

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE · QVASI · SEMPER · VICTVRVS · VIVE · QVASI · CRAS · MORITVRVS ·

VOL. XL.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 11, 1907.

No. 30.

Vanity.

GEORGE FINNIGAN, '10.

A ROSE-BUD fair from a moss-bed sprung
Where the flower-songs were softest sung,
Breathed to the violets, she stood among,
"Life is young."

Loved and admired, her bliss complete,
She blushed blood-red in the summer heat,
And whispered with joy to those at her feet,
"Life is sweet."

But the cold north wind like a low'ring thief
Stole the new blush from every leaf;
The dying rose now moaned in grief,
"Life is brief."

Savonarola—Priest and Patriot.*

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

MAJESTICALLY enthroned in the heart of Italy lies the beautiful city of Florence. Behind her, raising their massive shoulders into Italian clouds, stand the lordly Apennines; before her, stretching away into the distant purple spreads Italy's loveliest valley; within her, stately edifices and magnificent temples form a great forest of stone and marble, and down from the vine-clad hills and through it all and out into the peaceful valley flows the crystal Arno.

To tell the story of Florence is to tell of her beauty, her glory, her art and her men.

* Prize oration delivered in the Inter-State contest, May the 5th, 1907.

But it is of her men I would speak; great, gallant men, who, living, consecrated their lives to the uplifting of humanity, and dying left their impress on history that all might read. Of such was Girolamo Savonarola.

Born in the middle of the fifteenth century he came into an Italy submerged in the pagan renaissance. Like a Cæsar or a Pericles ruled Lorenzo at Florence, and like them, too, did he, whom men called the Magnificent, pervert his people and buy their liberty through pompous show. Frivolity and dissipation reigned. Corruption in high places had an evil effect on society, and the profligacy extended to the lower classes. Immorality and sensuousness marked the Carnival. At length prolonged dissipation and ribaldry worked its effect. Well had Lorenzo learned from Tacitus that to enslave the people was first to corrupt them. But all the time the show went on, though Florence groaned and rotted beneath it.

Into this Athens, worn from fasts and tears and vigils, came the monk, Savonarola—a John at the court of Herod. Even as a child, the sight of sin and vice had sickened him. On entering manhood he turned his back to the world and sought contentment in the cloister. But not in his new life was he to find peace. Cruelty and vice spread over Italy, whilst within the Church, where he sought refuge, he was shocked to behold the relaxation in morals and the scandals in ecclesiastical life. Great indeed was his sorrow as he perceived the evils that were to come in consequence of many sins. And oh! the terror of it, as he beheld the evil spirit like a horrible vampire that had spread its great wings over the prostrate form of the Church and slowly sucked its life's blood from it. Then in anguish at the

sight of the spectacle he cried out: "O God, give me to break those spreading wings, to slay this monster, to lift up and restore Your beloved Church." Such was his life's purpose. Day by day he besought God in his cell to give him strength to carry out his ideals, until at length his prayer was heard.

The great *Duomo* was thronged with penitents, and Florence turned from her crime and revelry to listen to him who preached of Christ. Hundreds came at midnight and waited patiently for the opening of the doors. There was something awesome in the frail, delicate body as it arose in the pulpit and thundered out against sin. What man could resist him whose eyes burned with the zeal that fired his soul, whose earnestness convulsed his whole frame, whose threats were dreadful, whose appeals were awful. Florence arose from her shame. Instead of the old pagan songs hymns to the Creator were chanted; men and women abandoned lives of sin; the churches were filled, and the city took on a new appearance. So much did Savonarola do for morality in Florence. Never flinching, never abandoning his purpose, he worked harder each day. By degrees his popularity grew, and as the mist cleared away, in fancy he saw Jesus of Nazareth enthroned over the city cleansed and purified. Then circumstances made the vision a reality. Lorenzo died and Piero succeeded him, but ruled weakly and fled at the approach of Charles of France. Through the streets riot stalked, and Florence stood on the brink of anarchy; when suddenly the bell in the *Duomo* pealed out, and rising Savonarola quelled the people.

Thus did he enter political life. Historians have criticised him for it; but when we consider the circumstances we must admit there was no alternative—only one man could have saved Florence, and he was Savonarola. So now we see him in a new rôle, that of the statesman. Nor was he a mere moralist and theorizer: "Do you citizens," he said, "wish to be free? Then above all love God, love your neighbor, love one another, love the common good." And what a lofty code that was which resulted in the reduction of taxes, the improvement of justice, the return of money unrighteously

acquired, and the abolition of usury. Into the hearts of the Florentines he instilled a love for true liberty, a love for a just, well-ordered government, the basic principle of which was the temporal and spiritual welfare of all.

He was no faction politician, no street demagogue, no moral agitator, but a cool, clear-minded statesman, who by his breath called a people back to life and set up a government that has been the admiration of sages. His ideal was grand, and for two years at least Christ ruled in Florence.

But it is characteristic of history that men must work and sweat and bleed and then fall victims to the cause they uphold. And so with the saviour of Florence. It is not a mark but an effect of greatness that great men have enemies. Unconsciously they make them, and so with Savonarola. In Rome the adherents of the Medici, succeeded in stirring up a quarrel between him and the pope. This resulted in excommunication. Though he denied the validity of the act of Alexander VI., still he never failed to recognize the authority of the Church, and so when excommunicated abstained from preaching, and retired to St. Mark's. Nor was his fall due to papal anger so much as to the fickleness of the Florentines. When he no longer moved among them, reassuring and counselling them, when conspirators arose and determined to have his blood, when silence meant suspicion and suspicion meant guilt, then did the crowds turn against him, and there arose the accusation heard once before—"This man blasphemes." "A miracle, an ordeal," cried they, and when none were forthcoming their anger rose to hatred, and malice filled their hearts. In that moment of passion the prayers and work of a lifetime were shattered. Enemies rose up on all sides, and only death could appease.

For days his frail body was torn on the rack, for weeks he was tortured. In vain did his tormentors curse and burn in an attempt to wring from him a confession of guilt. And when all had failed, and the frantic mob grew restless and cried out for its victim, then was he condemned to be hanged and burned. As he ascended the ladder he paused and looked down on the multitude; and what a look it was: so

full of pity yet strength, of reproach yet resignation—the last fond look of a dying man on those whom he loved. Down there in that surging sea of jeering faces were those whom all night he had watched like a tender mother in sickness, were those to whom he had whispered God's eternal pardon in the confessional, were those for whom he had prayed and pleaded and wept, and now all was forgotten in the madness of the moment. So his body was burned and his ashes thrown into the Arno, and Savonarola, priest and patriot, was dead—convicted of heresy. Dead, convicted of heresy—was it for heresy or for political purposes alone? We must remember that there were intriguers who saw that the only hope to restore the Medici was to secure the fall of the friar. Accordingly, with a ban of excommunication as a starting point, they evolved a scheme that stands unequalled in history. In its diabolical and unprecedented infamy not even the corrupt mock court that tried the sainted Joan of Arc can stand as a parallel. Forcibly torn from St. Mark's by a lawless mob, scorched on the rack and pulled till his mind wandered and his body writhed in excruciating pain, to the last he maintained his innocence. And when fire and torture failed, the foul notary, Ceccone, was brought in to record the prisoner's answers and so distort them as to incriminate him. Not even truth was given the accused man.

