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Our Founder.

PAUL R. MARTIN, '09.

THOU art, oh Notre Dame, a monument
To him whose faith and courage and whose love
Conceived of thee; inspired from above
With zeal unbounded; God's apostle sent.
From home and friends and native land he went
With heart as pure as sacrificial dove
To found midst wilderness this work of love
Whose domes and spires reach Heaven's firmament.

No need has he of sculptured marble's fame
To keep alive the memory of his past;
For he has left behind fair Notre Dame,
A living mark that will enduring last.
His life was blessed with deep humility,
A sacrifice of flesh and blood was he.

Is Brutus a Real Patriot?

WILLIAM C. O'BRIEN, A. B.

ALL who have read Shakespeare's "Julius Cæsar" have been attracted by that virtue in Brutus which is consistent with the character of every true Roman: an undying love for his country. The Romans perhaps, more than any other people, are noted for their intense patriotism. Rome was their god. They looked up to it as the one thing dearest to them in life; dearer to them than relatives and friends; cherished more than their own life; the highest ideal to which they could aspire. It was the inspiration of their poems and songs; their fountain from which sprung its magnificent discourses, its beautiful works of art, its games and pastimes. It was for the glory of Rome that her children undertook great deeds; for her they labored day and night, and fought till they fell bathed in their own blood to preserve her honor. Of such a nature, too, was Brutus. He was the ideal patriot which Shakespeare cherished in his mind and whom he would have us love and admire.

If we consider the motive from which Brutus acted, the circumstances that induced him to kill Cæsar, we shall not only not censure him, but proclaim him a real patriot. We must bear in mind the affection he had for Rome, and as such what he would do for it. When we recall the story of Abraham ready to sacrifice his own beloved son for the One he considered entitled to his best love; when we think of the grief the human heart would ordinarily experience on an occasion like this; when we think of the willingness of Abraham to do that terrible deed which only the love of God could have induced him to undertake; when we review the pages of history strewn with the blood of those who gave up their lives for the love of the Deity, we are not surprised at this ecstatic or perhaps fantastic act of love which Brutus performed for the sake of Rome. He looked upon it as his god. In it was centred and fastened and sealed his whole heart and soul, so that whatever it might demand would be willingly done by him. Although Cæsar was his dearest friend who had always sought to make him happy; who had listened to his wants and watched his manly heart grow into popularity; who had been his counsellor in trials and tribulations; who had made his cup heaping over with all his best gifts; who had always considered him not only a co-operator in the affairs of the government, but regarded him as his personal friend;

although he loved Cæsar even as the old patriarch loved Isaac, yet since his country seemed to demand his death, he sacrificed *him*. His whole soul seemed burning up with patriotism, so much so, that as soon as it received the least stir it burst forth into a flame. He has been a diligent student of Plato, and on this account his mind is filled with the sublime ideas of that great philosopher. When Cassius first sounds him and tries to find out the dispositions of his soul, he says:

> If it be aught toward the general good
> Set honor in one eye, and death in the other,
> And I will look on death indifferently,
> For let the gods so speed me as I love
> The name of honor more than I fear death.

Brutus revealed his mind to Cassius the moment he spoke these lines. This is all Cassius desired, for as soon as he saw that spark of patriotism in Brutus he brought forward more material, that the patriotic heart of Brutus might be inflamed. First, he sprinkled bits of flattery over the mind of Brutus; reminded him of what the Brutus of old did, and that every eye was turned on him. Although this naturally had some effect on Brutus, still it did not prevail much. Then that speech of derision which Cassius made concerning Cæsar tended to increase the fire more, aroused his suspicions of Cæsar, and here again he bursts forth:

> Brutus had rather be a villager
> Than to repute himself a son of Rome
> Under these hard conditions, as this time
> Is like to lay upon us.

His feelings are aroused all the more when he hears Cæsar was offered a crown. Then burst his mighty heart. This thought mingled with the intense devotion and loyalty had driven him almost mad. He saw Rome, his fair spouse, about to be despoiled of her liberty; he heard the rattling chains of despotism sounding in the distance; he saw her children gathering about her for protection; he heard their cries and lamentations for some one to save them; Rome was pleading their rescue. He thought of her day and night; planned and meditated great things for her; his one thought seemed to be only of her. As she had always been his protectress, so he would be her protector now.

He had always endeavored to be her worthy son both in public and private life. He had aspired to lofty positions that he might be more helpful to her. He rejoiced to see one so great and noble as Cæsar directing her affairs. He desired to see Cæsar lifted higher and higher in the estimation of the people for the glory of Rome. He had seen him raised to lofty dignities; he had seen him bear the palm of victory as he rode in triumph through the streets of Rome; he had heard the exulting shouts of the people proclaiming their devotion and loyalty to him; he had watched the very hearts of the people almost leap forth to greet him; he observed the extremes they were taking to show their affection for him, and he rejoiced, but he feared the evil results.

> I know no personal cause to spurn at him,
> But for the general. He would be crowned:
> How that might change his nature, there's the question:
> It is the bright day that brings forth the adder;
> And that craves wary walking. Crown him?—that:

So Brutus continues on soliloquizing even as Hamlet does concerning the murder of his father and the revenge. He was not like the vast majority of men, who, unable to perceive the underlying principle of effects and their outcome, or ignorant of the evils surrounding them, become passionate, prejudiced, and direct all their efforts against them as soon as they become suspicious or exaggerated in some way. He meditated long and frequently before he would take any action. From the time his suspicions were first aroused he was unable to sleep. Day and night he pondered over Cæsar's conduct, now believing, now doubting; now resolving, now retreating; his whole soul is in continual agony. He recalls the immense number of favors Cæsar has bestowed upon him, giving him offices in preference to others; confiding every secrecy in him, and regarding him as his personal friend. He forgets friends, relatives and his best joys. He has cut himself off from the affections of his wife; no longer the same to her, but restless and wearied, as Portia says:

> You have stolen from my bed, ungently, Brutus,
> And yesternight at supper, you suddenly arose
> Musing and sighing with your arms across:

Portia relates in a long speech how he acts, and complains of his strange deeds.

Judging from what she says, Brutus must have been in terrible mental strain.

How different is this conduct of Brutus from Macbeth. The latter uses no meditation or hesitation before his deed; he acts without thought or caution; he acts passionately, and then feels remorse. He murders sleep; his mind is haunted with dreadful visions, overwhelmed with grief and suffering; he can not find a place wherein to rest his wicked soul.

