover McCarthy will be easily remembered for his make-up. In the character of Antonio he had little to do, but did it in a very acceptable manner. Claude Sorg played the part of the clown, a prominent part, and played it well. William Moore took care of two parts, Fabian and Valentine, and in both was a success, particularly in the latter part which was more important. Henry Burdick made a very satisfactory Sea Captain. Leo McElroy played the part of Viola so well that he deserves more than passing praise. The part is a leading one and is somewhat difficult; but Leo sustained the reputation which he earned a year ago when he played the part of François in "Richelieu." Frank Madden had one of the most difficult rôles in the whole play, that of Olivia. In his effort to preserve a softness of voice suited to the character, he spoke so low at times that it was difficult to hear him. To some extent this was a fault of several of the members of the cast and was made more noticeable on account of the fact that the curtain music was played without mutes; the orchestra, which is exceptionally good this year, would be still more successful if softer effects were produced when the music is offered as an accompaniment to the dialogue of the play. The difficulty of hearing what was said on the stage was also noticeable in the case of Howard McAleenan, who took the part of Maria. In spite of this defect, however, Howard deserves a large share of praise for the success of the entertainment. He has done well on other occasions, only to do better each time he appears.

Finally, mention is to be made of Professor Farrell who has had charge of the training of those who took part in the play. The task was not an easy one, since the play itself offers opportunities that only the best of actors can make much of, and since those upon whom he had to depend were without the wide experience which counts so much for success. Professor Farrell is to be praised for the good results of his efforts.

The work of the orchestra was remarkably excellent, with the exception noted above, and on account of this the musical numbers were listened to with more than usual attention. To praise the orchestra is to voice the sentiments of all who take any interest in the organization. It is the best we
have had in years, and Professor Petersen is to be congratulated because of that fact. The cast of characters in the play was as follows:

Duke Orsino.........................Frank Zink
Sir Toby Belch........................George Sprenger
Sir Andrew Aguecheek................Richard Wilson
Malvolio................................John M. Fox
Sebastian...............................Raymond P. Hughes
Antonio................................Grover C. McCarthy
Clown..................................Claude A. Sorg
Fabian................................William J. Moore
Sea Captain............................Harry A. Burdick
Valentine...............................William J. Moore
Viola.....................................Leo C. McElroy
Olivia.....................................Frank A. Madden
Maria..................................Howard W. McAleean

Sailors, Officers and Musicians.

The musical program was as follows:

Overture, "Light Cavalry".................F. Suppe
Selection "Orlando"......................R. Schiepegrill
Medley, "The Pacer"........................F. O'Hare
Selection from "The Wizard of Oz"........W. Anderson
March, "Guarde du Corps"...............R. B. Hall

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 19; WINONA, 0.

Notre Dame’s baseball team deserved to be arrested and convicted on the charge of cruelty to animals for the way they treated Winona College in the first game of the season. At the end of the seventh inning the score was 19 to 0, and had the full nine innings been played there is no telling what the score would have been. “Willie” Ryan was on the mound for the Varsity, and his treatment of the visitors makes him a candidate for a hearing by the humane society. To prove to the Coach that he made a good guess when he captured him for the team, Ryan allowed Winona one stingy hit and struck out fourteen men. Three an inning is all that faced him, and two men got so far as first base, one to meet instant death in attempting to steal, and the other to die on first, Daniels committing the murder with a hidden ball. The game did not even afford the Varsity a good work out. A total of fifteen hits and twenty stolen bases shows though that the team is a bunch of sluggers and fast on bases. Centlivre was the biggest sticker of the game, getting four safe wallops, two three-baggers and two singles.

