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Laetare Medallist for 1907.

KATHERINE ELEANOR CONWAY,
BOSTON, MASS.

The University of Notre Dame honors itself by conferring on you the Laetare Medal. May you live long to wear it and to work for God and humanity.

JOHN CAVANAUGH, President.

Seldom if ever has a more gratifying message been flashed across the telegraph wires by an American University than that which was sent to Boston on the vigil of Laetare Sunday bearing to Katherine Eleanor Conway, editor of the Boston Pilot, essayist and writer, the formal announcement that Notre Dame had bestowed its highest honor upon her.

With modesty characteristic of the nobleness and simplicity of a great Christian woman, Miss Conway replied in a letter which shall always be held as a treasured document of the University. Written from her home, 1 Atherton Place, Egleston Square, Boston, on March 9th. The epistle reads:

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH;

I have just received your telegram announcing that the Faculty of Notre Dame University has honored me with its Laetare Medal. 'Whence is this to me?' is my one word; for it has been my supreme happiness to do my small part as a child of the Church.

I thank you all a thousand times for numbering me among the Catholics whom you deem worthy of recognition. Pray that my life may be worthy of the crown you have put upon it.

Ever gratefully and faithfully,

Yours,

KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

The life thus crowned with the coveted distinction of the Laetare Medal was begun at Rochester, N. Y. Miss Conway is the daughter of James and Sarah Agatha Conway. As a girl she attended the academies of the Sacred Heart in Rochester and New York and St. Mary's Academy, Buffalo. In 1880 she entered the field of journalism in Buffalo, and not long

afterwards became prominently associated with the *Catholic Union and Time* of that city, enjoying the confidence of its great editor, Father Cronin, who is still lamented by those familiar with his work and his charming personality. Miss Conway was later identified with the daily papers of Rochester, and began to acquire fame through her contributions to magazines and literary journals as a writer and thinker of ability. Her remarkable talent attracted the attention of the *Pilot* people, and her name thus became associated with the name of one of those grand old Catholic journals which for decades have been successful exponents of the principles of faith and the notable defenders of human liberties.

As a co-worker of John Boyle O'Reilly and James Jeffrey Roche, Miss Conway further proved her genuine worth and ability. When Mr. Roche was made consul to Genoa, Italy, two years ago, she succeeded to the editorial chair of the *Pilot*. It is a high tribute to her force of character as well as her mental power that she has been able to succeed these strong men as editor of the *Pilot*. She enjoyed in a large measure the confidence of the venerable founder of the *Pilot*, Patrick Donahue, who is also a Laetare Medallist.

Some time ago on reading a sketch of Miss Conway's life in "Who's Who in America," a prominent editor of the Middle West said he could not understand how one whose life was so taken up with journalistic duties could find time to do anything else. Yet during her 27 years of newspaper experience, Miss Conway has produced a long list of books which have appealed to the reading public. Her influence in a literary way has been particularly exerted upon young women of the country, as her books were written especially for them. She is author of "On the Sunrise Slope," poems; "Watchwords from John Boyle O'Reilly;" "A Dream of Lilies," poems; "A Lady and Her Letters;"

"Making Friends and Keeping Them;" "Questions of Honor;" "Bettering Ourselves;" "New Footsteps in Well Trodden Ways;" "Lalor's Maples;" and with Clara Erskine Clement, "Christian Symbols and Stories of the Saints."

There is still another side to Miss Conway's activities with which the public is not so familiar as it is extremely personal. At least we may say, however, that she is prominently associated with every religious, moral and philanthropic movement in the city of Boston.

It is a question whether the Lætare Medal was ever conferred on any one whose nomination is more universally acclaimed than Miss Conway's. Bishops, priests and laity alike echo the cordial sentiment expressed in this letter received at the University from another distinguished Lætare Medallist, Mr. Onahan, of Chicago. It reads:

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

I congratulate the Faculty on the choice of Miss Conway for the Lætare Medal.

She eminently deserves the distinction by her conspicuous services as a journalist and writer. Her pen has ever been employed in vindicating Catholic principles and pleading for all that is good, true and generous.

Faithfully yours,

WILLIAM J. ONAHAN."

The story of the Lætare Medal is familiar enough to Americans. In 1883 the faculty of the University of Notre Dame determined to choose each year from the ranks of the Catholic laity of the United States a man or a woman conspicuous for furthering the interests of morality, education, citizenship, and to confer on that person a tangible mark of honor to bear witness of the approbation and sympathy of Notre Dame. This expression of esteem takes the form of the Lætare Medal. The medal receives its name from the day on which it is bestowed, Lætare Sunday, the fourth Sunday in Lent. The day takes its name from the Introit of the Mass for that day which begins with the word "Lætare" which means "rejoice".

The faculty chose this particular Sunday in order to associate the occasion of the presentation of the medal in the mind of the recipient with a similar usage that has obtained for six centuries in Europe. Early in the thirteenth century the Popes inaugurated the custom of giving on Lætare Sunday to one who had performed marked service to religion and humanity a golden rose blessed by the Pope. Since the purpose to be accomplished in the conferring of the medal is almost the same as that of giving

the rose, Lætare Sunday was chosen as the most fitting time for its presentation. In early times the formal conferring of the golden rose by the Pope was accompanied by a benediction conveyed in the words: "Receive from our hands this rose, beloved son, who according to the world art noble, valiant, and endowed with great prowess, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ as a rose planted in the streams of many waters; and may this grace be bestowed on you in the prevailing clemency of Him who liveth and reigneth world without end."

The bar from which the disk is suspended is lettered "Lætare Medal," and the face of the disk bears the inscription *Magna est veritas et prævalebit*—"Truth is mighty and shall prevail." The reverse side has the name of the University and the recipient. The address presented with the medal is painted and printed on silk, and sets forth in each instance the special reasons influencing its bestowal. Dr. John Gilmary Shea, historian, was the first on whom the medal was conferred. The list of subsequent names bears some of the most prominent Catholic laics of the United States. Since 1883, the year in which Dr. Shea was the recipient, the following men and women have received the honor: Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; Gen. John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Maj. Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, editor; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Gen. William M. Rosecrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadler, author; Dr. Thomas A. Emmett, physician; Hon. Timothy Howard, jurist; John Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and orator; Dr. John Benjamin Murphy, surgeon; Charles Jerome Bonaparte, lawyer and statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Hon. Francis Quinlan, surgeon.

There hangs about the giving of the Lætare Medal a mystery similar to that shrouding the election of a Pope, *i. e.*, in the public conjectures they start, and the uncertainty they involve as to who is to receive them.

The Catholicity of the above list, considered in any light, cannot be questioned. Birth or social position have received absolutely no consideration in the selection of the Lætare Medallists. There is only one requirement, but that is absolute—supreme and unquestionable merit. May the new Lætare Medallist long abide with us to exercise her beneficent activities for God and country!

Thomas Osborne Davis.

RICHARD J. COLLENTINE, '09.

Nearly all the endowments native to the Celt were realized in Thomas Osborne Davis. The poetic temperament and love for nature show themselves in all his writings. His birthplace was well fitted for one of even ordinary talent. The picturesque town of Mallow, situated between the mountains on the famous bend of the Blackwater, and the stern walls of Mallow castle close by, made an ideal setting for a poet. These surroundings in his youth undoubtedly exerted a lasting influence on his later productions.

