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King of the Brave.

WILLIAM A. CAREY, '11.

KING of the Brave! the world's keen eye
Beholds thee with admiring gaze,
While with her deathless heroes high,
Men honor thee with songs of praise.
Thy noble heart knew not of fear,
Thy soul was one where love sincere
Like glowing fires did ever blaze.

King of the Brave! 'midst battle's roar,
A people's welfare prompted thee
To face all perils and ignore
E'en death, to win sweet liberty.
Thy cause, O Chieftain, was sublime,
Thy motives pure, for ever prime
Stood forth the hope to make men free.

King of the Brave! thy honored name
In loyal hearts has justly won
A lasting place: still lives the fame
Of thy great deeds so finely done.
When other heroes shall have gone,
And slumber in oblivion,—
We'll praise our noble WASHINGTON!

Northern Orators of the Civil War.

E. P. CLEARY, '09.



GREAT epochs have, at all times, brought forth great men; not great in name only, but great in the real, genuine significance of the term; men who have been tried and found not wanting; men whose depth of character, breadth of intellect and general make-up might well lead us to say in all sincerity that great men are not the product of great epochs, but that great epochs are the natural

outcome of the lives of great men.

To be truly great, not only must man win the plaudits of his contemporaries, but there must be that quality in him which has for its basic principle a sincere regard for the rights of his fellowman. With such a foundation there need be little doubt that the fame won will not cease to live, so long as there be people upon the earth.

There has been, perhaps, no period in the history of the world's existence which has brought forth more really great men, especially in oratory, than that period of strife and dissension which we remember as the most gigantic conflict of modern times—the American Civil War.

Our generation still glows warmly at the recital of those all-absorbing questions which rose before the minds and hearts of the men who looked upon their country's name and the liberty which its constitutional rights bestowed upon all men, without respect to race or color, who dwelt beneath her flag. With what eagerness the patriotic citizen applied himself to the momentous problems of the time! And can it be called remarkable that such a multitude of the younger orators in the land turned to champion the causes which spelled life and happiness to their fellowmen? Money and its allurements even then ruled with a mighty sway over its creatures, and even then there were those whose motives rose not above the baseness of the dollar.

Yet there were, in spite of this fact, still left in the land those few who deemed it an honor to live for their country. There were—let us cherish their memory—men, and, we may say, many men, among that generation of noble souls, statesmen and

orators, whose character shall ever entitle them to the admiration and love of their fellow-beings.

It is true that the Civil War period has left us many names which shall live upon our nation's roll of honor both in the North and in the South. In ways innumerable have men won greatness and renown. Many there were whose lives were the highest and best in all that concerned their country's welfare. But for the present, let us turn from the long recital, and look for a brief moment upon the lives and accomplishments of the three northern orators whose names rise above their contemporaries as giant obelisks reaching forth from the plain; a trinity of the great, as it were, nourished and fed by the one, lasting, strength-giving source—the welfare of their land, the freedom of the oppressed. Webster, Clay, Sumner,—one needs only to mention the names to bring forth in the American heart responsive throbs. In fact, so well known are they that it seems almost unnecessary to repeat the story of their lives, or to view in a critical light the monuments of their greatness which are perhaps one of our most precious inheritances.

Pre-eminent among the three was Daniel Webster. This child of poverty early showed a great love for learning, and his father, poor as he was, endeavored to give him all the education which lay in his power. How little the companions of Webster's early school days realized that the poor, ragged farmer boy would one day tower above them all in fame.

We see him at Dartmouth learning his first great lessons. This boy, who was to become the greatest orator of his time, stood frightened and shaking before those who, some years later, were to speak his name with awe. It was this same college which was to win him immortal fame through his defense of it in after years. We gain a fair idea of the future orator from the lips of a class-mate: "In his movements he was rather slow and deliberate except when his feelings were aroused, then his whole soul would kindle into a flame. We used to listen to him with the deepest respect and interest, and no one ever thought of equalling the vigor and flow of his eloquence."

How different now from his first attempt to speak! How we see those wonderful powers manifesting themselves! Gradually they are increasing, uncertainty giving way to power, the timid youth becoming the intellectual giant of the later years. In learning, clearness of logic, in pure common sense, in versatility of mind, in compelling the admiration of the populace, Webster had no equal. Calhoun was perhaps more alert to the movements of an opponent, Clay could draw to his side more friends and admirers, but no man could hold in firmer grasp the intellects and hearts of the American people.

It has been said that the greatest speech of the nineteenth century was made by Daniel Webster in his reply to Hayne, but that the greatest orator was Henry Clay. This assertion may or may not be true, yet to compare two such men seems hardly proper. To any one who has studied the lives of the two men, they seem so nearly parallel that one hesitates to express an opinion. Webster was poor in his youth, but Henry Clay was far poorer. Webster had the help of a loving father, but Clay had to win his way alone, yet the "Mill Boy of the Slashes" seemed equal to the task, and won renown in spite of his trials.

Sumner, on the other hand, was not so poor in this world's goods as Webster or Clay, yet his path to greatness was hardly a smooth one. Sorrow bound his days and enemies beset his path.

It seems a true proof of greatness to be able to overcome the obstacles and trials which lie in the pathway of those who are mounting the heights of fame, and if ever a human being shared the sorrows and trials, the buffets and scorn of a relentless world, these three men are worthy the names which they hold.

And yet when those who were their bitterest opponents have long been dead, when their bodies shall have long ago crumbled into dust, the names of Webster, Clay and Sumner shall still linger among us as beacon lights to men who may give up their lives for a cause which they know is right; not because men think it is so, not because ambition beckons them on, but because they have in mind only the welfare of fellowman.

Almost a half century before the great conflict of the Civil War began we see Daniel Webster standing at the head of all movements in his country, bending all the energy and talent of a statesman and of an orator to steer the course of the Union through the troublous period of her existence. No thought of personal aggrandizement crossed his pathway—the future of the several states as a nation was his one consideration.

What was true of Webster, was true in no less degree of Clay. A great statesman, lawyer and patriot, he devoted his whole life to a vain endeavor to stem the tide of war. His compromises and his eloquence succeeded in withholding the two contending parties, but conflict was inevitable.

Sumner, true to the dictates of his conscience, spent his life for his country. Honored and beloved by all, his wonderful powers of oratory enabled him to do more than any other man, save Lincoln himself, to guard the destinies of the Union.

Emerson has said that what this country longs for is personalities—grand persons to counteract its materialities. If ever men deserve this title it was these three orators of the North; if ever three men gave their choicest gifts in the cause of right, it was they; if ever any men strove for the freedom and liberty of all men, which is the cornerstone of democracy, if ever the power of oratory lent itself to a noble cause, it was the cause which these men embraced.