The following is a summary of the game:

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

Total.........................................19 15 21 10 1

Winona..................................R II P A E
Cliff, 1b, p...............................0 0 2 0 1
Crawford, ss..............................0 1 2 1 2
Minck, 3b.................................0 0 0 0 2
Nelp, 2b.................................0 0 3 1 0
Tillett, p, 2b..............................0 0 2 3 1
Kelley, c..................................0 7 0 0
Bricker, rf.................................0 0 1 0
Seybold, lf.................................0 2 0 1
Kilts, cf..................................0 0 0 0 0

Total..........................................0 1 18 6 7

Notre Dame................................R II P A E
Bonham, lf................................2 1 0 0 0
McKee, cf................................4 1 0 0 0
Daniels, 1b.................................1 2 1 0 0
Cutshaw, 2b...............................2 2 1 3 0
Brogan, 3b.................................2 0 0 0 1
Rucll, ss..................................3 2 0 0 0
Centlivre, rf..............................3 4 0 0 0
R. Scanlon, c..............................2 2 1 0 5
Ryan, p.................................0 1 0 2 0

Total.........................................19 15 21 10 1

Notre Dame................................5 1 2 6 3 2 = 19
Winona..................................0 0 0 0 0 0 = 0


NOTRE DAME, 18; ALBION, 0.

In a game, noteworthy because Dubuc issued nine passes, hit one man and struck out ten, the Varsity defeated Albion College in the second game of the season by the score of 18 to 0. Although Dubuc issued enough free rides to lose his game, he was at the same time unhittable, and crawled out of some tight holes when he was forced to do so. The game was as much of a farce as the one with Winona, and just afforded a good workout.

Daniels fattened his batting average with four clean wallops, two singles, a double, and a home run. McKee’s fielding was a feature, and Circus Solly Hoffman hasn’t a thing on McKee when it comes to rolling around the ground and getting fly balls.

There appears to be no doubt whatever but that the Varsity this season is the strongest combination that ever represented the Gold and Blue.
The following is a summary of the game:

Notre Dame
Bonham, If 6 0 1 0 0
McKee, cf 5 3 1 2 0
Daniels, lb 5 4 8 0 0
Cutshaw, 2b 2 4 1 4 2
Brogan, 3b 5 1 1 1 0
Ruell, ss 3 4 2 0 0
Centlivre, rf 4 1 2 0 0
McDonough, c 5 1 0 1 0
Dubuc, p 5 0 1 1 2

Total 40 18 12 2 7 9 0

Albion
Squire, 1b 1 0 0 4 0 2
McKale, c 3 0 0 2 1 0
Keils, cf If 3 0 1 2 0 0
Brown, 3b 4 0 0 3 1 0
Knickerbocker, ss 3 0 0 6 3 2
Hudnutt, rf-p 2 0 1 4 0 0
Moffett, 2b 3 0 0 3 1 2
Karr, If-rf 3 0 0 1 0 2

Total 25 0 3 2 4 5 8

Notre Dame 5 1 1 6 4 0 1 0 *18
Albion ...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0= 0


Notre Dame won the third game on Tuesday, swamping Kalamazoo College by the score of 19 to 0. The game lasted but seven and one half innings, and the only interesting thing about the contest was the brilliant fielding stunts pulled off by the Varsity infield. Cutshaw and Ruell played the star roles, Cutshaw picking a line drive off his shoestrings, and Ruell went out in left-field and picked a Texas leaguer out of the air with his bare hand. Cutshaw also stepped into the limelight with a home run in the first inning.

"Dreamy" Scanlon was on the hill for the Varsity and allowed two scratch hits. The same "Dreamy" was the cause of many glad hands by his slamming the ball for two two-baggers.

The fielding of Kalamazoo team was something fierce, and although Thomas and Kinney, who did the twirling for the visitors, were touched for many safe wallops, the work behind them was awful. The game was a regular walk-away.

**

Notre Dame 3; Beloit 2.

Beloit proved to be a Tartar in the game on Thursday. It took two pitchers and nine full innings to win the game. The score was 3 to 2.

Philips started out to do the mound work for the Varsity, but in the sixth inning he became so generous that Coach Curtis pulled him out. Up until the sixth Philips got away well and his first time at bat slammed one for two bases. Dubuc went in in the sixth, and although he was a little wobbly himself at times, he held things for the rest of the game. Beloit's two runs were scored in the eighth inning after two men were down and were the result of Bonham's error in left field. One thing nice about Bonham is the fact that he is due for a miss or two each year, and now that he has had the bad one, for the rest of the season left-field will be just like a big basket. "Bonnie" will be the least of our worries.