Brutus is determined not to act until he is thoroughly convinced that his motive is pure. He has been the constant companion of Cæsar during many years; he has studied his nature, and he best understands what Cæsar may do. He himself is upright, noble and unstained. He has lived a pure and good life; he has enriched his mind with lofty thoughts and pursued the best ideas of philosophy, therefore, he will act only when he sees the necessity. It is true that he looks to the ideal rather than to the real, but the fact remains that he acted from a pure patriotic motive. Brutus well understood human nature. He seemed to know that virtue is vitiated by too much power. Although he had never seen Cæsar abuse the great power he had he reasoned as follows:

> . . . . . 'Tis a common proof
> That lowliness is young ambition's ladder,
> Whereto the climber-upward turns his face;
> But, when he once obtains the upmost round,
> He then unto the ladder turns his back,
> Looks in the clouds, scorning the base degrees
> By which he did ascend: so Cæsar may;
> Then, lest he may, prevent. And since the quarrel
> Will bear no color for the thing he is,
> Fashion it thus—that what he is augmented,
> Would run to these and these extremities:
> And therefore think him as the serpent's egg,
> Which hatched would, as his kind, grow mischievous;
> And kill him in the shell."

Of course there is still a doubt in his mind whether Cæsar will actually do what seems probable. But Brutus wishes to take no chances. He has studied the past and can only judge the future by his experience. He does not wish to kill Cæsar for anything he has done, but for what he may do in the future.

After a long series of doubts and deep reflection; after looking diligently into his own mind and sifting every motive; after casting aside passion and all selfish interests; after viewing the condition of affairs and judging of them the best he could; after meditating and remeditating and meditating again and again; after gazing at the joys and triumphs in Cæsar's life; after beholding the evils impending over Rome and searching for the real cause, he finally said:

> It must be by his death—

that is, Cæsar must be sacrificed for the good of Rome.

With slow and solemn steps he entered upon the execution of his plan. The future looming up before him was one of smiles and tears: regret that his dearest and best friend was the one to suffer; happy that Rome was to be appeased: "O Rome," he said, "I make thee promise if the redress will follow, thou receivest thy full petition at the hand of Brutus."

No sooner had Brutus resolved upon the destruction of Cæsar than his heart began to feel relieved. Assured of the purity of his motive he began his preparation for the sacrifice. It was admirable to see the calmness and serenity with which he meditated each plan. His whole heart was laid bare as if his patriotism had rent his breast. He needed no oaths to bind him to his co-operators: "Swear priests and cowards and men cantelons." Others indeed were afraid lest some one of them should turn traitor; others feared that their plot might be revealed, but Brutus was too sincere and honest in his design to have any fear. Even though all the others should flinch, the flame of patriotism would still flicker in his breast. His mind was set and nothing could change it.

> Let us be sacrificers, but not butchers, Caius.
> We all stand up against the spirit of Cæsar;
> And in the spirit of men there is no blood.
> O that we could, then, come by Cæsar's spirit,
> And not dismember Cæsar! But, alas,
> Cæsar must bleed for it!
> And, gentle friends,
> Let's kill him boldly, but not wrathfully;
> Let's carve him as a dish fit for the gods,
> Not hew him as a carcass fit for hounds:
> . . . . . .
> And thus we shall be purgers not murderers.

It was with this end in view that Brutus went forth to the Capitol in company with the conspirators. They had truly won the noble Brutus to their party. The fragrance of his motive dispelled the odor of their

sinister designs. They were afraid, he was brave; they were selfish, he was patriotic; they sought Cæsar's death, he desired Rome's peace and happiness; they quenched their parched, selfish hearts, he drank of Cæsar's blood for the health of Rome. Their daggers were moist with crime, his was dipped in the fountain of patriotism destined to crush tyranny and oppression; they stabbed with envy, he with love; they had ended Cæsar's life, he had given birth to Rome's freedom; their hearts were heavy and sad, their souls gnawed with remorse; his soul was joyous and his conscience at rest; they were at war with themselves, he had won his victory. Brutus had accomplished the deed which he had meditated so carefully and so long. His heart that had been panting with patriotism had found its rest. The conspirators were alarmed, but he was not. He had nothing to fear since he acted for the glory of Rome. He did not even lose color nor shed a tear at the sight of Cæsar's bleeding body, for he thought only of the joy that had come to Rome. He seemed to have known that his own death would soon come; but he considered that sweet, now that he had accomplished his mission, now that he had shown his love for Rome. His own breast was laid bare for a similar death whenever he should prove disloyal. He never lost sight of the fact that Cæsar was his friend.

> We are Cæsar's friends that have abridged
> His time of fearing death. Stoop, Romans, stoop,
> And let us bathe our hands in Cæsar's blood
> Up to the elbows, and besmear our swords;
> Then walk we forth to the market-place,
> And waving our red weapons o'er our heads,
> Let's all cry: Peace, Freedom and Liberty!

After the assassination of Cæsar, the others would kill Antony, too, that their designs might be carried out; Brutus, however, objects. Neither will he kill Antony, even though Antony seems to beg him to do so. He has done the deed which he had planned. He would have Cæsar honored with all the rites of burial; he would even let Mark Antony, who loved Cæsar more than he did Rome, who sought his own interests rather than the common good—he would give even him permission to speak at Cæsar's burial. His heart was too honest, too sincere, too patriotic, to suspect any evil that such a funeral would bring about. He thought the people could not help but admire the deed when he should make known to them the real cause of Cæsar's death. In that great speech which reveals the sublime nature of his soul, he says:.... "If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say that Brutus' love for Cæsar was no less than his. If then, that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer: Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more." He goes on telling them of Cæsar's valiancy, of his exploits and fortunes, and finally, of his ambition and the danger that threatened Rome. He had called them Romans in the beginning of his speech and they were proud to be called such; he addressed them as conntrymen and made them rejoice the more; he called them lovers and thereby won their hearts. He truly loved them for the love of Rome. He wished to see none of them crushed by tyranny.

This is the fact he tried to impress upon their minds. He had won them by his openness and sincerity. They saw the motive that induced him to act. They were inspired by his patriotism. They were determined to cling to him, and would have done so, but they were almost compelled to change their minds by the rhetoric of that remarkable speech of Antony's. The patriotism of Brutus was ridiculed by sarcasms; the stabs the conspirators made were pointed out and commented upon; their sympathy was aroused; their imagination played upon by recalling the good deeds Cæsar had performed; their hearts were tested and stirred by reference to his love and finally, to the will. Yes, the rhetoric of this speech stole from Brutus the praise and honor that were justly his.