Like a characteristic Irishman, Thomas Davis wrote no "philosophical poetry." He confined himself to simple inspiration. This, combined with inborn skill in selecting melodious phrases, enabled him to express his mind fully. His poems are a picture of himself—sincere, emotional and passionate. He made his words say what he really felt. The reader always feels as he felt. Justin McCarthy stamps him "the most genuine poet since the days of Thomas Moore." He possessed a close insight into the tastes and emotions of human nature. So much did he see in the little mound which marked Wolfe Tone's grave, and so much of it did he impart to his readers, that pilgrimages were made to the spot to honor the memory of the dead patriot. A graphic idea of the poet's thoughts regarding death is presented in "My Grave."

Shall they bury me in the deep,
Where wind-forgetting waters sleep?
Shall they dig a grave for me
Under the greenwood tree?
Or on the wild heath,
Where the wilder breath
Of the storm doth blow
Oh, no! oh, no!

The words bespeak the foreboding thoughts of one who has in mind the next life; the hopes of one who desires to die having accomplished his purpose.

Shall they bury me in the palace tombs,
Or under the shade of cathedral domes?
Sweet 'twere to lie on Italy's shore;
Yet not there, nor in Greece, though I love it more.
In the wolf or the vulture my grave shall I find?

Shall my ashes career on the world-seeing wind?
Shall they fling my corpse in the battle mound,
Where coffinless thousands lie under the ground?
Just as they fall they are buried so—
Oh, no! oh, no!

Davis was contemplative. When he rested his mind from absorbing cares and solitude for country it turned into other channels. The one-time, preoccupied man of affairs, gave place to the sober-minded poet. Like the proverbial leader he had two distinct selves: the one stern and energetic, the other restful and listless. It was in the latter that the attractions of nature moved before his imaginative brain. Every glistening blade of grass, every rain-drop on the "wettered trees," contained a suggestion for him:

No! on an Irish green hillside,
On an opening lawn—but not too wide,
For I love the drip of the wetted trees—
I love not the gale but a gentle breeze
To freshen the turf;—put no tombstone there,
But green sods decked with daisies fair;
Nor sods too deep, but so that the dew
The matted grass-roots may trickle through.
Be my epitaph writ on my country's mind:
"He served his country, and loved his kind."

It is as the patriot, however, that Davis will long be remembered in Ireland. He loved his country. He had no desire for glory in its service; only a true, disinterested love. All his writings, whether scathing or passive, reflect it. He had the features and the physique of an ideal Irishman. "Davis," says Charles Gavan Duffy, "was a man of middle stature, strongly but coarsely built. A broad brow and a strong jaw stamped him as a character of power; but except when it was lighted by thought or feeling, it was plain and even rugged."

He was born at a time, (1814—1845) when a man constituted like him must hold a foremost place in public affairs. The great agitation for the Repeal of the Union was then at its height. National indignation, always more or less intense under English oppression, had reached a climax with the infamous Union. Coalitions had sprung up in quick succession. With the destruction of one another immediately arose to fill its place. Their united strength was brought to bear in attacks against the common enemy.

The conflict found Davis in the very thickest of the melee in the ranks of the

"Young Ireland" party. This was one of those venturesome bands of energetic men whose rare gifts had no parallel save in the self-sacrificing spirit in which they were employed to further a common cause. He was one of the strongholds in the organization by virtue of his connection with the celebrated *Nation*. Its tremendous force was felt in the agitation for Repeal—a force enlivened by the fiery contributions of the "Young Irelanders." Davis was the foremost of the three young men who founded the *Nation* and was closely connected with it until his death. He was the leading masterly contributor. By brilliant expression of sometimes all too extreme views, he raised the prestige of the paper, and added weight and importance to its columns. He was instrumental in securing contributions from prominent men outside of his circle to its widely circulating issues.

Deep-seated emotion lent an eloquent ring to his verse. Traces of the sober-minded poet always remained even in his energetic self. When his martial spirit arose, it rushed on resistlessly, finding expression in the most powerful words:

Sing, oh! let me learn liberty
From crashing wind and lashing sea
That chainless wave and lovely land
Freedom and Nationhood demand!
Be sure the great God never planned
For slumbering slaves a home so grand.
And long a brave and haughty race,
Honored and sentineled the place—
Sing, oh! not even their sons' disgrace
Can quite destroy their glory's race.

In the "Battle of Fontenoy," probably the greatest ballad ever penned, Davis effected his highest achievement both in description and poetic skill. The swift movement of the lines alone carries one through scenes of the battle—up and down hill, "matted close with dying and with dead," and along the wavering line of fighting men.

How fierce the look these exiles wear, who're wont
to be so gay,

The treasured wrongs of fifty years are in their
hearts to-day.

O'Brien's voice is hoarse with joy, as halting he
commands:

"Fix bay'nets"—"charge!" Like mountain storm rush
on these fiery bands!

Thin is the English column now, and faint their
volleys grow,

Yet must'ring all the strength they have, they make
a gallant show.

They dress their ranks upon the hill to face that
battle wind—

Their bayonets the breakers' foam; like rocks, the
men behind.

One volley crashes from the line, when, through the
surging smoke,

With empty guns clutched in their hands, the headlong
Irish broke.

On Fontenoy, on Fontenoy, hark to that fierce
huzza!

"Revenge! remember Limerick! dash down the
Sassanach!

A passionate, genuine love for country and velocity and strength of expression brought him the place he held in the esteem of his countrymen. "I remember," says Father Tom Burke "with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading Davis' 'Poems,' and it would seem that before my young eyes I would see the dash of the Brigade at Fontenoy; it would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shout that rounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war cry of the Red-Hand—as the English were swept away, and like snow under the beams of the raising sun, melted before the Irish onset."

The "Young Ireland" party did not have the help of Thomas Davis to realize the possibilities promised it under him. In the very middle of the strife in 1845 he died, at a time when his presence was most needed. The task of keeping alive the movement, in the organization of which he had been such a factor, remained for his comrades. But the future promised no man of his ability. The loss of Thomas Osborne Davis in his thirty-first year was felt deeply. Even Daniel O'Connell, so violently opposed to him, sincerely mourned him. On first hearing the news he wrote from his place in Derrynane to the association: "As I stand alone in the solitude of my mountains many a tear shall I shed in memory of the noble youth. Oh! vain are words or tears when such a national calamity afflicts the country. Put me down among the foremost contributors to whatever monument or tribute to his memory be voted by the National Association. Never did they perform a more imperative, or, alas! so sad a duty. I can write no more—my tears blind me." His greatest gift to Erin was his own self, and when he died his loss was mourned in every town and hamlet in the country.

Varsity Verse.

THE HEART IS FILLED.

THE heart to overflowing oft is filled
 By one kind word, by one fair Christian deed,
 In time of pain, in days of soulful need
 When one is slow, in certain arts unskilled.
 Fair flowers grow full well in fields best tilled,
 And friendship thrives in soil that e'er is freed
 From malice low, a clime unknown to greed,
 A haven where faint, failing hearts are stilled.