Notre Dame won the game in the last of the ninth. McKee first up was an easy out,
but Daniels hit for two bases and Cutshaw scored him with a clean single in left.

Notre Dame......................B R H P A E
Bonhani, If.......................5 0 3 1 0 2
McKee, rf.........................5 0 0 1 0 0
Daniels, lb .....................5 1 2 11 1 0
Cutshaw, 2b......................5 0 2 5 0 0
Brogan, 3b ......................3 1 0 2 0 0
Ruell, ss .........................3 1 1 2 1 0
Centlivre, rf.................4 0 0 0 0 0
McDonough, c..................4 0 1 4 5 0
Philips, p......................2 0 1 1 1 0
Dubuc, p........................2 0 0 0 3 0

Totals.........................38 3 10 27 11 2

Beloit................................B R H P A E
Knudson, If......................3 1 2 0 0 0
Armin, ss.........................1 0 0 3 1 2
Lien, p..............................3 0 0 2 3 0
Gleghorn, c.....................4 0 0 7 0 1
Snyder, 1b......................4 0 1 10 0 0
Dunham, 3b......................4 0 1 1 3 0
Harve, rf.......................4 0 1 1 3 1
Williams, rf....................4 0 1 0 0 0
Beck, 2b.........................2 0 0 1 4 0

Totals.........................29 2 6*25 11 4

Notre Dame........................0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0 1=3
Beloit..........................0 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 0=2

Two base hits—Philips, Ruell, Daniels. Struck out—
By Lien, 5; by Philips, 3. Umpire—Farabaugh.

* One out when winning run was made.

Senior Hop.

On last Monday night, April 20, the class of 1908 held their Annual Senior Hop at Place Hall, South Bend, which proved to be one of the greatest successes in social functions ever given under the auspices of any Notre Dame class. The fact that the dance was held in South Bend, instead of the University gymnasium as formerly, has made the success of the event doubly notable, for it was a precedent which will more than likely be kept up by future classes. For some time it was doubtful whether the class, owing to the smallness of its numbers, would be able to hold such an event, but what the class lacked in numbers, it made up in enthusiasm and perseverance, the outcome of which was the successful affair of last Monday. For weeks the seniors worked and planned the dance, and so well were their plans laid and carried out that not a flaw attended the preparations from the time the hop was first undertaken until the concluding strains of the orchestra sounded the close of a social event that approached the brilliant.

The ballroom, itself a magnificent hall, was made doubly attractive by the neat and artistic decorations which graced its walls and corners. At the east end of the room, directly facing the entrance, was a huge "N. D." draped in the University colors, gold and blue. This was hung from the wall against the magnificent American flag presented by the class to the University. In the four corners of the ballroom attractive booths were formed of the college and class colors. Two were arranged in gold and blue bunting and festooned with ribbons of the same color, and two in the class colors, pink and blue. In three of these seats were arranged piled with pillows, which formed inviting and restful cozy corners for the dancers who whiled away the fleeting moments between the numbers of the program. In the fourth, from behind a forest of palms and plants, Matt's full orchestra played its sweetest music, which was encored time and again throughout the evening.

About the room were numerous palms, while the windows were artistically draped with American flags of former classes, alternately with flags of the gold and blue. Pennants of various colleges were hung in profusion upon the walls, adding brightness and gaiety to the occasion. Gracefully festooned about the entire room were gold and blue, and pink and blue ribbons effectively arranged in harmony with the cozy corners. The polished floor, which glittered beneath the blaze of hundreds of incandescent lights, added a brilliancy to the room. Facing the University monogram were the numerals "'08" brilliantly illuminated with red, white and blue electric lights, and on either side of both entrances to the ballroom stood magnificent palm trees from which were suspended lights of various colors.