Looking back we stand in horror at the dreadfulness of it all, and wonder where is there justice; for that court was a mock court, whose every proceeding was a breach of law, an insult to truth. Where is there justice when unscrupulous men render judgment by fraud and sanction it by religion? We are amazed and wonder how a people consented; but those were times when allegiance belonged to him in power, and the Florentines were only as the rest of men. There is and can be only one reason for his death, and that is, because he was an obstacle in the path of the ambitious Medici. It was not for heresy that he died; not once did the Church pronounce him a heretic. Tell me, you who read history, you who love truth, was it heresy in childhood to kneel at God's altar and leave it dampened with tears? Was it heresy to give up a

career so full of promise and joy and glory to lead a mortified life in a cloister? Was it heresy to gather up the instruments of sin and satan, and piling them into a great pyramid, fire them that the smoke ascending might proclaim the perishableness of things, the vanity and nothingness of sinful pleasure? Was it heresy to establish a kingdom of God on earth and destroy the false reign of the usurper? Was all this heresy; I ask you, you who know the facts and love the truth; and yet they were his only sins. Oh, he was no heretic, but a martyr who died because he believed in a mighty principle, because he struggled for freedom and purity and justice against innumerable odds, because the world loved vice and sin and he despised them, because his ideal was too heavenly, his life and love too Christ-like.

Though he died like his God in shame and ignominy, yet not in vain had he lived. For blood and tears and stainless lives must bear their fruit, and there is a place for high ideals and noble aims. No life is lost, no purpose gone, that shadows Calvary's cross on struggling men. It is enough to have lived and given the world an ideal; it is enough to have held the torch and lighted the way; it is more than enough while living to show men how to live and dying teach them how to die. Such is his claim to glory, to your admiration.

Four hundred years have passed since he moved among men. Famine and feud have ravaged Italy; strifes and bloody wars have shorn her of old-time glory, but along the Arno where he trod in sorrow and sadness there is peace. The solemn Apennines watch over the sleeping city, and the stars, like burning sapphires, keep eternal vigil; but down in the depths of marble and stone, down near the spot where he met his death, a grateful people have erected a noble statue. The frail form tells of fasts and mortification, while suffering and care have left their marks on furrowed cheeks and forehead. The compressed lips evidence a mighty firmness and an indomitable will; but in the eyes, gleaming from under heavy brows, there is written the tragedy of a life spent like Another's in doing good, and sacrificed like His because he had loved the lowly and the weak.

Varsity Verse.

THE RAIN.

HEAR the patter of the rain, vernal rain,
With its swish and gentle clatter against the
window-pane.

Hear it dripping, dripping, dripping
From the leafy boughs above
To the flowers below that sipping,
Seem with chalices o'er-tipping
To the God of life and love

Libations freely off'ring for the springtime come again
And the glad, awakening forces of the rain, rain, rain,
For the sweet, and soft caresses of the rain.

Hear the rustle of the rain, summer rain,
As it sweeps across the fields of yellow grain,

Bending all in furious sally
That allows no chance to rally—
Bending down the rip'ning corn.

And it penetrates the woof of the oak trees latticed roof
Where the turtle doves forlorn

To their loves make sad complain
In a monody that chimes with the murmur of the rain.
With the soft, melodious murmur of the rain.

F. T. M.

RONDEAU.

Because you are fourteen, "old man,"
Don't hunger for a longer span.

With many scoffs and boyish jeers
You moan the lack of longer years
While gazing down the road you ran.

And as your future path you scan
'Tis thronged as only fancy can
With all that lights and cheers
Because you are fourteen.

Because your years are few no ban
May hold you from the course you plan;
Where every golden fortune rears
Its shining head to calm your fears
Before their chilling life began
Because you are fourteen.

H. L.

AN AD. FOR HONEY DEW.

Honey and dew—what other brew
From this than heavenly nectar,
Fit to be sipped through a straw gold-tipped
By white-armed Juno or Hectar.

Honey, the essence of summer flowers
Borne by bees heavy laden;
And dew, the lotion that Venus showers
For the beautiful freckled maiden.

But honey and dew make a compound true,
And your education is lacquer
If this is a fact unknown to you—
In Honey-Dew "Smokin' terbacker."

M.

The Decree.

R. SHAW.

The strains of music stole up to him from the basement below—"Yankee Doodle Boy," "William Tell," "Good Old Summer Time," and others of various moods and melodies, were run off in that rattling, soothing, banging, raging, waltzing way, without stops or interludes, with not a single grand finale, simply a continual rippling of rhythm—one prolonged hammering of the ivory.

There was attached to this man who heard all this music in an upper chamber the name of Clarence. He was a student at a discipline university where 300 demerits fired you, and every smoke in your room upon discovery cost one-sixth of the total number. Clarence was a victim to the fates, and required but another of those one-sixths to complete the oval-shaped figure behind the cipher in number thirty. But to return to the night.

The outside world was a clear and dripping one. The few sputtering gaslights stationed along the driveways were dismal hints of darkness relievers. The curtain on his (Clarence's) room was drawn on the lone window of his apartment. The blackness outside, and the streaky paths made by the creeping drizzle drops on the window-pane had a dampening effect on his sensitive nature. So then the curtain shut Clarence in with his books (in the same room), with his glowing electric light, his girl's picture and a cigarette. Ah, these were the precious endearments that set a glow about his collegian heart. What a spasmodic oozing throbbing organ that particular kind of a blood pump happens to be!

Up on the wall his eyes dwelt upon the pictures. There was that "old fellow—God bless him—of what a right sort he is," and "dear old Riley" on the left—"old" and "dear" being a matter of education with such a man as Clarence, and set well toward the front of his mouth and the top of his heart.

Then there was the divinest inspiration of them all, "the sweet-faced girl," just

looking down out of unutterable depths of blue eyes her love, and so on, each bit of setting in his room was a token of a lasting(?), undying fealty between it and the bubbling college-hearted man in the bath robe.

It was eight o'clock by the faded twilight, and about that time by the gaudy ornament of gold engraving, red and purple figured face and fancy hands, that "Mamma" had given her darling boy on that most auspicious occasion of his life when dressed out in his short coat and white tie he read that very discursive paper on the "virtue of peace," and was afterwards presented with his—High-School diploma. But I have digressed from my evening of rain and Clarence.

It was about eight o'clock evening time. The sentiment of Clarence's room at this particular moment hung lightly on his heart works—if indeed it ever had any other method of hanging on—for his pleasure had taken him into a sack of "Durham," a soft, clean and yielding bit of rice paper which ultimately and with the aid of an "eight day" match (of matchless odor) he converted into a puffing, soothing cigarette.