By killing Cæsar, he had saved the nation from one class of evils; but had at the same time, as is the case in all human affairs, stirred up another class of evils which required his patriotism to live anew. This was the war that came after Cæsar's death. Here, too, he showed his devotion In it he fought in the field amidst the hurling weapons; he rode back and forth through his camp all night long, cheering his soldiers

on to victory, attending their wants. When the battle raged its fiercest he stood his ground, offering himself a willing target to the attacks of the enemy. See him in the field amidst the confusion of battle; we have seen him planning, marching and fighting when all seemed lost; we have seen him fighting to the last. Then when there was no possible hope for him to escape the enemy, he died as every true Roman would die—he died as a pagan patriot would die, and consider such a death sweet and noble—death by his own hand. He knew well the enemy would have rejoiced to capture him; and so to uphold the glory of Rome, to preserve her name ever pure and untainted, to preserve her from dishonor of her son's death, he plunged his sword into his heart. Others might have taken chances of being pardoned or set free by some dishonorable means, but Brutus would not. He had been true to his country during life, and now in the face of death he would not flinch.

Shakespeare characterization in this character is truly admirable. He puts kind and gentle words into his mouth; makes him honest in his dealings with his fellowmen; tender to his boy, Lucius, devoted and affectionate to his wife. It is not probable, then, that such a character, so full of beauty and sweetness, could have done such a deed as the murder of Cæsar, unless he were inspired by some noble motive—and that motive in Brutus was patriotism. If it is patriotism to wish our country prosperity and perpetuity; if it is patriotism to use our best efforts for its welfare and for the common good; if it is patriotism to spend our days and nights in planning and settling the affairs of the nation; if it is patriotism to leave father and mother, sister and brother and all friends and possessions to go upon the battlefield, enduring all the hardships of military life; if it is patriotism to face the danger of battle and to slay our enemy for the nation's good, then, indeed, Brutus was a real patriot, since he not only did those deeds which I have mentioned above, but slew his dearest and best friend for Rome's interest. He could have overlooked the apparent wrongs and remained in Cæsar's favor. He could have swept aside doubts of his own mind and the suggestions of the conspirators. This, indeed, would seem more profitable for Brutus; but he looked to Rome's welfare, forgetting himself and whatever might be dear to him.

Here were the two great paths open before him; one which led to wealth, power, glory and fame; the way which led to the friendship of Cæsar and all the nobility; the way which led to ease, comfort and every luxury; the way which led up to the temple of fame wherein hundreds of names were carved in gold. Yes, Brutus could have enjoyed all these, but he preferred that way which was dark and gloomy and strewn with many thistles; the way which saw no joy nor sunshine, moistened with many tears; the way of devotion and loyalty; the way of true and manly patriotism. The vision of the vast number of mortal enemies that would necessarily arise; the thought of torture, punishment and death that would surely come; the exhortation of that wife of whom he said, "Thou art as dear to me as the ruddy drops that visit my sad heart," were not sufficient to avert the patriotic heart of Brutus from its designs. This brave and loyal son of Rome, this friend of Cæsar's, this laborer in the administration whose whole life had been devoted to the welfare of Rome, whose thoughts had been only for the common good, could not, nay, would not, leave any stone upturned that might injure his queen, his spouse.

Shakespeare in the last few lines of the play sums up the character of Brutus.

> This was the noblest Roman of them all:
> All the conspirators save only he
> Did that they did in envy of great Cæsar:
> He, only, in a general honest thought
> And common good to all, made one of them.
> His life was gentle, and the elements
> So mixed in him, that Nature might stand up
> And say to all the world, "This was a man!"

The poet has made his character act consistently in every deed. He moulded him into a patriot, and as such has allowed him to carry out his every design.

WE must feel before we can think, and to think deeply one must be moved by profound and permanent enthusiasm.—*Spalding.*

To the Ocean.

I AM homesick for thee, dear old Ocean! I'm longing to feel
Thy strong arms around me once more in a mighty embrace,
Thy turbulent bosom pressed hard against mine till I reel;
I long for thy hand in my hair and thy breath on my face.
I've sought in the mountains, I've wrought in the valleys in vain
For surcease of longing for thee, dear old passionate Ocean;
Thou only—the kiss of thy breakers—canst banish the pain,
The ceaseless unrest in my heart and its fatal emotion.

Adieu to the mountain, adieu to the valley and wildwood;
Their silence oppresses the soul of a child of the sea;
I pine for the tempest, the storm-ridden vast of my childhood—
I am coming, O lover mine, Ocean, I'm coming to thee!
I will lie on thy breast; thou wilt kiss me, thy beard on my cheek,
And still the unrest in my heart hath long made it so bleak.

J. E. S.

The Iggorrotes.

ALOYSIUS A. WIESBECKER, '08.

Last summer while visiting in one of the celebrated amusement resorts of Chicago, a muffled beat, like that of an iron kettle, drew our attention. As we advanced toward the source of this sound we found we were nearing a stockade. Out upon a small stage, two inmates of this singular structure jigged clumsily to the irregular beat of their metallic drums. This palisade enclosed a village of Philippine natives, known as the Iggorrotes. Drawn by curiosity we entered this abode. The women natives greeted the people, asking them to buy as souvenirs spears, straw rings, and axes. They had a meagre knowledge of English. They could express what they desired merely by the word "buy, buy," at the same time holding the article before you. Touched by the pathetic appeal of two of the women, my friend bought a spear and I a ring. Not having the even money for my souvenir I told my saleslady that she would have to change a dollar. She understood what I wanted, but she evidently had no idea of the value of her coins. She opened her purse showing me the money. I immediately perceived that in all sincerity I had to count out my change for her.

The Iggorrotes are of a small, firm stature, with dark eyes, coarse, black hair and brown skin. The men and boys wear little or no clothing, whereas the women and girls are well dressed in their native way. Instead of constructing a house amply large to contain the various necessary apartments, these natives erect separate huts for each chamber. They build their houses low, with straw-thatched roofs. A hut of the dimensions of our ordinary room serves as a kitchen, pantry and dining-room. Two other houses answer the purpose of dormitories, one for the boys, the other for the girls. The parents have their hut.

The Iggorrotes indulge freely in tobacco. The men wear a little round straw basket on the back of their heads. Its position is queer for any head covering. This basket is the native's pocket wherein he treasures his pipe, tobacco and other insignificant belongings. Although it suits as a pocket, it is of value in another way. The maidens select their wooers. Should a native matron desire a fair youth's society, she relieves him of the pipe and tobacco in his straw pocket. Their courtship is brief. This brevity is allowed five months of grace or additional time, which, novitiate-like, is termed "trial marriage." This peculiar custom undoubtedly would offer local courts fewer divorce cases if adopted by modern society. After a limited wooing the parties become one. They live as man and wife on a five-months' probation. If at the expiration of this period their kitchen ustensils are not mutually used in attack and defense, the parties consider themselves united till death do them part. Should the contrary be the case they separate without more ado.

The Iggorrotes live mainly on rice. They

cultivate this on mountain and hill sides. You may deem this odd, knowing that mountain sides are by no means humid and the need of a swampy soil for rice. To obviate this, these people with rude stones terrace mountain and hill sides in such a way that water from a mountain stream enters the upper terrace, saturates it, flows into the second and so on, thus giving all the desired moisture.