What a lesson might our modern orator draw from their lives? What little thought he gives to the really great questions which confront his fellowmen. Instead of bending his energies to the welfare of his country, he devotes his whole talent and power to personal or corporate interests.

How few really great statesmen we have at the present time. Yet what vast numbers of patriots our country boasts. Sixty years have passed since the names of Webster, Clay and Sumner first came before our view, yet they still linger in our midst, untarnished, undimmed by the lapse of time, bidding fair to become a source of emulation for many who shall cherish and esteem it an honor to lift their voices in defense of the land which gave them birth.

Washington.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

DOWN the vista of the ages
Ever since our race began,
Turn at will through history's pages,
Was there ever such a man?

Men have been whose shining glory
Lives in manuscripts of old,
Men renowned in song and story,
Men whose deeds are oft retold.

But the splendor that has crowned them,
Often shows a blighting stain;
For they broke the laws that bound them,
If their hand had aught to gain.

But this man from power descended,
When his victories were won,
And the land that he defended
Hails as Father, Washington!

Hushed in Death.

JOHN R. DEAN, '13.

Suddenly the canoe dropped bow forwards for a distance of three or four feet, throwing the two occupants into the cold, surging waters of the rapids. The two men struggled to their feet, took a few steps, only to be thrown unmercifully down into the rushing torrent. In a second they were both on their feet, plodding toward a large rock that projected out of the water. One of the men, the smaller of the two, lost his balance and was swept down again, his head striking a boulder; when his companion finally reached the large rock, his friend was nowhere in sight.

Sitting on the boulder, he gazed across the glimmering snow fields toward the setting sun in the far horizon. He was completely fatigued by the three tedious days of tramping and rapid shooting. Canoe, gun, provisions, and guide had all simultaneously disappeared into the rapids. He did not know the country—what was he to do? Rising to his feet and beating his hands vigorously to keep them warm, he prepared to make an attempt to reach shore. His fur coat was a mass of shining

icicles. He was just beginning to feel the effects of the cold water. Gathering all his remaining strength, he slid from the boulder into the rapids, and struggled towards the shore. Twice he was thrown from his feet, only to rise and strive perseveringly towards the shore. Reaching his destination he threw his exhausted body on the snow-laden bank.

"I can not lie there and freeze, but where can I go?" he thought. Struggling to his feet, he tried to put his broad hand in his pocket for matches, but he could not move his fingers. Again he sank exhausted to the ground. Raising himself on his elbow he looked for a moment at the setting sun. A tear coursed down his quivering cheek as he thought of his only sister, poor little Marj, shipwrecked in such a wilderness in coming to pay him a visit. With such a thought his young vigor strove with surprising alacrity to banish all thoughts of despair. He strove bravely to rise, but it was too late—his strength was insufficient, and he buried his pallid face in the snow, saying, as only a strong man can say: "I've done my best."

The cruel wind whipped the snow about his senseless form, striving, as it were, to obliterate the little life he had left. There was a weird bark of a dog, but scarcely audible in the stillness of the evening. A dark object loomed up against the snow in the distance. The moon rose placidly in the eastern sky, causing the extensive fields of snow to sparkle like myriads of diamonds in the grey, limpid light of the evening.

When he recovered consciousness he found a pair of tender, dark eyes anxiously peering into his own. A strand of her long black hair brushed his pallid cheek.

"Marjie," he cried, "Marjie!" then fell back and relapsed into unconsciousness. Several hours later his eyes opened, and he sat up and looked about, trying to realize what had happened. He was in a rather large snow house. Over in a corner, her dark, pretty features silhouetted against the immaculate snow wall sat a young woman, apparently twenty years of age; but she was not Marjie. His heart sank.

"Where am I?" he asked gruffly. She started, looked toward him, but her pretty face wore an impassive expression.

"Do you speak English?" he asked impatiently.

"Yes, Edwin," she replied smilingly, in accents quite as good, if not better than his. "Lie still and I shall tell you what has happened in the last two days."

"Last two days!" thought Edwin; had he been unconscious that long? An Eskimo entered, lit a small oil lamp in the centre of the hut, and withdrew.

"We found you lying near the rapids on our way for help, and as you know succeeded in reviving you. Your sister—"

"You are one of the party that was shipwrecked with my sister Marjie Barnett?" he broke in eagerly.

"Yes, Edwin, I am Emma Graham, your sister's room-mate at school. Marjie did not reach shore, Edwin," she said with a slight quiver in her gentle voice, and a look of tenderness in her wonderful dark eyes.

A spasm of anguish tore his heart. He buried his face in his hands; his cries of mental agony causing tears to moisten the dark eyes that watched his suffering. His huge shoulders shook as he sobbed. His senses were turbid with the incredible thought. He lifted his head, revealing the intense anguish stamped on his countenance, and fell limply back on his couch. There was a significant hush. The worst was over. That hush was never to be broken.

Autumn.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

(From the German.)

ONE I wander in the evening
Through the autumn-tinted ways,
While a host of insects revel
In the sun's departing rays.

Rustling music greets my footsteps
From the withering leaves and maize,
And a tear-drop clouds my vision
As I think of other days.

Only yesterday I saw them
Fresh and strong in youthful gleam,
Like our first love's fervid beating—
Were they both then but a dream?

Soon again to life and beauty
They will joyfully arise;
What then may I hope to venture,
When I look into your eyes?

Our Lives.

J. M. TOTH, '11.

FROM out the ocean deep the waves have birth,
 They rise in different shapes and forms. For some
 As ripples, some as thund'rous breakers come
 To plunge upon the rugged beach of earth
 Some play in sunlit splendor, others leap
 'Midst raging storms, beneath dark thund'ring skies;
 And yet they all, no matter when they rise,
 Must lapse into th' unfathomed ocean deep.
 And so the lives of mortals here on earth:
 Some come and go as ripples quite unseen,
 Some 'come 'midst great afflictions, to demean
 Their wretched lives of misery in dearth.
 As tidal waves,—in many centuries,—
 A genius over continents doth sweep;
 But only to return unto the deep,
 Where all alike shall lie without release.

The Work of the Soldier.

VARNUM A. PARISH, '09.



THE rendering of homage to the soldier has long been the custom of all peoples. Nations have long realized the importance of the soldier, and they have long appreciated their indebtedness to him. But this appreciation is usually limited to what the soldier has added to their material welfare. There is an influence that the soldier leaves after him by virtue of his noble deeds that is apt to be overlooked and not justly appreciated. He does something more for his country besides merely enriching it from a material standpoint.

