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The Winds of March.

HARRY A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

THE winds of March are cold and chill,
And April's soft and warm;
But the ripples of song like laughter fill
The breath of its raging storm.

Its carol flows like a rushing stream
Through the gusts that rise and fall,
And with the voice of a dawning dream
Its echoes call and call.

The winds of June are sweet with scent,
And March lacks summer's glow;
But, oh, for the surge of their loud advent,
And the blinding, driven snow!

Under its rugged, angry air
The heart beats swift and strong;
Swift with the strength that joy makes fair
With golden wealth of song.

The First Archbishop of New York.

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.



In speaking of the great men that were bred in the troublous times of the forties, fifties and sixties, we ought not confine ourselves to those of the battlefield and political arena. The religious field has also produced its quota, among whom Archbishop Hughes stands out as the hero. He was a power and a leader. The Knownothings met their Gibraltar in him. He fought, suffered and died on his battlefield; but, like his contemporary, Grant, he knew not defeat.

John Hughes! the very name speaks

courage, activity, application, valor and sanctity. It belongs to the catalogue of the Pauls and Chrysostoms. His glory lives not in New York alone. Let Erin name her great sons, and this name will be with the foremost; let Columbia measure the patriotism of her children, and she will marvel at the spirit of loyalty found in the heart of Hughes. Seeing America, he embraced the Stars and Stripes—he became an American in a single day.

Catholic America has only one Archbishop Hughes, and he wielded a more powerful influence than any other American bishop has ever possessed. When the Philadelphia riots had set mischief afoot and Catholics throughout the land were threatened with loss of churches, homes, rights and even life; when the Knownothings had already raised their hand to repeat in New York the things that Philadelphia had just witnessed, Bishop Hughes, with words of unflinching determination and with a pen that flashed fire, stayed the awful catastrophe that was ripe and ready in the minds of the malicious. He roused the Catholic element, warned and instructed them. With the motives of a father and with the spirit of a Napoleon he watched his flock—his army.

"Do the laws compensate for damage done by rioters?" he asked an official.

"No."

"Then the laws intend that citizens shall defend their own property," was the quick, Celtic conclusion of the Bishop.

His American ingenuity and American celerity caused an extra of the *Freeman's Journal* to appear with this bold dictum: "If, as it has already appeared in Philadelphia, it would be a part of native

Americanism to attack the Catholics' houses or churches, then it behooves them, in case all other protection fail, to defend both with their lives. In this they will not be acting against the law, but for the law." The enemies of Bishop Hughes read those lines; the officials of the city read them and realized their source and import. Know-nothings were seen hurrying about to cancel their meetings, and, as a result, no riots of Know-nothingism blemish the fair history of New York.

Archbishop Hughes was too illustrious and sincere an American to be misunderstood very long. His enemies soon gave way, therefore, to admiration of him. He was invited by President Polk to proceed to Mexico on a mission of peace. This he had reason to refuse. But when a distressed government literally bowed to the wonderful man and entreated him to cross the Atlantic and beseech European courts not to recognize Confederate independence, the bishop's patriotism was touched to the quick. His mission is a matter of history; his success is the perpetual joy not only of Catholics, but also of Americans of all creeds. Thus did he make manifest and concrete the doctrine of the Prince of Peace. Thus did he return good for evil, love for hate, sympathy for bigotry. When he returned he was not disappointed, for having always believed America to be the land of recompense and appreciation. America met him when he landed the second time with jubilant welcome.

He was intrepid, yet gentle. His smile was perpetual, his wit keen. But he defended his cause and reputation with fearless energy and earnestness. "I know you can write well, and can multiply words and misrepresent truth: this is not the thing that will save you now. Come forth with your *facts*," he said in challenge to the renowned editor, James Gordon Bennett, and his associates. "He would never have yielded to the despotism of a king or the violence of a mob," says a contemporary. With the same bold front he challenged the stubborn title-holders of some of the churches; with the same spirit he fought and condemned the infidel school system, often standing alone against several adversaries in public debate. With the same

intrepid ingenuity he established the parochial system. His arguments on the school question have never been refuted. His victory seems only suspended. The accent of his tongue multiplied his enemies, for it betrayed his origin; but the weight of its argument paralyzed their intentions and caused them to "lose the name of action."