The women busy themselves in weaving the cotton cloth which is used for raiment. The men shape their own weapons. A spear with an iron head and wooden handle is used for hurling from a distance. To acquire facility and surety in this tactic men and boys practise it on trees. When in a hand-to-hand encounter they contend with a small battle-ax having a steel head and a short wooden handle.

Being barbarous in hostility with other like tribes, some time is devoted to warfare. It is a mark of honor for a native to return home from war with a man's head, or from a hunt after a man's head. This deed merits a tattoo on the chest or upper arm. The man having the largest number of such tattoos is considered the bravest.

The Iggorrotes dance war dances. The dance of joy takes place after a victory is won. The men do the manœuvres, the women advance slowly back and forth, raising and lowering their arms.

A rather indelicate rite of these people is eating dog meat. They have been termed "dog eaters." The truth is they indulge in this but seldom. It is a religious act they observe when going to war. Women are excluded. Men and boys partake of canine flesh, because it is supposed to contain a fighting spirit, which by the meat's consumption passes into the men.

The Iggorrotes hold courts of justice. A special house is designed for this purpose. On fair days the members convene in the courtyard, in inclement weather the proceedings are conducted indoors. The natives treat strangers and visitors as friends. Were you to remain over night in their village, they would arrange their court-house into a chamber for you. But we did not stay. Having passed through this rude settlement, we left it delighted with the experience and information received.

Varsity Verse.

THE OLD MAN'S CHAIR.

IN the stillness of the even
When the hearth-fire brighter glows,
Darting golden spears of lightning
Out upon the silent snows,
Life seems half a dream,—a shadow,
Thrown by the hand of care,
And we muse and dream and sorrow
By the old man's chair.

There he sat when it was morning
With the rose upon his cheek,
As we gathered, happy children,
At his knee to hear him speak;
And the red of evening glistened
On his flowing silver hair,
As he dreamt the dreams of childhood
In his old arm-chair.

But the night-time came upon him,
And the fire died away,
And his dreams of youth were ended,
With the closing of the day;
And the dawn broke full upon us,
Bright and wonderfully fair:
But there was no idle dreamer,
In the old man's chair.

T. E. B.

LONGING.

At times I grow so lonely here,
So far from you that were so near;
And thinking of the days of yore,
The golden days that are no more,
I long for you.

'Tis autumn now, fair summer's fled,
Her happy hours too swiftly sped,
And now as nature hangs her head
I long for you.

To-night the wind sighs in the brake,
The dismal frog croaks by the lake,
No star is out, the moon burns low;
And while sad memories come and go
I long for you.

W. J. D.

There was a young man in P. I.
Who had a great longing for pie,
So he came to this land,
Very gorgeous and grand,
For there was no pie in P. I.

W. C. S.

A jolly boy from Joliet,
One day in great folly e't
A barrel of soft soap,
And he is, it's no dope,
Not jolly yet in Joliet.

W. C. S.

The Struggle in the Twenty-Ninth.

WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07.

There were big doings in the twenty-ninth. There always had been since "Long" John Hayes and Johnny Flannigan assumed the leadership of the democratic party in the twenty-ninth ward. It was way back in the '70's when they had first come to Chicago and formed a duumvirate whose power and sway was as formidable as that exercised by the "big three" many centuries before—at least so every boy in the twenty-ninth ward would tell you and surely they ought to know. For if "Dad" ever wanted a job, didn't "Long" John Hayes always have one open for him; and if brother Jack got "pinched" didn't Alderman Flannigan always go his bail or get him out altogether? Which, with many other things, made the duumvirs the most popular and powerful leaders in all Cook County.

But to return to my story. There was war in the twenty-ninth; not between the democrats and republicans; no that would not arouse a bit of enthusiasm. For ever since Johnny Flannigan had been elected alderman down to the present time, the republicans didn't dare breathe. But the war that stirred up the twenty-ninth ward was a civil war, a deadly contest in Democracy's own camp. That great and exalted body of united Democracy was torn and dismembered by internal strife. For "Long" John Hayes had vowed vengeance on his one-time bosom friend, Johnny Flannigan, and on all his constituents, and now, as in the olden days, each party was arming for the fray. Years ago when the two had first come to America they had parted friendship, but only for a time. The affection of boyhood days was not so easily broken, and it united them again in a friendship which remained unbroken for twenty years.

But now it was at an end. Accused of holding all the best jobs for his special friends, Alderman John Flannigan declared "Long" John unworthy of his friendship. The latter firmly and promptly picked up the gauntlet by commencing to marshall his forces for the democratic primaries in the 19th Congressional district, just three months off. The 19th district was controlled by the 29th ward. So when Ald. Flannigan put up his cousin Jimmy Flood for Congressman for the 19th Congressional district, "Long" John backed his nephew, Eddie Burke, with all his constituency and every cent he possessed. Such was the situation. For the first time in twenty years two democrats were up for the same nomination. The battle promised to be a royal one. Jimmy Flood and Burke were only the nominal candidates. The office they ran for was forgotten. The real battle was, "Long" John Hayes vs. Ald. Flannigan for supremacy in the twenty-ninth ward democracy. Each was sure of victory, each vowed to leave politics if defeated. Johnny Flannigan's guns first opened fire. Thinking to surprise his opponent he organized a torchlight procession. But the very night on which the procession started out with a brass band at its head, with smoking torches and flaring placards announcing "Flood for Congress," what should it bump into but a similar procession organized by "Long" John Hayes. For several minutes the two columns stood confronting each other, but suddenly they came together, and right then and there on the cobblestones of Chicago were recalled the days of Brian Boru and of Irish chivalry. For as the big drummer of Flannigan's band brought his drumstick down on the head of the opposing drummer, his own head and shoulders were buried in the former's big base drum and then with a roar and a crash the forces met. Needless to say that riot calls were frequent that night. But that was only one incident in the campaign.

Hayes started a hay-rack party, and Flannigan got even with a dance which he followed up with a trolley-ride to Riverside for every loyal follower of Jimmy Flood. Not to be outdone, Hayes organized a moonlight excursion up the lake to Waukegan, and Flannigan followed with a longer one to Milwaukee with free lunch, etc., all the way. So it went on, dance alternated with excursion, mass-meeting with parade, trolley party followed trolley party, and picnic, picnic, until the primaries at last came round.

