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## A VALIANT WOMAN.

IN MEMORY OF MRS. KATHARINE NEENAN, Died Feb 6, 1906.

*Favor is deceitful and beauty is vain: the woman that feareth the Lord, she shall be praised.—Prov. xxxi., 30.*

NO social queen by wealth upborne  
Whose life in Fashion's cult was spent,  
Nor woman "new," of manly bent,  
Was she whose passing many mourn.

A heroine of humble mould,  
Her simple gospel, work and prayer,  
She reproduced that matron fair,  
The valiant woman sung of old.

What matter, now, the *kind* of work  
God gave her willing hands to do!  
Not low or high, but false or true,  
Is still the test we may not shirk.

And true was she through lengthened days;  
E'er faithful to each duty here,  
She feared the Lord with Christian fear,  
And won for aye the Scriptures' praise.

Yet 'tis not praise, but prayer, that best  
Confirms the verity of love,  
So plead we all to God above:  
"Lord, grant her soul eternal rest!"

ARTHUR BARRY O'NEILL, C. S. C.

## Cardinal Manning, Total Abstinence Leader.

STEPHEN A. GAVIN, '09.



MORE than four decades of years ago, Archbishop Manning, later Cardinal, was appointed to succeed Cardinal Wiseman in the See of Westminster, and forty years have hushed the cry that rose out of the despair and wretched misery of London's slums, and awoke chords of practical sympathy in the tender, fatherly heart of the newly made Archbishop. A

career that had already encompassed the duties of ecclesiastical statesman, author and politician had not so spent the activities of Cardinal Manning's life that he could turn a deaf ear to the low, sad murmur of wretchedness that rose from the poorer sections of his archdiocese. He listened, and in the wail he recognized the note that called to duty. To feel duty, in Manning's case, meant strenuous action, and his response to duty in this particular instance has carved his name indelibly in the annals of English philanthropy, and marks him the first to purify and elevate the social and spiritual condition of London's poor through the movement for Total Abstinence. His life is all the more interesting from the fact that its first half was spent in the Anglican Church, and not until 1851, when he was already forty-three years old, did he become a convert, and then he undertook the most arduous work of his career, at an age when the majority of men begin the enjoyment of life's harvest fruits.

He was born of a middle-class family, and was educated at Harrow, but gave little promise of intellectual brilliancy. Later on at Oxford he made a name in debating, and afterwards took high honors and obtained a fellowship at Merton College. Following the usual custom of holders of fellowships, he took orders, and was successively named deacon and subdeacon in the Anglican Church. As deacon he was given the parish of Lavington in Sussex. There during a stay of eighteen years he studied and learned the state of the poorly paid laborers, and their miserable condition fathered a heartfelt pity, which bore fruit later on when, as Archbishop of Westminster, he was to grapple with and settle the problems caused by drink. On Passion Sunday, 1851, Arch-

deacon Manning made his submission to the Catholic faith, and on the 16th of June of the same year he said his first Mass. He was promoted in rapid succession to the duties of Provost of Westminster, Monsignor, and finally, in 1865, on the death of Cardinal Wiseman, he was selected to fill the vacant See of Westminster.

Here began his noble duties as philanthropist, for in his new dignity, the deepest poverty and intensest suffering seemed living principles in the very atmosphere about him. Day by day, and night after night, from his own diocese cries of despair went heavenward. Sin and squalor, poverty and misery, together with neglect of all religious duties, were rampant. The air seem tainted with the scent of crime and ugly moral death. It was as though some decaying corpse had fallen into the wellspring of their religion and morals, checking the normal flow of everything good and uplifting. And the sight of so many souls, crushed in spirit with the desolation of their ruin and the hopelessness of their future became food for thought and an incentive to action for Manning. He traced the causes of the evil to their root, and endeavored to find a remedy capable of removing if possible the sorrows and sufferings of his flock. He was brought to realize that the sad cause of all the neglect of religion was the vice of drunkenness, which ravaged and ruined both the bodies and souls of the poorer members of his flock. More than half their poverty and misery, and nearly all their crime and neglect of religion and its duties, he rightly laid to the charge of excessive drink.

To attempt to bring his people to the light by speaking from his own pulpit would be to thunder his words into an echoless desert. He went in person into the very heart of the horrors he had heard of; and if the sight of the unfortunate victims filled him with unfathomable pity, his horror for the crime of drunkenness was also infinitely increased. Disregarding all thoughts of the toil, the pain, the sacrifices, and unending effort on the part of himself and others in a warfare against drunkenness in its every shape and form, he unfurled the standard of a christian warrior against man's greatest enemy, and to the last hour of his life he never "struck his colors." So true is this

that in his eightieth year, the Cardinal used these words: "I have for years, I say it openly and boldly, been a fool for Christ's sake in the matter of intoxicating drink, and so I hope to die."

From this earnestness sprang the crown of Manning's labors—the League of the Cross. Mgr. Nugent, with a few other adherents, were active in its foundation, but it was in the main the work of Manning's hands. He was the principle that gave it life; the general in the warfare. His every power of mind, soul and speech were brought out in its foundation. He attended public meetings almost without number; in different places and on various occasions thousands and tens of thousands listened spellbound to his simple, earnest appeals for more temperate lives. His eloquent pleading for the holy cause began to inflame all London, and in 1872, the League was fairly launched. Manning himself took the pledge, provoked thereto at a meeting of workmen in Southwark. On saying that his doctors would not allow him to take the pledge, a workingman at the end of the hall cried out: "Never mind the doctors, come and see what good it has done us in our homes." And on the principle that he had no right to ask a man to do that which he was not ready to do himself, he took the final plunge and signed the pledge.

The Truce of St. Patrick was another of his successful schemes for the curbing of this detested vice. An indulgence was granted under the usual conditions to all those who pledged themselves to abstain during three days—the Feast of St. Patrick, its eve and the day following; and among the Irish in his flock this proved a judicious and beneficial arrangement; then, too, he made the law one of his strong weapons. He supported what was called the "permissive prohibition" policy of the United Kingdom Alliance, and united forces with Sir Wilfrid Lawson in support of his efforts to obtain legalized control of the liquor traffic.