In the conservatory immediately adjoining the ballroom, the electric display made the hit of the evening. Strings of electric bulbs enclosed within Japanese lanterns were suspended from the ceiling, and gave the room a decidedly fascinating appearance. A canopy was formed of gold and blue ribbons of crepe paper, draped from the ceiling. In this room also palms and plants were effec-
tively arranged about the floor and in the cozy corners, constructed of the same material and color scheme used throughout the dance room. In one of these corners stood the Punch Bowl and in another the artistically draped table upon which refreshments were served. Both punch and refreshments were served during the entire evening.

The refreshments were in charge of Messrs. G. Hueford, G. Roach and J. Maguire, while the Punch Bowl was attended by Messrs. T. Dunbar and C. C. Johnson, and to these gentlemen is due the highest credit for the manner and smoothness which they displayed in serving the guests. The electric effect produced in this room was the work of Messrs. Trevino and Caparo.

Promptly at nine o'clock, the strains of the orchestra announced the opening march which was led by Mr. John Berteling, president of the class, and Miss Gertrude Myers of South Bend. From that time until one o'clock the dancers merrily glided over the floor, when the strains of "Good Night Ladies" announced the closing number. The program consisted of eighteen dances and four extras. Fifty-seven couples participated in the hop, which will long be remembered by those fortunate enough to attend.

John J. Scales, '08, acted as floor manager, to whom is due in great measure, as chairman of the committee, the success of the affair, as well as individually to the members of the arrangement committee, consisting of the following: John J. Scales, Rufus W. Waldorf, John W. Roach, Varnum A. Parish, William M. Carroll, Hiram G. McCarthy, Leslie J. McPartlin, Gustavo L. Trevino and Charles H. Johnson. They were assisted in the decorations by a committee composed of Dominic Callicrate, James J. Flaherty, Simon O'Brien and Francis X. Cull.

During the evening the guests were favored by a visit from Rev. Father Cavanaugh, President of the University. The patrons and patronesses of the hop were Dr. and Mrs. John B. Berteling, Hon. and Mrs. G. E. Clarke, Dr. and Mrs. John A. Stoebckley.

Amongst the alumni who attended were: Messrs. A. Stephan, '04, and J. Dubbs, '06, Chicago; W. McInerney '06, South Bend; and William O'Neill, '06, Mishawaka. The senior class and committee desire to thank the faculty and all those who in any way contributed towards the success of their hop.

The ladies present were: Mrs. John B. Berteling, Mrs. J. Lantry, South Bend; Mrs. Wm. O'Neill, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Ryan, Cleveland, Ohio; Miss Tucker, Chicago; Miss Bowser, Chicago; Miss M. Meagher, Milwaukee, Wis.; Miss E. Miley, Spokane, Wash.; Miss L. Kelley, Chicago; Miss R. Burdette, Charleston, W. Va.; Miss Egan, Chicago; Miss G. Brown, Niles, Mich.; Miss O. Kinnear, Canton, Ohio; Miss Roy, Mishawaka, Ind.; Miss Parish, Momence, Ill.; Miss R. Adelsberger, Notre Dame.


Personals.

—Joseph D. McCarrick is Division Freight Agent of the Southern Railway with headquarters at Norfolk, Virginia.

—Mr. Joseph P. Gallart (C. E. '07) is in the employ of the Cuban government and holds a very desirable position, with prospects of immediate advancement. His address is Calle San Fades No. 3, Santiago de Cuba. Joe will always be remembered by the men of his time.

—Invitations have been issued for the marriage of Miss Onnolee Belle McCullough to Mr. Alexander Angus McDonell at St. Mary's Church, Clinton, Iowa, April 30. After August 1st, Mr. and Mrs. McDonell will be at home in Cloquet, Minnesota. "Mac" is most pleasantly remembered by all who new him at Notre Dame, and all wish him the fullest measure of happiness.

—The approaching marriage is announced of Margaret Rose Hyland to James George Taylor in Holy Trinity Church, New York City. Date set is Wednesday, April 29. "Jim" Taylor was a student from '97 to 1901 and a general favorite with both
faculty and students. The SCHOLASTIC sends cordial greetings from the University, and wishes the young people every blessing.

