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Darkness or Light.

WILL God destroy," thou askest; "will He rend
The framework of this mundane masterpiece,
And make its harmony of movement cease—
The splendor of His mute creation end;
Yea, crush it in a void eternal; send
His angel Darkness through all space, cry 'Peace'
Through heaven; the terror of His name increase
In wreck of worlds the last dread day?"

Good friend,
That power is God's, and yet a second birth
Of beauty might He give, guide some stray star
In its far-reaching course until at last
It crashes full upon our outworn earth,
And from tumultuous fusion, from the jar
Of elements, flames forth earth's pristine past.
C. L.

Education and Character.*

T is natural for old age to look back upon the past and for youth to look forward to the future. As retrospection is the habit of the aged, so anticipation is the habit of youth, and especially here where many hundreds of young men, assembled from the ends of the earth, are avowedly engaged in preparing for the destiny that stretches away before them. It is well for you to think of the future, provided you think of it not idly, not dreamily, but with a mind open to the needs of the future, that you may intelligently and industriously adjust to those needs the advantages and opportunities of the present.

It is God's will that you should be ambitious. It is well that you should plan and hope and aspire. The most pitiable man in all the world is he in whom the fires of aspiration have ceased to burn, who is content to be less than he might become. For the vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, that would buy success even if faith and conscience and God be the price of it, that, Lucifer-like, "would rather rule in hell than serve in heaven,"—for such ambition God has only words of terrible condemnation. He does not promise either individuals or nations temporal prosperity as the reward of fidelity to Him. He reminds you that the only place in the New Testament where wealth is promised as the reward of worship is where the devil showed our Lord all the kingdoms of the world and the riches thereof, and said, "All these I will give Thee, if, falling down, Thou wilt adore me." He tells you this, but He also tells you that the tree should be known by its fruits; that the moral qualities of temperance, of purity, of discipline, of obedience, of conscientious labor, which He requires as religious duties, are the qualities that win even worldly success. He desires you to be strong and brave and cultured and influential because these qualities are honorable and increase your power for good.

To meet these duties you must be in some degree educated, not alone in your mind, but in all your powers. Your body is the instrument with which you labor. It must be strong and supple, quick to respond to the direction of your mind. Hence the hollow-chested boy who sits on the

* Sermon delivered by President Cavanaugh on occasion of the solemn religious opening of the University, Sunday, September 22.

bleachers, his only exercise breathing languidly through a cigarette and feebly applauding a good play, does not do his whole duty to himself. He needs to be told that his life work will make severe demands upon his physical energies and that these must be abundant if he is not to break down.

Next, your mind must grow strong by hard study as muscles grow strong by exercise. Hence to grow up in mental indolence, in brain laziness, is deliberately to shut the door of success against yourself; worse than that, it is to thwart the plans of divine Providence. "To whom much has been given," says our Lord, "from him much will be expected." Opportunity means responsibility. Of all the delusions that could enter your mind, there is none more mischievous than that God has given you wealthy parents merely to make life easier for you; that He has given you opportunities for education merely because He loved you more. The father who says to his son: "My boy, I am educating you in order that you may not have to work as hard as I worked," is making a serious mistake. Let him say rather: "My son, there is no curse on earth like the curse of idleness. There is no better legacy a father could leave his son than some honest work to do. I am educating you not that you may not have to work as hard as I worked, but that enriched with the power which education gives, your work may be more effective than mine." If, therefore, God has given you talent or wealth look upon the gift as another reason why you should labor the harder.

Above all you must cultivate character. What gives nobility to man is character. Character is the young man's capital; thousands of dollars are loaned upon it every day. The word itself is Greek and means a mark, a stamp. A man's character is the stamp he gives himself by habitually choosing either the right or the wrong. It is the result of will power acting steadily on the forces of heredity and environment.

It is well known that peculiar physical and mental traits are apt to reappear in the successive generations of a family. This is what Holy Scripture means when it says:

"Our fathers have eaten wild grapes and the teeth of the children are set on edge;" and again: "The sins of parents shall be visited on their children to the third or fourth generation." Every child born into the world brings with it an outfit of instinctive tendencies inherited from ancestors and constituting the natural basis of its character. Not only is it true of the history of a nation that all its past lives to some extent in its present, but it is equally true of an individual that all his ancestry lives to some extent in him. This is what we mean by saying that the education of a boy ought to begin one hundred years before he is born, and, as a matter of fact, a boy's education does begin with his grandfather. It is of the utmost importance, therefore, that every young man should diligently study this mysterious inheritance of his. Whatever strong moral qualities exist in parents or grandparents may easily be made the basis of a vigorous Christian character. These qualities ought to be carefully cultivated. On the other hand, if a boy knows that any moral taint has existed in his immediate ancestry, he will, if he is a wise boy, avoid with extra precaution the danger of yielding to that inherited weakness. He will make that the fight of his life, just as he would guard particularly against consumption if he had inherited weak lungs. We do not pay enough attention to this in our educational work. We understand it well enough when it is a question of breeding prize cattle; but we have not yet arrived at this point in the work of education.

Environment is even a stronger influence than heredity. Every institution and every social circle has its own peculiar atmosphere or tone. In the case of a college, this atmosphere is due in part to the example set by officers and teachers and by students of a forceful and aggressive character. This example is copied by others and passed on from year to year, so that new students fall into the college spirit and the college habits almost imperceptibly. Environment may overcome heredity, just as a light, dry climate may strengthen weak lungs and neutralize a tendency to consumption. Hence it is the paramount duty of a young man to surround himself with the most

wholesome influences at college, to choose companions whose example, whose conversation, whose advice will tend to strengthen the weak spots in his character. Hence, too, it is the duty of every student to help to create a wholesome environment; to use his influence everywhere and always for the strengthening, the uplifting, the purification of his fellow-students. I have known young men whose very presence had an almost sacramental effect on the language and the conduct of their companions. It is possible for every boy without being a prig or a milksop or anything but a healthy, manly, clean-spoken and clean-living fellow to exert such influence. And remember, it is his solemn duty to do so. In one of the apocryphal gospels there is a sentence so full of meaning that it might well occur in the genuine Scriptures. It is this: "If the neighbor of a just man sins, the just man himself is not without guilt;" so if your neighbor steps aside from duty may it not be because you have failed to give him good example or good advice? And if so, shall you be held blameless in the great accounting?