The greatness of a nation depends upon the integrity and foresight of its statesmen, the mental and moral standard of its citizens, and the generalship, bravery and courage of its soldiers. With the statesman, citizen, and soldier, lies its destiny. Of these three, the statesman and soldier are the important factors in national development. The statesman organizes, constructs, and

conceives plans of government. The soldier, in a way, carries out these plans: he is an executor rather than an executer. He protects and defends the handiwork of the statesman.

Wars mark the strides in national development. They are crises in national growth, and their destiny determines whether the next stride will be one of progress or not. Hence the soldier, who is most instrumental in determining the outcome of the war, is likewise an important factor in national growth.

When we fully appreciate the significance of the deeds of these men of war we are inclined to feel that to them too much honor and respect can not be paid. Let us but consider the significance of two of our most important wars. To the Fathers of the Revolution we owe our very existence as a nation, and to those who fought so bravely in the Civil War we are indebted for the continuance of that existence. As Washington was called the Father of his country and Lincoln the Savior, so likewise may the soldier of the Revolution be called the Father and he of the Civil War the Savior.

The other wars—the one with the Barbary States, the War of 1812, the war with Mexico and the Spanish-American struggle—have all been highly instrumental in our national development. Of their relative importance and the deeds of bravery displayed in these wars, you are all aware.

But, although the soldiers of the Revolution secured our independence and gave us liberty from the English yoke; although those who fought with Tripoli gained consideration for our rights on the Mediterranean; although to those of the War of 1812 is due the recognition of our rights on seas; although the soldiers in the Mexican War added vast areas to our domain; although those of the Civil war not only defended the Union, but made that Union stronger; and the soldiers of the last war added still more to our dominion, so that now the sun always shines on some of our territory,—I say, nevertheless, there is still something more for which we are indebted to these men.

As every action of a man, whether it be mental or physical, good or bad, is a

determining factor in the making of that man's character, so the character of a nation is formed by the works of those men who have been instrumental in that nation's development. These men whose lives have formed part of the greatness of this nation have produced by their deeds an indefinable moral influence upon our national character. We are indebted to them for something more than our material well-being, although this is almost beyond our estimate. In addition to the fact that we are to-day a united people and a richer people by being united, every American is richer by the heritage of the noble deeds of these men.

Our President has said in speaking of those who fought in the Civil War: "We are richer for each grim campaign, for each hard-fought battle. We are richer for the valor displayed alike by those who fought so valiantly for the right and by those who no less valiantly fought for what they deemed the right. We have in us nobler capacities for what is great because of the infinite woe and suffering and because of the splendid ultimate triumph."

This is the part of the soldier's work we should not fail to appreciate. He has left to posterity a history rich in the memories of noble deeds. And it does men good to recall the great deeds of their fellow-countrymen. It fills their souls with new aspirations.

When we see the honor and respect paid these men, not because of their beauty of face or form, not because they amassed fortunes, but because of their noble achievement,—I say, when we consider this, we are bound to have instilled into our hearts higher ambitions; we are made to realize more fully that after all there is nothing which contributes more to the sweetness of old age, nothing which affords man more satisfaction, nothing from which one derives more real pleasure, than noble deeds. Thus it is that we are so indebted to the soldier and that we should honor and respect his memory.

How fitting it is that on the day set aside to honor the memory of these men, their graves should be strewn with flowers and that over each mound of earth should float a banner of the Stars and Stripes. For

what symbol better exemplifies the life of man than the flower? To-day it is fair and beautiful; to-morrow it is faded and gone. How applicable to man is the line: "The fairest rose in shortest time decays." And again, as the fragrance of these flowers lingers long after the flowers themselves are withered and gone, so still remains the memory of these men whose bones have long since crumbled into dust.

And the flag with its red, symbolic of the blood these men have shed; white, the sign of purity, and blue, standing for loyalty—what is more fitting than that this banner with its bright stars and stripes be placed upon the graves of these men; men who have followed that flag half the distance around the world, under all kinds of adverse conditions, over all manner of roads, through the snows of winter and the rain and mud of summer, often with scarcely enough to eat and wear, and though contending with all these difficulties, yet courageous to the end.

All this they suffered to protect and defend that flag; all this they endured that it might remain unstained, that its stars and stripes might ever be bright. It was the sight of this flag that spurred them on when the dark cloud of despair hovered over the field of battle. It was the thought of what that flag stands for that moved them to these noble deeds. And now if these men could speak from their graves they would ask no greater mark of respect, no greater homage to be paid to their dust than to have that flag around which they wrought a halo of glory, float over the mound that marks their final resting-place. Furthermore, let us attest our appreciation of these men and their works by using our best efforts to preserve and cherish the heritage they have left us; let us keep this union undefiled; let us add still more to its grandeur and its glory.

Love.

No wave so raging but the sunshine plays
Upon its seething, foaming crest;
No soul so cruel but conceals some rays
Of ardent love within its breast.

T. A. LAHEY, '11.

Varsity Verse.

JUST BEFORE CLASS.

WHAT! class to-day! Well, 'pon my word,
That sort of gives me fright;
I'm rather mixed in days for class.
'Tis Friday, yes, you're right.

Oh yes, I'll go with you, to-day,
For surely do I need it;
But wait! he'll ask me for my work,
Perhaps he'll say to read it.

I'm ready now, thanks for your wait,
And we may go together;
But cut out any duty talk;
Let's talk about the weather.

You see, I'm back on duty work,
I must bring up the rear;
One hand, he claims, counts all the work
I've handed in this year.

My conscience hurts; I'm all cut up;
I know not where to turn;
Whene'er I see a teacher near.
My ears begin to burn.

Oh! I've made resolutions,
Yes, made them by the score;
And when I do turn in some work,
I'm always asked for more.

From now till then, 'tis no more shirk;
My bulletin will boom;
You'll see me hand in all my work
On time. Yes, here's the room.

M. L. MORIARTY, '10.

TO MY LITTLE GIRL IN RED.

There is fluffy hair and curly hair
To crown a dainty head,
But the prettiest hair is the wavy hair
Of my little girl in red.

Some eyes are brown, some eyes are blue
And some are grey, 'tis said,
But the brightest eyes are the laughing eyes
Of my little girl in red.

Some cheeks are smooth, and pink, and white,
Some sallow, pale, and dead,
But the softest cheeks are the rosy cheeks
Of my little girl in red.

Some lips are red and there are some
From which the color's fled,
But the prettiest lips are the smiling lips
Of my little girl in red.

There are prime old maids, and sweet coquettes,
And girls who seek to wed,
But the dearest girl is my jolly girl
Who wears a dress of red.

R. L. SALEY, '08.

TO LYTIE'S ADMIRER.