Ah! if this were only a life of blue, inhalable smoke; were life's only purpose the dragging down of great circles of joyful colored cloudlets to glide in pleasing sense around the portals of the heart, and hide among the crevices of lung walls—ah! ah! if such were life, what a liver Clarence would be?

There was somebody stepping on the stairs; yet nearer, and higher up came the sound of ascending footsteps. The alert, but trusting-providence Clarence, turns an attentive ear to the east. It sounded like Prefect No. 3. Yes, that's his measured, fatalizing step as it rounds the corner of the flat and comes westward. Unmistakably that careful cough could only issue from the lungs of a man artful with the years of "watching." The great rolls of smoke which had prisoned Clarence in a Christy-like reverie remained—but the artist's central figure of the love fancy was an excited powder-throwing, palpitating madman—for that measured step was at his door.

Would it pass? The sharp, bony fingers rap distinctly three times, and fall upon the ear of the inner man like the hammers pounding on the convicts' gallows. Clarence, for the only time in his life, remembers something Edgar Allen somebody had written about a certain tapping on a chamber door. Was it a dream about somebody writing that, or was it a living reality? Surely the latter.

The cigarette burned ever so brightly in the empty bucket—not a drop of water in the pitcher—Sahara transported.

Tap—tap—tap. Clarence, a mute in words but a Vesuvius in thought—the window tight and unopenable; the smoke rolling in great, undulating billows from "sweet-faced inspiration" to long-nosed, "dear old Riley" and back again to that dear good fellow of the "right sortish kind."

Again came the sound to Clarence of the death decreeing tap—tap—tap. Reason tottered and fell prone on Clarence's brain floor, and the psychological barometer pointed to a thought storm.

Go to Brownson! go to Grondon home! go to—any place—that door he'd open. He'd make an honorable confession and throw himself upon the mercy of No. 3. He would reveal himself before the key was turned from the outside and his cowering, cringing self exhibited in all his smoky guilt.

His hand was upon the knob, the blush spots were drawing rainbow designs on his cheeks and neck. With a gulp he gingerly opened the door and in a certain uncertainty of tone called out: "Who is there?"

The lean and black-attired visitor of the hour came back with stern unfailing voice. "Anything to-night?"

The door closed gently, and "Rub" the clothes presser went cheerily down the corridor rapping and inviting patronage of his repairing shop, on Dome Avenue, 75 cents per suit.

THE path from childhood to the grave
Is marked along its weary way—
As we learn to choose and save—
With the toys of yesterday.

F. T. M.

Through a "K. of C." Pin.

EDWARD M. KENNEDY.

Bob Lewis and Leo Miller generally spent a few weeks of each summer at Atlantic City. While at college this practice originated, and each of the five summers since the graduation finds them at the shore for a few weeks' rest—no, not rest, Atlantic City is no place for repose.

On the fifteenth of August, Leo happened to remember that as it was the Feast of the Assumption, it was necessary for them to go to Mass. Quickly dressing themselves, they inquired at the office and were told that the next Mass was at nine o'clock and a High Mass at ten-thirty. Leo wished to attend the nine o'clock Mass, and have breakfast afterwards, but Bob would not run the risk of missing his breakfast, even if it were necessary for him to attend the High Mass.

Bob walked into the dining-room, and looking down to his accustomed place was surprised to see that the small table which he and Leo had occupied was replaced by a table for six. Wondering what caused the change he was interrupted by the head waiter who said:

"Mr. Lewis, will you please take a seat at your regular place. The dining-room is so crowded that it was necessary to replace those small tables with larger ones."

Bob had fairly started his breakfast, when he noticed three young ladies and a middle-aged woman approaching his table. The waiter pointed out places for them; they were to occupy seats at the same table. Bob fairly shouted with joy. Here were three girls seated at the same table as he. From all appearances they were just the sort that appealed to him. But the trouble was how to get an introduction. Under pretext of reading the paper so as to lengthen the time for his meal, he noticed that all the girls wore a Knight of Columbus pin. "Just his style;" he would meet those girls at luncheon.

Bob and Leo had recently been initiated in the Knights and were enthusiastic members. Bob did not see Leo until he had returned

from Mass, and then he told him all. As they were Knights, he said it was necessary for them to have a fraternal spirit for anyone who wore a "K. of C." pin. And so it was decided that the ladies should so be treated.

At luncheon both wore their pins. The young ladies were at the table when they entered. As soon as they were seated, Bob turned to the young lady at his right, and pointing to his pin said:

"Does not this warrant an introduction?"

The girl looked at the pin, smiled, and then taking a card from her chatelain, handed it to him. His card-case was quickly in his hand, and she was soon in possession of one of his cards.

"Miss Gertrude Conroy" was engraved on the card.

Miss Conroy introduced Bob to the others, and then he introduced Leo. They conversed on indifferent subjects throughout the meal, and when about finished, Bob asked his new acquaintances if they would go sailing that afternoon. Everybody seemed willing so the trip was made. They say that there is no place like a boat to get thoroughly acquainted; this trip was no exception.

At dinner Leo proposed the theatre for the evening, and so the evening was spent; and thus for a few days, whether bathing, sailing or fishing, the two knights and the "Ladies of Isabella" were together. But after the first week Bob and Miss Conroy separated themselves from the party. In the morning they went in bathing as formerly, but in the afternoon and evening, Bob and Miss Conroy would either be sailing or enjoying some other recreation or amusement. At the end of the second week when addressing each other it was no longer Miss Conway and Mr. Lewis but Gertrude and Bob.

When Bob went to Atlantic City the following summer—it was on his honeymoon. This time he was not accompanied by Leo, but by the young lady whom he had met through a "K. of C." pin.

"If I were yew," the oak tree said,

"I would no longer mourn the dead,

Nor would I pine for them I ween

But keep their memory evergreen." F. M.

A Pink Bouquet.

'TIS but a little pink bouquet
 Of sweet carnations pure and blest
 That graced a maiden proud and gay
 Who wore them on her lovely breast;
 Now thrown aside on this foul clay
 When they might well adorn a crest.
 'Tis but a little pink bouquet
 Of sweet carnations pure and blest.
 And yet some fragrance in them stay,
 The nectar is not all compressed;
 For on my senses sweetly play
 The odor that is rich and best.
 'Tis but a little pink bouquet
 Of sweet carnations pure and blest.

P. J. H.

Mr. Twombly Deceived.

J. LEO COONTZ, '07.

"Wimby! oh, Wimby! I say, come here!"

"Did you call, Mr. Twombly?"

"Yes, Wimby, come here. I have something to tell you."

Mr. Wimby being constitutionally built to reply with alacrity to such positive summons fairly flew to the side of Twombly. Once arrived Wimby stationed himself in such a position that the slightest whisper would have no difficulty in bridging the chasm between Mr. Twombly's mouth and his ear.

"Wimby, I'm going to get married!"

"Wh—a—t's that?"

"I'm going to get married, Wimby, I am. You needn't be surprised; it's a fact. I have been married before. My wife left me. She spent too much money. She talked too—always talked. I never said a word that she didn't hammer it out like a pancake."