The soul does dream: a single sob of pain
 Escapes its bounds: but all these dreams are sure
 To vanish fast when one kind word is spoken,
 When one bright deed is done. The weary brain
 And heart spring up to life and pleasure pure
 When sorrow's bonds of pain are endless broken.

O. A. S.

MUNICIPAL MONOPOLY.

Of all the fads that swept o'er our country
 The Lawson fad, Dunne fad and Hearst,
 I think, lest I'm badly mistakened,
 The fad called M. O. is the worst.

The city would have M. O. bake-shops
 To furnish municipal bread,
 M. O. undertakers would follow,
 To box the municipal dead.

We'd have a municipal dentist
 To put on municipal crowns,
 All kinds of municipal worries
 To furnish municipal frowns.

A million municipal silkworms
 Would weave our municipal silk,
 And scores of municipal babies
 Cry out for municipal milk.

We'd have a municipal bar-room
 And serve M. O. whiskey and gin,
 A plain M. O. spree would soon follow
 'Twould be a municipal sin.

Municipal doctors by thousands
 Would live on municipal fees,
 Who'd give you hot coals for a fever
 And feed you ice-cream when you'd freeze.

When out in municipal snowstorms
 You'd wear an M. O. mackintosh,
 You'd go to the M. O. theatres
 To hear the municipal bosh!

You'd have to be full of M. O. love
 To please your municipal wife,
 Each awful municipal moment
 Would make up municipal life.

Your dear M. O. heart would be aching,
 You'd heave a municipal sigh,
 If sure of no M. O. hereafter,
 You'd jump this M. O. life and die.

L. T.

Deane's Predicament.

JAMES J. FLAHERTY, '08.

Deane boarded the car at Fifty-seventh street. It would take him to the office and give him time to read the letter again. He was not aware that he had stood longer than usual on the corner and that people were staring at the crushed letter which he held in his hand. It was dated at Paris over three weeks before, and less than a week ago he had read of her marriage to Brown. He merely read a brief account of the marriage, a few cable lines in the foreign news columns—that was all.

There were three occupants in the car when he entered—all women—and he merely glanced at them as he seated himself near the door. He was not in a mood to admire femininity this morning. He mechanically laid the sheets of the letter on his knee and again began to reread it.

It was from Mae Seelig. He had partly torn it in his anger, so now handled it more delicately. He read the words "Edith and I are to sail on the 20th. Will you meet us? I know you will, of course, but I can hardly wait to catch the first glimpse of you. Just think, Dick, only two months till my wedding day." Deane leaned back in his seat, gazed uninterestingly at the long rows of houses that flitted past the car. But he could read no further. The cable despatch announced the marriage of Miss Mae Seelig and Mr. Benjamin Brown only a short time ago, and now came the letter. Did she write it to him a week before her marriage? In previous letters she had spoken of meeting Brown on the steamer and of how she enjoyed his company, and he was to be with them upon their return voyage.

The car stopped and one of the women alighted. He drew back the door for her, but he took no notice of her. He buttoned up his coat, as the car was entering the business portion of the city, as he wished to alight and walk a few squares before he would return to his desk at the office. Suddenly a second lady arose about to leave the car. She wore a white veil and appeared to be in a hurry. He did

not attempt to open the door nor even look at the passenger. At the next corner he prepared to leave the car himself, when he noticed a shining bracelet upon the floor near the door. Deane picked it up amazed. It was the very bracelet he had given Mae before she sailed for Europe. There were the initials, "M. S. from D. D."

Deane held it in his hand undecided what to do. Suddenly reason began to work and he remembered the lady who had just left the car. How stupid of him that he did not open the door for her also. Did she recognize him and drop the bracelet at his feet that he might know what had happened? He looked up and down the street, but she was not in sight, so he walked on toward his office. In a few days he would leave the city and try to forget. As he was passing the Postal Building, he caught sight of the late passenger entering the building. The revolving door quickly shut her from his sight, so he hurried to overtake her. As he was about to enter, the lady came out on the street in front of him.

"Mae," he exclaimed, and then the veil was raised, when he found himself looking into the sparkling eyes of Edith Seelig who extended her hands to him.

"Don't shout on the street, Dick," she said merrily. "But tell me of yourself. Come with me to the depot, mamma is waiting for me there. Why didn't you meet us at the boat yesterday? Didn't you get Mae's letter?"

"Yes, I did get her letter"—Deane almost stumbled on the curb—and I also read those press despatches, so I thought my presence at the boat wasn't necessary; it was rather sudden for me."

"Sudden," gasped Edith. "Why, we never told a soul about it." You know I always like to do things quietly. Somebody must have found out our little episode and cabled the news to America."

"Yes," replied Deane, "I read in the foreign news where Miss Mae Seelig was married to Mr. Benjamin Brown."

"Oh, Dick, how ridiculous! Are you in earnest or merely joking? Do you think that Mr. Brown would ever marry an engaged woman? I guess the cable should have read Edith Seelig was married to Mr. Benjamin Brown." Then Deane understood.

Erin's Beacon Light.

JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08.

PATRICK! long hallowed by Humanity!
Thy life, thy love and works diffused a light,
And it, from God's own Destined Isle, the night
Of mystic creeds, devoid of harmony,
Dispersed. Thyself a saint, thy heart a sea,
Reflecting in thy face a glow so bright
That art or time could ne'er produce a sight
To match the dawn of thine eternity.

The star at night, or sun through cloudy day,
Contentends with darkness, gloom and secret powers,
The unilluminated spot, with showers
Of lustre, to make bright. A guiding star,
Engulfed in noonday's glow, yields up no ray
But fairer gleams, though unseen from afar.

An Idyl of Sorin.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

Jim Keene Classic '07 stood at the foot of the stairway and blew the ashes from his cigarette. He was waiting for the chapel bell to ring and then get up before the throng from the "rec" room would rush for the stairs in their mad hurry to get to prayer. Keene wasn't as enthusiastic about this form of sanctity as were the rest of the mass in that fog thickened "rec" room. He started a bit as a shriek ran through the fog, but he fell back into his easy position when he heard it was only the "guma yell." "Do you know Waddington," he said, "sometimes I think I'm going crazy?" Waddington was from the same State and acquiesced. Waddington was a new Freshman, but had lost the "ambitions" some place. He always said of late it was in the last Economic exam when he tried to defend the idea that Henry George was not the only person for men. Realizing the scandal and knowing the saturated effect the Thaw trial had on him he had been "passed up," and so the loss of "Fresh ambish" till the next exam. From this you can tell what Waddington was. Willie

Hearst had poisoned him, and I'm not sure but his guardians will sue the local news agency for putting nefarious *Examiners* in their boy's hands.

Every morning he was the first to the window to get his little "Thaw Sheet," and tucking it neatly in his pocket would run all the way to Sorin and up to his room to read about our stagey heroine. He pestered sensible men, who tried to keep up on what the "Cubs" were doing or what new social phenom some eccentric Chicago professor had discovered, by his ecstasies "about how Delmas handed it to Jerome," or "what a dear" Eva was. He ventured that it would make a great play, and no doubt he was right, for Lincoln J. Carter will turn it into another "great, thrilling scenic production."