To write a few "warm" billet-doux
Can scarcely be thought harming;
To name them all "queens of the ball"
We think in you was charming.
But when you hint your love in print—
The thing's become alarming.

'Twould seem you've just lost all your trust
In mails by clerks collected.
Can you not see in R. F. D.
Virtues to be respected?
Or are you rash on starting fashion
Ah! that might be expected.

Why don't you use Marconi's "juice?"
(Now, think me not unkind.)
Or on a kite your missives write
And give them to the wind,
Or else—a happy thought—to sappy
Trees, like Roselind!

'Twas Lytie's turn last week to burn
The page of our SCHOLASTIC;
Then Gertrude fair of beauty "rare"
Appeared with phrase fantastic.
Who'll next be seen—Cloë? Irene?
Or other, still more drastic?

We can't conceive why you believe
Each "dear" should think you fonder
Because in print with little stint
Her praises you oft maunder;
Won't other guys soon put her "wise"
To wit: that you have "conned" her?

Continue it if you see fit,
The matter's your own casket;
'Tis our "idee"—we give it free
If you should only ask it,—
The verse you've signed should be consigned
To some convenient basket.

CONSTANT READER.

FALSE ALARM.

'Twas on a cold December night,
I never shall forget;
Although the moon was not so bright,
I think, I see it yet.

A sound like some one shouting "fire!"
Disturbed my slumber deep,
I heard again that sound so dire,
That roused me from my sleep.

With haste I rushed into the night,
With nothing on my feet;
Clad in pajamas thin and light,
I rushed into the street.

I looked towards the spot from where
I heard the sound of fire,
And what do you suppose was there?
A cat, that said, "Marier!" J. DEVERS.

His Child.

R. T. COFFEY, '10

"Old Cy Townsend's daughter is trying to have the court send her father to the Inebriates' Home," some one whispered to his neighbor in the post office. From the sweating, impatient crowd awaiting the arrival of the noon's mail—Nevington received its mail only three times a day—the startling information passed around the public square to the loungers in the west-side barber shop. Farmers hitching their teams to the chain stretched around the courtyard for such purposes hastily made their way to the court-room. Soon the room was filled. The August sun beating down upon the slate roof, turned the air into a furnace; but the sweating, tobacco-chewing, shirt-sleeved onlookers heeded not the heat. They were there to see a family tragedy enacted, a girl turned against her father. The world loves to see family troubles aired in court. It is the baser element of human nature to wish to see the privacy of the home held out to the view of all. Perhaps a new scandal might be revealed to their curious ears. Like animals awaiting a choice morsel of food, they smacked their lips in anticipation. The sombre *justitia* behind the judge's bench seemed to lose its lustre as if ashamed of the scene.

The new Inebriates' law of Iowa had claimed its first victim in Nevington. On information sworn out by his daughter, Cyrus Townsend was charged with being an habitual drunkard. His conviction meant three years in the Inebriates' Home. His acquittal would not give much scandal, for the man's lack of sobriety was well known.

Witness after witness was called to testify as to the habits of the accused; but their testimony awakened little interest in the spectators. In a small town such as Nevington the secrets of one are the public gossip of all. The story was not new. It was inside information, family troubles, that they were there to listen to. The daughter was called to the witness stand. With a light, graceful movement she passed to the stand. A lock of her dark brown hair drooping

down over her forehead, gave a peculiar pallor to her countenance. Her dark blue eyes gave forth a magnetizing gleam, but it was the alluring gleam of a hidden fire. No soul dwelt behind those eyes. The long broad face, wide at the forehead and round at the jaws, the short heavy nose with extended nostrils, combined with her eyes to give a feline look to the girl. The quick springing step, the walk of a child of nature, heightened resemblance. She was a girl to awaken admiration if not respect. Arousing passion in others, she was devoid of sentiment herself. She was a girl one would love and yet fear and distrust.

A silence, broken only by the chug of tobacco juice striking the brass cuspidors, pervaded the room. Her mellow, vibrating voice, although only a low tone, reached the furthestmost onlooker. Even the squat figure of the judge forgot its assumed dignity to bend forward to gaze at her. After the usual preliminary questioning as to age, name, residence, etc., she commenced her story. It was the tale of a motherless daughter trying to prevent the excesses of her father. He had sold the farm on which they lived and moved to town where he became an easy mark for land sharpers. While an acute and prudent business man when sober, the least intemperance made him an easy prey. Property after property bought while he was intoxicated, was sold at a fractional part of the cost. Coaxing him to Dakota to look at a ranch, a local real estate dealer had swindled him out of ten thousand dollars. That was but one of the many similar cases of the methods used to gain his money. "No," she replied in answer to the county attorney, "he never abused me, in fact, he was always harmless when under the influence of liquor. His characteristic attitude was to sit slapping his knee and exclaiming "Cracky Maria the Gee Whiz and the Gee Whalikins." At this some one laughed softly. That habit had been the standing joke of the community. Continuing her story, after the judge had demanded order, she told how at last she had determined to appeal to the state for aid. But the crowd was disappointed: their looked-for feast of scandal was not forthcoming. Some one murmured: "I wish I had not come."

"Cyrus Townsend will take the stand" called the droning voice of the attorney.

At the name, the spectators again leaned forward. Shamefaced but with an air of wounded dignity, the accused faced the people. The pale countenance although blotched in places bore not the ravages of dissipation. Even the unmistakable marks of one-time refinement were there. The white beard gave a respectable air to the man. Slightly built, his distended alcoholic stomach gave him the appearance of a "Coxe's Brownie." The animal-like nature of the crowd gave away to a feeling of humanitarianism. His helplessness awakened their pity. The contrast between the accused and accuser deepened the feeling. Even the stony features of the judge softened as he leaned back in his chair with his feet on a small box—his honor's legs were too short to touch the floor. Slowly and painfully, as though his soul was suffering on the torture rack, he told his story.

"Years ago I once thought of being somebody, but my wife died when Hazel was but three years old. The sorrow was terrible for me to bear. Long years we had worked before fortune favored us. At last when we were wealthy she died, leaving me the child that has turned against me"—here the man broke down. Several in the room gripped their chair in suspense and agony.