Stronger than either heredity or environment in the formation of character is that noblest endowment of man, the power of will. It must never be forgotten that in spite of inherited tendencies and the influence of our surroundings, the will is the real architect of character. If it is true that habit becomes second nature, it is also true that nature is only first habit, and, as the "Following of Christ" says, "habit is overcome by habit." We are so constituted that although we do a thing with difficulty the first time, we soon do it more easily, and after a while come to do it almost mechanically. The nervous system comes to be set to the way in which it has been exercised, just as a piece of paper that has been folded tends to fall forever afterward into the same identical fold. Hence there is no folly comparable to the folly of those who speak indulgently of young men who are "sowing their wild oats." Every false step that is taken in life makes it harder forever afterwards to walk the straight way. The primary field of education, therefore, lies in the cultivation of character through the right exercise of the will. Conscience

may suggest good resolutions, but it is only when these are executed by the will that they give a new set to your character.

The most useless of beings is the sentimental dreamer, spending his life in idle, abstract enthusiasms and never effecting a practical result. All boys dream glorious dreams in youth; dream that when they attained full manhood they will have abandoned the meannesses and achieved the excellencies of life. Why do we not see the fulfilment of these dreams and purposes in the full-grown man? Because from day to day he puts off beginning. By neglecting the necessary effort, by shrinking from the daily resistance to temptation he has been "digging from day to day the graves of all his holiest ambitions." The saints understood this so well that not only did they launch the full power of their will against temptation but they made opportunities to exercise the will by voluntary acts of mortification. They were "systematically heroic in little, unnecessary points." They were constantly doing difficult things just because they were difficult and in order that they might be nerved for the real struggle whenever it should come. Mortification is to the Christian what regular exercise is to the athlete. The athlete may not see how his daily exercise helps him to-day, but when the contest comes it is the effort made in private that will win the public victory for him. So the man who has inured himself to daily habits of sacrifice, to concentrated efforts and energetic action will stand like a tower when everything rocks around him in the day of temptation and when his softer companions are winnowed like chaff in the blast.

And the twin sister of mortification is prayer. The grace of God is after all the supreme factor in the building of Christian character. God's grace is medicine for sin. It illumines the mind that sin has darkened; it shows the beauty of virtue and the meanness of evil; it fills us with remorse and the ambition to rise when we have fallen. It is not only light, it is strength also. It turns the coward into a brave man; it gives backbone to the jellyfish boy; it teaches the timid boy to say "No."

to the bad companion; it purifies the memory or the imagination that is haunted with the ghosts of dead sins. And the grace of God comes through prayer and the reception of the Sacraments. Without these aids the strongest character breaks like a wooden sword in a battle of giants. Without fervent and constant prayer, the work of your education is doomed to failure. As sanctity is the crown and perfection of the soul, as it is better to be holy than to be learned, or distinguished, or powerful; so prayer is even more necessary than study in the development of the soul, in true education.

To-day we are assembled before the altar of God to beg His blessing on our work the coming year. Prostrate in spirit before the Lord of Science, we ask Him to make our teaching and our study fruitful. We place the University and its work under the protection of the ever-Blessed Virgin Mary and St. Joseph, and we pray them to assist us to become worthy of the benediction of Heaven which alone will crown our work with success.

False-Visaged.

HALF masked is truth. Not always do we find
 image in our acts:—vain deeds that wake
 The admiration of the world and take
 The guise of righteousness; vain hopes that blind
 Ambition's clients, luring on mankind
 To Fame's mirage; vain, pompous words that make
 No echo in the soul. For virtue's sake
 Men labor least when passion rules the mind.

Deep in the heart—by fear molested—truth
 Abides, retreating from the scorn of men
 Who strive to veil the Sun, nor yet lament
 The gloom that dims the gospel-page of youth.
 At death's approach they tremble; only then
 They lift the pall of darkness and repent.

C. L.

THE sky of youth viewed through the
 medium of vanished years, has no cloud;
 the flowers we culled in youth had no
 thorns.—*Sadlier.*

A Solitary Sailor.

ALOYSIUS A. WEISBECKER, '08.

The Great Lakes annually afford many pleasure trips and delightful excursions. Vessels ranging in size from little naphtha launches to palatial passenger steamers are thickly scattered between the various ports. The navigation season closes with the advent of the cold gales of autumn. The loitering vessel caught in one of these high seas is in great danger of destruction. The water may be calm in the morning and at night turned into a raging tempest.

I have in mind a character who is associated with the experiences of my early youth. An old man of firm stature, with short gray hair and beard, a ruddy face, dressed in a sailor's blue blouse, often appeared among us. The people knew him as "Fisherman Dix." Did their pastor fail to announce fast and abstinence days, old Dix did not. Only on these days he showed himself with his horse and fish wagon, his tenor voice repeatedly singing out "fresh fish." Few were sufficiently interested in the fisherman to inquire whence he came or where or how he lived. This seemed a mystery. The town folk easily contented themselves in his calling every day of abstinence at their kitchen door to aid them in their bill of fare.

His mysteriousness did not make him an object of cruel amusement, teasing and annoyance by the young. On the contrary, he enjoyed children, who in turn respected him. Sometimes when weighing a mass of trout he would lay on an extra perch or other fish "for the boy." Some days his tune of "fresh fish" would summon youngsters from distant corners of the street. On such occasions "Fisherman Dix" delighted in telling fish stories and sea tales. "Fisherman Dix" did not become a household word to quiet or terrify an unruly child, as the names of some mysterious but mean characters do.

Later we moved from the city. Different environments, new acquaintances soon made me forgetful of the old fisherman. Several years afterward, while visiting my natal city, I came upon him in a rather strange

but happy way. I then learned what before seemed a mystery to all.

My brother and I driving along the Lake Shore for some miles, brought our horse to a standstill on meeting with a ruined and decaying body of a ship, moored deep in the sands of the shore. A range of sand hills with crests and hollows wooded with oak and cedar surrounded the beach. At the base of a hill near to the wreck we noticed a quaint little hermitage painted white with a curved front and a flat roof. Led on by curiosity we ventured toward it. The gnarl and yelp of a water-spaniel brought before us our forgotten but cherished friend, "Fisherman Dix." Needless to say we shared an intense joy at meeting him again. Having welcomed us into his cabin, he entertained us mainly with his past history and future prospects.