"Poor Evelyne!" he would moan in his sleep, and then very dramatically yell out: "I'll stick by you, Harry." Now you who read this won't call it padding, for it is necessary to know just what kind of a man Waddington was. This story hinges on it.

"I wonder what makes a man crazy, Jim?" he asked Keene who looked paternally at him and who replied: "Demerits sometimes."

"Oh, I mean terrible things, Jim," "Waddy" exploded.

"300," came from the cigarette case.

The questioner was silent.

"What else makes a man go crazy, Jim?"

"Girls, boy!" The boy winced and asked for a cigarette. When it was lighted he "pulled down" a delicious cloud, and while the heaven-sent steam of manna expanded his lungs, he asked again:

"How, Jim?"

"Through *billet doux* and faces from pictures on one's desk and wall."

Waddington's eyes flashed at his best friend, who only smiled. Then the boy asked again:

"What else drives one crazy, Jim?"

After going through Lent and Fridays and permissions and many other necessary things Keene said quite dramatically:

"Cigarettes," as he threw the "butt" away, and the big gong thundered out: "Cigarettes!"

"Waddie" thought while the "good" others prayed.

"Cigarettes," he thought, as he mechanically walked upstairs. "Cigarettes," he thought as he sat down to write a letter to the creature whose picture was on his desk. "Cigarettes, girls, *billet doux*," he muttered, as he sat down.

Long he sat there and wrote and looked at the picture. He was "sick" (that's a stage everyone passes through). The hours flew by and still he dreamed over the picture and the letter. He stopped once, and carefully, as though fearful some one would see him, lighted a cigarette. Then he leaned over the desk and gazed at the picture.

"Gee!" he said and felt his head, it was dizzy. He arose but sank into the chair; he looked about him—"my God, I'm going crazy, Jim," he broke out.

Then everything was blurred. Dimmer and dimmer grew things about him—the picture seemed to fade and only the outlines remained. He pushed his feet out under the table, but they were numb; then he looked at the picture again, but it was going, going away from him. The books were going, and now he stretched out and grabbed the picture; he would have that anyway. He pulled it closer, but his eyes were dimming, the blur came over him and now the outline was gone from the picture. He rubbed his eyes, but all was dark. It was ten o'clock in Sorin and the despotic "wink" had come.

Memories.

YE days of the long ago,
 What a thrill ye send through my heart
 As one by one old scenes and friends
 From out of the dim past start.

Ye days of the long ago,
 What thoughts ye cause to arise!
 Is it gladness or is it regret
 That brings the tears to my eyes?

Ye days of the long ago
 Is it gladness or is it regret
 That thrills my heart as I ponder o'er
 The scenes and the friends I have met?

Ye days of the long ago
 The memories round ye twined
 Float out of the past and down the years
 Like echoes borne on the wind. W. J. D.

A Little Book.

LEO J. COONTZ, '07.

It was evening. The mighty gates of the sun were swinging slowly to. The dying gleams that slipped away through the paneled clouds fell gently from point to point on the gabled roof of a rare old southern building that stood in a small clearing.

The building was old; the sills so rotted that the floor touched the ground at several points. The plastering was off in many places, and in many others it was held together only by the dingy paper. The doors long since had ceased to close; some were rotted of their hinges. The great fireplace was the rendezvous of many midnight swallows. It was falling fastly too; age's deft fingers were pulling the stones silently apart. Only yesterday had one fallen from its place and by its violent thumping over the floor startled each of the inhabitants of the great building into a thief's attitude.

The upstairs was the senate chamber of ghosts. No one ever ventured up there. The great stairs drowned all courage by their great groans. There was even less up there than below; no doors, only patches of plastering, broken gable windows through which the sun shone sometimes, and at the far end of the vista of rooms the neck of the great fireplace.

From the window one could get a view of the surrounding country for miles. Here it was that a maiden spent many beautiful evenings, wandering from window to window to gaze over the distant fields as though she sought a glimpse of some one in the far-away stretches. When evening came forth to hang her frugal lights in the sky, she would return to the west window, to linger long, transfigured in the glow of the parting sun. Often when a child had she dreamed over this selfsame scene with her brother, and the memory of youth was still fresh within her.

One evening when she had turned from her vigil and was descending the stairs there came to her the sound of some one moving

gently. Glancing toward the direction from whence the sound proceeded she saw a young man of medium build apparently, seated sideways in a window, his well-poised head outlined by the light. He was well dressed, a straw hat hung dangerously on one knee, and he was reading a small book. His presence startled her so that she halted involuntarily, and in doing so attracted his attention. Upon seeing a figure in the dim light he started forward quickly, dropping his book. On seeing that the figure was real, he begged pardon hastily, picked up his book and turned to depart.

The girl upon recovering her composure asked:

"Who are you?" Bowing he replied:

"My name is Bevelry Davis. I am visiting my uncle who lives nearby, and being out for a walk I stepped within this old building. May I forget myself so much to inquire the name of my fair inquisitor?"

"You may," she replied. "My name is Bayne Woods. This building was once my home. I come here quite often, in memory of my childhood days."

"Thank you! Your father's name is Bevelry Woods, is it not?"

"It is."

"My father knew him well. I was named after him. How are he and your mother?"

"They are quite well, thank you." She resumed: "Then I remember you. We played together when children. I am glad to see you."

"Perhaps you remember this," he said, extending to her the small book. I found it in that hole exposed to view by that stone's dislodgment. It must be quite a hol-e-y book?"

"Quite holy," she said with a half-suppressed smile. "It is a book that my mother has sought for years. It bears a beautiful and a sad story. Would you like to hear them?"

"If it pleases you. Will you sit in the window?"

"No, come to the old porch and I shall tell them to you as you sit on the stone steps at my feet." When they were arranged, she began:

"My mother used to tell this story to my brother and me when we were children."

"Your brother. Where is he now?"

"You must not interrupt me. I will tell you of him."

"I beg pardon."

"When my father was a young man; he lived in a small town in Virginia. One day he became angry at his father and left home. The next morning found him in a nearby village, weary, worn and hungry. In passing down a street he saw a girl seated beneath a bower on a lawn surrounding a delightful residence. She was reading a book, and near her stood a small table and on it a tray of apples. Again that evening he chanced that way and seeing the apples there but no girl, he ventured to take one, being quite hungry. As he reached for it he noticed a small book lying open on the table, and near it a pencil and some paper. Full of romantic spirit he picked up the pencil and wrote on the open page. 'Bevelry Woods, wanderer, April 22, 1860.'"

"Why, that's the name that's in that book!"

"Never mind, I told you not to interrupt me."

"I beg your pardon, I forgot, the story is so romantic!"

"Well, my father drifted up and down the world, through the war, then out West, where his romantic spirit found soil to bring forth a wealthy, middle-west gentleman. It was during this period of his life that he met a young lady whom he soon began to admire very much. After a courtship of a year he called on her one summer day and asked her to marry him. She told him laughingly that she did not like his name. My father did not like that and told her, that if she had received a wrong impression of him he would correct it; and thereupon rose to take his leave. 'It's not that,' she said, listen: 'Before the war when we were living in Virginia, a young man, weary-worn and hungry-looking, passed our home one morning, and again in the evening. In the morning when he passed I was in a bower on the lawn. Near the rustic bench on which I sat was a small table and on it a tray in which there were some apples. In the evening when he passed, I was in the house and from where I stood I saw him take an apple or two from the tray which I had left in the bower. After he had gone I went to the bower, and I saw

written on the page of a book that I had left there—'

"'Wordsworth's Poems?'"