"Inheriting the pride of her mother with the wild nature of the Townsends, the girl has always given me trouble. When but a child she used to steal my pipe away and smoke in seclusion. Scorning my advice and defying my commands, she did as she wished. I sent her to her aunt but she could not control her. As the child grew older what little power I still had over her slipped away. Now she is almost a woman; a woman in age, but not in character. The nature of a petulant, wilful child has combined with the cynicism of a world-wise man. When I forbade her to have so many young men hanging after her she laughed. When I implored her to stay at home and keep me company, she coldly bade me 'good-bye.' When I ordered her to cook the meals, she flung me a crust of bread and told me that was enough for a man who did not work. A week ago she came home after midnight from a public dance. I remon-

strated with her for doing so. She grew angry, and so did I. After a stormy talk she declared she would fix me. The next morning she had me arrested as an habitual drunkard. Oh! judge, if you could only know the feelings that passed through my soul as I read the name of the accuser, my daughter. The child that I had raised, that I had loved, the only human being on earth that I cherished, to turn her hand against me thus! Yes, it is true that I drink a great deal, but no man ever saw me down dead drunk; no man ever saw me take a drink. If man could only know how I have fought against the devil and to be given such a reward. Send me away, judge. Perhaps I may forget her if not forgive her. Send me where the fiend of the bottle can not touch me—" The man overcome by the excitement fell forward in a senseless heap. There was stir, a rush and a sobbing girl threw her arms around her father's neck.

"Oh God, forgive me," she cried. "Judge have mercy on him!" I will take him home. I never realized what I was doing. Father, oh father, look at me; kiss your sinning child."

"Never had the court of Nevington witnessed such a scene. The outcome had proven so different from the start. Brushing away a gathering tear, the court collected its dignity and rapped for order.

"Cyrus Townsend, I sentence you to three years in the Inebriates' Home of the State of Iowa, the sentence to go into effect the next time you are found drunk. As for you," he said, turning to the girl, "I think the lesson you have had will prove sufficient."

"It will," she answered with a sob.

That evening a heart-broken father and a chastened, but repentant daughter, with a newer understanding of each other in their hearts, a noble undying love in their souls, started with renewed hope along life's stony path.

The Winter Winds.

THE wintry winds, with piercing cry,
Sweep o'er the broad fields, white with snow,
And whirl the fine light flakes on high,
As on their dark bleak course they go.

JESSE H. ROTH, '10.

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—The action of the House Committee on coinage, weights and measures last Wednesday is regarded as the beginning of the end of the controversy in regard to the motto "In God we trust." The committee has voted unanimously that the motto shall be restored. It is true of course that difficulty may arise before the bill is signed, but inasmuch as the resolution is one which the average voter is disposed to favor, it is likely that the national legislators will make a wise effort to please their constituents. It is quite certain that no congressman or senator will endanger his popularity by voting against the measure in spite of any sentiment which may be entertained by the chief executive of the nation.

—Many students fall into the habit of deferring work from day to day, forgetting in their negligence that those who never put off till to-morrow what can be done to-day, are the ones who are laying the foundation of success in later life. It is the student who works conscientiously and with a will that accomplishes anything

worth while in his school-days. And in order to be able to work as one should he ought to have his heart in his work and his mind constantly fixed upon high ambitions and noble ideals. Those who would rather spend their study time in idling about their rooms, perhaps smoking, or indulging in the reading of some trivial novel will find themselves handicapped in the race when the day comes to win. There are times when a large amount of work is to be done, but instead of going about it immediately, we wait for some other day only to find that that other day has brought with it more work than ever, whereas a little self-sacrifice, a determination to cover certain ground at the proper time, would tend to lighten our burden and make college life all the more pleasant and profitable. The habit of delay can be overcome by forcing ourselves to do our work when it is to be done.

—Fraternities and sororities undoubtedly serve a purpose in college life, and although they may at times be productive of evil, they are equally, if not more, prolific in yielding good. However, so much can not be said for fraternities and sororities in high schools. Their sole proficiency seems to lie in their capacity for doing harm. Conditions in college life seem to demand the organization of such societies. Such is not the case in high schools. Here these secret societies are unmistakably an annoyance and a nuisance of no inconsiderable magnitude. They seem to ape only the bad features of the college organization. To such an extent is this true, that the school board in the city of Chicago had to rule that no member of a secret organization should be permitted to appear in public or on an athletic team as a representative of the school which that pupil attended. Nevertheless, many "frat" members sacrificed these privileges and continued to be members of the secret societies.

Those conditions in college life which seem to make fraternities and sororities essential do not exist in high-school life. The high-school pupil does not need the "frat" house for a home or for amusement. The

most wholesome place for him to seek the satisfaction of both these wants is under the "parental roof." Besides, the social functions of "frat" life are better suited to those in their twenties than to those in their teens. Nor do conditions in a boarding-school seem to call for the organization of such societies. The school itself is a home for the student, and hall life offers sufficient opportunity for students to meet and mingle in a social way.

—"The tramp is no longer a harmless joke but a serious problem," is the repeated statement made by those engaged in the anti-vagrancy campaign. Nothing

The ing seems more worthy of Wayfarers. approval than the appointment of the National Vagrancy Committee to protect society from the demoralizing influence of the "hobo." There is no excuse for the tramp. No man has a right to be idle at the expense of his brother's hard work. It is estimated that within the past three years over fifty thousand tramps have been killed one by one on the railroads. The county, town or state, in which these deaths occur, must stand for burial expenses. There are annually over half a million of these vagrants beating their way on American trains. The railroads are said to suffer a loss of something like \$2,500,000 every year caused by the destruction of property by these homeless wayfarers. So numerous have these vagabonds become that our cities and towns are being infested, lodging houses merged into "tramp-joints" of filth, and city parks made to look like anything but places of decency.

Facts such as these gave rise to the discussion of the tramp problem. It seemed hardly in accord with justice that men able to work should get a living out of society without giving to society anything in return. Consequently the National Vagrancy Committee was appointed to take action against the army of vagrants, to protect society from its baneful influence and to restore the vagrant himself to the ranks of the self-supporting. The Committee, we think, is doing admirably well. Its motto seems to be: "He who will not work, neither let him eat," and in pursuance of this ideal it seeks the co-

operation of all civil authorities, charitable organizations and even the individual who comes in contact with the vagrant. Every one might contribute towards the furtherance of this project, if in the bestowal of favors to the vagrant some sort of toil were demanded in return. The wandering beggar, in this way, would be forced to work and as such would develop into an efficient and serviceable man. Those performing acts of charity to the individual vagrant would thus enlarge their reward by performing at the same time acts of charity to the whole of society.

—"Christianize Japan by means of the Japanese," is the motto of a new theological seminary opened recently at Urakami by an order of Catholic missionaries.

Christianizing Japan. It is becoming more and more apparent every day that if Christianity is to supplant paganism throughout the Orient, it is first necessary to establish a stronghold in the Island Kingdom. Japan has entered upon a new era of progressiveness. On account of the wonderful strides she has taken in art, science and invention, the world has come to look upon her as the only agent capable of spreading the message of Western civilization through the Orient. She is pre-eminently fitted by location, by race and by character for this task. But we want the message of Christ, the Gospel, to be spread as well as the message of civilization. To bring this about it is necessary by all means to Christianize Japan. That is the task which our missionaries have set for themselves, and the Japanese school at Urakami is the place adopted by a certain group of these.