His career is inspiring from the time he spaded and weeded the garden of St. Mary's for an education to the day wherein he laid the cornerstone of America's most magnificent cathedral. Individual effort, sheer strength of character, conviction and self-constructed personality were indeed

So mixed in him that nature might stand up
And say to all the world

"This was a man."

Be our aim or vocation what it may, it is safe and worth our while to emphasize, that we can find our ideal in the first Archbishop of New York.

Idle Hours.

JAMES KEHOE, '11.

LIKE winter's snow in summer's sun,
The wasted hour of youthful dreams,
In channels by neglect begun,
And swollen into rushing streams,
Departs from us and somehow seems
To mock us for our easy way
And scorn us with its bitter gleams,
The wasted hour that youth calls play.

Like feathers cast upon the wind,
The wasted hour of youthful broods,
By an ill-trained and useless mind,
Which sways and bends in changing moods,
Is lost as passing interludes
And leaves behind a glaring way,
Which on his happiness intrudes
The wasted hour that youth calls play.

Like leaflets fallen from the trees,
The wasted hour of youth is dead;
It slips from us in 'o the breeze
Of time; we hear its muffled tread
And then we know that it has fled.
It hastens on that unknown way
And leaves us in a silent dread,
The wasted hour that youth calls play.

ENVOL.

Then let us guard our idle hours,
Nor waste them in a useless fray,
Let's save them as the sweetest flowers
And use them not in idle play.

A Telegram.

DENIS A. MORRISON, '10.

"Am delayed. Walk down. Will be up soon."

When Mrs. Edward Howard received the above telegram, she knew immediately what to do. Hesitating not a moment she ordered Mary, the maid, to keep the supper hot, and donning a warm cloak sallied forth upon the darkening streets, murky with the spring rains to obey her husband's injunction. Mrs. Howard was a bride of a month or she would not have been guilty of such marital devotion. The chances are she would have spent the time awaiting her husband's arrival in preparing a curtain lecture on the thoughtlessness of husbands in general and hers in particular. The idea of expecting a woman to go out alone on such a night, just to be company for a man! No wife of experience would let such an opportunity for improving the masculine gender slip by.

But such thoughts were far from the mind of pretty Mrs. Howard, as she tripped along the streets. True, a vague anxiety haunted her, as she noted the leering looks of some of the passers-by, and once or twice she was actually frightened when she was familiarly accosted by half-intoxicated roughs. She expected to meet her husband at any moment, and in this thought she found comfort. But she walked on and on, block after block, and no sign of Howard. She approached the suburban station where he always alighted, and searched the entire premises but saw nothing of him. Then she sat down to wait for the next train.

She remained for an hour and no train arrived. Strange fears now began to assail her. Suppose the train were wrecked; suppose there had been a collision and hundreds of lives lost! She rushed to the ticket office and inquired when the next train was due from the city.

"Dunno, ma'am. There's a washout on the line, and no trains runnin'. Better try the Northern," naming a road whose depot was situated about a mile distant.

She was crushed. As she walked out of the station, the misgivings of her heart rose in her, and she nearly burst into tears.

"Oh," she moaned, "I know Edward is killed! He's killed, and I'm a poor lone widow!" But present problems were uppermost in her mind.

The suggestion of the ticket agent was the only star of hope shining for her, and she could think of nothing better to do than to try the Northern. So she trudged forth into the wind and the weather, her fears lending energy to her desponding heart. She was thoroughly frightened now. Her way led through districts haunted by the lower strata of humanity, and she was forced to listen to the vile taunts of the urchins playing in the streets, and to endure the even less acceptable attentions of the maudlins who lined the doorways. It was a positive relief when she left the populated district behind and plunged into the dark and deserted street near the station. She would learn Edward's fate now. Morally, there really was no doubt in her mind but that he was dead or terribly injured, but the uncertainty regarding his fate buoyed her up. Cheerful thoughts were coming to her mind now, and she was glad. But as she was approaching the single gaslight in the whole length of the block, a masked man suddenly stepped forth from nowhere apparently, and pointed a great revolver dangerously near her nose.

"Gimme yer valybles. Don't make no noise about it neither, or you'll be in kingdom come. Quick, now!"