"'Yes, but how—what—!'"

"'Bevelry Woods, wanderer, April 22, 1860?'"

"'What! was it you?' she gasped.

"'Yes. It was I. I did it purposely too.'"

"My father bought this place after they were married. It was a beautiful home then. It was here that my brother and I were born. I remember well how we used to play with you. I remember well how we used to watch the sun sink into the marble west. I remember well how my brother and I used to listen to the story of our mother's youth; she always ended with a sigh and these words: 'Children the book has been lost—the book that I love so well.' I remember too how my brother and I used to hunt for it; how we used to roam through the woods expecting to find it there.

"One day while in the woods on one of these excursions, guided there by many childish fancies, my brother became separated from me and since that day I have never seen him. He was ten years old then and I eight. I was found the next day, exhausted. Our loss drove my father and mother nearly mad. I was too young then to understand their sorrow; but that I missed him, and that I do still, was, and is, enough for me. That is all."

"A beautiful and a sad story indeed," he said as he reached for the book. "May I say that it has introduced us, and that I may see you home?"

"You may, she said, rising. "It is growing late and we must make haste."

When he reached the gate he fumbled long at the latch. She asked him in to see her father and mother. He consented eagerly.

When she opened the door, her father and mother, who were seated at a table, rose. The young people stepped within and Miss Woods spoke to them saying:

"Mother, father, this is Mr. Bevelry—"

"Woods," said Beverly, "and mother," he said clasping her in his arms, "Bayne and I have found your book at last."

"THE will—the one thing it is most important to educate—we neglect."

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—The conferring of the Lætare Medal on Miss Conway of Boston brings to mind the significance of the distinction.

The nation has marks with which it rewards its men who have distinguished themselves. The Church has them, too, by which deserving clergymen are rewarded; but there has been no universal method of rewarding the Catholic laity of the United States in particular. It was in view of this fact that Notre Dame established the Lætare Medal by which lay zeal is recognized. In another part we have told much of the history of this Medal and the names of those who have received it. A glance over the list of recipients will show how every department of art and science has been honored by the Medal. Could the Lætare Medallists be assembled together we think they would present a body of distinguished people hard to duplicate. To be a Lætare Medallist is no small honor, for around it clings a tradition of a long line of noble names, and there is implied in it the eminent approbation of the Catholic public of America.

—For a week the student body has had the pleasure of listening to Doctor James C. Monaghan, Professor of Commerce in the University of Wisconsin. The

Dr. Monaghan, large attendance every day
The Lovable. at his lectures was ample
testimony to the worth of
the man and the standing he has with us.

Prof. Monaghan was born in Boston in 1857. His father meeting with an accident which made him a cripple, James was obliged to go to work early, in the cotton mills of Salem. Here was where he saw and felt the harshness of the experience of child-labor of which he so graphically told the student body. He studied at night schools, and at the age of twenty-two left the factory and entered Mowry's Academy. Leaving there he went to Brown and graduated in '85. Before entering Brown and while a student there he was a member of the city council and school board of Providence, R. I. In '84 he stumped for Cleveland. After finishing Brown, at the age of twenty-eight, he was made Consul to Manheim which post he held till '89, during which time he studied at Heidelberg. In 1890 he returned to the United States and took up the study of law and newspaper work. He campaigned for Cleveland again in '92. From '93-'97 he was Consul to Chemnitz. He was delegate to the World's Commercial Congress in 1899; was made editor of *The Manufacture* in '99; since 1903 chief of Consular Reports, Bureau of Statistics, Department of Commerce and Labor.

So much for a brief summary of Doctor Monaghan's life. Whatever his life was, we know it molded a *man*. His words and his affections speak of culture and that universal spirit of sympathy which comes only from a broad education plus extensive travel and study of humanity. Dr. Monaghan may be a statesman, an authority on commerce, statistics, etc., but these are nothing compared to him as a *man*. And so it was that he won all Notre Dame.

The world, as a whole, is not so bad; all things considered, and Dr. Monaghan would have us think that. One gleans from his talks the idea that by putting before people ideals of good, people are made good. Most men do not learn from negative lessons,

and if men are not good it surely isn't a powerful stroke to tell them so. This is where we distinguish the man of years and sense in Monaghan, and it goes without saying that from him we learned some of the best lessons of our lives. A man of affairs and not merely of books, a psychologist with a heart and a lover of humanity, this is Dr. Monaghan; and would that there were a few more like him. If he builds castles for us they are beautiful ones, but then we may and can live in them. If we can't and they totter it is no argument against building them, for it seems to us better to build castles while we live than dig graves before we die.

Dr. Monaghan's Lectures.

Ever since the list of lectures was printed in the SCHOLASTIC early in the year, the student body has awaited the coming of Doctor Monaghan. He came Monday, and at 2:15 we heard him talk for an hour on the French question. So well did Dr. Monaghan cover the ground in one short hour that every student went away with a definite idea of the complex situation in France. Much history was gone over and facts brought to play which pretty much changed the current opinion concerning this war with Rome. No dreamer or mere orator is this United States Consul, but a strong man of affairs, who has been on the ground and knows whereof he speaks. In our day when we hear so many quasi-demagogues speaking the "truth about the French question" it is good to hear the facts from one who knows. Of almost a purely historical nature, the lecture still drew the close attention for the full hour of all who were there. The crowded house which welcomed him on Tuesday morning was the best evidence of the impression he had made.

ON CHARACTER.

The second lecture "brought the house down." There is something so forceful in Dr. Monaghan that we are bound to be attracted to him. But when he goes into a subject like "character" we are impatient for the coming words. In "Character" his personality, his loyalty and his strong

manhood surged out and caught everyone. "Character is the outward sign of inward culture," is a definition that takes the form of an epigram, and Dr. Monaghan is filled with epigrams and wise observations.

OUR TARIFF.

The third lecture only showed the lecturer's versatility and wonderful fund of facts. The tariff is an old question, but, as Dr. Monaghan points out, is still very live. His knowledge of economics and of conditions in our own country made him speak with authority, while his experience in diplomacy and foreign politics once more gives him the advantage over "the book man." If Dr. Monaghan is anything he is practical, and if he builds hopes we are sure they are the kind we can realize.

ON THE GERMAN PEOPLE.

In the fourth lecture Doctor Monaghan further shot at us proofs and statistics in gatling order. The determination, the intent to learn, and the wonderfulness of the German people were brought home to us. His discourse was mainly of an economic nature, punctuated with anecdotes which carried our interest all the way. When he had finished and given us the inside facts of the German people he had broadened our knowledge and increased our respect for the most determined people in the world.

ON HOW OTHER PEOPLE LIVE.

The last lecture was a masterpiece of description, narration, and oratory. The speaker discussed Scotland, England, Ireland, France, Germany and Italy. These countries were shown as seen through the eyes of a man who lived in them and who walked them through, enjoying their peoples and scenery, and loving them. Dr. Monaghan loves the world and its people. Every nation to him has good in it; and its people all teach some great lesson. When he had finished his last lecture the student body were filled with Monaghan, and many wishes were heard, "hoping to hear him again."