"I was born," he said, "on the most western extremity of Lake Superior. I once enjoyed a cheerful home, happiness, and advantages like you. I had the talents and love for learning which I feel you have. My ambition and that of my companion bent itself upon a sailor's life on the Great Lakes. Being his only son my father offered me an excellent opportunity for a college education which I somewhat abused. After completing my academics at college, I took the classical course. The study of English interested me most. I had fair success in essay and verse writing. As a Sophomore I became editor of the college paper. I did not have to study hard at Latin or Greek, in fact, I found study easy in comparison to other students. My summer vacations were spent at Lake Resorto. Long trips on freight barges, thrilling experiences on high and rough seas, made me eager for a sailor's life on the Lakes. During my junior year, I slighted all my classes, but English. I wrote verses and short stories about every ship and every man of a ship's crew. By a 'hair's-breadth' I missed failure in my year's work. That vacation I spent almost entirely upon a boat. In my senior year my classmates made me their class poet. I failed in the first semester examinations and received word from the authorities that I could not be graduated. They also informed my parents of this. Fearing being asked to offer an explanation to my father I left

college. Having crossed the state of Wisconsin I soon found myself in a penniless position, forced to seek work on a lumber barge on Lake Michigan.

"The first years were filled with hardship, toil and regret, a far different experience than that of a student enjoying his summer vacation. From the day I left home up to the present I have not heard from my parents. My letters home never received an answer. I felt that I had been deservedly disowned. I couldn't muster up courage to return to them. I got what I wanted: employment on a ship, life on the Lakes. I profited by bitter experience. Year by year I bettered my condition, until I became an adept sailor, and finally captain and joint-owner of the barge lying wrecked yonder.

"Surely, you are curious to know of the sudden wreck?"

"We had the 'Ben Dix,' our lumber barge, measuring two hundred feet from prow to stern, built in the early sixties. For nearly thirty years our boat plied between various lumbering stations on the Great Lakes, notably Lake Michigan. Noted for her speed, size and safety, large lumber concerns preferred her. During the summer of eighty-nine we contracted for an immense transportation with a northern Michigan firm. To complete the contract every trip therein stipulated had to be made. The season closed, three trips remaining over. The first trip proved successful, the second, the farthest, fatal.

"Everything being favorable, our boat, cargoes with thousands of feet of railroad ties, left port for a two hundred and ninety knot run. After some hours a heavy gale arose which set the water in motion. As the steamer sped onward the wind increased, waves developed and rolled high. No one apprehended any danger as the vessel had safely weathered many a rough sea. A moonless night came on, the darkness of which a drizzling cold rain deepened. In this dismal situation I ordered the whistle to be sounded every two minutes, but we heard no return blasts. The boat creaked under its heavy cargo as the buoying billows rocked it sideways, forward and backward.

"That night the 'Ben Dix' passed through the greatest peril. The howling wind seemed more violent, the waves beat the sides of

the ship harder than ever before. The hours spent in dreary darkness, not the faintest twinkle of a star or distant glimmer of a light visible, helpless and mercilessly tossed about by infuriated waves and wind, apparently making little progress, this, if anything, would furrow the brow of the most daring seafarer.

"Morning dawned cold and wet. Through the hazy mist we sighted a port, but not the destined one. To escape the squalls of the raving sea all deemed it advisable to make for the harbor. A stranger to the entrance, pursued by avenging waves and wind, the barge missed the passage-way and ran ashore.

"I had so great an attachment to this boat, my second home, that I could not leave it. Some of my men remained with me long enough to move this cabin hither to dispose of everything valuable. I have lived a solitary life for the past ten years. I felt too old to go on sea again, but I wanted to hear the shrieks of the water fowls, the splash of the water, the roll of the billows, the roar of the wind; to inhale the scent of the briny waves, daily to gaze over a vast expanse of limpid green and blue.

"I then took to fishing. By the generosity of the town-people I succeeded in laying aside a little sum to lessen the cares of declining years. During lonely evenings and long winter days, I spent the time among my friends—my books of English Literature, Shakespeare, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Eliot, Thackeray and others. During my stay here I became interested in astronomy. I bought books on the matter and thus I whiled away with profit numerous days and evenings which otherwise would have been dreary and tedious. When I felt loneliness weighing heavily upon me, I cheered myself with that old fiddle which then recalled so many cherished memories. I have planned to leave here next week for the land of my birth. I intend to seek my only sister, but five years old when I left home. I want to visit the tombs of my parents, to die and lie buried in the city of my childhood."

SORROW is for a season, but joy lasting; death a translation into life.—*Chrysostom.*

The Growth of the Written Constitution.

J. FRANK HANAN.

The origin of Political governments has ever been an interesting subject of discussion. Did men associate themselves together under forms of government as the result of a social compact in which they agreed to live together in certain political relations, or did the compact grow out of the experiences of government? The former view was held by many of the ancient philosophers; but a more reasonable view seems to be that the social instinct first impelled men to draw together into the relations of government, and that, as the result of experience, it was found advisable to have certain compacts, or bodies of principles, as a basis for the rules of conduct and political living. With the multiplication of complexities, due to enlarged territories and the growth of population, new compacts were agreed upon or old ones were amended to suit changed conditions. In this we see the rise of constitutions and the necessity for their change and growth.

It has been said that of all the branches of the Aryan race, the Teutonic is the one most devoted to liberty and constitutional forms of government. Politically speaking, liberty and constitutions are synonymous. The pages of history are but the recurring records of down-trodden peoples rising to demand from tyrannical rulers the right to a constitutional form of government. Sometimes this was attained through the arts of peace, sometimes at the point of the sword; but whatever the means, the constitution was generally secured in the end.

So while the Greeks gave art to civilization and the Romans gave law, it remained for the Teuton to give us constitutions, at once the symbol and shield of our liberties. The New-England Town-meeting had its prototype in the Tun-meeting of the Black Forest of Germany. The English Parliament can be traced to the meetings of the Hundreds, and through those, back to the gathering of the clans beside the Rhine. The principles of the Magna Charta were born in the hearts of the turbulent soldiers of Central Europe. So from Germany to

England, and from England to America, we trace the pathway of the Anglo-Saxon principles of freedom and discern of our own American constitution, which, according to the consensus of opinion, is the greatest political instrument that the world has ever seen.

However, this is only the historical growth of the written constitution. But it is in the historical growth that we see the reasons for that other growth of which we would speak. There would be no historical growth were it not for the fact that conditions change and that the set of fundamental principles which is found sufficient for one phase of political development is wholly inadequate for another. Thus old constitutions were either amended or superseded by new ones. But such changes could not wholly meet requirements, and thus we have a more subtle growth; a growth which changes the scope and meaning of the instrument without a corresponding change in the wording.