"Oh—h!" she gasped, and started back. "I haven't anything. I—I'm only—" Then a happy thought struck her. She had a beautiful bracelet on and one or two rings, all presents from her husband.

"Do you want these?" she faltered. The thug's hungry eyes were fixed greedily on the flashing jewelry. He seized her hands and roughly tore the rings off.

"Got any more?" he asked threateningly.

"No, really I haven't. Oh, please go away and let me alone." The sacrifice of the rings and the bracelet was willingly made if thereby she might rid herself of such unwelcome company.

"Sure, I'll go, but can't you give me a kiss to remember you by?" And he made as if to carry out his purpose. This was too much. With a frightened scream, she turned and ran plump into the arms of a

policeman who had approached unnoticed by the pair.

The robber saw the blue-coat and attempted to flee, but he was overtaken in half-a-dozen steps. The policeman returned to Mrs. Howard, and found her leaning wearily against the lamp-post. The strain on her nerves was too great; she was over-wrought and almost hysterical.

"I guess you don't belong down here, do you? Come along with me and we'll fix you out." He spoke reassuringly, and she willingly took his arm.

It was a strange trio that entered the precinct station a few minutes later. Wearied with exertion and worry, Mrs. Howard sank down into a chair exhausted. She told her story to the sergeant, and concluded by saying that she never before knew that there was such misery on earth as hers was. She asked the sergeant to order a cab to take her home, and he did so, detailing an officer to accompany her. During the ride, she made some attempt to recover her feelings, and to steel herself against the worst. When at last her destination was reached, it was with firm steps, though a desperately fluttering heart, that she rang the bell of the house. A quick step was heard,—the coroner, no doubt,—the door was opened, and before the astonished and overjoyed young wife could articulate, she fell forward fainting into her husband's arms. The first words he uttered were:

"My heavens! Grace, where on earth have you been? I've been scouring the city for you."

"Oh, Edward," she replied, as she nestled closer in his arms, "your telegram! Don't you remember? You told me to meet you, and I thought you were killed, or something terrible had happened."

"But, my dear," said her astonished husband, "I didn't tell you to meet me. I meant the sidewalk down town where the railroad crosses was undermined by the water, and delayed me. Isn't that what I said in the message? But you poor little girl! And you did all this just because you thought it was my whim?"

"Here is the telegram you sent: 'Am delayed. Walk down. Will be up soon.' Was I not justified?"

"Yes, my blundering brevity is at fault."

Immortality.

M. A. MATHIS, '10.

LOOK at that patch of sparkling snow. How white
And pure! From up above it rightly came,
But should south winds begin to blow, the game
Of life for it is o'er. Then death's dark night
O'ershadows it, and quickly from our sight
It disappears, but dieth not. The same
But melts, whose waters nearby rivers claim,
Which fill the seas, expanse of living might.

So, too, the soul of man, so white and pure
When first at birth from heaven it was sent,
Dies not when man his life has really spent,
But disappears. And as the seas allure
The melting snow, so an eternity
Allures man's soul to immortality.

Stung.

FRED GASSENSMITH, '10.

Ten days of spring had already passed away and the sun was about to rise on the morning of the eleventh, when the old spasmodic alarm called John from the land of nod. Outside the birds were already warbling among the trees, and the roosters had ceased to crow, but John was tired and rolled over for another snooze. Once more the clock gave its call and once more awakened the sleeper.

"Say, Art, get up and start the fire, and when you are going down shut off that darn clock so that I can get some sleep," he called out; and as soon as the sound of moving shoes and a few long-drawn sighs came to his ears he once more gave himself up to sleep. And why should he not rest after his hard work of the day before?

Art soon came from his room rubbing his eyes, and after turning off the alarm went slowly down to the kitchen. Had John been awake he could easily have heard the racket caused by breaking wood and slamming doors; but John was fast asleep, in fact, Art could hear his snoring when he listened at the staircase.

"Help! help! oh, dad! dad! help!" came in terrible cries from the room below.

John woke up—to tell the truth, he was up before he was really awake. He had

come from the bed as if thrown from a spring-board: pillow, sheets, and blankets had been kicked toward the ceiling.

"Help! help! help!" came the cries of Art from below.

And maybe John didn't move. The tails of his nightshirt flapped like the green flag at the rear of a train. Bang! bang! bang! came the sounds of his steps as he clattered down the stairway.