Owing to the fact that Dr. Monaghan was suddenly called away, the special lecture for Engineers was cancelled.

Athletic Notes.

When you read this the meet will be over and this dope will either be all wrong, or the athletic editor will have a reputation for picking winners.

Everything indicates that we will witness one of the best meets pulled off at Notre Dame in several years. Wabash and Indiana have a good bunch of men, and both teams are coming up to win the meet, and on the way past we are going to remain at home—to win the meet. Wabash has defeated Indiana indoors this season, so it is reasonable to suppose that they have the better team. In Blair they have a star in the dashes and the quarter-mile run—likewise we have one. In Patton Wabash has a man with a record of 2.06 on a thirty-lap track; we have Jim Keefe who ran in 2.09 in the last meet and trotted the last thirty yards, and can do 2.02. In the quarter-mile Wabash has the famous Blair who played with all the crack high school men around Indiana and Illinois for the past three years; Notre Dame has Cripe and Keefe. In the high and low hurdles we have Smithson and Scales who should win first and second in both events. Wabash has it on us in the pole vault and the broad jump, but in the high jump again we count on Long John Scales, who has done five feet seven this year, and if he can do it again he should win the event. Then such men as Graham, Keach, Kasper, Miller, Schmidt and O'Leary are to be reckoned with, as all of them are liable to spring a surprise in their event. Wood should pick up at least three points in the shot put, and possibly five. On paper we can figure it out very nicely that Notre Dame will win the meet, but, as was said, when you read this you will know all about it. The entries for the coming meet are as follows:

Notre Dame	Wabash	Indiana
	One-mile Run	
Graham	Emanuel	Eash
Miller	McKinney	Carr
	Pole Vault	
Boyle	Miller	Yelch
	Pifer	Johnson
	40-yard Dash	
Smithson	Blair	Johnson
Keach	Hargrave	Paddock

Kasper	Sparks	Mallot
	40-yard High Hurdles	
Smithson	Miller	Johnson
Scales	Belman	Paddock
	Shot Put	
Woods	Brown	Hart
Berve	Sparks	Yelch
	Half-mile Run	
Keefe	Patton	Carr
O'Leary	Emanuel	Eash
	40-yard Low Hurdles	
Smithson	Miller	Johnson
Scales	Belman	Paddock
	Sohl	
	High Jump	
Scales	Belman	Coolman
McDonough		
	Quarter-mile Run	
Keefe	Sohl	Mollot
Cripe	Hessler	Paddock
Schmidt	Blair	McMutury
	Two Mile Run	
Graham	Emanuel	Carr
Duffy	McKinney	Eash
	Broad Jump	
Scales	Sparks	Yelch
Boyle	Blair	Eash
Cripe	Sparks	
	Relay Race	
Keach	Blair	Paddock
Cripe	Sohl	Johnson
Keefe	Hargrave	Carr
Schmidt	Patton	Mollat
Scales	Sparks	McMutury

* *

If you are getting tired reading that the baseball team is working hard and the "men are rounding into shape in grand style," please remember that is all they are doing, and that the sporting editor is also getting tired writing it.

* *

Lou Criger, who is coaching the baseball team, has been picked by Tim Murname, the famous baseball critic, as catcher on the All-American baseball team, styling him "the greatest catcher in the world."

* *

Coach Criger was called to Little Rock to join the Boston American team on Wednesday and has left the baseball team in the hands of Capt. Waldorf. Criger inaugurated a new system here this year in training the baseball men, and although it is a little early to see the effects of his work the showing of the team at present indicates that the system was a good one. Instead of allowing all the men to remain in the squad until they could go outdoors

Criger weeded off all but the very best after the first week of practice and then devoted all his time to the remaining greats.

* *

W. A. Phelan, sporting editor and baseball writer on the *Chicago Journal*, devoted a column last week to "Nigger" Ruehlbach, the former Notre Dame star. "When pitching up to form, Phelan says: "Ruehlbach is the most brilliant and sensational twirler in the game to-day.... He is almost unhit-table, thoroughly game, possesses vast endurance and is a natural general in the most difficult art of mastering the batsman.... Off the diamond Ruehlbach goes into the best society of St. Louis, and with his handsome face, tall figure and graceful carriage is greatly in vogue at dances and other glad events.... On the field Ruehlbach is an artist and master craftsman. The players like him so well that they break their necks giving him swell support, and this helped him to pile up last season the huge record of nineteen games won and four lost."

* *

Manager Draper proved beyond all doubt Wednesday night that he is not a "has been," and that he is still the same Bill Draper that a few years ago was a terror to any track team. Wednesday night Draper competed in the C. A. A. indoor meet in Chicago, and with only four days' training proved to be the highest individual point winner in the meet, winning first place in the 60-yard low hurdles, second in the 60-yard high, and third in the shot put. In the low hurdles Draper equaled the world's record.

* *

"Jerry" Sheehan, made famous by an offer from the Boston American League team, has moved from the infirmary to the Gym, and is once again standing in the familiar spot, near the grandstand, allowing the ambitious pitchers to wear themselves out in the endeavor to get something past him. But their efforts are in vain; he stands for everything. They all look alike to Mr. "Jer," and with the smile that never comes off he tosses the ball back to them, and the smile says: "You ought to see me at my best."

R. L. B.

Notes from the Colleges

Nebraska, that fighting do-or-die school out on the western prairies, has broken the ranks and decided not to live up to the "big nine" conference rules. The Corn huskers say that they find the rule against graduate athletes obnoxious, and this they refuse to sanction, even if it means that none of the big schools in the conference will meet Nebraska on the athletic field. With Iowa and Michigan on the border line of rebellion and Nebraska over the line, Stagg's "Dynasty" seems trembling in the balance.

* *

The Senior Law class of Cornell had a Smoker in what is known as the Dutch kitchen by Cornellian men. A poster in the form of a subpoena was issued, summoning all members of the class to appear at the "Dutch" to judge a trial.

* *

The alumni of Wisconsin University held a meeting in Chicago the other day and decided to send money and encouragement to the students at Madison in order that the Badgers may have a crew this year.

* *

The Northwestern co-ed have a woman's edition of the *Northwestern*. This seems to be along the line of present-day progress. The agitation in England finds echo in the woman suffrage movement of this country, until now we may confidently look forward to a woman's edition of the Congressional record.

* *

Morgan Park Academy of Chicago University has been closed after an existence of sixteen years.

* *

Chicago will open the baseball season with Illinois on Marshal Field, April 20.

* *

To-night will be decided the basket-ball championship of the western colleges. The deciding game is between Minnesota and the Maroons.

* *

President Eliot, in his annual report, in

the course of his remarks on football describes the spirit of the game as "fierce." "Under old rules or new rules, the game is unsportsmanlike and brutal," so says the executor of that university which has given to the college world so many, many football heroes.

* *

The Michigan co-eds will hold an indoor athletic meet March, 23.

* *

We clip from the *Indiana Student* the following: "The cost of maintaining a student one week at the University of Michigan is \$3.82; at Wisconsin, \$6.86; at Illinois, \$7.59; at Chicago \$8.69; and at Harvard, \$10.37."