Hitherto they have met with many obstacles in their work. Handicapped by having to deal with a people fundamentally and temperamentally different from themselves, and hindered by the competition of various sects, the Catholic missionary's task has been an arduous one indeed. The little brown man is astute above all things. He is of an inquiring, skeptical turn of mind. He hesitates to take up a new faith over which there is so much dissension and difference of opinion among its adherents.

Our missionary Fathers think they will

find a way out of this difficulty when they place the work in the hands of a native clergy. The school has already opened and a number of Japanese boys are enrolled as candidates for Holy Orders. As yet the institution has not been placed on a sound financial footing, and its promoters are soliciting aid from those interested in the work. No more worthy objects of charity could be conceived than these patient guardians of God's fold. Especially should the work commend itself to American Catholics, since it is of American origin, conceived and set in operation by American zeal.

—The efforts on the part of prominent Irishmen to stem the tide of emigration continually pouring forth from the Emerald Isle, seems to have been entirely ineffective, according to the latest **Irish Emigration** statement of statisticians. In the year 1905 Irish emigrants to the United States numbered 30,676; in 1906, 35,344, and in 1907, 39,982, thus marking an increase rather than a decrease. The principle of the Irish gentlemen, in endeavoring to retain the population of their mother-country at home, is a laudable one indeed, for they are fighting in the interests of their own nationality; but there are those in our own country, and they too supposedly intelligent Americans, who are continuously making a clamorous outcry against the poor emigrant and particularly the Irish emigrant.

Their warning is the old familiar one, that emigration breeds illiteracy and crime, but undoubtedly if the gentlemen felt inclined to look about them at home, they could find more vice and ignorance in one of our large cities among the native born children of America, conditions for which we alone are responsible, than exist over the whole extent of Ireland. Emigration, and particularly Irish emigration, has been at all times a God-send to America. The poor peasants arrive here it is true with no other fortune than their brawn and good will, with no other intellectual refinement than their strong though uncultivated intellects; but we don't need wealth or genius or refined intellects in America to-day. There are too many of our so-called

higher classes posing before the American public. What we do want is hard-working, honest and virtuous citizens, and that is what Irish emigration is giving us. There is entirely too much artistic superstructure in our Republic at the present time, and far too little good solid foundation material to give it stability. President Roosevelt has said of the Irishman that he "works hard in time of peace, and fights hard in time of war." It is citizens we are looking for, it is back-bone and muscle, and any means that supplies us with such should not be discouraged.

—It is characteristic of great men that their early years were passed in humble surroundings. Particularly has this been true of America's great men and Lincoln, especially of the greatest of her presidents. It is hard to find in all history a character whose life was passed in simpler surroundings than that of Abraham Lincoln whose anniversary was observed Feb 12. Born of poor parents he learned the lessons of self-support and independence while yet in his tender years; and as he gradually forged ahead, from a rail-splitter to a legislator, he always kept before him the early lessons of his youth. To him liberty was the most sacred; and later on when the nation called him to guide it through the greatest crisis of its history, he gave evidence of this truth when he told America and the world that man's liberty could not be purchased and that slavery should not exist where floated the Stars and Stripes. Scarcely had the Civil War ended when Lincoln's life was snatched from him by the hand of a deluded assassin. But his career as president was the greatest in our nation's history. To-day a united country pays him homage, and every school-boy lauds his deeds. No longer does sectional strife separate the North from the South, but over all reigns the true harmony of contentment and peace. Lincoln's life is an example for old and young to emulate, for only by conquering difficulties which rise before us can we reach the goal. His hardships were but the stepping-stones to higher things, and in his life every American can find an inspiring and helpful study.

The Death of Father Sammon.

The tragic death of Father Sammon last Monday evening cast a deep gloom over all the University. In the full vigor of young manhood he was called away without warning of any kind. What makes it all the more deplorable is that from all accounts it was wholly unnecessary and could have been avoided by reasonable precaution on the part of the motor-man.

On Monday evening at 6:15 Father Sammon and Father Murphy were returning from a visit to St. Joseph's Hospital. They had reached that part of Notre Dame Avenue just below the graveyard where the trolley line swerves to the eastern side of the road. A deep drift forced them to turn onto the trolley track for a moment, and while they did so the car without warning of any kind struck the cutter, instantly killing Father Sammon and causing a most serious shock to Father Murphy.

The burial was on Thursday morning. Solemn Requiem Mass was celebrated by Father Cavanaugh, assisted by Fathers Scheier and Heiser. The sermon was preached by Father Hudson, and most effectively brought home to the great congregation the lessons of the sad occasion. A feature of the funeral which was specially appreciated by the friends of the dead priest was the presence of some hundreds of Knights of Columbus from South Bend. The local society also sent a fine floral offering. An especially beautiful piece was sent by Mr. Samuel T. Murdock.

Father Sammon was a man of lovable character and a prime favorite among the students. Mourning for his untimely death is widespread and sincere. To the relatives of the family the SCHOLASTIC offers the condolence of the University and assurance of constant remembrance in prayer.

Notice to Alumni.

The President of the University is receiving requests for graduates of Notre Dame who may desire the position of principal in western schools with good salaries. Candidates desiring these positions should apply immediately through the President.

Organization of the Alumni.

The following letter has been addressed by the President of the University to all the living graduates whose addresses could be secured.

February 10, 1908.

DEAR FRIEND:—In response to a general demand for the organization of the Alumni of Notre Dame University I have decided to summon all the living graduates to assemble at Notre Dame, June 17, 1908, for the purpose of drafting a constitution and perfecting an organization.

The need of such an association is as keenly felt by the University as it is by the Alumni; and the educational work to which *Alma Mater* stands dedicated is sure to receive a great impetus from it.

This invitation will be restricted to graduates of those courses which at the present time demand the High School diploma or its equivalent as an entrance requirement. Under this ruling graduates of any course leading to the degree of bachelor or engineer are entitled to a seat in this first convention.

The Commencement exercises are fixed for the evening of Wednesday, June 17, and the morning of Thursday, June 18. For the benefit of those who may not be able to tarry long at the University the organization of the Alumni Association will take place on Wednesday morning at ten o'clock. The Alumni dinner will follow.

This movement means much to *Alma Mater* as well as to all her loyal sons. It is hoped that every alumnus of the University will be present, no matter what the inconvenience. So far as possible the former officers, teachers and prefects of the University will be in attendance.