The spread of a cause so holy by a leader of such earnestness and enthusiasm could not have been fruitful of any other than beneficial results. Multitudes were redeemed from lives of squalor, misery and vice. Police courts were emptied; districts which debauchery and riot formerly made

unsafe were now reformed through the Temperance Movement, and not the least of all the benefits was the formation of habits of self-control and restraint.

In his efforts at reform, Manning evidenced tenacity of purpose and an unbending will even to the fighting point. Having made up his mind on any question he took no one's counsel. Open-air meetings or crowded halls made little difference to the Cardinal. He was always earnest and enthusiastic, never annoyed by interruptions, nor excited by angry words, and crowded meetings of workmen on Clerkenwell Green, Tower Hill, London Fields and Hyde Park were always moved by the simple, heart-stirring pathos of his speeches.

Time in no wise lessened his fervor or narrowed the limits of the Cardinal's zeal for Total Abstinence. Not London alone, but Manchester, Liverpool and other large cities of England were made familiar with his unsparing denunciations of drink. Age never weakened his power of pleading, nor made the less vivid his striking illustrations, and himself he never spared.

For years his short autumnal vacation period he spent in the north of England strengthening the holy cause and further advancing the crusade of the League. A trial of his later years, and one to which he seemed never reconciled, was the necessity of giving up this vacation work during the last seven years of his life. Then he realized that he must soon be taken from the field of his labors. He had sown the seed of a cause that had no parallel in England during the last century. He had witnessed the reaping of untold benefits both to his country and thousands of his fellow-citizens; he had seen the dark cloud of hopeless despair that hung over London's poor pierced by a ray, at least, of heaven's comforting, cheering sunlight. Thousands, and even tens of thousands, had by his efforts been freed from the clutches of drink's unsparing demon. And yet as he looked back on it all, he longed with the spirit of a true apostle for greater lease of life, unflagging energy and never-fading power to carry his conquests further. It was not granted him, however, and on January 14, 1892, he died at Westminster.

With his remains was also interred the cause which had ever been his life, and if

mortal feelings can still cloud the mind of him who has left his adherents without a leader; if the dull shades of disappointment can still dim the brightness of his eternal glory, the chilling realization must come from the fact that the completion of his work has been carried out so half-heartily. With the loss of his guiding hand the plough has been left in the furrow; weeds and smothering growths have overrun the glebe that cost him such effort and endless sacrifice to turn; but as long as the Total Abstinence cause in any quarter can claim an adherent, Cardinal Manning is assured a revered and sainted memory.

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### A Hand Out.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

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Gloom had settled over the Junior Medics as they grouped together for sympathy in the reading-room of the Physicians and Surgeons' college. The Junior banquet, for months the talk of the college, was over. It had taken place the night before, and now while some of the embryonic doctors nursed bruised and aching heads, others swore at the police, and vowed vengeance. It all came about this way. After their banquet the Medics, rather hilarious, sallied forth from the dining-room, and *en masse* started to tour Chicago's down town district. What they didn't do wouldn't be worth the telling. Down the street they paraded, tearing down signs, stealing gum slots, rolling barrels down cellars, and having a general good time, at least from a student's point of view. But, by the time they reached the West Side somebody sent for the police. With a tugging of belts and a whirling of clubs the "cops" came on the scene and the students regretted the coming. So as they gathered together the day after many brains were busy working out plans for revenge.

Out on the farthest corner of Chicago's far-reaching West Side, Officer Glennon trudged wearily along. Stretching round him on every side was the snow-covered prairie over which the wind swept with chilling, biting force. It was Glennon's first month as a policeman, and as he was a steady young

man, these midnight hours and this lonesome locality had no charms for him. He wished he were back at the station-house with the rest of the policemen sitting round the fire or else snugly ensconced in his sitting room at home. With such thoughts as these he gradually left the western end of his beat and turned the corner from which he could see the electric light shining over the patrol box far down the street. As he was already late Glennon hurried on to ring up. With this end in view he was about to cross the street when a cab rapidly driven turned the corner and dashed by almost running him down.

To Glennon's angry inquiry: "Where are your lights?" the driver's only answer was a muffled oath while he urged his horse to still greater speed.

"Kind of strange for a fellow to be in this part of the town at such a time of the night," thought Glennon. "I wonder what he's up to." But he dismissed the occurrence from his mind and was continuing his walk toward the patrol box when he perceived something lying on the sidewalk about half a block down the street. He at once quickened his steps. As he drew nearer the dark object outlined itself more clearly against the snowbank in which it was half buried. "It looks like a man and he's either drunk or dead," muttered Glennon. "Dead! perhaps murdered;" the very thought made the cold sweat stand out on his forehead. Alone with a dead man in that strange place! Glennon drew back; but pulling himself together he approached the body and bent over it.

Yes, it was a man. The body had been cast down with the face to the ground. A shawl, evidently used a gag, was wrapped around the head concealing it from view. One arm was bent under the body, the other with the hand stiff and rigid lay extended on the snow. Glennon knelt down and grasped the hand. With a start he drew back; it was stiff and rigid and covered with blood. The ground about the body was also covered with spots and stains of blood. Foul play was only too evident.

Rushing to the box Glennon sent in a "hurry-up" call to the West Side Police Station, and then having taken his stand over the dead body anxiously awaited the

arrival of the patrol wagon. It seemed hours to the waiting policeman before he heard the welcome clang of the gong, and the wagon hove in sight. Swaying from side to side it turned the corner, barely missing the curb. Far ahead flashed the rays from its powerful headlight, and the horses plunging forward under the repeated blows of the whip fairly flew over the ground. With eager eyes the driver scanned the street expecting every moment to see a mob of strikers or toughs, for the iron-foundries were not far away, and the employees had been troublesome of late. But no such sight met his eyes. There was only a solitary policeman standing guard over a prostrate figure. Into the glare of the electric light swung the patrol, and half a dozen policemen with a sergeant sprang out.

"What's up, Glennon?" asked the sergeant looking round and seeing nothing but what he thought was a drunken man.

"Murder, sir, that's what it is," said Glennon leading the sergeant and policemen to the body. With Glennon in the lead they crowded round the prostrate figure, and the sergeant bending over the body attempted to raise it from the ground. But to his surprise the head gave way and rolled into the gutter. Another officer was tugging at the legs, when they also separated from the body. For a full minute the men stood foolishly looking at the headless body, and the policeman clinging to the legs for dear life. No one spoke. Then the sergeant let out on Glennon.