Now what is the cost at Notre Dame? Of course the item of Durham is very material here and must not be omitted in the computation.

P. M. M.

The Senior Prom.

Elaborate arrangements are rapidly being completed for the Senior Prom, which will be held in the big gymnasium on Easter Monday night, April 1. Hundreds of yards of bunting and other material for decorating purposes have been ordered, and under the direction of Electrician J. A. Dwan special electrical effects will be produced to make the hall a bower of beauty. The celebrated Fischers' Orchestra of Kalamazoo, Mich., has been engaged to furnish the music, and the director of that organization has sent in the list of well-selected pieces. Mr. Fischer has kindly agreed to play a two-step encore to a waltz, and a waltz encore to a two-step. The grand march, which will start promptly at 9 o'clock, promises to be a notable event in the history of the Easter ball. The musical numbers are:

Grand March—"Sorella," "Dream Girl," "Cheer Up Mary," "The Red Mill," "He's a Cousin of Mine," "In My Merry Olds Mobile," "Airs from Spring Chicken," "Waning Honeymoon," "Yankee Toys," "The Grand Mogul," Intermission, "I Just Can't Make My Eyes Behave," "When Love is Young," "The Teddy Bears Picnic," "Simple Confession," "My Mariaccio," "My Lady Laughter," "Arrah Wanna," "Il Trovatore," "I'd Like to See a Little More of You," "Lucile."

LAW DEPARTMENT.

SHERWOOD V. BREWSTER.

This case was heard a week ago in the chancery division of the Moot Court. It involved the question of whether an injunction should be granted under the stated circumstances. A bill praying for such relief had been filed on behalf of the complainant, and the defendant demurred. Chancellor Hoynes presided, heard the arguments and rendered the decision of the court. Leroy J. Keach acted as clerk. The solicitors were John F. Brogan, P. M. Malloy, Max Jaurascheck and John W. Schindler. The arguments on either side were creditable and praiseworthy. They afforded evidence of careful research and were forceful and persuasive. Before giving the decision it will be proper to set forth the

Statement of Facts:

Warren Brewster owns a tract of ground comprising about twenty acres, and adjoining it on the west is a 40-acre farm belonging to Paul Sherwood, the complainant. The land owned by Brewster abuts on the Niles road, some three miles north of South Bend. Sherwood's land gradually slopes toward a ravine through which flows a creek which forms its west boundary. A few rods further north this creek deflects sharply westward, and after thus flowing about three-quarters of a mile empties into the St. Joseph River. Sherwood has many cows and horses on his place, not to mention sheep, hogs, poultry, etc.

In the spring of 1904 there was much excitement in the vicinity over certain indications of natural gas that Brewster claimed to have discovered on his place. He lost no time in procuring the requisite machinery and began forthwith to drill or bore for it. In June he had reached a depth of 700 feet, and encountered, instead of gas, a stream of medicinal water possessing curative properties of a pronounced character. It was found to be peculiarly beneficial in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach ailments, kidney affections, etc. This discovery led Brewster to build a sanitarium on his land. It was completed in the following August and cost \$12,000. In a short time the virtues

of the water became widely known and patients began to arrive from the surrounding country and cities as remote as Milwaukee, Detroit, Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. As early as September the income considerably exceeded the expenses and the business was considered prosperous.

The flow of water from the sanitarium, including the bath-house, followed the natural slope of the land toward the creek and passed over Sherwood's ground. To this the latter objected, saying that he would not mind it so much if it could be turned into a ditch along the south line of his property, but that an intolerable nuisance arose from its spreading and flowing over so large a portion of his ground. Thereupon Brewster deepened the ditch and turned the waste water into it. A year later this proved to be inadequate. Then he constructed an underground drain just south of Sherwood's land, and through it a portion of the waste water flowed to the creek.

Sherwood again objected, however, and said: "Brewster, the license I gave you to run the dirty water from your premises over my farm has lasted long enough. You have plenty of money now and can afford to construct a sewer north of my place, so that the water from your bath-house and kitchen may enter the creek below my land, or between it and the St. Joseph River." The defendant (Brewster) said: "No, not now. I have already incurred heavy expense in this matter. The water is flowing off satisfactorily at present and may continue to do so for some time to come."

In view of these facts Sherwood institutes suit, praying for an injunction to prevent this waste water from being turned into his ditch any longer or discharged through the recently constructed drain. He alleges that the water from Brewster's premises is "polluted and corrupted, that it emits an offensive and sickening odor, that it is infected with the germs of contagious and loathsome diseases, that it poisons the water of the creek and prevents his horses and cattle from using the same, that his land has been reduced in price through the unprecedented dangers and discomforts now incident to living upon it, and that he did not apprehend these evils when he gave permission to the defendant to make use of the ditch as an outlet for the waste water of his sanitarium.

Opinion.

This case is based upon that of *Barnard v. Sherley*, 135 Ind. 574. The foregoing statement is a summary of the facts in that case, and it would be supererogatory to touch on them again. Another case closely in point is that of *Coal Company v. Anderson*, 113 Pa. St. 126. No question was raised by the bill as to the legitimate and even praiseworthy nature of the business in which the cause of complaint originated. There was no allegation of negligence in respect to the conduct of the business, nor was there any showing of malice or a purpose to harm the complainant in thus finding an outlet for the waste water of the sanitarium. In fact, the complainant himself had expressed a wish to have the superfluous water turned into the ditch on his premises leading to the creek. It was with his concurrence and at his instance that the defendant did so. The drain afterward constructed by the latter was not on the complainant's premises, and indicated a purpose not to increase the permitted flow of water in the ditch.

The complainant made no protest against the construction of the sanitarium, although he must have foreseen that what he now objects to would be essential to the conduct of its business. The right of a riparian proprietor to have the water of a stream on which his land abuts maintained in its original purity must yield to the increasing needs of commerce and industrial development. Factories and towns are built on the banks of rivers and streams, and the sewage and refuse from them necessarily tend to be foul and corrupt the water, rendering it unavailable for drinking or domestic use. But it would be absurd for courts to undertake on this account to suspend the operation of the factories, or forbid the use of sewers in the towns. The law is prudently reluctant to interfere with any legitimate business, even though incidentally some annoyance or disadvantage to particular individuals necessarily attends its management and operation. The contention of the defendant is sustained and the bill dismissed for want of equity.

* *

Mr. P. J. O'Keeffe, whose lectures to the School of Law are so thoroughly enjoyed, will lecture to the Law Classes on the evening of March 16. The topics to be treated are: "The Lawyer as Advocate," and "A Cross-examination." Mr. O'Keeffe's interest in the men of the Law School is much appreciated by all at the University, and his generosity in leaving his work and his home in order to render this service deserves to be remembered by every man connected with the Law School.

Important Notice.

The attention of parents and students is called to the fact that in accordance with the announcement in the General Bulletin of the University: *There is no vacation at Easter.*

Personals.

—From Des Moines, Iowa, we hear that T. F. Flynn, '80, has branched out into the banking business and is Vice-President of the People's Savings Bank of that city. Mr. Flynn has met with a goodly measure of success since his schooldays, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him more.