A written instrument is supposed to mean the same to-day that it meant the day that it was penned, but this is true in theory only, when it is applied to political constitutions. It is useless to deny that our own does not mean the same to-day that it meant one hundred years ago. The beginning of this change in meaning is to be found in the interpretation placed upon the "Elastic Clause" which occurs at the end of Section 8, Article 1, of the Constitution, defining the powers granted to Congress. This clause reads as follows: "To make all laws which shall be necessary and proper for the carrying into execution the foregoing powers and all other powers vested by this Constitution in the government of the United States, or in any department or office thereof." Liberally interpreted, much power can be crowded into the import of these words. They mark the difference between the first two great political parties that came into existence after we became a nation, and to a certain, though a less, extent, they mark a difference between the two leading political parties of the present time.

The interpreting power has everything to do with the meaning of a written constitution and it is interesting to conjecture what

would have been the result had any other man than John Marshal been at the head of the Supreme Court during the formative period of our national life. It is not enough to say that Marshal applied the law,—he made the law.

Judge Story has said that not more than two or three questions of constitutional law had ever engaged the attention of the Supreme Court previous to the time when John Marshal became Chief Justice. Of these, the most important was that of *Chisholm vs. Georgia*, decided in 1793, when the Court, John Jay presiding, "asserted its rights to hear the suit on appeal of a citizen of one state against another state, and to enter judgment against that state." Five years later, however, this doctrine was nullified by the eleventh amendment to the Constitution. With the advent of Chief Justice Marshal, many constitutional questions came crowding forward for settlement. Among these five decisions stand out prominently.

In the case of *Marbury vs. Madison* (1803), the Court held that Congress had no power to enact a law conflicting with the Constitution.

Sixteen years later, in the case of *McCullough vs. Maryland*, the Court took a most positive stand in favor of "broad construction" of the Constitution. It was decided that it could annul a state law which conflicted with the "implied powers" of the Constitution, and with those of the Federal Government. Later in the same year, the court, in the famous *Dartmouth College* case, imposed limits upon the power of the state to set aside a contract.

In the case of *Cohens vs. Virginia* (1821), the court asserted the right to hear suits brought on appeal from the state courts, and to act as a final tribunal in such cases. In rendering this decision, Chief Justice Marshal took occasion to condemn the doctrines of nullification and secession. He declared that the United States has the right to control all individuals or state governments within its boundaries.

Finally, in the case of the *American Insurance Company vs. Canter* (1828), the Court declared that the government possessed the power of acquiring territory, either by conquest or by treaty. We can not sum up the far-reaching consequences

of these decisions better than to quote the words of one of our eminent American historians. He says: "These and kindred decisions, extending over a space of more than thirty-four years, fully entitle Chief Justice Marshall to be called the 'second maker of the Constitution.' For he, more than any other man of his day, created 'constitutional government, as we now understand the term.'" Finally, as Judge Landon remarks, "It is plain now that we are largely indebted to the Court for our continued existence as a nation, and for the harmony, stability, excellence and success of our Federal system."

But written constitutions, especially ours do not change through amendments, and the decisions of the courts alone. Back of and above all stands the sovereign power of the people. The Constitution is their instrument, not their shackle. The created can not be greater than the creator and the people, changing in proportion to their progress towards national ideals, will tend more and more to read a meaning into their Constitution which its framers never meant to put there.

In 1789 it is not probable that a single state supposed that in accepting a constitution they were entering into an absolutely irrevocable relation. Had the doctrine of State Rights been denounced at that time, it is certain that the consent of the necessary nine states could never have been secured and that our Constitution would never have been adopted. Fourteen years later, in 1803, even staid old Massachusetts vehemently asserted the sovereign right to secession. Eighteen years later we see the Supreme Court deciding against it, and before the close of another half century, the sovereign people have decided by the sword that our Constitution means enduring nationality and not loose federation.

So, too, for more than a century, it has been supposed that the national government could not send troops into a state not engaged in war except upon the call of the executive of that state. But during the Pullman strike, when Grover Cleveland sent troops into Illinois against the wish of Governor Altgeld, he showed a new and definite expansion of our Constitution.

(Concluded on page 45.)

Somnia Shakespeariana:

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.

The aerial races were over. I rolled up my ship and, as usual, had my servant place it in the ship shed. The excitement of the afternoon's sport had tired me, and I sought my cozy armchair. I was of that hopeful, sanguine class whose mind is ever restless and whose imagination will never be quieted, so I straightway began to ponder if it were not possible to accomplish something that would immortalize my name. Suddenly, thoughts, plans, ideas, whimsical and fantastical, came to me in glorious profusion. They formed a sort of picturesque kaleidoscopic procession as they came and went upon my brain. But the next instant all was clear again; ideas floated by like seaweed, others hovered at some height from me like land birds flying to a ship. At last I had it. A fine idea floated in my mind like a cake of ivory soap in a full bath tub. "Take your machine, whisk yourself into space and discover whatsoever you shall find."

Dictum factum. I sprang up and got ready; that is to say, oiled my machine and visited the drugstore for "essence" to sustain me on the trip. Essence—to make a digression—is what we live on. We no longer eat large quantities, wasting teeth, time, slime and jaws in gnawing and cutting and lubricating, etc. Restaurants are no more. When hungry one goes to his little shelf, takes a teaspoonful of "turkey leg essence," two teaspoonfuls of "squab essence," one-fourth ounce of "mince essence," a teaspoonful of "sour krout essence," and a liberal quantity of "bread extract." This is equal to about four turkey legs, six pigeons, a mince pie, a nice little keg of sour krout, a loaf of bread, and, if a pinch of "bean essence powder" be added, to one can of Boston baked beans. For those travelling in higher regions a sort of "air essence" is prepared.

I say, I got ready, got essence, got a-going, and got out of sight before I had finished chewing my first morsel of air essence. I perceived the moon first, and thought the quickest way to immortaliza-

tion would be to spend a kind of honeymoon there; other places were too far away, and I was impatient of being immortalized.