"Glennon, you thundering idiot, it's a dummy, and you've brought us all the way out here to be laughed at for the rest of our lives. Why didn't you investigate before you sent in the alarm?"

"But look," said the astonished Glennon, "look at this hand, do you mean to say that hand ain't real flesh and blood?"

The body to which the hand was attached was raised to the light when from under the sleeve attached to the wrist by a cord, slipped a card on which was scrawled:

"To the West Side Policemen, a Hand Out Compliments of the Junior Medics P. and S."

NARROW minds narrow the hearts of others that they may understand them.

Varsity Verse.

SHADOWED: FEB. 2.

OUT of his hole,  
 Blinking and blind almost as a mole  
 He cometh,  
 The beast that bummeth  
 The winter thoroughly through.  
 Lean as a bean-  
 Stalk and mean-  
 Looking. Shaggy, with furtive eyes  
 He spies  
 Over his shoulder most wise.  
 Sidewise  
 Likewise  
 He turns his eyes  
 And, lo!  
 See him go,  
 Waddle, scamper, pat, as though  
 He heard  
 That traditional little bird  
 Hum,  
 "It's next to you, old bum."

C. L. O'D.

RONDEAU.

When tom-cats screech at dead of night  
 My soul perspires. I yearn to smite  
 The feline troubadour a swat,  
 To nail him dead upon the spot,  
 And part his hair with dynamite.

To see the old moon grinning bright  
 And stub your toe—but that's all right,  
 Such little things are soon forgot  
 When tom-cats screech.

Oh! tremulo so sweet and light!  
 Vocabularies erudite!  
 The Deacon swears and knows it not;  
 The neighbor's feuds are all forgot;  
 Sweet music doth the soul delight  
 When tom-cats screech.

J. F. S.

INDIANA LIMERICKS.

There was a smart fellow in Muncie  
 Who in everything said could a pun see;  
 Some one said to him once,  
 "You're a deuce of a dunce;"  
 He replied, "But I never am done, see?"

A Spartan-like mother in Anderson  
 When angry the broomstick would hand her son;  
 But she sent him to college  
 To take in some knowledge,  
 And the business-like president canned her son.

A "paralyzed" drummer in Frankfort  
 Wanted money and went to the bank for't;  
 When the fellow said "Hic,"  
 The old teller got thick  
 And exclaimed: "Well, I'll just put a blank for't."

C. L. O'D.

The Modern Menace.

ALEXANDER W. MCFARLAND, '06.

It is always an unpleasant task to deal with the weaker or evil side of human nature and the pessimist is justly despised; yet, encounter the dark side we must, for we can only remedy a fault by examining first the nature of the defect. This would be a sad world indeed if all were content with the present condition of things; if we had no ambition to become better, nobler men; in a word if we had no pessimists to show us our shortcomings. Let the optimist portray for us the bright side of life, but the pessimist has a necessary place in our social composition.

One of the important, perhaps the most important question of the day is the condition of public and private morals. The evil practices to which many of our public servants are addicted comes under the general heading and corruption or the more forcible of expressive term graft.

In the last decade we have become so familiar with this phase of criminal selfishness that examples and details are unnecessary. Everywhere we turn we see the mighty dollar, the omnipresent idea of self-aggrandizement, the judicious junction of the two and we have the simplest form of corruption—in public and private life graft is common. If we get down to the fine point, the basis of corruption, we shall see that any material present or position given for a purpose other than an unconditional gift or a just due is graft. Let us be plain: Such gifts to gain the good-will, support or a material benefit from one man or clique to another man or clique is bribery pure and simple. The skilful gambling or speculating with public funds for a selfish end is stealing. Almost at every step a man is encountered by graft. Some species are petty in themselves, others are gigantic in purpose and criminal in performance.

We see courts of justice tampered with, juries bribed, seats in the legislatures bought and sold, public funds abused. We know that seats in the senate are trafficked, that senators are appointed at the instigation and for the exclusive use of certain monopo-

lies. We completely understand and are thoroughly familiar with this lobbying on a grand scale—how these public officials supposedly having the interests of the nation at heart are but mere puppets in the hands of their master monopolies, and how these despotic rulers loan their senators to each other to aid in some self-advantageous movement. Senator Hoar once said that the greatest test of public morals in any country is the purity of the legislative and the purity of the judicial bodies. Undoubtedly this is true. One need only mention, however, the road to public office, the methods of progress along this road and the conduct after the goal is reached, and a most vivid picture of graft, corruption, vice and dishonesty of every kind springs up before us, a startling image of our low morality.

Everywhere we have seen biased laws passed giving an advantage to some individual body, or we see bills quashed which by asserting the rights of the people tread on the toes of some greedy and opulent corporation. Our judiciary department is abused. Appeals, technicalities, expensive delays and ostracism of the prosecutors are resorted to; the political machine is brought to bear in the matter; or downright bribery is used to prevent the rendering of a decision which would be derogatory to some individual and an advantage or right of the public at large. The balloters are bribed and bullied at every election. In fact, on every side of our officials' public morality we see coercion; in elections, in legislatures and in judicial departments; whether by a financial or other material inducement, *i. e.*, bribery; or through fear of some punishment such as losing a position, social ostracism or even worse, blackmail.

Men who have gained great wealth are eager to go to Congress or if unable to reach so high, any public office is acceptable and all offices are open to graft. Upon the success or defeat of certain financial measures before a legislature depends the prosperity of great branches of business, the loss or the accumulation of great fortunes. Manipulation of public funds in questionable contracts or downright pilfering in office is also an inducement to the aspirants to the governmental positions. But it is not material aggrandizement alone which arouses

all the selfish and meaner principles in man. Many are desirous of being before the public, having notoriety and enjoying the pomp, display and dignity connected with public office, and are willing to violate almost every law to reach those pleasures.

John Brisben Walker divides the United States into two political divisions "Anti-Graft" and "Graft"—those who believe in legislating and administering the government for the whole people; those who through a long series of years have cunningly devised schemes for using the government for the purpose of private and corporate gain, and who are determined to continue so doing. Behind the "Graft" is a complicated "machine" and the backing of all the great interests which have been benefiting by the legislation directed by these men.