No need to say that every one voted. From 5 a. m. until 4 p. m., carriages and automobiles were flying around to hurry the lazy or indifferent voters to the polls. All day long the excitement was intense. Every one greeted every one else with the question: "Who's ahead?" Around the polling places the streets were blockaded, fights were frequent, and with difficulty was order preserved. Back of Jimmy Flood's saloon at the three corners, Alderman Flannigan heard the news, while in his office "Long" John Hayes waited and watched for every word,

Slowly bit by bit the returns came in, and it was evident that Jimmy Flood, Flannigan's candidate, was gradually forging ahead. At first it was with difficulty that "Long" John controlled his agitation, but gradually his face hardened, he showed no emotion, but sternly and without a word received each new affirmation of defeat, as the returns came in from each succeeding precinct. At half-past seven he knew the worst. All hope had fled. Rising he took his hat from the hook and passed from the room nodding a silent good-bye to his faithful lieutenants. "Long" John Hayes was a broken man, and his following had gone down with him in defeat. There was no joy in the Hayes' camp that night. But down at the "Three Corners" no one thought of sleeping. Bonfires blazed and brass bands brayed all election night and long into the next day. Fortune Bros' and Keeley's breweries worked overtime, for no friend of Old Flannigan went thirsty during the week following election.

Several days had passed since the election. Faint echoes of the recent battle were occasionally heard, but otherwise affairs in the twenty-ninth went on in their every-day course. Returning from his office one afternoon, Alderman Flannigan still joyful over his recent victory gave himself up to thinking of his defeated rival. He smiled as he thought of Hayes' futile efforts to defeat him. How sweet was victory over such an opponent? How successfully Hayes was crushed, he was certainly a "dead one" now in politics.

With his mind filled with such thoughts, Alderman Flannigan had not noticed the way he had taken, and drew up with a start when, turning a corner, he came in sight of "Long" John's home, and there was Hayes sitting on the porch. For an instant he stopped, but seeing it was too late to turn back continued his walk. He drew near the house; the house into which he had so often entered as "Long" John's friend. How many times they had planned their campaigns in the little side parlor, how many times they had smoked and talked together of their boyhood days across the water. Yes, but now—without a stop Flannigan passed by deigning only a sidelong glance, but as he did so his eyes met those of Long John. A look of hate spread over the faces of both, but as Flannigan passed on he thought to himself:

"How old Hayes looks." It was only a few months since their quarrel, but in that time Long John had become an old man. His hair was grey, he was stooped and his eyes had lost their former fire. Half unconsciously Flannigan murmured, "Poor John," and with the words all his bitter thoughts vanished.

Up before him there leaped the vision of his boyhood days, the days of long ago far across the sea. There was the fresh turf and the sandy shore and the blue waters; there he and John had played with each other, fought each other and loved each other; sharing each other's sorrows, sharing each other's joys. And could he forget how in his greatest sorrow, at his mother's death, Long John stood by him as the truest of friends. He stopped, turned and walked back to Long John's house. He opened the gate and turned up the walk. Long John still sitting on the porch never raised his head but stared in silence at the narrow board walk which creaked beneath his victor's approaching tread. Nearer and nearer drew Flannigan, until at last he stood before his conquered enemy:

"John, 'Long' John, for the sake of old times, I'm sorry."

For a full minute not a word was spoken. Then Long John rose and grasped Flannigan's outstretched hand. With moist eyes he motioned him to a seat by his side and all enmity vanished as he said: "Say John, but wasn't it a grand fight."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, October 13, 1906.

—To-day is Founder's Day; and it is in accordance with the spirit of mankind that we observe it significantly. From the beginning men have realized the truth that all men are not equal; that deeply ingrained in the human side of us there is a willingness to bow down, to venerate, and to hold in esteem some of our fellowmen. We treat as an upstart the man who does not recognize the worth in his fellow, and we of right brand him as a bundle of prejudice. The recognition of men who have made themselves great is natural to us, the veneration we give them is spontaneous. So it is that to-day we keep sacred the memory of one who has endeared himself to us through his noble deeds. He was a hero from the beginning. An appreciated one in his own land and his own day, and a revered one when his presence had gone. Such recognition is not often given, for such worth is not in every man.

His memory is with us, his work still stands, spreading out its influence to the furthermost ends of the world. From sunny climes and frozen wastes, from sea-kissed shores and kingly mountains, men travel to drink at the well he digged for them. And departing, often will the lesson be told, and many will come to dwell beneath the spreading pines and drink of the pure stream, bearing in their hearts the name of him who was not for a day or an age but for all time—our immortal Sorin.

—Already October has come and nearly half spent itself. It is only the daily example of how fast time crowds the days and months away. So to the prospective orator who has his eye on the Breen medal, a warning word is not out of place.

The oratorical contest at Notre Dame has always been an interesting, stubborn fight. It is an epoch in the school year, as well as in the life of every young man who takes part. To win the Breen medal is no small honor; to fight for Notre Dame against all other colleges in the State, is surely worth something; and let us say it—for we *must* do it this time—to represent Indiana in the Inter-State Meet is to acquire more than a local reputation.

Since we have been in the Inter-State Association we have made ourselves felt. Notre Dame is to be reckoned with by those who aspire to be champions. We have climbed each year one round higher until now there is but another left. Shall we get there? Shall we win? All depends on the man who goes, and his worth in turn is measured by the competition to be held in Washington Hall Dec. 5.

—Apropos of the enthusiastic celebration, by all Catholic Total Abstinence societies, of the one hundred and sixteenth anniversary of the birth of Father Mathew, it is interesting to read Brander Matthews' recent article on "Reform and Reformers." That charming author passes in critical review various classes of reformers, honest fanatics who have lost their sense of proportion; self-seekers "who do not so much identify themselves with the movement as the movement with themselves;" light-witted, loud-voiced lovers of novelty for its own sake; "freaks and frauds" who are caught up in the whirl of almost every social movement, and lastly, the real reformer, the patient, genial, clear-headed, strong-hearted reformer who performs an indispensable function in society.

Father Mathew was such a man. The most over-strenuous enthusiast was never more zealous. He gave the Total Abstinence pledge to millions of his own countrymen, to a hundred thousand Scotchmen, to six hundred thousand Englishmen and to more than half a million Americans in three hundred cities and villages scattered over twenty five states. "Here goes in the name of God," directed the intention of every pledge.

Death of the Rev. P. P. Klein, C. S. C.

With sincere sorrow and regret the relatives and many friends of the Reverend Peter P. Klein heard of his sudden death on Saturday last. For many years this noble priest was head of the missionary band of the Congregation of Holy Cross, and his zeal and sterling qualities as a preacher are well known. There are few priests who have labored more enthusiastically and earnestly for the propagation of the faith than this holy man of God. Hence, in his long career of over twenty-one years in the ranks of the "Catholic priesthood," he won many souls for Christ. He continued energetically in the Apostolate until three years ago, when his health began to fail. Hoping to improve his condition he went abroad. On his return there was no change for the better, and consequently he found it necessary to give up his activity in the missionary field. Since that time he was engaged as pastor of the church of the Sacred Heart in South Bend.