I inclose postal card for reply. Be sure and add your present address.

Very cordially yours,

JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

Acceptances have already been received from the following graduates:—

Roland Adlesperger, Rev. John Bleckman, J. J. Burke, F. P. Burke, Frank J. Barry, John B. Berteling, Evaristo R. Batlle, W. P. Breen, F. J. Confer, D. E. Cartier, John L. Corley, W. A. Cartier, Daniel V. Casey, J. Joseph Cooke, James J. Conway, Joseph E. Corby, Rev. Vincent Dwyer, Daniel Donahoe, Harold H. Davitt, John Dowd, Thomas A. Dailey, J. A. Dwan, James P. Fogarty, W. D. Furry, W. Dubbs, John W. Forbing, Oscar A. Fox, J. R. Fitzgibbon, Robert L. Fox, Louis M. Fetherston, G. A. Farabaugh, W. W. Gray, Arthur Funk, John Gibbons, Louis S. Hayes, Thomas F. Gallagher, T. E. Howard, John B. Hayes, John S. Hummer, T. Hoban, J. Frank

Hanan, H. G. Hogan, Rev. L. J. Heiser, Vitus G. Jones, Charles M. Kriegbaum, Robert A. Krost, Matthew J. Kenefic, Robert E. Lynch, Robert A. Kasper, Raymond C. Langan, J. T. Lantry, O. Lippman, James McGinnis, R. C. Madden, C. C. Mitchell, Daniel L. Madden, E. M. Morris, Ryell. T. Miller, W. I. Morrison, J. W. McInerney, W. A. McInerney, Thomas J. McKeon, George L. Nyere, Hugh O'Neill, Hugh A. O'Donnell, Rev. A. B. O'Neill, Philip B. O'Neill, William P. O'Neill, E. F. O'Flynn, Francis O'Shaughnessy, C. W. O'Brien, H. L. Prichard, Robert E. Proctor, Henry A. Steis, N. H. Silver, F. J. Schillo, George Stulfauth, Francis C. Schwab, Joseph V. Sullivan, T. J. Swantz, Edward H. Schwab, J. W. Wadden, Sherman Steele, Dudley M. Shively, Louis C. Wurzer.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME, 46; BAKER U., 13.

The game with Baker U., which was doped to be the hardest game of the season, owing to the great record of the Baker team, proved to be a joke. The Varsity simply ran all over the visiting team, and the brilliant dribbling and dodging of Maloney and Dubuc completely bewildered the Kansas men. In justice to the Baker team it must be admitted that they were somewhat handicapped in the game as they are used to playing under the A. A. U. rules instead of the Collegiate game, and in the effort to break up the plays of the Varsity they got in each other's road, and at times stood around like a lot of schoolboys. Maloney made some of the longest passes for baskets ever seen in the gym, and his work was little less than wonderful. Dubuc had a game all of his own with the visitors, as time after time he would take the ball and travel the whole length of the floor with it. Captain Scanlon also shone with the long passes and dropped one in the basket from the middle of the floor.

Notre Dame		Baker U.
Fish, Heyl	R. F.	Mason
Maloney	L. F.	Betts
Burke	C.	Preston
Dubuc	R. G.	Hoover
Scanlon	L. G.	O'Neill

Field Goals—Fish, 2; Heyl, 3; Maloney, 10; Dubuc, 5; Scanlon, 2; Mason, 1; Betts, 1; Preston, 2; Free Throws—Maloney, 2; Mason, 5. Referee, Barrett.

The Y. M. I. of Indianapolis received an awful drubbing last Saturday night when they met the Varsity five in basket-ball. The score was 61 to 13 and might have been 600 had the Varsity worked hard enough. The game was simply an individual exhibition, with Dubuc playing the star rôle. The protégé of the famous after-dinner speaker made 10 field goals and 8 free throws. Maloney and Scanlon added to the scene with several brilliant baskets each. And Heyl, who until a week ago was a second team man, put up a great game while he was in. The visitors were so badly out-classed at all stages of the game that there was nothing to the contest but Notre Dame from start to finish. Mahan was the only man on the Y. M. I. team who appeared to be in the game at all, and his work was responsible for the few scores annexed by the visitors.

	Line-Up	Y. M. I.
Notre Dame		
Fish, Heyl	R. F.	Mahan
O'Leary	L. F.	Maloney
Burke	C.	Deery
Dubuc	R. G.	Boatman
Scanlon	L. G.	O'Hearn

Field goals—Fish, 1; Heyl, 1; Maloney, 6; Burke, 1; Dubuc, 10; Scanlon, 7; Mahan, 3; O'Leary, 2. Free throws—Maloney, 1; Dubuc, 8; Mahan, 2. Referee—Barrett.

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Wabash won the second game from the Varsity basket-ball team on Tuesday night. A small account of the game, taken from the South Bend *Tribune*, is the only news of the game.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Feb. 19.—Wabash college basket-ball team more than doubled Notre Dame's markers here last night by defeating the Catholics in a fast game by the score of 32 to 15. The up-state lads were at their best and made a desperate fight against the Little Giants, but were up against too stiff a proposition. The struggle last night gave the Little Giants a clean record for the championship of Indiana for the fourth consecutive time. Line-up and summary:

Wabash (32)	Line-Up	Notre Dame (15)
Freeman	L. F.	Woods, Heyl
Diddel	R. F.	Maloney
Sprow	C.	Burke
Wicks	L. G.	Scanlon
Stump. Gipe	R. G.	Dubuc

Goals from field—Freeman, 7; Diddel, 1; Sprow, 4; Wicks, 2; Heyl, 1; Maloney, 2; Scanlon, 1; Dubuc, 1. Goals from foul—Wicks, 4, missed 8; Maloney, 3, missed 5; Dubuc, 2, missed 5. Referee—Rieman of Purdue. Time of halves—20 minutes.

Track Team.

"Long John" Scales was the only man of the Notre Dame track team that was in the First Regiment Meet in Chicago to finish inside the money. Scales won third in the 40-yard high hurdles; Steffan, the Chicago star, winning the event. Devine ran fourth in the half-mile run and made a remarkably good showing. The men who won the first three places all started ahead of Devine, and although he had a handicap of 26 yards the winners were handicapped all the way from 30 to 48 yards. Captain Keach did not place in the dash, as his small handicap was not enough to get him anything. As a whole, the showing made by the men was very respectable.

* *

Sorin and Brownson are practising daily in preparation for the final contest of the inter-hall series.

Obituary.