The mere fact of having dishonest men in our nation is not so great an object of regret and misfortune as the fact that these men known by all to be guilty of corruption pass among us uncensured, even applauded. Thousands of people aware of their misconduct and criminal methods willingly lend themselves to the support of these public immoralists by their votes. The fact that these thousands do not discountenance graft by their expressed disapproval makes them indirectly accessory to the evil conduct and almost as guilty as the corrupt ones themselves.

Undoubtedly there are men in public office who are stainless and who know of the immorality of their fellow officers, but who dislike to deal rigorously with those men who are inculcated. Personal and party reasons cause this reluctance, and often they pass over in silence and endure with contempt the misdoings of their fellows.

In regard to this matter the late Senator Hoar said: "It is true in this country, as it was true in England down to living memory, that men who preserve their honor stainless in the ordinary transactions of life, who hold their word sacred, to whom the offer of a bribe or any corrupt equivalent to influence their action in public office would be resented as a mortal insult, do not hold it beneath them to bribe the ordinary elector. Corruption is bad enough in a Monarchy, but a corrupt and rotten Republic is rotten from the core out. It can not long be

saved and it will not be worth saving."

It is a fact, as I have shown, that people are fully aware of the misdoings of their representatives and yet permit them to continue in power and abuse the trust placed in them. It has been asked then, do not the people deserve to be robbed and imposed upon since they give their tacit consent to it? Why is the public so inactive in this regard? The whole trouble is that the "Anti-Grafters" are not united and hence lack strength and concerted action. Men through fear, inability, or want of energy refuse to take upon themselves the burden of reform. They seem to act on the principle that it is the other fellow's business to lead the opposition. And as we know every one's business is no one's. If it is only lack of organization which is responsible for this lethargy or inactivity then the people do not deserve their present subjection to graft. But if the individual holds that there is nothing to gain and everything to lose by taking an active stand against graft, then truly he deserves this fate. But the "Anti-Grafters" are slowly coming into power with leaders and united effort; the merit of honest officials is recognized and rewarded. In the 1904 elections we have an example of thousands of votes for a Republican president and Democratic state officials on the same ballot. This shows that people approve of honesty and are willing to reward it.

It seems that no one is willing to champion the rights of the people, whose interests are neglected in the scramble for self. We have seen men of demonstrated integrity and business capacity fall completely under the influence of private corporations and consider the public interests reluctantly and only under compulsion. Why? Not because they are corrupt, but because they are human. They hear the interests of the people presented only occasionally and then not with very impressive clearness and force; but the corporations have their skilled men constantly creating about these officials' faculties of judgment an atmosphere of corporation interest that is as subtle and transparent as the air itself. And the men in office take to it with unconscious but none the less effective kindness, because they are themselves by years of training in the

habit of looking at matters from the point of view of private rather than of public interests. What we need is a Roosevelt, a Folk, a Lafayette, a Douglas, to lead us, and seems as if the time is not far distant when the "Anti-Grafter" will be as thoroughly organized as the great political parties of to-day.

We have national and state laws providing punishment for corruption and graft. The trouble is that these laws are not enforced. If the law will not protect us from graft and we wish to survive in this struggle for life then we too must become corrupt. Let the man who defiles the purity of public office be degraded and reduced to a political and social oblivion, even if it be that of a convict's stripes. This can only be done by the revision of the laws, making them more stringent, effective and prompt in action. Public opinion must bring this about not only by refusing to support, but also by forcing the opposition to these grafters. And that this public opinion be not too slow in action, the right and the unbiased truth must be made known broadcast, producing a mass of conviction and bringing about a homogeneous view of corruption and graft. This is possible through an independent press. Above all let us be discriminating and independent in our votes and we will eventually realize the ideals of government.

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#### Senior Aphorisms.

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THERE are men who find a source of progress in a newspaper's advertisement. Good is everywhere. We don't want to see it.

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WE read too much. Our knowledge of facts is wide, but we have no depth. We are men of many books and of little thought.

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EVERY truth assented to must necessarily translate itself sooner or later into a man's actions.

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MANY facts seem self-evident when they are but expressed. Had we only been conscious of them, the whole course of our life might be changed.—A. E. B.

## Williams' Reform.

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 LEO J. COONTZ, '07.
 

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Tom Williams was a typewriter of no mean merit. He was employed by Jones, Fielding & Co., but this does not concern us about his reform. From the use of this word one would imply that Williams had a weakness for distilled corn juice. Well, the fact is he did have, and it was not a cultivated one either. It had been in the family for two generations that he knew of. Still his was of a different kind; it was not a friendly glass now and then, but a daily affair and quite often of Saturday night a small drunk.

Williams had the admirable quality of making friends, and those who knew him for a time were constantly using their influence to persuade him to quit drinking. However they had only trouble for their pains.

To return now to the beginning of my story. The employers of Williams knew his merits as a fast typewriter and wished above all things to retain him. But things had gone almost too far, and they were at a loss to know of a means to stop his drunkenness. Finally, Mr. Jones offered among the workmen friends of Williams a reward of \$50 to the one who could stop Williams from touching liquor for two months. The offer was immediately taken up by one of the workmen who straightway set about the performance of his task.

One afternoon when Williams left for supper he promised to come back and write several important letters for his employers. While he was gone the workman took his machine and lifting the top off exposed the key-board. Then taking a small screw-driver he changed all the letters about so that on striking A the letter S would be printed on the sheet, and similar changes throughout the alphabet.

I need not tell of Williams taking a few drinks before coming back to the shops. He was feeling mighty fine when he sat down to the machine and began to write: "Messrs. White and Allen," he thumped off on the machine and turning it up was startled at what he saw. Y o r r o g m P n e f o and S z z o d instead of the address — He

rubbed his eyes in a puzzled way and taking another sheet got the same results. Then he began to think. Maybe his unsteady hands were missing the keys, but no he took particular notice that they were all there.

"He had 'em," he declared.

Yes, snakes bugs, toads, devils, everything, and the more he worked the machine the worse results he got until finally in terror he fled the place. That was five years ago and to-day he is back, holding a better position, and a more sober man can not be found.

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 The Runaway.
 

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 THOMAS A. HAMMER, '06.
 