"John! ah, John! wait a minute," called his wife from another room.

John heard the call, but there was no stop, and with a fast-beating heart he bounded into the kitchen, the fact that the cries had ceased only hurried his steps. He pushed open the door.

"April fool," was all that he heard; there was Art in the corner laughing himself sick.

X, Y, Z, or something to that effect, was all that John said. He started back to his room, and as he mounted the stairs he could hear his wife laughing up above. The reason for her call came to him now; she knew of the trick and was trying to save him from it. From above she heard him laugh a little between his unprintable phrases; and the laugh was very distinct a few moments later when she said:

"Go down stairs, children, you are too noisy; your father wants to sleep." There was no sleep in John.

The Tear.

RAYMOND A. RATH, '08.

THE step into this world is made,
The child is in the cradle laid;
It can not speak to mother dear,
So asks and answers with a tear.

And during school-days, mother mild
At morn will kiss her parting child;
And when she speaks a fond good-by,
A tear is shining in her eye.

A lover seeks the maiden's hand,
And shyly ventures his demand;
To rescue her in love's distress
The tear it is that answers, "yes."

And then, at last, when life is o'er,
When angels call from heaven's shore;
From dying eyes the happy soul
Bursts through a tear and finds its goal.

In the Woods.

EDWARD P. CLEARY, '09.

From the French of André Theuriet.

I had not seen any real woods for the last year, and it will very soon be eighteen since I had visited these. On descending from the railway, my ears still resonant with a thousand Parisian noises, I found myself in deep sylvan solitude. I felt a sudden commotion, and the old spirit of the forester awoke suddenly within me.

"One becomes a savage again in the odor of the forest," a contemporary poet says. To those whom the tumultuous current of great cities has lulled in infancy and agitated in youth, this maxim appears debatable.

The thing that catches and charms us woodmen is not solely the original beauty of those cloaks of verdure, undulating from hillock to hillock; it is not the haughty figures of centennial oaks, neither is it the limpidness of the rippling waters nor the calm of the deep forest; no it is above all the luxury of former sensations, recovered suddenly and tasted anew. The wild fragrance, peculiar to the woods, the discovery of a cluster of chess-apples, still clinging to the branch, or of a blossom lost from view during all these years; the sound of certain noises, formerly familiar: the report of an ax in the distant clearings, or the little bells of a flock roving among the glades—all these things stir one like charms to evoke the elementary spirits which sleep in the depth of the cultivated man.

The exquisite freshness of the evening renders more penetrating the fragrance of the recently cut after-math. The perfumed dampness of the woods at twilight, the murmurs of the water in the crevices of the gorges, the grapes, black and appetizing, the wild mulberries creeping even to the roadside—all these rush to my head and intoxicate me. I am tempted to spring from the carriage to grasp one of the trees at the edge in a fraternal embrace or to clamber to the leafy summits of an oak to throw on high my cry of liberty to the forest.... When the carriage and its steaming horse stopped before the inn of Auberire I was once more, from head to foot, a rustic.

Varsity Verse.

THE FUTURE.

THE days and years pass by and still we strive
 To learn of what the future has in store.
 At times it seems to us if while alive
 Our life could be as it had been before
 We reached the age of reason and of care
 That then our happiness would be complete.
 At times a deed is done we might forbear
 Had we foreseen the future of our leap.
 To-day if we could see and feel and know
 The outcome of our acts which we have done,
 Or are about to do, our acts would show
 More thought, and we could guide our lives and run
 The gauntlet of the years in such a way
 That sorrow would not be on judgment day.

ALBERT F. GUSHURST, '09.

A DEBATE.

QUESTION—Resolved: that Federal Incorporation is
 the best remedy for the existing evils, provided no
 better remedy can be found. No Rebuttals.

1ST AFFIRMATIVE:

Noble judges, the big corporation
 Has become a great plague to our nation.
 The State laws to-day
 Have gone into decay,
 And there's no hope for good legislation.

1ST NEGATIVE:

The plan up for ratification
 Tends too much toward centralization;
 The Franchise, we say,
 You should choose right away,—
 It's the only real cure in creation.

2D AFFIRMATIVE:

Your license is half-legislation,
 It's a blot on true civilization.
 It brings cost and delay,
 And breeds strife and dismay,
 'Twixt the state courts and those of the nation.