A Solemn Requiem Mass was sung in his parish church on Monday at nine o'clock, at which many priests were present. Father Scherer was celebrant, and he was assisted by Fathers Dr. Groote and Moloney as deacon and subdeacon. After Mass, Father Mœnsch of Mishawaka delivered a sermon in Belgian, full of genuine sympathy. He briefly recounted Father Klein's very useful life as priest, his heroic self-sacrifice in behalf of souls and for the glory of God, and in conclusion he impressed upon the Congregation the deep lesson to be learned from such a model. Next followed a sermon in English by Father De Groote in which he praised the many excellent qualities of the deceased priest. He laid special stress on the awfulness of sudden death. He told the parishioners that although Father Klein knew that he had not long to live, still he was not aware of the day or the hour.

The last epoch in the life of Father Klein was the more significant on account of his unceasing endurance. In bearing patiently to the last his bodily infirmities, he showed that he was a soldier and a martyr. He continued his duties till death closed his eyes in sleep.

P. J. F.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 26; Franklin, 0.

The Varsity opened the season last Saturday with Franklin College, and the score was, Notre Dame, 26; Franklin, 0. The game was the biggest walk away the team could hope for, and there never was any danger of Franklin scoring.

The game put in evidence the fact that Notre Dame is going to have a fast team and one that will compete against any in the State in a creditable manner. Although the team was compelled to go into the first game without having had any scrimmage work they did all that could be expected of them. Many of the plays were poorly executed, and the interference was ragged; but at times, especially in the first half, the men played in regular mid-season form.

Coach Barry ordered Captain Bracken to keep the score low, but on the kick off Sheehan tore down the field and fell on the ball for a touchdown. Not a very good start for keeping the score low.

The new rules were much in evidence, especially in the way of penalties, as the Varsity was penalized at least 100 yards during the game. The rooters did not get a chance to see the new game tested, as straight football was used by the Varsity; the much-talked of forward pass and short kicks did not show up as it was hoped. During the first half, and in fact most of the time, Notre Dame resorted to the old style of play. Heavy line plunging by Miller and O'Flynn, an occasional end run by Captain Bracken and Callicrate, tackle bucks by Beacom and Dolan did the work.

FIRST HALF.

On the kick-off Sheehan made the first touchdown of the year, falling on the ball behind Franklin's goal. Franklin kicked off, and scrimmage started on Notre Dame's 50-yard. Miller, Bracken and Callicrate carried the ball straight down the field to the 6-yard line, and in one buck Beacom took it over. Munson missed goal.

Notre Dame kicked off. Franklin failed to gain and kicked. In a few minutes Beacom

had gone over for another touchdown. Munson missed goal. Notre Dame kicked off again. Franklin kicked. A series of line plunges carried the ball to Franklin's 38-yard line. Capt. Bracken circled right end for 35 yards and a touchdown. Beacom kicked goal.

SECOND HALF.

In the second half many changes were made by Coach Barry, and nearly every man on the squad was given a trial. O'Flynn showed up well at full-back, hitting the line in true Salmon fashion, and scoring the only touchdown of the half. Penalties were frequent during this half, as the backs seemed bound to hurdle and one penalty for this offence amounted to 55 yards. On a whole, the game was all that could be asked for a starter, and it looks as though Coach Barry is going to do "things" this year.

LINE-UP.

Notre Dame		Franklin.
Munson, Moriarty	R. E.	Dill
Dolan, Doyle	R. T.	Overstreet
Donovan, Henning	R. G.	Boyer, Wolford
Sheehan, Mertes	C.	Byers
Doyle, Eggeman	L. G.	Thompson
Beacom	L. T.	Boone
Bervy, Burdick	L. E.	Duggan
Dwan, Benz,, Bracken	Q. B.	Bryan
Bracken, Keeffe	L. H.	Lildorf
Callicrate, Hutzell	R. H.	Van Riper
Miller, O'Flynn	F. B.	Douglas

Touchdowns—Beacom, 2; Sheehan, Bracken, O'Flynn. Goals—Beacom. Umpire—Sellers. Referee—Studebaker. Linemen—Mayr, Keeffe, Hall. Time-keepers—Donovan and Spaulding. Time of halves, 20 minutes.

***

Captain Bracken made the two longest runs of the game. One in the first half of 35 yards, and a quater-back run in the second of 40 yards.

***

Sheehan made the first touchdown of the season, falling on the ball behind the goal posts on the kick off.

***

Twenty men were given a chance to show their football ability, and every man showed "some."

***

On Tuesday Coach Barry sent the team through a rainstorm for practice. Then he changed it on Wednesday, and drove them through a blinding snowstorm.

Dwan was only in at quarter for twelve minutes, but he demonstrated that he is "there" and can be relied upon to play the position.

***

Munson and Bervy, the elephantine ends, played a good game.

***

Miller and Hutzell showed up well while they were in.

***

"Us Tackles," Beacom and Dolan, were a tower of strength in the line.

***

O'Flynn carried the ball twelve straight downs for 55 yards and a touchdown.

***

"Smusheret" Donovan bids fair to rival "The Brother" and become another "Smush."

***

Burdick suffered the first real injury of the season spraining his ankle quite badly.

***

It is nearly time some movement for systematic rooting was taking shape. We have prospects for a team worthy of support, and there is no reason why they should not receive it. There surely must be some Wagners and Lantrys with us still, who will lead the rooters as in ye olden days.

A. O. C.

Personals.

—We are in receipt of a card from Fort Wayne, Ind., announcing the engagement of Mr. C. M. Niezer to Miss Rose Fox. Mr. Niezer spent his student days at Notre Dame and was known as a good scholar and star athlete. The SCHOLASTIC sends congratulations.

—A very welcome visitor to the University last Thursday was Tom Healy (Law '06) of Rochelle, Ill. Tom came down from Springfield where he had taken the Illinois Bar examination. We were all delighted to see the same "old Per," and he looked as big and jolly as ever. Healy was a Varsity football man and a good student. Come again, Tom.

Notes from the Colleges.

DePauw is contemplating a change in its college paper from a weekly to a daily publication.

***

Clarence Mackay has increased his original gift of $50,000 to the University of Nevada to a $100,000.

***

Ovitz, Illinois star performer on the baseball mound last season, is winning praise for himself as quarter in the Varsity football practice at Urbana.

***

A unique method of getting acquainted has been adopted by the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago University. An "Acquaintance" reception was given in Snell Hall the other night at which all the freshmen were present. Introductions were unnecessary, as each man's name was pinned to the lapel of his coat. This beats—"My name is ——, and yours?"