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It was a sultry summer afternoon in Denson. Warily the crowd moved to and fro on the main street. Now and then two people would collide, and invariably one of the victims was a bald-headed man who was constantly mopping his brow with a bandana, after each encounter.

Denson is not a large town, but in its own quiet way does quite a little business. It has a trolley-line, a railroad station, a few warehouses and shops and a post office; all of which occupy the main street and consequently make it the centre of attraction. Although the crowd in Denson is as noisy as any crowd elsewhere, still this afternoon owing to the excessive heat it was unusually quiet.

The bank (Denson has a bank too) was just closing for the day when the shout of "Runaway" was heard down the street. Women screamed and rushed into doorways. Louder and louder grew the wild gallop of the frightened horse, and closer and closer he drew madly plunging. He was now passing the bank. On the seat of the light buggy could be seen a woman who was deathly pale and so thoroughly frightened that she could not call for help, much as she would have liked to. A few men ventured as far as the curb-stone, but at the last moment could not muster sufficient courage to step into the street and try to stop the foaming animal. As it drew near the corner a man was seen to rush into the middle of the street and brace himself as the vehicle with its



affrighted freight drew near. The man was Mr. Ladis. Everyone waited with bated breath, ready however to burst into tumultuous applause the moment the heroic act was completed, for Mr. Ladis had a reputation for stopping runaways. But he didn't stop this one. As the horse came upon him he turned his back and ran to the sidewalk again while the carriage passed on down the street and out of sight.

Next day the *Denson Breeze* had a full account of the accident. Mrs. Ari, it read, was out driving yesterday when her horse took fright and ran away. Mr. Ladis, her beloved son-in-law, laments her loss, but wishes she would return the horse and carriage as soon as possible.

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### One Way.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

Nature gave him height and looks; and at college Douglas did the rest. Nature in a leisure hour created Her. And she was surely the product of an idle moment,—the artist's idle moment, when dreams come true. So it was ordained from the beginning, and that is why young attorney Douglas of the Sheeley firm looked twice at the girl in green as she alighted from the Broadway car and entered the Fox building. As for the girl, because things were so predestined, she had looked too. They had both looked, and had both seen; and there it began.

"35, Central!" he would risk it; and anyway, Bates had told him of a girl employed by Fox, the real estate man. Fox was corpulent and cranky, an unusual but real and existent combination. Still he knew that Fox wouldn't answer, and there wasn't much risk. She must answer.

"Yes, this is 35."

"Who?" and she grew a bit nervous. "Oh!" she flushed and tried to drop the receiver but didn't, while he at the other end kept talking.

"Yes, I am dressed in green, and my hair—and—eyes—and—oh!" she said again, but this time the receiver sprang from her hand. It dangled for a moment on the long green string, and then she picked it up again.

"But how—why, I never met—" Now she

was pale and her hand jumped in nervous twitches from her ear, but the voice at the other end had stopped. The voice had taken it for granted that she would be there at five,—as she was. His back was turned as she came down the street, but she knew it was he. No one but he would ever stand just that way. Others wore clothes just like his, but the clothes didn't fit on others like they did on him. He was different, and because he was she had come. She couldn't help coming; it was so strange and unconventional; she didn't stop to think what other people would say.

The evening was terrible, but the wind and the sleet as it whirled around the corner didn't seem to bother him. As all other things had been ordained so he looked around in time to catch her as she swayed, for the snow was blinding and the sleet was stinging and the wind swept down heavy signs—and her. He hid her in his great black coat and called a carriage.

"Forty-fifth" she whispered. "Forty-fifth" he called to the cabman, who winced when he heard; for 'twas bitter, cold and most cabmen are human and feel things just like other men. In the carriage he wrapped the great coat around her; and because she knew she let him. There isn't much more to tell, for what he said only she heard. And she of all the girls in the world knew, and because he knew she knew is why he told her; told her things that he thought all his life, but which he had never dared to tell, because no one else could understand. But when he stopped she raised her head from his shoulder and looked up. They whirled by an arc-lamp, and for just a fraction of a moment the light flashed into the cab window; in on her upturned face; in on those eyes and on the red, chapped lips framed over the slightest bridge of pearls.

And there while the furies raged outside and rattled the cab window,—he did, because it was ordained that he should.

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### Tinvitae.

There once was a man in Seattle  
Who swallowed his baby's tin rattle;  
'Tis strange, but they say  
He is living to-day—

Strange things that we see at Seattle.—J. F. S.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, February 10, 1906.

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—Commercialism is the spirit of the age. But now that the search-light of public opinion and official scrutiny is focused on our supposedly honest and inimitable corporations, the question is provoked by many classicists: Shall the tide of commercialism be restrained or deflected? Shall the youth of the present day shun the arena of graft and fraud and devote himself to literary work? Although it is a fact that the rooms of the classics are being abandoned and a rush is made toward the halls of science and mechanical arts, we need entertain no fear that they who taught us the alphabet of law, science and government will fail to be appreciated in the twentieth century. Commercialism will never affect the professor's salary; this seems his only dread. A Renaissance is not required. Classicism, like the Phoenix of old, will rise from the ashes with new vigor, no matter what existing conditions may be. Just as Greek sculpture is the source of inspiration for all artists, so the classics will ever continue to be models of purest literary expression.

—With the opening of the new British Parliament the hopes of the Irish Home Rulers have risen. Hitherto unsuccessful in their efforts, they now believe that some measure of self-government is near at hand. Aside from the fact that the present ministry looks favorable on the idea, there is another and stronger reason for this belief. A new party has sprung into power, or rather, for the first time has shown its real strength in Parliament. The Labor party, controlling from fifty to sixty votes, is the party with which the ministry from now on must reckon. The Labor men have their demands, so have the Irish. Singly neither party can accomplish much. United they become a power that the government must respect. Whether the two bodies will unite in an attempt to force concessions from Parliament is a question. It is a significant fact, however, that under the direction of the Irish League the vote of all the Irish residents in England went solid for the Labor candidates.