2D NEGATIVE:

Your plan is a vain fabrication;
 It's not workable in operation.
 Under Federal sway,
 There is no one to say
 What evils would come to the nation.

3D AFFIRMATIVE:

We have proven that incorporation
 Will promote and cause pacification.
 Take our plan while you may;
 With its heavenly sway,
 It can cure any crime in creation.

3D NEGATIVE:

We have shown you by our advocacy
 That your plan merits no approbation;
 We've won, by the way,
 And now, if we may,
 We'll ask for your congratulation.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

THE SUNSET.

The king of day, departing in the west,
 Lights up the heavens to their zenith high
 As far and wide along the glowing sky
 Dame Nature paints and spreads her colors best:
 But when the sky in brightest hues is dressed
 We know the day is doomed to fade and die:
 And then the bat and owl come out to fly,
 And night, dark night, has driven all to rest.

So man, when gone beyond the tidal roll,
 While yet his deeds are fresh, his acts are praised,
 His fame shines out more bright than when alive,
 For beauties seem reflected by the soul,
 Which from its bond of earthly clay is raised,
 But soon they fade and never more revive.

C. J. MARSHALL, '11.

THE SUFFRAGETTE.

Of all the types of womankind
 That I have ever met,
 By far the queerest, to my mind,
 Is the kind called Suffragette.

Oh, how she hates the horrid men
 Who keep her in her place
 And make a big joke of her when
 She tries to help the race.

'Twas just the same some years ago
 When dear old Carrie Nation
 Essayed to stop the foaming flow
 Of hell-fire and damnation.

The Suffragette goes tearing round
 A-shouting woman's glory,
 Disturbing people with the sound
 Of her vain oratory,

Until they've landed her in jail
 For thirty days or so.
 O poor, misused, oppressed female,
 Wake up, you need a beau,—

Some loved one who will call you pet,
 And keep you home at night;
 And then, my charming Suffragette,
 I think you'll be all right.

DENIS MORRISON, JR., '10.

THE DUDE.

The dude is a dandy;
 For dress 'h's the candy;
 With foppish demeanor
 He's always on hand.

The styles are his hobby,
 He likes to look nobby,
 Red ties strike his fancy,
 His shoes must be tanned.

JOHN A. DEVERS, '11.

The Louisiana Purchase.

CHARLES C. MILTNER, '11.

Travellers going west from Chicago on any of the numerous tourist trains bound for the sunny climes of the Pacific slope, or the more romantic mountain country, perhaps after crossing the dark, turbulent waters of the Mississippi, consider the great stretch of prairie country lying between it and the foothills of the Rockies as dull and uninteresting. They grow weary of the never-varying landscape of the broad, undulating, treeless plains bounded on every side by the blue horizon and seemingly as trackless as the vast expanse of the great Atlantic, and they long for a glimpse of the snow-capped crest, the dashing torrents, the virgin forests and the gigantic walls of the distant mountains. In their eagerness to reach these they take little note of the marvelous country through which they are passing. They pass, and all that remains to them is a vague conception of a great distance traversed without having seen anything of exceptional beauty or remark. But however vague their idea of it may be, it can not compare with the ignorance of its extent, or worth, to those through whom it became a part of the United States.

Prior to the year 1800 but little was known of all that vast territory west of the Mississippi to the Rockies, and still less from the Rockies to the coast. It had first been claimed by France by right of the discovery of the Mississippi and its tributaries, which entitled them to all the territory drained by them. When France, however, had become involved in a war with England and lost her control over her American possessions, rather than let them fall into English hands, she ceded them to Spain in 1762, by whom they were held until the year 1800, when she was forced by Napoleon to recede them to France. This fact became known only when news arrived that Napoleon was sending out troops to take possession of the country. Naturally this caused great excitement among the settlers in those regions, and was the occasion of President Jefferson's negotiating for its purchase. To Napoleon, who was then

hard-pressed for money to carry on his war with England, the offer of \$11,250,000 in United States bonds, and the subsequent payment of \$3,750,000 of private American claims against the French government, was gladly accepted in exchange for what was known as the Louisiana Territory.