—Anthony Stopper, '06 C. E., is at present in Williamsport, Pa., where he is being employed by the Pennsylvanian RR. "Tony" was first baseman on the Varsity for two years. He was an all-round good man, and the SCHOLASTIC wishes him continued success.

Local Items.

—Monday evening the Bulletins were read in Sorin and were perhaps the best this year.

—Announcement.—Owing to a special Easter number there will be no issue next Saturday.

—Brownson Hall, the largest department in the University, is still growing and larger than ever.

—Some twenty Sorinites will do extra Lenten penance for the enviable record of having over 200 demerits.

—It would be quite a relief to those *who do come on time*, if those *who don't* would almost as soon stay away from lectures in Washington Hall.

—Now that the storm windows are taken off, a prize is under consideration for the first man who "ducks" another. "Roomites," one guess what the prize will be. This is a prophecy.

—Under Brother Frederick's attention "Commercial Avenue" is being repainted—the walls in white and the wainscoting in an oak finish. This with the new electric lights and the floor of crushed stone brightens up the "avenue" very much.

—The Brownsonites, already known quite widely for efforts in college life, have appeared in an entirely new rôle, that of track men. Those who go to the afternoon practice each day can testify to the above.

An inter-hall track association would be a good thing. Get busy, ye other Hallers, for there may come a day when many are called and few win out.

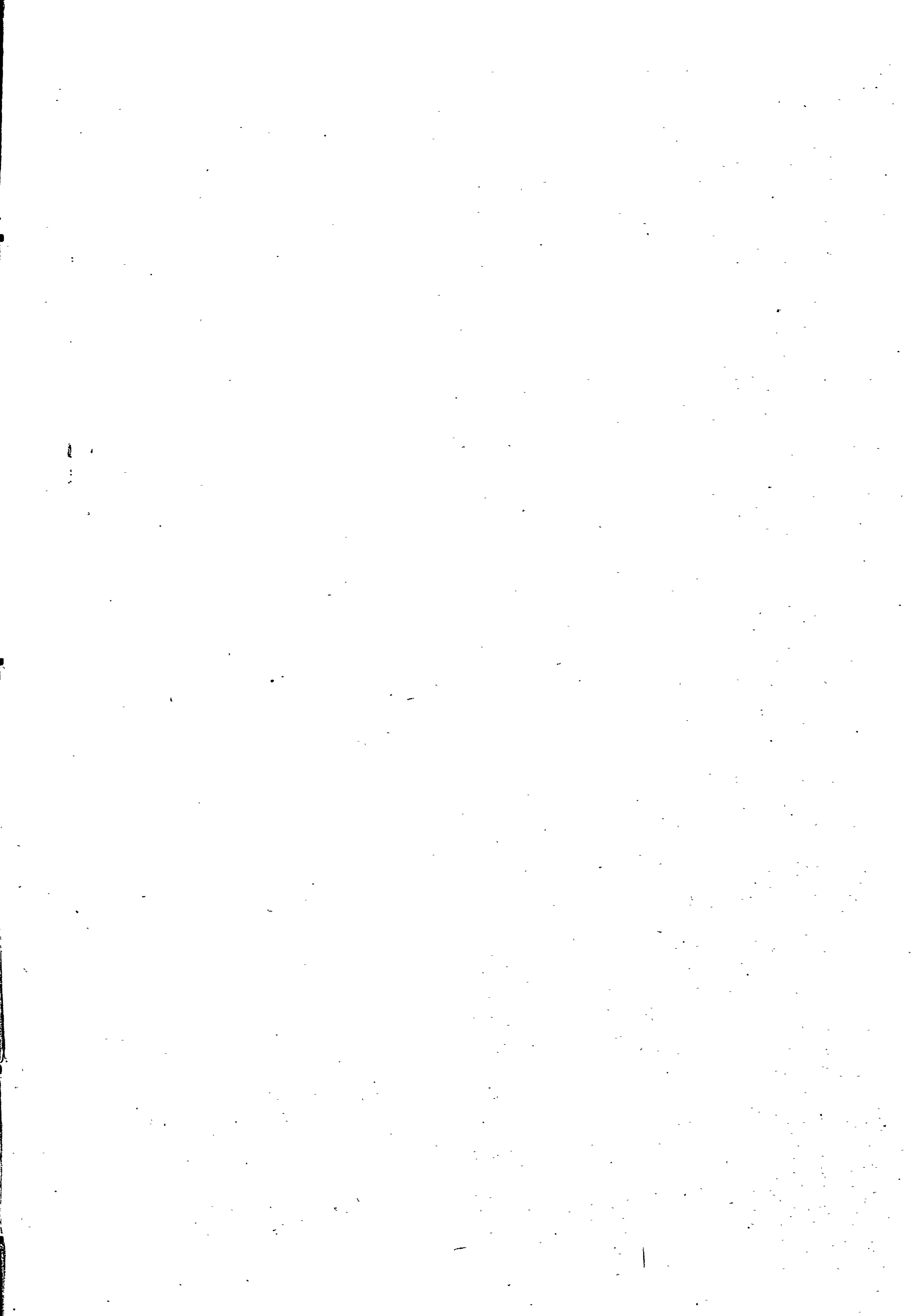
—Because the offense has not been so grievous heretofore we have refrained from commenting on it, but now a "limit" has been reached and we wish to jog the manners of the few forgetful ones. This careless expectorating in the corridors of the Main Building is, to say the least, indecent, not to run into unvarnished truth by calling it abominable.

—That noise you hear emanating from the Sorin's barred "rec" room isn't the "lost chord" (though there are many), nor is it the original invisible choir, despite the fact that it's hid away. It's just the Scales-Kenney-Gallart-Joyce-Murphy-McGannon, etc., choristers who do credit to the Gregorian Chant. If you doubt this ask any Sorin man who has heard the noise.

—The "Clip Cureites" have become joyous, whereas a few weeks ago they, when stroking their growth-to-be, bowed their head and were sorrowful. They are getting to look like ordinary human beings, and if you meet them and they ask: "Don't you think it's getting fluffy?" tell them most anything that will induce them to retain their regained humanity, and incidentally you will do a great deal towards drawing the smile from the haggard face.

—The appearance of the library to-day is quite an improvement over what it was six months ago. The "chicken enclosure" has been superseded by wire grating, though there is still a considerable disadvantage for want of room. It was found necessary to remove many books and papers to one of the upper dormitories. The change has given more space to turn around in and has relieved the library of its former crowded appearance. The installation of a dozen substantial oak tables and four dozen new chairs has added remarkably to the aspect of the place and to the convenience of those who use the books.

—President J. Sheehan called a meeting of the Brownson Literary Society at 7 p. m. Thursday at which the names of the entries for the preliminary debates were read. Messrs. Harry Benn, James O'Leary and G. McMann gave short impromptu talks. Mr. F. Wood recited Kipling's poem, "The Water Carrier;" Mr. S. Graham read some beautiful selections from Longfellow; Mr. Coggeshall told how he thought the society should behave; Mr. Farabaugh and Bro. Alphonsus asked the society to take great interest in inter-hall debates and oratorical contests. As all were anxious to attend the Corby smoker, the meeting adjourned.





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