—During the week a prominent Chicago daily paper undertook in its editorial columns to champion the cause of a midshipman recently sentenced to be dismissed from the United States Naval Academy for participation in hazing. Sentiment dictated this attitude since the disgraced young man happens to be a grandson and namesake of one of our early naval heroes, Commodore Stephen Decatur. It is praiseworthy generosity, but not esteemable justice that leads to the conclusion that because of the unsullied service of the ancestor, the present misconduct of the youthful descendant should be overlooked. It is an unwarrantable use of the old hero's name this employing it as a shield to prevent a rightful punishment for misdeeds. Cognominal inheritances have long proven a hamper to the individuality and manhood of their bearers, and it is about time that the worthless descendants of our nation's makers should be given a proper lesson. Stephen Decatur is a good place to begin, and now is the proper time to start. Perhaps when the wave of merited chastisement has swept over the Naval Academy there will be a good deal that is salvable in the resulting flotsam.

## The State Oratorical Contest.

On the evening of Feb. 2, in Tomlinson Hall, Indianapolis, the State Oratorical Contest was held. The schools represented were Franklin, Wabash, Earlham, Hanover, Butler, De Pauw and Notre Dame. The audience this year was the largest and most enthusiastic that ever turned out. In past years Notre Dame has been severely criticised for having no delegation and for not taking sufficient interest. The reason for the first is obvious. We are so situated that railroad connections between here and Indianapolis are very poor.

The claim that we have not taken sufficient interest in the state contest is untrue. While we have not been represented by a delegation it was not exactly due to lack of interest. This year, after some little work we had a contingent of at least two hundred and fifty, most of whom were Knights of Columbus. While they were not schooled in giving the yells they held their end of the cheering, to which fact their voices gave evidence at the close of the contest.

Notre Dame's orator, Edward Francis O'Flynn, spoke second on the programme, a place not most advantageous to the contestant winning second place by a wide margin and coming within one point of first. When he appeared on the stage, cheer after cheer went up from the Notre Dame section of the hall. From the beginning to the end he held the keenest attention of the crowd. Although his voice was not in the best of condition, his delivery and eloquence aroused the entire audience, including the most bitter opponents of Notre Dame, while his stage appearance and the ease and grace of his gestures far surpassed his competitors.

The contestant who was awarded first place won over Notre Dame's orator by one point and this was due to the erratic decision of one of the judges. When an orator is awarded a first and a second place by two judges and a fifth by the third, and when that third judge makes decisions in almost direct opposition to the other two, it shows one of two things: either he is incompetent to judge correctly, or he is biased. That



EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

judge should have given Mr. O'Flynn better than fifth place.

In composition Mr. O'Flynn tied for first place with the winner. Whether or not he should have been awarded first place in this, it is difficult to say as we have not seen the manuscripts of the others. But in examining the grades one can see that he stood very high in rank.

It should be noted that the other schools in the association have an advantage over Notre Dame because their orators compete sometimes for three or four successive years in the State Contest, while ours do so but once. The man here who wins the local contest one year does not compete again. But with all of these drawbacks we are slowly coming towards victory. To Mr. O'Flynn we give the highest of praise and our hearty congratulations. His showing was the best Notre Dame has ever made at the state contest, and if he be the representative next year we can look for certain victory.

\* \* \*

We wish to extend our sincere thanks to the Knights of Columbus and to our old alumni, especially Messrs. Fox, Fogarty and Dunnigan who encouraged so warmly and treated so royally Notre Dame's representative in the State Oratorical Contest at Indianapolis.

## Brownson-St. Joseph Debate.

On Jan. 24 Brownson Hall celebrated its advent into the debating field by defeating St. Joseph's Hall in a very close contest. The question of "Arbitration and Disarmament" furnished the topic of discussion, St. Joseph's men advocating compulsory arbitration and total disarmament. The members of the opposing teams should be commended for the thorough exposition of the question discussed and their lucid presentation of the various arguments. The victory was by no means easily earned as the judges' vote of two to one will testify. St. Joseph's Hall

Bro. Alphonsus who has spared no pains to bring the society to its present state of excellence in the literary and debating fields. That his efforts are much appreciated is manifested in the intense interest shown by the members of the Hall in the society and their willing co-operation with their Director in carrying out the weekly program. It is to be hoped that the other Senior Halls will take up this line of work so beneficial to all pursuing it. Such societies furnish a training-ground for future collegiate debaters; and for the welfare of a university which holds such an enviable record in the debating field as Notre Dame, they can not be too highly encouraged.



has an enviable record to look back upon in the oratorical and debating field, and the present year promises to continue the record of the past. Defending the less favorable side of the debated question, St. Joseph's nevertheless put up such a strong fight that no one could presage the result of the contest. All this, however, does not detract from but rather adds to the laurels of the victorious Brownsonites.

The Brownson Hall Literary Society, formed during the present scholastic year, owes its existence to the thoughtfulness of

## Dr. Spalding Lectures.—I.

The students of the English courses were treated to a comprehensive lecture on Steele and Addison last Monday by our friend Dr. James Spalding who for some time past has favored us with yearly lectures on subjects appertaining to English literature. The subject of his first lecture in this year's series was one which could not fail but be interesting to the student of letters, and the manner in which it was handled by the

learned Doctor has but added to his reputation at Notre Dame.

A special note of interest in this lecture was the tribute which the lecturer paid to Steele, and a most deserving one it was, for it is true, as Dr. Spalding said, that the world owes Addison the essayist to Steele. Without the influence and help of his friend Dick it is very probable that the world of English letters would have known Addison only as a second-rate poet. Dr. Spalding has the happy faculty of keeping his hearers in the best of humor, and when his lecture on last Monday came to an end all were well pleased.

## II.

On Wednesday afternoon Dr. Spalding delivered a second lecture, this time on Jonathan Swift, a writer closely related to Addison and Steele in work and influence. The biographic sketch with which he began was, as usual, very thorough and full of valuable information, showing the fruits of extended study. He said among other helpful things, that Swift was the greatest satirist that ever used the English tongue, and that his prose was worthy of study by all who wish to use our language properly.

Dr. Spalding showed that there were two sides to Swift's nature, one misanthropic, the other benevolent. The first was manifested in his bitterness toward the Catholic Church, toward Dryden, and all whom he considered enemies; the second in the great good he did or attempted to do for Ireland. Swift's gloomy, cynical disposition was partly excused on account of ill health. It may be said of Dr. Spalding's lectures in general, that they leave the hearers in possession of nearly all the essential facts about the man under discussion and also of a very keen, just opinion of his work and worth.