"Mr. Twombly—I beg your pardon—a thousand times, beg your pardon; but I thought you said you would never marry again. Your eyesight is failing."

"Wimby, my eyesight is as good as ever it was. Yes, sir. What if it failed? I have the sweet and finest widow—"

"A wi-d-ow! Mr. Twombly, that is her name—oh I beg your pardon!"

"Never mind that, Wimby, you are always doing something. I can not tell you her name. They call her 'Widow' and laugh. It's

a joke, a good one, Wimby, not a widow at a-l-l. You wouldn't think it, would you?" Whereupon Mr. Twombly curvetted a space and then curvetted back again, but not seeing very well curvetted into Wimby, causing that young man some pain, who excused his being in the way with I beg your pardon, Mr. Twombly."

Mr. Twombly was married on the fifth of May, a cold, raw day for that time of year, but Mr. Twombly's affection for the future Mrs. Twombly overcame that inconvenience without constraining itself in the least.

Yes, Wimby was there; he could not be kept away, and his congratulatory address assumed the shape of "I beg your pardon, Mr. Twombly, but you have a charming wife. I wouldn't mind having—"

"Yes, yes Wimby, we will be quite happy together."

The truth is, Mrs. Twombly was long—which implies skinny—and jealousy seemed to be the major compound of her makeup. In fact, she was so imbued with jealousy that had you known her you would have been reminded—and forcibly too—of her extraordinary likeness to the symbolic representation of that disease.

Nevertheless Mr. Twombly felt obliged, at her request, to make affidavit that he was never married before, and to give bond to the church warden (it made no difference to Mrs. Twombly whom he gave bond to) that he would never desert her.

Once married and having reached their future home, Mrs. Twombly gazed through tears on the scenes of her former domestic affiliations (Mr. Twombly had disturbed nothing since his first wife left him).

"Yes, Mr. Twombly, it's just as I expected, and I've waited long to get my revenge. Look at me, you old blind hypocrite! Did you ever see me before?"

"Lizzie! my God! is it you? I thought you were dead!"

"Dead! dead! no, I'm not dead! I'll never die till I pay you back, you double-dyed hypocrite, you parlor-basking rat,—you deserted me twenty years ago. I've waited long for my revenge—you can't get away now—it would ruin you and expose your two-faced dealings with an innocent woman! Oh! you villain,—you reprobate—you pharisee,—you—" but Mr. Twombly had fled.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Published every Saturday during Term Time at the
University of Notre Dame.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms: \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, May 11, 1907.

Board of Editors.

EDWARD F. O'FLYNN, '07.

THOMAS E. BURKE, '07	LOUIS M. KELLEY, '07
WESLEY J. DONAHUE, '07	WM. E. CUNNINGHAM, '07
WILLIAM A. BOLGER, '07	FRANCIS T. MAHER, '08
ROBERT L. BRACKEN, '08	WILLIAM LENNARTZ, '08
PATRICK M. MALLOY, '07	VARNUM A. PARRISH, '09
LEO J. COONTZ, '07	ROBERT A. KASPER, '07
WILLIAM MOLONEY, '07	JAMES J. QUINLAN, '08
IGNATIUS E. MCNAMEE, '09	

—The SCHOLASTIC wishes to thank Mr. and Mrs. Breen of Parkville, Mo., for the courteous and hospitable manner in which they treated Indiana's orator and Mr.

A Word of Thanks. Baird of Wabash, Indiana's delegate to the Interstate contest.

The Breens enjoy the distinction of being the only Catholic family in Parkville, and it was the good fortune of our orator to meet them and partake of their southern hospitality.

In our turn we are glad to have won the contest for the few loyal rooters who were with us. We also wish to thank the students of Park College who made everything so agreeable for our representative. In fact, we hear nothing but words of praise for the people of Parkville from our delegates there.

—Last Thursday, the Feast of the Ascension, was celebrated at Notre Dame in the usual beautiful and inspiring manner. This great feast is, at Notre Dame, the Ascension happily chosen day for those who Day. have advanced sufficiently in years and in knowledge of their faith to receive the Sacraments of Holy Communion and Confirmation. The services

began at eight o'clock with a procession from the parlor of the Main Building, around the quadrangle and into the Sacred Heart Church. In the procession—comprised of acolytes, students, the University band, the class of First Communicants, and the clergy with the Bishop—the banners of the Congregation of Holy Cross and our national emblem were alike conspicuous, symbolizing fittingly our twofold fealty to God and Country. The Mass, "Coram Episcopo," was celebrated by the Very Rev. Father Cavanaugh. A beautiful sermon, well calculated to inspire devotion, was addressed to the Communicants by the Rev. Father Murphy. The Mass sung was in Plain Chant and was rendered with more than ordinary success by the University choir.

Much credit is due to Professor Petersen for the excellent music furnished by the band during the procession. The music of the choir and that of the band, the decoration of the altars, and the diligence of those that served in the sanctuary, all made for the success and beauty of the ceremonies, and are on that account deserving of high praise.

In the afternoon the Right Rev. Bishop Alerding, of Fort Wayne, administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of forty-five students. Preceding the administering of the Sacrament his Lordship preached a strong discourse emphasizing the action of the Divine Spirit in the soul. After the laying on of hands the celebration of Benediction brought the services of the day to a close.

—"If you do not believe as I believe, it proves one thing and nothing else, and that is that I do not believe as you believe."

The Philistine. What depths of *filosofy* is sounded in this from Ali Baba alias Elbert Hubbert, etc., etc., with a dozen other things if the truth were known. But we curious ones would like to know what that proves, and granting it is a criterion of the reasoning of the sage (brush) of Aurora we fail to see how is Truth to be proved on such basis. But that's injustice to the Falderol-de-dol. Few take papa Roy-crofter seriously and they who do grow fanatical. Elbert, there's an odor about the butcher, book ring up the refuse man.



A Notable Victory.

Our talented and gifted orator, Edward Francis O'Flynn, '07, in securing first place in the Inter-state Oratorical Contest, held at Park College, Missouri, May 3d, once more brought renown and honor to his name and to the University to which he belongs.

The victory is a notable one, and places Mr. O'Flynn among the foremost young orators of the country. Contest after contest he has won, beginning with the local tryouts, passing into the State contest, and finally to the Inter-state. This young man with his irresistible delivery and matchless oration, Savonarola, has brooked not a single defeat, but in every instance merited the choice of highest honors among his many bright and worthy competitors, until he comes home to us now rich in the trophies of his newly achieved success—another Alexander, with no more oratorical worlds to conquer.

The contest was held in McCormick Chapel, Park College, Mo., before an enthusiastic and demonstrative audience of 800 people, who upon the rendering of the decision gave every indication of their approval by their applause, showing that the decision was decidedly popular.

The opinion of those who have followed the Inter-State contest for years was a unit in declaring that this one was far above the average both in the treatment of the

orations given and the delivery of the contestants.