I felt myself going faster, faster, and faster than faster. I flew like a bullet, and I chuckled as I thought of the gravitation duel of *alma* earth and *flava* moon now on about me. Presently I looked back at the earth, and I thought it exceedingly picturesque, that is to say, like a picture I have seen in an old book which showed a negro doubled over a melon. North and South America seemed as two ungainly patches of calico in his shirt, one on his shoulder, the other down along his side. The north pole seemed a mere cigarette sticking from his semi-invisible face. Greenland was one of his huge ears, and Cuba a mere piece of sliced melon by his side. The bulging upper part of Africa and camel-bump Spain were his wonderful lips, and the whole Mediterranean Sea, his prodigious mouth. Australia, Borneo, and the Philippines looked like so many little unripe melons behind him. Ireland was a mere apple.

I began calculating on what part of the negro's shoulder I had been living, when bang! crash! humpty, dumpty! I and machine, like Jack and Gill in Mother Goose, lay sprawling—somewhere. I lay quite still for a while. I was almost immortalized then and there, but I thanked—the moon—for I was yet mortal. Hello! The moon was gone. I looked all over the heavens for her. But no, she was not gone, but I was come. I was on the moon. "Hurrah!" thought I, "here is another Æneas or another Boewulf. An epic shall come of this, and my immortalization is certain." I saw I had landed on a mountain, or rather a promontory (it must have been the left shoulder, or *l'épaule gauche* of the man in the moon). Being sanguinistic, I was active. I hastened further down towards a huge chasm—his vest pocket, as it were—and having rounded this obstacle I stood on a plateau, rudely speaking, his very stomach. I gazed upward to see whether he evinced any facial expression of being aware that I was present. Upon perceiving that he wore his ordinary grin, I started for his face, leaping recklessly over button-hole chasms and grand canyons made by the ruffles of

his shirt. Suddenly I missed footing and slid half way into what seemed one of his boots. As I stuck there, an eclipse set in which cast a semi-darkness or twilight around me. And behold! out of one of the rocky vest pockets there issued two curious people crying:

"What mortal fool disturbeth the peace of the two 'Gentlemen of Verona?'" and they clattered with their hands, grinning at each other ineffably. Then there followed murmurings from afar, and, O sorrow, death and ages! through the dusky shadow around the huge mountain (which is the hip) there appeared Brutus and Cassius and Casca calling out: "Gentle friends, let us kill him boldly, but not wrathfully. Let us carve him as a dish fit for the gods." And before I had time to lose my wits in fear, or turn white, or get bald, or die,—marry! from behind what was probably the pin in the necktie there came forth, hand in hand, Romeo and Juliet, "Hist, Romeo, hist!" said she; and he: "Give me the mattock and the wrenching iron." Another voice from an overcoat pocket shouted: "Shylock is my name! I'll plague him! I'll torture him!" and out from under me (out of the boot I had fallen into) came the "Merry Wives of Windsor," exasperated beyond description. O horrors! O terrors! O poor me! All were wrathfully seeking the disturber of their peace. All around me I heard "Quos ego!" "Apprehend him," etc. Alas, I was discovered. The Wives surrounded me and called to the others. On they came from all sides. I grew faint and wished to lose my eyesight. I tried to slide farther into the boot, to hide from or at least to dodge the Furies. Two of them approached me slowly, hollow-eyed, thin, ghastly and with smoky countenances. I slid again, they shrank into midgets. Again I slid, but this time off my arm-chair. The two pursuers proved to be the hands of my huge regulator clock, and the other "Wives" were the Roman letters on the dial.

"There," said I, "is 'much ado about nothing.'" My room-mate, Dennis, came in, and I told him the tale. He laughed and said:

"Well, 'All's well that ends well!'"

"Let's call it the 'Winter's Tale,'" I said. He replied: "'As you like it,' or 'Luna Park.'"

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana, September 28, 1907.

—The celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the diocese of Fort Wayne calls attention again to the wonderful growth of the Church in this country.

Fort Wayne's Jubilee. Established September 22d, 1857, the diocese is younger than Notre Dame University

by fifteen years, and yet it numbers one hundred and ninety-seven priests and a Catholic population of eighty-one thousand. It has been blessed with a zealous clergy and a faithful people. Perhaps the best proof of this is to be found in the admirable parochial school system that exists throughout the diocese. It may be said without fear of giving offense to anybody that even in the most populous dioceses it would be difficult to find such a high standard set for the parish schools.

—The celebration on October twenty-third of the Centenary of the Sisters of Providence will call the attention of the public to the splendid work that these

Sisters of Providence. Sisters have done for Catholic education in the United States. Their great school in Vigo County, Indiana, draws

pupils from every corner of the country. It is impossible to estimate the good they have accomplished. The Apostolic Delegate will preside at the Centennial exercises to give expression to the admiration of the Holy Father for the work of the Sisters, and educators generally will share in the pride which these noble women may well feel in the success that has attended their work.

—Persons wishing to try for the Staff of this weekly should send in their names as soon as possible. The picking of men will come soon. To All. Send in your contributions also and let us look them over.

—For the Staff of this weekly sheet we must look around and take notice. If you do not think you are big enough for us to see you in the crowd expand a little and send in your work. The Outlook Many men have gone from off last year's slate, and we must find new ones to take their places. Donahue, Burke, Malloy and other faithfuls can not be called upon to fill the Varsity columns and inter-collegiate happenings. Get busy, men, we need you, and no one will think you proud if you expand on those literary aspirations of yours.

—In another part we note the organization of the Wisconsin Club. The Badger men are the first to come together this year and are to be congratulated Clubs and Societies on the move. It is a custom at Notre Dame for men from the same state or section to organize into a club; the object being the promotion of good-fellowship among the members and to bring together men from the same localities. Many pleasant evenings have been spent in this way and much good spirit has sprung up. Smokers, literary programs and other events have taken place under the auspices of the clubs and have formed a very interesting part of college life. Then too we are waiting for the organization of the debating and literary societies.

From these organizations have sprung Notre Dame's best men. We remember when St. Joseph's Hall in the days of its supremacy sent out four of the five Breen medallists besides having one or two representatives on the Varsity trio. Of later years Holy Cross Hall has come up and made itself a powerful factor. Brownson is springing into prominence, and this year promises to put up a hard fight in the Inter-Hall debates and Oratorical contests. But behind all these

stand the Philopatrians, the youngsters, who later developed into the hall stars.

This is a brief résumé of what has been done by the Hall associations, and we hope to see it continue. It takes time and work to make a speaker and there is no school which offers the advantages to rub off the rough edges that Notre Dame does, and in these Hall societies do we find the rough work done. The polished diamond which later will shine in Washington Hall invariably is the rough stone that earlier entered some Hall society and provoked good-natured mirth by his impossibilities.

Athletic Notes.