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### Book Reviews.

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THE WINTER'S TALE by William Shakespeare, edited with notes by T. George Wright and two full-page illustrations by R. Wheelwright. Longmans, Green and Co. 35 cents.

If it is true that a good edition of a good book is the first factor in our enjoyment of that book it is not less evident that wher-

ever the best possible mental culture is aimed at good editions of good books can not be too many, the more so as they should be especially fitted for classes of readers with different tastes and training. It is thus that the Swan edition of *The Winter's Tale*, intended for schools, is itself more appropriate for the student who cares not so much for critical notes on text criticism as for a fair knowledge and real enjoyment of the play. Of convenient size, well bound and well printed, the edition attracts at once the attention and interest of the youthful reader. Although there are no footnotes to break up the regularity of the text—in which are inserted, however, full-page illustrations—no information necessary to a good understanding of the work has been omitted. A short but comprehensive sketch of Shakespeare's life and work, an introduction on the source, date, and story of the play, together with a few concise notes on the Elizabethan language, on the poet's grammar and versification, prepare the mind from the very beginning, and enable it to grasp more of the life interpreted in the romance that follows. For the same purpose the editor, in abundant notes referring to the acts, scenes and lines of the play, has explained historical allusions, obsolete words, obscure passages; and as a happy completion of the whole he has added another section of much value for the careful student desirous to bring out his own knowledge. No one indeed can deny the advantage of such suggestions for further study as those that are given in this edition. They can not but help the student to acquire a more thorough and more personal knowledge of Shakespeare especially as he reveals himself in his "Winter's Tale."

—Thoroughly representative of our best Catholic short-story writers is the attractive volume of interesting and entertaining bits of fiction entitled "Where the Road Led, and Other Stories." There is a spicy morsel for the most varied taste, a savory mouthful for the appreciative literary palate. Lovers of adventure, daring, sacrifice and entanglement of love affairs will find the book pleasant pastime. We welcome the tales as a happy addition to short-story literature. The collection is published by Benziger Brothers.

## LAW DEPARTMENT.

## GRANT V. LANGRIDGE.

(Moot Court of Notre Dame.)

The first case on the docket for the February term of the court was tried last Saturday evening. S. F. Riordan and R. L. Bracken appeared as counsel for the plaintiff, the defense being sustained by R. W. Donovan and M. A. Diskin. Judge Hoynes presided.

Frank Wood is an innkeeper in South Bend. Through mismanagement his business was not successful and he became indebted to numerous persons. Among them was Frederick Grant whose claim amounts to \$350. Grant was aware of Wood's financial condition, and deemed vigilance and promptitude essential in noting and acting upon developments. Thus he succeeded in ascertaining before other creditors that Wood was negotiating for the sale of his place. A certain Leonard Langridge had offered \$2,700 for it. When reasonably certain that the negotiation would terminate in a sale he sent his son Vernon to Langridge with a message to the effect that Wood owed him \$350 and that unless Langridge would agree to its payment, he would proceed forthwith to attach Wood's property in the hotel, thus closing the place, diverting its custom and impairing its reputation. Langridge promptly told Vernon that this would never do.

"Tell your father," said he, continuing, "that I agree to his proposition and will see to the payment of the debt, provided he will not take out an attachment against Wood's property in the hotel, and keep the matter quiet, letting no other person know anything about it."

Vernon at once returned and related fully to his father what had been said and done. This was satisfactory to the latter, and he congratulated Vernon upon the success of his mission, saying:

"I ought to have educated you for the bar. I doubt whether any lawyer could have transacted the business more successfully. You have shown tact and good judgment in the matter."

Relying upon Langridge's promise, Grant took no steps to hinder the sale by attachment proceedings, and it was effected quietly

and without disturbance. Langridge told Wood of his agreement to settle with Grant, and by composition with the other creditors Wood paid them on the basis of one-half of the amount of their claims. This left him penniless, although his father-in-law has placed him in charge on salary of a small hotel near the Vandalia depot. When Grant asked Langridge to pay the \$350 he was put off repeatedly by excuses, followed finally by an abrupt refusal, and now he brings suit for the amount.

The court decided in favor of the defendant, saying that the case is based upon that of *Borland v. Guffey* 1 Grant's Cases, 394. The promise of Langridge to pay Wood's debt to Grant is within the statute of frauds and valueless unless in writing, as it is "a promise to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another." Had a novation taken place, by which Wood's debt would be extinguished and the entire obligation transferred to Langridge, the promise would become original and be binding; but here it is simply a promise to pay another's debt, and hence it is collateral and not enforceable unless in writing.

\* \*

To-night at 8:00 p. m., Judge Marcus Kavanagh of Chicago will deliver the first of his series of lectures to the students of the law department.

## Athletic Notes.

Base running, hitting, signals, and all the fine points of the game are being "pounded" into the heads of the baseball squad. Coach Arndt and Captain McNerny have spent the past week in trying to instill the rudiments of the game into the coming "stars," and although the "going has been heavy" the men are coming round and really look like the real thing anyhow. Coach Arndt, although a little dissatisfied with the slow manner in which the men are acquiring the finishing touches, nevertheless, says Notre Dame will have a good team when the college season opens.

The large pitching staff has been "slowed

up" on account of injuries. Tobin has been laid off for a week or two with a sore arm. O'Gorman has a bad finger but is still out. From the present outlook Perce is the man who appears to "be there" with the pitching arm. Last year Perce played right field and pitched a few games, but this season he is devoting all his time to pitching and promises to develop into a good reliable box-artist. Coupled with his tossing ability Perce is a good "hitter" and was one of the best of last year's "sluggers."

\* \*

Birmingham and Bonan are showing up well and handle the ball like "real" baseball players.

\* \*

"Jerry" Sheehan is "handing up hot ones" over the slab and looks to be a "comer."

\* \*

P. A. Malloy has increased the number in the catching department. Murray, Cooke, Schmidt, Malloy and McCarthy are receiving behind the man with the "gun" and are all doing good work.

\* \*

Murray still insists on tearing the cover off the ball every time he hits it. Three hundred will not look good to him if he can keep up the gait he is going now.

\* \*

Jack Shea continues to "eat 'em up" any way they come; it's all the same to him. If he can not get his hands in the way of the ball he just uses his feet.