This is the fourth time Indiana has won the contest in the 33 years of the association's existence, and the largest margin the winner has secured over his competitors in number of points in years.

Among former Indiana winners was Senator Beveridge, who secured first place while attending De Pauw in '85. From these facts which go to make up Mr. O'Flynn's signal victory, Notre Dame finds cause to be justly proud of her peerless young orator, who has won such distinction in the broad and intellectual field of public speaking.

INTER-STATE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

I MCCORMICK CHAPEL.

Park College, Parkville, Mo., May 3d, 1907.

- | | |
|---|--|
| Music—Orchestra..... | Selected |
| Invocation..... | Pres. McAfee |
| Violin Solo—Concerto Militaire..... | De Beriot |
| | Prof Rader. |
| The Earle King..... | Shubert, Arr. S. G. |
| | Women's College Glee Club. |
| Colorado | Olin Pierce Lee, University of Denver |
| | "Mirabeau or Marat." |
| Nebraska—Evans A. Worthly, Neb. Wesleyan Univer. | |
| | "David Livingstone." |
| Wisconsin..... | Arthur E. Fish, Beloit College |
| | "The Defender of Constitutional Democracy." |
| Spring Song..... | Mendelssohn, Arr. O. Ebel |
| | Women's College Glee Club. |
| Michigan..... | Albert Walrath, Hillsdale College |
| | "The Evolution of the Spirit of American Democracy." |
| Missouri..... | J. D. Sutherland, William Jewell College |
| | "Altruism: A Prerequisite of National Greatness." |
| Kansas..... | W. R. McNutt, Ottawa University |
| | "The American Problem." |
| What from Vengeance (Lucia di Lam'moor)—Donizetti | |
| | Park College Sextette. |
| Illinois..... | Charles A. Glisson, Knox College |
| | "The Hamiltonian Principle of Federal Supremacy." |
| Indiana—Edward F. O'Flynn, University of Notre Dame | |
| | "Savonarola—Priest and Patriot." |
| Ohio..... | R. Donald Wingert, Wooster University |
| | "The Master Force of Progress." |
| Music..... | Selected |
| | Men's College Glee Club. |
| Minnesota..... | M. J. Haig, Carleton College |
| | "The True Meaning of Gettysburg." |
| Iowa..... | Frank V. Skelley, Iowa State College |
| | "America's Right to Live." |

The order and rank given the speakers by the judges were as follows:

SPEAKERS	Judges on delivery			Judges on thought and composition			Total	Rank
	S. E. Sparling	H. D. Ellison	H. E. Deemer	J. R. Slater	Matt Hughes	W. Lamerling		
1—Lee, Colorado	84-6	95-2	84-8	95-1	98-1	99-1	19	2
2—Worthly, Nebraska	86-5	93-4	92-2	88-6	95-3	93-7	27	3
3—Fish, Wisconsin	93-2	78-11	89-6	94-2	90-6	98-2	29	4
4—Walrath, Michigan	80-9	80-10	84-9	86-8	86-8	94-6	50	10
5—Sutherland, Missouri	82-8	90-6	91-3	89-5	97-2	92-8	32	5
6—McNutt, Kansas	90-3	82-9	90-4	90-8	92-5	95-5	34	6
7—Glisson, Illinois	75-11	88-7	83-10	85-9	84-9	89-11	57	11
8—O'Flynn, N. D., Indiana	94-1	96-1	96-1	92-3	94-4	96-4	14	1
9—Wingert, Ohio	83-7	85-8	81-11	87-7	88-7	97-3	43	7
10—Haig, Minnesota	85-4	91-5	85-7	82-10	80-11	91-9	47	8
11—Skeele, Iowa	70-10	94-3	89½-5	80-11	82-10	90-10	49	9

P. M. M.

Notes from the Colleges.

Purdue held her Medical School Commencement recently and awarded seventy-one degrees.

The *Illini*, the daily organ of the Illinois University, commented editorially and under various other captions on the joyful return of Director George Huff to the fold.

It is better to be appreciated in collegized Urbana, George, than to be abused by the baseball pindom of Boston. Now isn't it?

Teddy Roosevelt may be the champion of race propagation, but a patron of a Colorado College goes him one better when he endows that institution with one hundred pedigreed cats. This man, no less a personage than Hon. Mayor Henry C. Hall of Colorado Springs, is first, last and enthusiastically, an advocate of cat propagation.

Under the heading "A Sweet Athlete," the *Daily Student* (Indiana) prints a picture of Capt. Tucker of the De Pauw baseball team. After telling how sweet he is athletically, it winds up by saying: "Last year he batted for 313." Wonder which cell-mate he'll hit for this year.

Delphin M. Delmas, the man of Napoleon-like face, and whose rise and fall was not unlike the Corsican General, was to have

delivered an address before the Kent Club of the Yale Law School, but his date mixes with the exams, and the result is similar to the mixing of Dementia Americana with argument. He can not deliver the address, and neither could he free Thaw.

Apropos of their contemplated break away from *Alma Mater's* classic strings, the Seniors are going to put on George Ade's "Just out of College."

Chicago is to have a new athletic field on the South side of the Midway.

In the *Purdue Exponent* appears the following notice of a ball to be given: "The Time: Monday, May 6. The Place: Eliza Fowler Hall. The Girls: Purdue Girls." Let us say that if the feminine contingent of Purdue are of the same stripe as the Purdue boys, and we had a chance to attend, it wouldn't make any difference about "The Time" or "Place."

All athletic relations were broken off recently between Brown and Dartmouth. The trouble all arose over a decision of an umpire in a game of baseball from which Dartmouth withdrew from the field. It would seem from this that an "umps" can be the cause of something more than a storm of pop bottles and leather cushions.

James Bryce, British Ambassador to the United States, will deliver the Commencement address at Illinois. P. M. M.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 7; ST. THOMAS, 1.

On May 2, the Varsity defeated St. Thomas (St. Paul, Minn.) by the score of 7 to 1. Dubuc got the longest home run ever made on the grounds. Kuepping and Bonnan played a great game in the field. Perce started running his usual game in the fifth by getting a hit with two men on.

Curtis got two more bingles to-day and is catching a great game. Brogan and Curtis are rushing a "hit" with the fans occasioned by their pretty throwing. The weather was cold and rain fell during part of the game.

Notre Dame didn't get any more than was coming to them from the Umps, and some of his decisions were wild affairs.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 1; M. A. C., 0.

The Varsity, home from their conquests in the West, had to screw themselves up Tuesday afternoon in the very tightest manner in order to nose out a victory over the farmers from the M. A. C. of Lansing, Mich.

Captain Rufus Waldorf had an opponent worthy of his steel in Akers, but "Wallie" was the headier and the stronger, and what he did to those agriculturists was much. Two hits, one of which was of a most scratchy variety, six strike outs and only two free rides sum up what the Aggies didn't do to the "Cap's" slants.

Curtis picked them out of the ground and otherwise, and the few reckless base runners that dared try for a life on second were ripped before they got into sliding shape.