***

The Freshmen in several of the Western colleges seem to have it all their own way. The Wisconsin first-year men won the water fight at Madison; and the Freshies at Iowa were victorious in the annual class rush at the Hawkeye School.

***

Dean Hudbert of the Harvard faculty has exonerated "Teddy" Jr. and his companions from all blame in their recent escapade with a Boston "plain clothes man." The president's influence and popularity is as diversified as it is far-reaching.

***

The Indiana students are puzzled over the Numerals of their five hundred freshmen. "Naughty nine," they declare is all right, but they throw up their hands in utter consternation at the entanglement of "naught ten;" others, however, see a way out of the difficulty in designating this year's freshmen as simply "tenners."

***

The Merchant Marine League of the United States at Cleveland has offered $1000 in prizes for the four best essays on "How to Build up our Shipping in the Foreign Trade." The essays must not exceed 2500 words.

***

Men of the Chicago University who have political and oratorical proclivities have a chance this fall to get a bit of practical experience on the stump. The Independence League of Illinois have offered inducements for the student orator to enter actively into the state campaign.

***

Fifty cents will be the price of admission charged the students of Minnesota University to see the football games this season. The condition imposed by the athletic board is, that each student must secure a signed certificate ten days before each game.

***

"Information Booklet" is the name of a neat little publication just compiled by the Information Bureau of Chicago University. Every student can secure one free. It is in the nature of a "guide" to all items of interest about the University.

***

Oberlin is to have a Carnegie library.

***

Iowa University has instituted a Student Council, composed of nine members elected by the student body. The function of this "select nine" is to promote a mutual understanding between faculty and students.

***

October 13 Northwestern's inter-class football schedule will be opened, when the Seniors meet the Juniors.

***

"Resolved that the Federal Government should adopt a progressive income tax, conceded its constitutionality." This is the question to be debated by the new Triangular Debating League composed of the universities of Chicago, Michigan, and Northwestern.

***

The *Daily Maroon* comes out in an editorial of Oct. 5 against the "proverbial college hazing rowdyism and tomfoolery."

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Statement of Facts.

George Hart and Frances, his wife, were born in Clay Township, St. Joseph County, Indiana. They were near neighbors, attended the same school, and grew up together from early childhood. They were married some ten years ago, George being 25 and Frances 18 at the time. Three years afterward they moved to South Bend, and took up their home permanently in that city. On the 3d of March, 1904, an insurance agent, named James Kivlan, called at their residence, No. 123 West La Salle Avenue, and soon demonstrated what a good thing it would be for them to take out a policy in the Equitable Company on their joint lives, so that if he died she would have $5000 to comfort her for her loss, and so, too, in his case, if she should die first. Mr. Kivlan presented the case so cleverly that the policy was taken. Until the following year all was peace and harmony in the home of the Harts. But not long afterward clouds appeared in the domestic sky, and the demon of discord entered and took possession of their little home. Jealousy, the green-eyed monster, was there enthroned, and held dominion both night and day. Before the first snow of winter had whitened the landscape the court had listened to the sad story of their domestic tribulations, heard their mutual criminations and recriminations, and granted a divorce *a vinculo*. Then George married a Frances II., while Frances married a George II. But in January, 1906, George I. died, and when, a few days later, the tidings of his sudden death reached Frances I. she shed no tears, but was heard to mutter "Good, I can now make use of that insurance policy!" She went at once to the commode, unlocked one of the drawers, drew forth a sealed envelope, opened it and found the policy. "Now," said she, "I'm going to call at the insurance office, get my money, open a bank account, purchase a horse and carriage, or an automobile, go to Chicago to buy a new suit, and do some shopping, board for a week at the Auditorium," etc.

Frances lost no time in making her way to the insurance office. The manager courteously handed her a chair, mistaking her possibly for a new applicant for insurance. But his smile vanished when she produced the policy on the joint lives of herself and the first husband. It was succeeded by a look of blank astonishment when she asked him if he would kindly write her a check for $5000, so that she might get to the bank with it before three o'clock, the closing hour. "Why, madam," said he, "your request is preposterous. The death must be proved in the usual way, and we must be officially informed of it." "Well, he has already been dead a week," said Frances, "and I don't see why I should be required to wait any longer." "All very well, but our rules require us to investigate the matter. It is just possible that in dealing with our agent he made misrepresentations which would invalidate or defeat the policy. He may have concealed facts of special moment that ought to have been disclosed. We must investigate, and you must wait patiently until we ascertain whether, in the light of all the facts, we are under obligation to pay this policy. It is possible, too, that it may have become forfeited for non-payment of premiums."

"Oh, no! it isn't," she exclaimed, "the premiums were paid regularly. I knew the consequence of not keeping them up, and carefully avoided it. If you don't pay me I'll consider you a swindler and send my husband to talk to you." "What! I thought you said your husband was dead." "And so he is—that is my first husband, or the one to whom I was married when this policy was written, but we were divorced afterward, and then I married again. I speak of sending to see you about this matter the husband to whom I am now married." "Calm yourself, madam," said he, as his smile returned,—"We do not owe you anything under this policy. As settled in the case of Goodsall *v.* Boldero, 9 East 72, it is one of indemnity. Your first husband did not die while you were dependent upon him. You have lost nothing by his death. I suppose your second husband takes as good care of you as did the first, and you have evidently found it more congenial to live with him!" "Oh, I can not believe it—such disappointment would kill me; but will you kindly relate more fully the facts

in the case you mentioned?" "Well, yes. We insurance people, you know, must be well read in and fully conversant with the law relating to our business. I shall narrate briefly for you the facts in the Boldero case":

"Over a century ago there lived a great statesman named William Pitt, who was Prime Minister of England, and whose income was never quite up to his expenses, for he spent with a prodigal hand. Among his many creditors was one Boldero, a carriage-maker, who had a bill against him for something like £2500. Seeing but little chance of ever getting his money from either Pitt living or his estate when he died, Boldero went to the Pelican Insurance Company in London, and took out a policy on the premier's life for £2500, having an insurable interest in it to that amount. Three or four years afterward Mr. Pitt died, and a grateful country, after depositing his remains in Westminster Abbey, ordered all his debts to be paid from the public treasury. One of the first to put in his claim was Mr. Boldero, and he received at once his £2500 from the government fund. Next he called at the office of the Pelican Insurance Company and demanded the £2500 claimed to be due on the policy he had taken out on Pitt's life. The directors refused to pay the same or any part of it, reminding him that he had been paid, that his debt had disappeared by the action of the government, and that there was nothing further to be asked by way of indemnification. Soon afterward he called on his lawyer, and suit was instituted on his policy in the Court of King's Bench. But there both his lawyer and he were defeated, for Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice of England, decided that the debt he had insured had been paid, and that there was no obligation on the part of the defendant company to pay the policy, inasmuch as he had already been fully indemnified in respect to the thing it insured.