Dr. Fred J. Combe, Mayor of Brownsville, Texas, recently vetoed an ordinance by which the City Council attempted to turn over a perpetual franchise on all the streets of the city to a company which assumed no corresponding obligations. The prompt action of the Mayor undoubtedly saved the city from that foolish experience. Mayor Combe’s message to the Council in announcing his veto is an admirable document. Dr. Combe entered the University twenty-five years ago, remaining till ’86.

Debaters and Orators.

Last night we had a double triumph in public speaking. Down at Bloomington our representative in oratory, W. P. Lennartz, competed with men from other colleges of the state and won unanimously. Here at Notre Dame we debated with Ohio State University on the question of federal incorporation of interstate business corporations, and won on the negative by a divided vote of two to one. The Notre Dame team was composed of Messrs. R. Collentine, P. Hebert and M. Mathis. The judges were Messrs. J. Defrees of Chicago, E. Crockett of South Bend, and F. Meecham of Chicago. A fuller report will be given next week. Next Friday we defend the affirmative of the same question, in a debate with Georgetown.

Local Items.

The baseball team of St. Edward’s College, Austin, Texas, has captured the State Championship.

Notice to Law Students:—Any law student desiring to purchase a complete law library cheap may inquire of the President of the University.

The President is working hard upon the forthcoming bulletin which will be occupied entirely with the organization of the Alumni, June 17th. The bulletin will appear next week.

The official score of the BrownsonSORin game, Sunday, April 12.

Summary:—

R E
Brownson........... 0 0 0 0 0 2 0 3 = 5 4 1
Sorin............. 0 0 1 3 4 2 1 0 = 11 9 1

Fish, Dodge and Lenertz. 
Cook and Atley, Umpire—Bonham.

On April 3d, a meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society was held, and the question, “Resolved: That life imprisonment should be substituted for capital punishment,” was debated. Messrs. Lange, Heyl and F. O’Brien took the affirmative, and were opposed by Messrs. Barsaloux, Daly and W. W. Rice. The judges, Messrs. Devine, J. Moloney and E. Lynch, gave a unanimous decision in favor of the negative. The other numbers on the program were: Welcome to the Nation, Leo Lynch; Roosevelt the Reformer, W. O’Brien; The Manufactories of South Bend, Leo Schumacher.

It is a disgraceful thing when two young men who have attained to physical manhood at least behave so boorishly in the dining-hall that they have to be given a detachment as though they were small children. It is hardly fair to allow such conduct to be charged to their breeding, for, unfortunately, it sometimes happens that even when much trouble is taken to bring a boy up right, he still proves foolish or vulgar. It must have been a humiliating experience for those two big bruisers to be required to take the punishment of small boys. Other men of Sorin are forced to share in the humiliation, and they hope the offense will not be repeated.

At the meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held April 9, the question debated was: Resolved, That the expenditure of the Federal Government is too great and wasteful. The affirmative, with Justin Moloney, Charles Murphy and Thomas Havican, won against W. Ely, E. Lynch and G. McCarthy on the negative. The Reaper and the Flowers was given by John Devine; the beleaguered City, Stephen Dillon; It is not Always May, J. Brisbin; History of the Explosive Engine, H. Garvey.

An entertainment was given by the Brownson Glee Club and members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Wednesday evening, April 22. Following was the program: “Merrily Goes Our Bark,” Brownson Glee Club; Easter at St. Peter’s, John C. Sullivan; Creeping up the Stairs, Frank L. Madden; Violin Solo, selection, J. Wilfred Ely; The Immigration Problem, Thomas Havican; Song: Simple Simon, W. Ely and G. McCarthy; administered. The Reaper and the Flowers was given by the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, held April 9, the question debated was: Resolved, That the expenditure of the Federal Government is too great and wasteful. The affirmative, with Justin Moloney, Charles Murphy and Thomas Havican, won against W. Ely, E. Lynch and G. McCarthy on the negative. The Reaper and the Flowers was given by John Devine; the beleaguered City, Stephen Dillon; It is not Always May, J. Brisbin; History of the Explosive Engine, H. Garvey.

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