For the M. A. C., Akers showed up well in the box, as did Vaughan at short, making some fast and difficult plays.

Bonnan made the only sensation of the day when he speared one off of his shoe-strings in the second after a long run.

The score came in the sixth after Akers had planted Curtis on first by scoring in his ribs. Johnny Brogan landed "Curt" on second with a hit; outfielder Wies in fielding it in heaved it over Akers' head and out past the side-lines, while Curtis trotted home with the only run of the game.

THE SCORE:

M. A. C.	R	H	P	A	E
Ellis, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Vaughan, ss.	0	0	2	5	1
Mills, 2b.	0	1	0	2	0
Thatcher, c. f.	0	1	0	0	0
Crissey, c.	0	0	4	1	0
Knapp, 3b.	0	0	2	1	1
Wies, r. f.	0	0	1	0	1
Akers, p.	0	0	0	6	0
Krats, 1b.	0	0	15	0	0
Totals	0	2	24	15	3

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	0	1	4	0	0
McKee, c. f.	0	0	3	0	0
Farabaugh, 1b.	0	0	6	0	1
Curtis, c.	1	0	9	2	0
Brogan, 3b.	0	1	1	1	0
Dubuc, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	0	0	3	2	0
Boyle, 2b.	0	0	1	0	1
Waldorf, p.	0	0	0	3	0
Totals	1	2	27	8	2

Struck out—By Waldorf, 6; by Akers, 4. Base on balls—Off Waldorf, 2; off Akers, 4. Wild Pitch—Akers. Umpire—"Big Bill" Perce—not a kick.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 6; ALBION, 4.

The Varsity had a tight go of it with the Michigan boys from Albion Wednesday, winning in a "pepperless" game by a score of 6 to 4. Dubuc's three-sacker in the fifth was the longest drive made on Cartier Field this season.

Notre Dame:—0 0 0 2 3 0 1 0 *—6 9 5

Albion:—1 0 0 3 0 0 0 0 0—4 9 1

Batteries—Perce and Curtis; Lathom and McKee. Three base hit—Dubuc. Two base hits—Bonnan, Brogan. Struck out—By Perce, 6; by Lathom, 8. Umpires—McBride and Chadwick.

* *

NOTRE DAME, 6; INDIANA, 0.

We opened up the State Championship series here Thursday in grand fashion by walloping Indiana by a score of 6 to 0. The team from the State University were at no time dangerous, "Dreamy" Scanlon holding them in his South paw during the entire game and letting them down with but three scratch hits.

Johnson, for the visitors, pitched well, but his support was wretched; the infield was evidently suffering from a bad case of "nerves." The Varsity gave Scanlon superb support, and everyone of them fielded splendidly. Curtis and Kuepping were there with the wallop, getting two hits a piece and stinging the horse hide for extra bases when hits meant runs.

THE SCORE:

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Bonnan, l. f.	1	1	3	0	1
McKee, c. f.	1	1	0	0	0
Farabaugh, 1b.	0	0	7	0	0
Curtis, c.	2	2	6	0	0
Brogan, 3b.	2	0	3	4	0
Dubuc, r. f.	0	0	1	0	0
Kuepping, ss.	0	2	3	1	0
Boyle, 2b.	0	0	4	2	0
Scanlon p.	0	0	0	0	3
Totals	6	6	27	10	1

THE SCORE.

Indiana	R	H	P	A	E
Robinson, 2b.	0	0	0	3	0
Jones, r. f.	0	0	1	3	2
Balfour, 1b.	0	0	8	0	0
Johnson, p.	0	0	2	3	0
Hill, c.	0	3	8	2	0
Cartright, c. f.	0	1	2	0	0
Will'son, 3b.	0	0	0	0	0
Thompson, ss.	0	0	1	1	4
Heckaman, l. f.	0	0	2	0	0
Totals	0	4	24	12	6
Notre Dame:—	3	0	0	0	0
Indiana:—	0	0	0	0	0

Two-base hit—Curtis. Bases on balls—Off Johnson, 2; off Scanlon, 2. Struck out—By Johnson, 7; by Scanlon, 5. Hit by pitcher—Cartright, Heckaman. Double play—Kuepping to Boyle to Farabaugh. Passed balls—Hill, 2. Umpire—Tindill.

* *

Michigan weather, which read "snow" on Friday, caused the cancelling of the Notre Dame-Michigan game. We will not get a chance with "the biggest un" now till May 27.

* *

The Illini game, which was scheduled for May 23, will probably be played on the 24th owing to other university plans which conflict with the former date. R. L. B.

* *

Sorin and Brownson met in a bout on Cartier Field Sunday morning. "We Sorins" hardly expected to make a decent showing, but it seems that our modesty prevented us from realizing before that game just how good we were. The score was 2 to 2. Just what it would have been had the tie been played off can only be surmised when one takes into consideration the fact that Sorin began to bat in the ninth, and Woody, they say, was up in the air.

* *

Corby defeated the South Bend Reserves Sunday, 9-5. The visitors were in the lead for some time, but Corby, with one of her characteristic batting rallies, managed to nose out a victory. To-day the team meets the crack Benton Harbor High School team, and with Werder twirling, expect to come back with a victory. Lucas, who has been doing good work at second, will be shifted to third in the absence of Mac-Donough, and Heyl will hold down second. "Murph" continues to clout the ball hard.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

THE KING MEDICINE CO. V. MAYNARD ET AL.

The complainant corporation in this case sought an injunction to prevent the respondents from appropriating its trademark and vending to its customers a spurious medicinal powder in the name of the genuine. An accounting was also prayed for in respect to the loss thus sustained. It was tried on the chancery side of the Moot Court at its last session. The solicitors for the complainant were Clarence W. May and Clarence B. O'Brien. For the respondents appeared Palmer McIntyre and William F. Connolly. Chancellor Hoynes presided, and James V. Cunningham fulfilled the duties of clerk. Being a suit in equity, there was no jury. The opinion of the court follows the

Statement of Facts.

The King Medicine Company, a corporation created and existing by and under the laws of the State of Indiana, with its chief office at South Bend, manufactures and vends a certain medicinal preparation called "Capcine Powder." For ten years it has been engaged in the business, and the preparation named is widely known and has an extensive sale. It is generally regarded as one of the best proprietary preparations in the market for the cure of neuralgia and rheumatism. The prescription from which it is compounded comprises several ingredients, chief of which is said to be a root known specially as "capcine," and hence the distinguishing name of the powder. This prescription is said to have been prepared by a famous physician and purchased by the corporation herein named. No other company or individual has any right under the contract of sale to follow or use it in preparing or compounding medicinal preparations.

In its circulars and advertisements the King Medicine Company announces that some years ago "a celebrated chemist discovered that the capcine root had in combination with certain other ingredients curative powers of an extraordinary character; that he and one of the most noted physicians of the country co-operated in

converting the same into a powder adapted for medicinal use; that the prescription for the preparation of this powder was purchased by the company at a great cost and that the medicine offered under the name 'Capcine Powder' is incomparable in effectiveness for the cure of neuralgia and rheumatism."