"So, madam, you must plainly see that by being divorced and marrying again, your interest in the life of your first husband ceased, and, like Boldero, you can't get any more money. You insured against the loss incident to his death, and, as it appears, you suffered no loss by his death."

"Well," said she, "I don't believe the cases are alike, and I'm going to sue anyhow."

She comes here for that purpose. Her second husband is named George Huntly.

Local Items.

—One of 'em down.

—Not a man hurt in Saturday's game.

—Moral: Never monkey with a monkey.

—Monday's class in Bacteriology created quite a stir.

—Season tickets can be obtained from Brother Paul.

—Lost:—Waterman Fountain Pen. Please return to Bro. Florian, St. Joseph's Hall.

—Lost.—On or near Carroll campus, a gold band ring. Return of same will be rewarded by S. Graham, Brownson Hall.

—The senior Law class organized Wednesday evening, and elected the following men as its officers: President, Patrick M. Malloy; Vice-President, Micheal J. Diskin; Secretary and Treasurer, T. Paul McGannon; Class Orator, Gallitzen A. Farabaugh.

—Brownson won its first game of the season by defeating McNerny's and Doran's fast and husky aggregation from South Bend. The Benders had it in weight on the Brownsonites, but failed to score, though they gave the plucky N. D. bunch a hard fight. The work of Trumbull, Lennartz and Sheehan was especially good.

—The Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society held the first meeting of the session Wednesday evening, October 10, in Holy Cross Seminary. A large number was present, and after the regular programme, Rev. Father French gave the members a talk on the needfulness of such a society. Father Crowley made a few remarks, after which twenty-one new members took the pledge for life.

—Thursday evening, October 4, the ex-Philopatrians formally opened up the session by a supper at Haney's. This society was formed last year at the earnest request of the old Philopatrians, and as the fact that the Philopatrian society is for Carroll Hall exclusively prevents the old members from remaining in it, Brother Cyprian consented to allow a new society to be formed, limiting the membership, however, to old Philopatrians. The officers for this year are: Walter Duncan, President; Charles Kelley, Vice-President; Claude Sorg, Secretary and Frank Roan, Treasurer.

—The opening game for the Inter-Hall championship will be played soon between Corby and St. Joe. A good game is looked for, as both teams are confident. Rooters from both halls will be in evidence to cheer their favorites along. R. A. McNally has been chosen manager of the Corby team. No comment is necessary as to his ability. Corley's line-up will probably be: Foley,

R. E.; Drumm, R. T.; Paine, R. G.; Roan, C.; Sterrib, L. G.; Murphy, L. T.; McDonough, L. E.; Heyl, Q. B.; Sweazy, R. H.; Kelly (Capt.), F. B.; Lucas, L. H.

—Last Wednesday evening St. Joseph's Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting. The debate, "Resolved that President Roosevelt's attitude in phonetic spelling reform is deserving of condemnation," was well handled by the speakers. Messrs. Cunningham and Jurischek upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. May and Young took care of the negative side. After the programme had been ended the prospects of a debate with Brownson were considered, and it is expected that St. Joe Hall will have an exceptionally strong team in the Inter-hall debates. Bro. Florian has again come to the front in making things pleasant for St. Joe Hall. Through his endeavors the hall can now boast of a new piano. With Tom Riley as pianist, St. Joe Hall will not dread the coming of old winter.

—The Corby Hall Literary and Debating society, with a membership of twenty-five, was organized last Saturday evening at the instigation of Mr. G. A. Farabaugh, who was unanimously elected critic of the society. To judge from the great interest manifested by the members at the initial meeting, the society has indeed a promising future. Several aspirants were up for the presidency, but William Heyl was the favored candidate, winning by a slight majority. The result of the elections for the remaining offices was as follows: Vice-President, C. O'Brien; Secretary and Reporter, R. A. McNally; Treasurer, F. J. Rowan; Sergeant-at-Arms, F. T. Harmon. The Executive Committee is composed of Messrs. Farabaugh, O'Brien, and Martin. Critic Farabaugh has promised to further the interests of the society in every way possible, and with such a competent mentor at the head of affairs, there is no reason why Corby should not be among the foremost of the debating societies of the University.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held a regular meeting Thursday night at which great enthusiasm was displayed. New members were taken in which swelled the membership to fifty. After the new men were voted in, President Eggeman, in a few well-chosen words, gave them a hearty welcome. Mr. D. McDonald then made a speech which was a happy blending of wit and wisdom. Mr. G. Springer, an ex-president, said something very apposite on "Opportunity." Mr. "Jake" Young, an ex-Brownson debater, spoke words of encouragement to the new members and infused "pep" into the old ones. This was followed by a few words from Mr. C. Rowlands on "The Value of Public Speaking in Business Life." Mr. P. Depew gave a talk which was followed by prolonged applause. Bro. Alphonsus, founder and mainstay of the society, gave the members, old and new, a heart-to-heart talk, and ended with two well-rendered recitations. Prof. Farabaugh closed the program, urging a strict adherence to parliamentary law. President Eggeman assigned a program committee, and gave out programs for the next two meetings. Twelve more students' names were handed in for admission to the society.

—The Editors of the '07 "Dome" have already begun work on the Year-Book. The Board of Editors, elected last spring by an Executive Committee of the class, seems to have been a happy selection, for they are all entering into the work with equal vehemence. Students have been appointed to take charge of the various departments; and now, since all of the vacancies have been filled, progress should be rapid. It is the intention of the Editors that every member of the senior class will have a certain function to perform in connection with the "Dome." The task of publishing an annual is by no means an easy undertaking. It requires the co-operation, not only of the members of the senior class, but of the whole student body.

"Although the "Dome of '07" will be a senior publication, it will not represent any specific class or hall, but will interest every student at Notre Dame equally. Correspondents will be appointed in the various halls to keep a diary of the year's work. It is the earnest hope of the publishers that no body of students will be slighted in any way. To avoid such an injustice, representatives will be appointed in all the halls and classes. Indeed the humorous section will not be neglected. The editors will exert their greatest efforts to have this portion of the book compare favorably with the "Wink" of last year.

The editors will endeavor to have the book ready for distribution if possible, somewhat earlier than the publishers of last year's book. This will necessitate an earlier start on the part of the management. All of the pictures, individual and group, will have to be collected as soon as possible. Let everybody be prepared, then, to meet the photographer face-to-face in the near future. Pictures representing student life at Notre Dame will be gladly received by the management. Any student in the University who has ability as an artist or a cartoonist, or in fact those who think that they can be of service to the annual in any way whatever, should report to the editor as soon as possible.