The first week of football practice has developed one most noticeable thing—a sad lack of linemen. There are any number of good men on the squad, light, fast men who will make good ends and backs, but there are no Beacoms or Sheehans in the bunch. "Rosy" Dolan is the only last year's lineman on the squad, and although ready to go in and give the Varsity the best he has, Dolan is in a bad way occasioned by a knee which he injured in one of the early games last season, and no telling how long he will last once the hard work starts. Of last year's regulars, Capt. Callicrate, ex-Capt. Bracken, Miller, Dolan and Hutzel are all that are out. Scanlon may be out later in the year, but his leg, which was broken in the spring, is by no means in good shape yet, and he does not feel inclined to take the risk of injuring it again. If there are any big men in school who happen to read this dope they will please rush over to the Gym, inquire for Manager McGannon, demand a suit, hurry out to Coach Barry and inform him that he is missing something by not giving them a chance to show how good they are. For it is linemen, linemen, linemen, that are needed. It is safe to say that if Barry can develop a line out of the light material he has on hand at present he will turn out the fastest team Notre Dame ever had. As was said, there are any number of good men in the squad, but they are not linemen, and no matter how good the backfield is it can not gain unless it has a chance

to at least get started. So all you big men who are not out hurry up and get busy, for we need you.

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The first few days of the week were given to catching punts and falling on the ball. About twenty-five have reported so far, but few linemen. The work so far has been done on Brownson campus. To the crowd: Please keep off the field unless you want a suit.

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The first game comes a week from to-day with Hillsdale. It will be remembered that last year Hillsdale gave the Varsity about all they had time to attend to, the first half ended nothing up, and it was only after the hardest kind of work that 17 points were scored against them.

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Barry is working the men hard in preparation for scrimmage work which will start the first of the week. Two teams have been lined up, and are being drilled in a few simple plays.

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Big doings are planned for next month when the fall handicap meet is pulled off. Coach Maris, who has been engaged to coach the track team, has had his men out this week and from now on will get them in shape for the fall meet. Maris was for the past three years assistant coach to Fitzpatrick at Michigan and is well qualified to handle a track team.

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The track on Cartier Field is being fixed and the men will work outside the same as in the spring. The idea of putting the men to work now is that the coach may get a line on what he has and in that way prepare for the track season proper. About thirty men are intending to go out for the team, and with such men back as Woods, O'Leary, Scales, Moriarty, Duffy, and Keach of last year's team in school, Notre Dame should be able to turn out a fast team this year.

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The handicap meet will be open to every-

one, and the more entered the better it will suit the coach. A relay race for the various halls will be one of the features of the affair, as every hall in school can turn out a good relay team. Now is the time to come out, do not wait until spring. Come out now and wear off the rough edges so that when the season comes around you will be ready to get in and do good hard work.

* *

The men trying for places on the team are Captain Callicrate; Miller, half-back; Hutzel, end; Dolan, tackle; O'Flynn, full-back; Woods, full-back or tackle; Cripe, back-field; Deiner, back-field; Dillon, end or quarter; Ryan, quarter; DeClercq, guard; Young, end and quarter; Hague, tackle; Walker, end; Duffy, half-back; Payne and Merts, centres; Keach, end; Berteling, quarter; Griffin, half-back; Murray, guard; O'Brien, end and half; Schmidt, back-field; Beckman, guard and centre.

* *

Ryan has been showing up well at quarter; Woods is the same punter, and Dillon appears to be a handy little man.

College Notes.

"The Illini" has been enlarged from a four five-columned paper pages to an eight four-columned pages.

* *

Wabash will not use Freshmen in the Purdue contest, but will in all her other games.

* *

The Indiana season will open to-day with the Wabash Rose-Polly game.

* *

Fifty candidates reported at Minnesota for the first practice.

* *

At Illinois tradition has it that they turn out a good team every three years. Their last good team was in 1904, and so all are looking forward to this season. "Artie" Hall, an Illini vet. half-back and end, is head of the coaches.

At a meeting of the faculty of the Minnesota law college Saturday, it was decided to recommend to the Board of Regents that the law course be lengthened to five years.

It is proposed to require candidates for admission to the bar to take two years' work in the college of Science, Literature and Arts.

The faculty decided not to allow the registration of special students.

* *

Gibson at Wabash and O'Neill at De Pauw speak well for our baseball machine up here. We have a few more left who can be used in teaching the game.

* *

Minnesota is negotiating with George Washington University for a debate this year.

* *

The Sophomores won the annual tank scrap at Purdue.

* *

Illinois has started fall baseball practice.

* *

"Foxy Jimmy" Sheldon, Indiana's so-called wizard coach, has signed a contract to remain at the State University next year. Sheldon announced recently that Frank Wade, left tackle on Indiana for the last three years, will be his assistant coach, while "Phip" Hill, left guard for the same length of time, will in all probability, be given charge of the Freshman eleven. Both of these men are students of football.

* *

Michigan's first football bear story is out. Coach Yost has announced that nothing has been heard from "Germany" Schultz, the big centre, and that it is probable that the giant lineman will not return to college this fall. Despite this rumor Michigan seems to have plenty of good material. Bonbrook, a 215-pound guard from Morgan Park Academy, Chicago, reached Ann Arbor Thursday and will enter the engineering department. "Spider" Coe, the mile-star, brought a story from the West to the effect that Dan J. Kelly, holder of the world's record in the sprints, has decided to enter Michigan, and will be here the first of this week.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

Mysteries of the Law.

[By the Grand-stand Poet.]

"Oh, Themis, Goddess of the law, to whom we bow, you see;

Thy precepts and thy maxims we study faithfully.
We con them o'er with reverent care,
But still, we must submit,
That in the practice of the law
They sometimes fail to hit.

"*Non dormientibus leges subveniunt,*" I read,

And got this maxim in my head:
But soon I learned 'twas held
In text-book and report
That passengers in *sleeping-cars*
Could action bring for tort.

"*De minimis non curat lex,*" I read in many a book,

So with ideas well-enlarged, for mighty things
I'd look,
But when for dime once suit was brought
For shirking fare in car,
I thought our dear old Mother *Lex*
Amavit minima!

"*Into a Court of Equity with clean hands one must come,*"

A rule which should apply to all, but only does
to some;—
For oft, on gazing round the Bar,
I've seen most awful 'paws,'
Whose owners still got Equity,
Its remedies and laws.

CHORUS.