There was in its sale a net profit of \$5000 in 1903; a like profit of \$9000 in 1904; in 1905 it reached \$20,000; in 1906 it increased to 30,000, but in 1907 the falling off in profit was enormous. It declined to about \$900 in the month of January, and as compared with the trend of previous sales it should have been over \$3000.

This state of things is directly chargeable to the action of a discharged employee named Pulsifer Maynard. He was discharged for intoxication and dishonesty. He understood well, however, the secrets of the business, and succeeded consequently in inducing a capitalist named Oliver Richman to put up money to start him in it in opposition to this company. Agents were employed to canvass the territory where most of the business of this company is done, and a preparation inferior to the genuine "Capcine Powder," but bearing the same name, was offered at a very low price to the customers of this company and extensively purchased.

Thus advantage was taken of the advertising by this company and the heavy expenses otherwise incurred to secure customers, and a proprietary article of genuine merit displaced by offering deceptively under the same name and at a low price an article of little or no worth.

Maynard and Richman secretly began their illegal competition some six months ago, sending circulars and agents to call on the customers of this company, but did not begin to deliver their so-called "Capcine Powder" until December 20th.

In view of those facts this company prays for an injunction and an accounting, so that the defendants may be prevented from using the word "Capcine" as applied to "Powder," compelled to desist from fraudulently imitating its trademark, and required to account for the profits unlawfully and deceitfully diverted from its business to the inequitable gain of said defendants.

Opinion.

This suit is based upon that of *Seabury v. Grosvenor*, 14 Blatchf. 262. It involves the law of trademarks, and would justify an opinion of greater length than the space at disposal permits.

A trademark is a word, letter, name, figure, symbol or device adopted by a manufacturer or vendor to identify and distinguish his productions from other articles of like nature.—*Higgins v. Kenffel*, 140 U. S. 433; *Hostetter v. Fries*, 17 Fed. 622. It is distinguishable from a mere label.—*Id.* Where a person by industry, frugality, attention to business and sound judgment builds up a profitable business in some useful article, which he specially distinguishes by means of a trademark, so that it becomes known thereby to the public, he should be protected in the use of the same, and not subjected to the competition of unscrupulous persons who seek to deceive his customers to his financial loss and the detriment of his business by vending to them as his, under the same symbol, an article inferior and of comparatively trifling value. From such imposition the law seeks to protect not only the enterprising tradesman, but also the unsuspecting public.

As stated in *Elgin National Watch Co. v. Illinois Watch Co.*, 179 U. S. 672: "The manufacturer of particular goods is entitled to the reputation they have acquired, and the public is entitled to the means of distinguishing between these and other goods. This protection is accorded against unfair dealing, whether there is a technical trademark or not."

There are statutes that deal specifically with the subject in this and other States, the Federal Constitution not empowering Congress in direct terms to act in the matter. Under these statutes common law courts may grant relief in the way of pecuniary satisfaction. Damage is obviously predicable of the unauthorized invasion of a property right so well recognized. The solicitors in this suit, however, have not seen fit to try the case under the statutes, and hence it is considered and dealt with under the general principles of equity. Chancery protects trademarks on the ground that a "party shall not be per-

mitted to sell his own goods as the goods of another."—*McLean v. Fleming*, 96 U. S. 255. And so it has been for centuries in all civilized countries.—*Amoskeag Mfg. Co. v. Trainer*, 101 U. S. 53.

The trademark must not be used, however, to protect a monopoly against legitimate competition, nor may it be a generic, descriptive or geographical name. Moreover, a symbol, device or label claimed as a trademark, and so formed, constituted or worded as to be in itself deceptive, false and fraudulent, is without validity. Chancery will not protect any person in the use of it.—*Holzappel's Co. v. Rahtjen's Co.*, 183 U. S. 8. It is a fundamental maxim that "He who comes into equity must come with clean hands." The one who seeks its aid must have a meritorious cause and be himself free from fraud. Unfortunately for the complainant corporation in this suit, it does not thus come into court.

The original case may be pertinently referred to at this stage to elucidate that point. It seems that certain persons in New York entered into a partnership for the purpose of placing on sale in the market a medicinal preparation called "Benson's Capcine Plasters." They recommended them in terms most laudatory and advertised extensively. They stated in their circulars and advertisements that a famous chemist had recently discovered a vegetable of extraordinary virtues and unrivaled effectiveness in the cure of rheumatism and other painful and stubborn ailments; that it had wrought wonders in restoring the afflicted to health and activity; that this marvelous remedy was known by the name "capcine," and that it was a chief component of the celebrated "Benson's Capcine Plasters."

Barnum was wont to say that "The American people like to be humbugged," and such proved to be the case in this instance. The business in "Capcine Plasters" grew apace, and the profits increased beyond all anticipation. This fact excited the cupidity of others, and soon afterward an enterprising competitor appeared in the market and offered for sale similar "capcine plasters." A suit was instituted in the Federal court, praying for an injunction to

prevent him from doing so. But it was held on the showing made that it could not be maintained, and it was dismissed for want of equity. This course was pursued because the evidence proved that there is no such vegetable or article as "capcine" in the vocabulary of chemistry, medicine or botany, and it seemed clear to the court that the representations made as to its having been discovered by a celebrated chemist and used as described in the circulars and advertisements of the complainant firm were false and evidently designed to deceive and defraud the public.

If an act of Congress may be extended to trademarks under the constitutional power to regulate commerce it must be restricted to commerce with foreign nations, among the States and with the Indian tribes. Hence the act of August 14, 1876, was held to be void, for it embraced commerce generally, including that between citizens of the same State.—*Trademark Cases*, 100 U. S. 82. In these cases it appears that one Steffens was indicted for counterfeiting the trademark of Mumm & Co., of Rheims, France, contrary to the 4th and 5th sections of the act above mentioned; and so as to a certain Wittemann for imitating the trademark of the makers of a "Piper Heidsick" champagne wine; also a man named Johnson for imitating the trademark "O. K." on a particular brand of whisky. But under the act of Congress passed March 3, 1881, trademarks may be registered in the Patent Office, thus affording evidence of proprietorship, identification and use.

The certificates of registration given to those who avail themselves of the provisions of the act are valid for 30 years from date. But the right to the trademark is forfeited if it be falsely or deceptively used for the protection of a spurious article or anything prohibited by the policy of the law. In line with the *Trademark Cases*, see *Perlberg v. Smith*, 62 At. 440 (N. J.).

Following the trend of authority on the subject, it is ordered, adjudged and decreed that the petition of the complainant corporation praying for an injunction be and the same is hereby dismissed for want of equity.

A Page's Notes.

Speaker Reno was in the chair, spick and span, ready for work as usual, when the House convened at one o'clock, Wednesday, May 8. There seemed to be a dreamy atmosphere in the room, but this was dispelled after the reading of the minutes of the preceeding meeting when some of the members woke up and started the ball a-rolling. Some one wanted to talk on the Railway Bill, but the speaker called him down, and put the Fox Resolution before the House.