\* \*

Brownson is the only hall in the school that has played any basketball so far this winter. Last Saturday night they took issue with Mishawaka High School and

were defeated. To-night they will try and even things up by playing the same team again in the big "Gym."

\* \*

Brogan, Fansler, Hogan, Murphy and McCoy are doing well in the infield.

\* \*

As a call has not yet been issued for the track men, the ball team has the full hour and a half each afternoon. This is the first time in many years that they have had so long a practice period. As formerly the time was divided between the track team and baseball men. With a good coach, plenty of time, and the best Gym in the West for baseball, there is no reason why we will not have a fine team.

Death of Mrs. Katharine Neenan.

A profound feeling of sympathy spread over the University last Monday when it became known among the students that Mrs. Neenan had passed away. Known, respected and beloved by all at Notre Dame, Mrs. Neenan's life was a beautiful epic of devotion and self-denial. She loved Notre Dame, and it is the toil of many years that bears testimony to her affection for us. At the solemn requiem High Mass in the Church of the Sacred Heart on Thursday morning at eight a. m., the students attended in a body. In the sermon which he delivered, Father Marr paid a beautiful tribute to the womanly virtues of Mrs. Neenan, dwelling particularly on her devotion to her work and duty in the humble lot which she was called to live.

In behalf of the faculty and the student body we take this opportunity of extending to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

MARKINGS OF JUDGES IN STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

COLLEGES	MANUSCRIPT						DELIVERY						Total Ranks	Final Rank
	McConnell	Sears	Sockwood	Kerr	Parsons.	Roby								
Notre Dame	2	89	1	97	2	96	2	88	5	87	1	87	13	2
Earlham	4	87	2	95	3	90	5	80	4	90	2	92	23	4
Wabash	5	85	4	85	7	76	4	82	2	92	4	80	26	5
Butler	6	83	6	75	6	80	6	75	6	85	7	77	37	7
Hanover	7	83	5	80	4	89	6	75	3	91	6	78	30	6
De Pauw	1	90	3	90	1	97	3	85	1	94	3	83	12	1
Franklin	3	88	7	70	5	85	1	90	2	92	2	85	20	3

## Local Items.

—There is excellent skating on St. Joseph's Lake.

—The new billiard balls are coming. Be patient.

—He was a wise little gazaboo, but he got "pinched" just the same.

—Have you noticed the unusual activity of the student body this year.

—The cold spell since Feb. 1 has enabled the ice man to begin filling the ice house.

—The Junior class at a meeting Thursday night transacted some very important business.

—The hours from 8 to 10 on Thursday morning in the gymnasium are for the Seminarians exclusively.

—The Illinois Club in a body attended the performance of "The Virginian" in South Bend last Friday evening, and had a fine time.

—There is no allusion intended as to persons or gender, and no pun is attempted, but what would she or you or anyone say, much less Bro. Leopold, if asked for "half a nickle's worth of kisses."

—The class of '06 pharmacy was organized yesterday afternoon and elected the following officers: President, James S. Brady; Vice-President, John Worden; Secretary, Samuel W. Applegate; Treasurer, Martin C. Hoban; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miguel J. Marquez; Hon. President, Professor Robert L. Green.

—Had students stopped for a minute at the door of the trophy room in the Gym. last Thursday they might have witnessed an unusual sight. Several Mexicans were there instructing themselves in the courtly art of self-defence with three feet of steel.

—It's a smile that won't wear off that the "Independent" ice man who is bucking the manufacturing trust spreads these days. 'Tis ill weather that does nobody good, and maybe there are still a few anti-trust democrats among us who won't ask for spring and blood-heat so soon.

—It was the intention of his *Alma Mater* that he should attend the State Oratorical contest and swell the numbers of her rooters, as well as act in an official capacity. There is much truth in the assertion that this same man was "a dead game one," but still you'd think he would overlook the pleasure and attend his duties. Anyway, when the appointed hour had come only a veteran alumni arose to lead the enthusiasts. A young Representative Delegate was,—well, maybe a South Bender isn't supposed to know the laws of Indiana. Still ignorance of the law is no excuse, and he roo(s)ted to other bars

than "the N. D. U., for there is a law against smoking cigarettes on the street.

—On Saturday evening, Feb. 3, a meeting of all students from the State of New York was held in the Columbian room for the purpose of reorganizing the "good old New York State Club." As this society was the first of its kind as also the best at one time, it was decided not only to uphold the former standard, but also to open up new avenues of fame. Mr. O'Brien clearly laid before the assembly the true aim of the organization for the political social, moral and intellectual welfare of its members. Mr. McGlew spoke on the spirit of union and its necessity for our success. Mr. Scales urged the members on to good fellowship and devotedness. Mr. Kanaley and Mr. Cook also advanced some most acceptable suggestions. A meeting will be held every two weeks at which an excellent program will be rendered.

The following officers were elected: Honorary President, Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., D. D.; Honorary Vice-President and Director, William C. O'Brien; President, Henry J. McGlew; Vice-President, Paul McGannon; Secretary, John J. Scales; Treasurer, John Worden; Sergeant-at-arms, Joseph Birmingham.

—Final arrangements have been made for debates with Iowa State University and with the University of De Pauw. Both will be held at Notre Dame and both are expected to be hard-fought battles. De Pauw gave us a very interesting debate last year, and will make every effort to prevent the repetition of their defeat. We meet the Iowans for the first time, and judging by the company they have been keeping they will prove more formidable antagonists than we have ever before encountered. In recent years Iowa has debated the State Universities of Nebraska, Minnesota and Illinois. The question is: Resolved, That a Commission should be given power to fix railroad rates. It could not be more timely, and in addition it is well balanced. Last month Chicago won on the negative from Michigan; last spring Harvard won on the affirmative from Yale, and Columbia won on each side from Pennsylvania and Cornell. We have the affirmative with Iowa and the negative with De Pauw. The preliminaries begin next Thursday and promise to be hotly contested. Four men from last year's teams are out to retain their places, and about thirty others are out to see that they don't. The number of strong debaters in the field who just missed making the teams last year and a group of new and untried men who promise to be stars of the first magnitude make it a foregone conclusion that Notre Dame will be represented by two good teams. Who will they be? That is a question for debate.