"But *desperandum nil!* Oh, *desperandum nil!*
Tramp bravely on, my brothers, in the grand old
legal mill."

NEGRO INTERSTATE PASSENGERS.

The question whether a negro interstate passenger can legally demand a seat in a railroad car intended for white passengers exclusively, under a rule of the railroad company and in accordance with a state statute, came up recently in the Court of Appeals of Kentucky, being involved in the case of *Chiles v. Chesapeake, etc., R. Co.*, 101 S. W. Rep. 386. The plaintiff was traveling on a first-class ticket from Washington, D. C., to Lexington, Ky. At a point in Kentucky it became necessary for him to leave the train on which he was traveling and secure a seat in another,

which was to convey him to his destination. When he entered it he was required to find a seat in the coach set apart for first-class colored passengers. For "the mortification and humiliation" to which he was thus subjected he instituted suit for damages, claiming that his rights as an interstate passenger had been infringed. A jury in the trial court found that the accommodations in the coach to which he was compelled to remove were substantially equal to those in the coach for whites, so that there was no discrimination against him, and found a verdict for the defendant. The Court of Appeals affirmed this verdict.

The sole question was the right of the carrier to require, without regard to statute, the separation of the races in its cars. This right was sustained by the court as an application of the carrier's power to establish reasonable rules and regulations for the transportation of passengers. The court examines the important cases on the subject, including *Westchester, etc., R. Co. v. Miles*, 55 Pa. St. 209, 93 Am. Dec. 744, decided in 1867, characterized as "perhaps the leading case on the question." The *Sue*, 22 Fed. Rep. 843; *Murphy v. Western Atlantic R. Co.*, 23 Fed. Rep. 637; *Houck v. Southern Pac. R. Co.*, 38 Fed. Rep. 226. "That there is a natural, well-marked difference between the white and colored races," said the court, "goes without saying. That this racial distinction in many places and with many persons develops into a deep-seated antipathy between the races, resulting too often in conflict and bloodshed, is a matter of common knowledge. . . . This racial distinction and the resulting classification is recognized by legislatures, authorized by courts, sanctioned by custom, and approved by an enlightened public opinion. It is not confined to any community, state, or nation, but is found wherever the two races abound in sufficient numbers to make noticeable the impassable chasm that separates them. In the home, the school, the church, the public place—in truth everywhere—it exists. These observations are not set down in any spirit of unkindness or hostility to the colored race, or with a view to create or encourage

discrimination or repression that will place obstacles in the way of their improvement or advancement, but rather to note an irremovable and remediless condition that must be acknowledged and that will steadfastly be adhered to."

TRAPPING A WITNESS.

Nothing gratifies a lawyer more than to catch a witness for the opposite side in a trap. Sometimes, however, it is the trapper who feels the cruel points of steel he has sharpened for the unsuspecting and guileless witness. A short time ago a case was being tried in a country court. A horse had been stolen from a field and the evidence all pointed to a certain doubtful character of the neighborhood as the culprit. Though his guilt seemed clear he had found a lawyer to undertake his defense. At the trial the defendant's counsel expended his energy in trying to confuse and frighten the opposing witnesses, especially a farmer whose testimony was particularly damaging. The lawyer kept up a fire of questions, asking many foolish ones and repeating himself again and again in the hope of decoying the witness into a contradiction.

"You say," the lawyer went on, "that you can swear to having seen this man drive a horse past your farm on the day in question?"

"I can," replied the witness wearily, for he had already answered the question a dozen times.

"What time was this?"

"I told you it was about the middle of the forenoon."

"But I don't want any 'abouts' or 'middles.' I want you to tell the jury exactly the time."

"Why," said the farmer, "I don't always carry a gold watch with me when I'm digging potatoes.

"But you have a clock in the house, haven't you?"

"Yes."

"Well, what time was it by that?"

"Why, by that clock it was just ten minutes past 10."

"You were in the field all the morning?" went on the lawyer, smiling suggestively.

"I was."

"How far from the house is this field?"

"About half a mile."

"You swear, do you, that by the clock in your house it was just ten minutes past 10?"

"I do."

The lawyer rested and looked triumphantly at the jury. At last he had entrapped the witness into a contradictory statement that would greatly weaken his evidence.

The farmer leisurely picked up his hat and started to leave the witness stand; then, turning slowly about, he added:

"I ought, perhaps, to say that too much reliance should not be placed on that clock, as it got out of gear about six months ago and it's been ten minutes past ten ever since."

Personals.

—F. L. Drupin is following engineering in Bisbee, Arizona.

—Oscar Fox and Walter L. Joyce, both of the '07 Law class, have entered Columbia University.

—Word has been received concerning James T. Keefe, '07. Jim is pursuing a law course at Iowa University.

—Hurler Kirby, famous half-back and track-man, visited for a few days. He is on his way to Portland.

—John W. Wadden, '07, is in the banking business in Madison, South Dakota. The SCHOLASTIC wishes him continued success.

—J. W. Miller, C. E. '97, was a visitor during the week. Mr. Miller has made good since leaving the University, being city engineer of Sandusky, Ohio, and now engineer for the national Brickmaker's Association.

—Byrne M. Daly, '02-'05 student, and manager of athletics, spent a day at the University. He looks as well as ever and found a cordial welcome. Daly was well liked in his day and is kindly remembered by all who knew him.

—Norwood Gibson, '00, has been appointed instructor in Chemistry at Wabash. Since leaving Notre Dame "Gibbie" has been

before the baseball fans a good deal. He played with the Kansas City Blues, the Washington Americans and finally with the Boston American people. His appearance at Wabash will materially strengthen the Little Giants.

—Maurice F. Egan, formerly of Notre Dame and later of the Catholic University, has been appointed Consul at Copenhagen. Mr. Egan will be succeeded at the Catholic University by Dr. P. J. Lennox, Professor of modern literature at the Royal University of Ireland.

—Addis Lally, '06, paid us a visit the other day. He was on his way to Harvard, where he has been a Law student one year. He brought many tales of old students and grads, and told how they all long for Notre Dame. John Shea, president of the class of 1906, and of baseball fame, also returns to Harvard where he completes his law course in 1909.

—Wednesday evening at Room 3 about twenty-five students from Wisconsin met and formed a club. The officers elected were: Hon. President, F. O'Malley; Spiritual Director, Father Schumacher; President, J. V. Diener; Vice-President, L. Metcalf; Secretary, F. J. Stewart; Treasurer, S. R. Reynolds; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Weisse. The object of the club is to promote better fellowship among its members and also to hold literary meetings one night in each month. Here's to the success of the Badger Club.