With that, sixteen Western representatives jumped up all speaking at once, making so much noise that Representative Benz nearly fell out of the window. At last the "Senior Representative from Missouri" got the floor, and there's no denying that he held it too. Long and ponderously he poured out his wisdom, which had a very quieting effect on the House, much to the credit of the gentleman's ability as an orator.

The noise gradually died down and Representative Fox's voice rose louder and stronger, the words carrying to every corner of the House so as even to be distinctly heard in the balconies. When he stopped a low, sonorous sound could be heard, and upon investigation it was found that a dozen members in the rear seats had fallen asleep, but the applause of Mr. Fox's speech awoke them, and when order was restored business proceeded.

Representative McKenna, a far Westerner serving his first term in the House, next got the floor and told the House what he thought of the Fox Resolution. He asserted in strong and vehement words that the resolution as engrossed differed from that passed in the previous meeting. By twisting the English vocabulary in an unrecognizable shape he forced Representative Fox to admit that changes had been made, and further he implicated the speaker who vainly tried to explain, but Mr. McKenna, like an old member, held his point and turned it against the speaker and Representative Fox.

Again the floor was jumped at by a dozen wise men and Representative Kennedy got it. He moved an amendment to the Railway Bill, providing that the "Call Block

System" be used; explaining it at length, saying that in ten years of operation in the West it had been put out of order but once, and that time by a spider that got into the apparatus. Representative Wood then asked him how he expected to operate the system in the East where there are so many spiders. This spider objection was brought so forcibly before the House that the amendment was defeated. Representative Saley of Iowa then moved a different amendment to the same bill which was carried after a long argument.

Mr. Deiner made some remark about the bashfulness of certain ball-playing members, but was ruled down by the autocratic speaker. After a little more of Fox on the Impeachment of Theodore Roosevelt, and another dram of railway argument *a la* McKenna, Saley and Kennedy, Representative Benz creditably served his constituents by moving that the House adjourn, which was done without voting, all the dignified and even the conservative members tumultuously making a rush for the door.

 Personals.

—Another alumnus to achieve success in his line of study is Daniel O'Connor, History and Economics, '05, who has recently been promoted to a higher position in the Western Electric Co. of Chicago with headquarters at San Francisco. Dan while attending the University was not only a student of high standing, but was Captain of the Varsity baseball team of '05, and prominent in both track and football. The SCHOLASTIC, together with his host of Notre Dame friends, take this occasion to congratulate him on his present success and to wish him still better things in the future.

—"History and Evidence of the Passage of Abraham Lincoln from Harrisburg to Washington, D. C.," is the title of a handsomely bound volume, enriched with several photo-gravures, which has been presented to the University by William and Robert Pinkerton. Some years ago the documents contained in this book were collated by Allan Pinkerton, founder of the famous Pinkerton's National Detective Agency. His two sons, Robert and William, who now re-issue the

work, were old Notre Dame men, and this little gift of theirs expresses the interest and love which they have always had for Notre Dame University. Neither the lapse of years nor their many cares have made them forget their *Alma Mater*.

—Concerning an old Notre Dame track star, and in whom we take not a little pride, we clip the following from the sporting sheet of last Sunday's *Chicago Tribune*:

Martin B. Herbert was appointed official handicapper of the Central A. A. U., to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Charles O. Duplessis at a meeting of the board of governors at the Great Northern Hotel last night. Charles H. Wilson and Charles Kipatrick, the other nominees for the position, gave Herbert a hard fight.

Herbert is well known in Chicago, having officiated at all the large athletic meets held here in the last four years. He was considered one of the best hurdlers in the West in 1903 and still holds several records in the central association. He was captain of the Notre Dame track team in 1901-'02, and competed for the First Regiment in 1903.

Local Items.

—A hurried exit through the Law window, a debut into the briny deep with a frail craft, a moment of suspense and all was over. It was careless of you, John.

—To-night at Washington hall at 7:30 Mr. Leland Powers will appear in impersonations from dramatic literature. He will give "Lord Chumley," a work in three acts and bringing in ten characters. Mr. Powers is a favorite at Notre Dame and a large attendance is expected.

—The hearts of the rooters were gladdened Thursday afternoon by the appearance of the University band. Led by Prof. Petersen the band played as few Notre Dame bands ever played before. Not a selection from the first to the last but was rendered in an excellent manner. Long life to the band and its leader!

—Essays in competition for the Meehan Medal, in English, must be handed in May 20.

Graduation Theses must be completed and in the hands of the heads of departments May 20.

Examinations of candidates for graduation will begin June 3.

All students of the University are hereby notified that the final examinations on June 10, 11, 12 count greatly for credit in the courses.

—On Thursday evening St. Joseph's literary society re-echoed traditions and defeated Brownson in the semi-finals of the Inter-Hall debates. The debate was spirited and gave every indication that the young men had studied the subject thoroughly. Deiner, Riley and Cull represented Saint

Joseph, while Graham, Holleran and Connolly fought for Brownson. The winners will meet the victors of the Holy Cross-Corby debate in a final contest. The finals will be held in Washington Hall and a hard fight is expected.

DEBATING, ORATORY, ELOCUTION.

May 12—Debate between Corby Hall and Holy Cross Hall.

May 24—Preliminary trial in Oratory in Brownson and Holy Cross Halls.

May 25—Preliminary trial in Oratory in Corby and St. Joseph's Halls:

May 31—Final debate in Inter-hall contest for banner.

June 1—Contest in Elocution for the Joseph A. Lyons Medal and the Patrick T. Barry Medal.

June 5—Final contest in Oratory for the Inter-hall Medal.

—For a long time many of the students have been desirous of visiting Notre Dame's summer home, situated on Bankson Lake five miles southeast of Lawton. Arrangements have been perfected with the RR. Co. and it's now up to the students of the different Halls to make it a success. A good outing is promised all who go. The band will accompany the excursionists. Boating, bathing and athletic contests, including a ball game between Schoolcraft and one of the Inter-Hall teams. At least two hundred and fifty tickets will have to be sold to secure the special train and excursion rates from R.R. Co. Tickets including dinner, supper, and ride to and from the park \$1.50. Tickets should be engaged if possible a week in advance. Tickets may be had from Brother Hugh.

—Saturday, May 4, the Corby Literary and Debating Society held its most successful meeting since its recent re-organization. The selections by the orchestra were very good, and the members showed their appreciation in a befitting manner. Mr. C. O'Brien spoke on the Immigration Laws, and his explanations were clear and concise. Elton Crepeau, the popular young baritone, rendered two selections, and judging by the strength and volume of his voice, he bids fair to become one of Notre Dame's best singers. Lambert Weist was there as usual with one of his many clever recitations and received quite a little applause. Ed Bucher gave a good, sensible business talk on the advantages of mechanical engineering, and pointed out to the members the many advantages to be had in being able to read a blue print. His view was that of a technical man. But the man of the evening was Dr. De Launney when he spoke on "Art. His subject showed the result of careful study, and he impressed greatly all who heard him.