The Rev. Dr. Walsh, C. S. C., Professor of History and Economics, has the sympathy of every one at the University on account of the death of his brother William, who departed this life at his home in Chicago on Friday last. The deceased had been ailing for some time, and on that account the sad ending came not unexpected. We extend to Dr. Walsh and the members of his family the condolence of a wide circle of friends and the assurance of the prayers of all for the repose of the soul of his departed brother. *R. I. P.*

* *

The San José *Daily Mercury* for Feb. 8 records the death of Charles A. Ehrenfeld who was a student in Brownson Hall five years ago. The sympathy of the students and faculty of the University goes forth to the bereaved members of his family.

Personals.

—Joseph M. Jenkins, who attended the University from '90 to '03, has been studying medicine at St. Louis, Mo. Mr. Jenkins has our best wishes for success in his profession.

—Wm. H. Covert and his brother George, both of whom were students at the University in the early '90's, are engaged in business at Toledo, Ohio. Their specialty in business has to do with athletic supplies.

—F. P. Davey, who was numbered among our track athletes a few years ago and subsequently attended the University of Michigan, has lately severed connections with the University and gone into the government service.

—John M. Quinlan, a member of the '04 class and subsequently a member of the faculty of the University, is assistant manager of one of the departments of Franklin, MacVeagh & Co. in Chicago. John is also a member of the graduating class of the Kent Law School.

—We have been honored with an invitation to the marriage of Enrique Guerra, which took place on the twelfth of the present month in the parish church of Encarnacion de Diaz, Jalisco, Mexico. A host of friends congratulate Mr. Guerra and wish abundant joy to the happy bride.

—Oscar Fox, Albert Kotte, and Alex McFarland ran down to Alliance, Ohio, recently to spend a few sizzling days with Clem Devine. One of them writes: "A better time of good, clean fun I have never had, especially when it came to talking over the best days of our lives, those spent at Notre Dame." That has the right ring!

—The work of club organization among the old students in various parts of the country shows signs of special development this year. To-night there will be a Notre Dame Club Dinner at the Hotel Majestic in Philadelphia, the arrangements being in charge of Mr. James P. Fogarty who is chairman of the committee, with Mr. A. J. Hanhauser as secretary and Mr. John H. Neeson as treasurer. The banquet will be a splendid affair, and will bring together a very large number of the former students of the University. Affairs of this kind will help somewhat in assuring success in the work of organizing the alumni.

Debating Contests.

The special preliminary contest for places on the Varsity debating team resulted in classifying the five competitors as follows: J. J. Quinlan, P. Haggerty, A. Hebert, O. Schmid, J. Donahue. The contest was held last Saturday evening to select one additional speaker to enter the semi-finals, the first person in the list being the one selected.

The two semi-final contests in the Varsity debating try-out were held last Wednesday; in the first of these the decision of the judges ranked the competitors in the following order: R. Collentine, W. Lennartz, F. Walker, P. Hebert, G. Finnigan, J. J. Quinlan, J. Toole, M. Juraschek, the first three to compete in the final contest in Washington Hall. In the second contest, held the same day, the report of the judges resulted in ranking the speakers as is here given: M. Mathis, I. McNamee, J. Kanaley, J. A. Quinlan, F. Wenninger, J. Fox, V. Parish, C. Miltner, the first three to compete in Washington Hall.

A special semi-final contest was held Thursday evening to select two additional speakers for the contest in Washington Hall. This contest was limited to those who ranked fourth and fifth in each of the two preceding contests, and resulted in ranking the speakers as follows: G. Finnigan, P. Hebert, F. Wenninger, J. A. Quinlan. Out of the 24 contestants who participated in the various trials the following have survived the ordeal and will speak in Washington Hall in about two weeks: R. Collentine and M. Mathis ranking first, W. Lennartz and I. McNamee ranking second, J. Kanaley and F. Walker ranking third, and the two who won places in the special semi-final last Thursday evening, G. Finnigan and P. Hebert. In their next contest these eight will compete for a money prize and also for the honor of representing the University in our coming contests with Georgetown and Ohio State.

The preliminaries for the Inter-Hall preparatory debate were held during the week. The second preliminary in Holy Cross Hall resulted in placing the contestants in the following order, three to compete in the final contest: J. Kelley, J. Foley, J. Stack, G. Strassner, H. Mack. The final contest was held Monday evening, the speakers being graded by the judges in the order here indicated: A. Heiser, W. Minnick, J. Foley, W. Burke, J. Kelley, J. Stack. The first three of these will represent Holy Cross in the forthcoming inter-hall debate on the question of electing the United States Senators by direct vote of the people.

In the contest for places on the prepara-

tory debating team for St. Joseph Hall the result was as follows, the first three being selected by the judges: W. Zink, A. Hilker, J. Fruechtel, T. Cleary, R. Skelley, R. Cain. The final rank of the speakers was the same as that given in the foregoing list.

Corby Hall will be represented in the inter-hall debates by Messrs. John Dean, John Corbett and Leo F. Mullen. The preliminary was held in the Corby Hall "rec" room Thursday morning. G. McKinnie was selected to be alternate.

The Brownson Literary Society.

At the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society Thursday evening, February 20, the following program was rendered: Sketch of Bishop Spalding, Leo J. Cleary; "Entertaining Her Big Sister's Beau," Martin Heyl; Right Physical Culture, B. Lange; "The Old Arm-Chair," B. Doyle; "Old Oaken Bucket," G. Cowie. The preliminaries for the inter-hall preparatory debate upon the question: "Resolved, That United States senators should be elected by the direct vote of the people," were entered into by four contestants. The judges were: Dr. Brown, Prof. Sinnott and Prof. Dillon. F. Madden was awarded first place, H. Burdick second, G. McCarthy third, and F. O'Brien fourth. The arguments brought forth were clear and forcible, and the points were well made. With a team composed of Messrs. Madden, Burdick and McCarthy, Brownson has every prospect of victory in the coming inter-hall debates.

Examinations.

FRIDAY, February 28.

Classes taught at 8:15 a. m. and 10:15 a. m. will be examined at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.

Classes taught at 1:30 p. m. and 4:30 p. m. will be examined at 2 p. m. and 5 p. m.

SATURDAY, February 29.

Classes taught at 9 a. m. and 11:10 a. m. will be examined at 8 a. m. and 10:30 a. m.

Classes taught at 2:15 p. m. and 5:30 p. m. will be examined at 2 p. m. and 5 p. m.

Christian Doctrine will be examined Sunday at 7 p. m.

MOOT-COURT.—John Black was tried for murder in the Moot-Court last Wednesday. Nothing sensational developed during the proceedings. The jury disagreed. Black was represented by Bracken and Arvey and the state by prosecuting Attorney May and his deputy, Robert Kasper.