—The sketch of Robert Pinkerton in last week's SCHOLASTIC failed to mention what to every Notre Dame man was one of his most striking characteristics. There never was a more loyal alumnus. It is true that his enormous responsibility prevented him from visiting the college often, but it did not prevent him from thinking of Notre Dame and speaking with affection and enthusiasm of Notre Dame whenever the opportunity offered. Last year, fortunately, he did make a visit to the old college, and it was touching to note the tenderness of his affection for old teachers, prefects and friends. Few deaths have caused such genuine sorrow at Notre Dame. The best wish we can express for the college is that God may send her many such splendid and devoted sons as Bob Pinkerton.

(Continued from page 40.)

May not the same be said in the future of William McKinley's call to war for "humanity's sake," or Theodore Roosevelt's emphasis of the rights of the public—the great third party—in all questions of strikes and lock-outs?

Such changes are making for centralized power at the expense of state sovereignty, and it is doubtless well that it is so. It is no discredit to our Constitution to say that an instrument adopted over a hundred years ago, must change somewhat in meaning if it is to fit the needs of a rapidly growing and changing body politic. That it can do so is but proof positive of its elasticity and adaptability. And thus we see that our Constitution is keeping pace with the progress of civilization. Who shall say aught against it because this is so? It is the embodiment of the highest political wisdom of the ages.

Immortal instrument! It bears upon its face the impress of the calm and silent influence of the Father of his Country, who, day by day, from the speaker's chair, guided the strong spirits that met in that convention of 1787. It reflects the wisdom of that great American philosopher, who, whether he was teaching his people the political economy of humble life, or snatching the lightning from the clouds, or winning the hearts of the most polished courtiers in all Europe, was at all times and in all positions the simple friend of the people. It reflects the polish of the scholar, Madison; the fire of a southern Martin and a Randolph; the statesmanship of a Hamilton and a Morris.

O Immortal Guardian of our nation's liberties, thou wert conceived beside the roaring campfires that marked the frontier line of Germany's warring hosts; thou wert born upon the wave-swept coast of old Britain; thou wert nourished upon the principles of the Magna Charta and the Bill of Rights! Grown stronger, thou wert carried in the wave-rocked cradle of the "Mayflower" to the wild western shores of freedom. Here was thy home, destined of the God of nations from the beginning of time as the abode of Liberty. Here hast thou grown to the full proportions of a Colossus. Looking to our sister continent at the South, thou sawest tyranny where

the tropic-perfumed breezes should have swung the breezes of freedom. Then didst thou become a Colossus, indeed, and with one foot upon the granite hills of the North, the other planted amid the ruins of the Latin American monarchies, with face set toward the West, the fleets of the world sail beneath thee to carry a precious message to the Philipino and the pagan of the Orient; the message that shines in the Stars and Stripes, the message of equality of man—the principle of Liberty.

Dr. Monaghan on Opportunity.

Wednesday afternoon the student body assembled in Washington Hall to hear Dr. Monaghan of the Economic Department. The learned doctor took for his subject "Opportunity." That he is capable of doing himself and any subject justice at any time goes without saying, but in "Opportunity" it seems the Doctor found a subject specially fitted for him. There is so much earnestness and so much capacity for work, so much character and goodness in Monaghan that it is but natural "Opportunity" should appeal to him.

The lecture was quite apropos to this time of year when we all are beginning and laying out our plans, and it is needless to say many a man left Washington Hall with a stronger and fuller determination to work.

Character and work seemed to be the two great words that make up opportunity: Character which includes all that is honest, good and noble; work which means perseverance and manly tenacity.

There is room enough for us all in the world, even more than that, the world is calling for men who know and can do. This is to make opportunity; to live cleanly, to be a worker, to have high ideals and manhood enough to fight and maintain them.

Local Items.

—Have your mail addressed to your Hall. It will come to you sooner, and will save much inconvenience.

—The frost came a bit early this season. Thursday the early riser was treated to a bit of the nipper's work covering grass, flowers, trees, etc.

—St. Edward's Park is prettier this year than ever before. Many regard this spot as the most beautiful on the grounds. It surely shows the care and attention bestowed on it the past season.

—The largest enrollment of students in the history of Notre Dame stands upon

the books this year. Rooms are a valuable asset, many students having been unable to obtain them, owing to want of space.

—Corby, which ran such a splendid race for the inter-hall championship in 1906, is once more in the field. Phil Lucas was elected captain by a large majority. He is a popular student and a splendid half-back. There are a number of new men out, and the prospects for a winning team are bright.

—A peculiar accident happened Thursday on the Notre Dame street-car line. It had been raining and the rails were wet. In consequence the brakes didn't hold as well as ordinarily, and the car crashed into the pole directly at the end of the line. The pole snapped and fell bringing with it the trolley wire. Fortunately, that was the extent of the harm, there being no injuries save a shaking up of the motor-man.

—The student body was rarely entertained last Thursday evening from eight until nine-thirty by a stereopticon reproduction of the famous opera Parsifal. In choice diction, and with exquisitely modulated voice and clear enunciation, Anna Delony Martin explained each act and the scenes thereof as they were thrown upon the screen. The musical accompaniment was rendered by Mlle. Florence Sage in a masterly manner. Such a reproduction of this noted opera is surely the next best thing to seeing the original. It was such an experience as can not fail to uplift all who enjoyed it. After the rendition of the solemn and impressive Parsifal, the pretty little tale of "Hop o' my Thumb" was reproduced upon the screen. This part of the program and the representation of the Japanese Magician which followed, although thoroughly enjoyed by all, were especially appreciated by the Minims and Preps.

—Once more the Hall which led all the others last year in matters pertaining to social events, has reorganized its literary society. Last Tuesday evening the Corby Literary Society was formed for the year 1907-'08. William A. Hutchins, who did so well in debating last year, was chosen President. Other men to be elected were: William J. Heyl, Vice-President; Frank J. Roan, Secretary; Robert Ohmer, Treasurer and J. Murphy, Sergeant-at-Arms. Dr. Delaunay was unanimously chosen Director. There is much talent in the Hall this year, especially among the new men, and it is the aim of the President and his cohorts to develop this as much as possible. Meetings will be held every two weeks, and a series of entertainments are planned for the season. Bright, indeed, are the prospects for a successful season and here is hoping that the Corbyites will uphold their reputation of being royal entertainers.