As to the action of President Jefferson, who, although knowing it to be unconstitutional, yet made the purchase, it is not the purpose of this paper to discuss. We shall confine ourselves to a consideration of the relative importance and real worth of that territory as a part of the United States.

Its actual boundaries include what are now known as the states of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, the Dakotas, Montana, Oklahoma, and most of Minnesota, Colorado and Wyoming, embracing an area of 864,944 square miles, or about one-third the entire area of the United States, reaching from Canada to the Gulf and from the Mississippi to the Rockies. Geographically it is the heart of the nation. No other section is so advantageously situated for self-defense, or better able to support a more desolate region. Protected on the west by the high walls and narrow passes of the mountain ranges and on the east by the broad, turbulent waters of the Mississippi, and possessing within its borders in great abundance all the necessities of life, it might well defy any invasion. Numerous and navigable rivers form a complete network of waterways intimately binding north with south, and east with west. It possesses nearly every variety of healthful and invigorating climate and the most fertile soil in the world, with a capacity for producing enough foodstuffs to supply all the peoples of the earth. Up to the year 1803, unbounded tracts of this land had not been stirred by the plough of man, but merely served as pasture grounds for countless herds of buffaloes and wild horses. Its rivers had not been explored; its mines had not been discovered, and its forests had not been touched. Its population did not exceed 100,000 black and white, and these were mostly in the South.

One hundred years have passed away, and to-day it stands unsurpassed by any other equal area in America or, indeed, in many,

respects, in the whole world. Here is the granary of the nation, that gigantic storehouse which not only supplies the tables of our cities with the necessities of life, but annually exports immense quantities to almost every foreign country. In a single year it produced over 152,000,000 bushels of wheat, or one half of the entire output in the United States. The quantity of the other cereals exceed even these figures and are steadily on the increase. It produces 36 per cent of the cotton and more than one-half of the silver. In 1900 the value of its cereals, hay and cotton, amounted to \$755,000,000, or fifty times what was paid for the entire territory. Here are found the centers for the copper, wheat, oats, cattle, sheep, hogs, wool, cotton, and silver of the country; here lie the sources of America's industrial development, the treasury of her wealth and the secret of her success. Here lie the farms of the nation, the foundation without which our great cities together with their manifold industries could not exist. Other sections produce minerals and lumber or raw materials for clothing; while it produces all these and more, it produces what all men must have, namely, food. Here lies the strength of the nation, that strength which prompted Napoleon to say upon the completion of the purchase: "This accession of territory strengthens the power of the United States forever, and I have just given to England a maritime rival that will sooner or later humble her pride." That no prediction was ever truer has been amply proved. It was precisely this strength, derived from its marvelous resources, that gave us our victory over England in the maritime world, and it is these same exhaustless resources which have made, or soon will make, us her superior in the industrial and commercial world. It has not only developed along agricultural lines but also in its mineral, educational and political life as well. To-day its population is about one-fifth that of the United States. Its area nearly equal to the countries of France, Germany, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium and the Netherlands combined. One per cent of the value of its annual agricultural products equals the original purchase price of the entire territory. It is astounding to think of its future possibilities.

A Dream of Bygone Days.

JAMES F. McELHONE, '11.

OF my thoughts turn back to chil hood,
To the days of long ago,
When together through the wildwood
We would wander to and fro.

Through the forest to the mountain,
To the meadow—green all year—
To the nook where rose the fountain
And the crowds went camping near.

Down the valley with its splendor,
Through the woods we used to roam,
To the fond scenes always tender,
To the cottage we called home.

Thus I dream and oft do wander
In fair fancy's realm of joy;
Thus I dream and ever ponder
On the days when but a boy.

History.

OSCAR R. HENTGES, '09.

One of the great and noble occupations a man can be engaged in is the study of human life. To search out the spirit which has rendered itself visible in the various phases of life is no mean task. To really trace the path of this spirit and estimate what it has done and how it is concerned in the affairs of men, is indeed a rare enjoyment of life, because this ever-present spirit appears nowhere so sublime as in the achievements of human freedom. The great characters of past life, the primeval and powerful forces, whether religious or national, foreign or domestic, the tremendous influences of one nation over the other, the sturdy and crude growth of the arts, science and education, the starts of wonderful inventions, are all classed among the useful topics of lasting interest furnished by history.

History brings a man face to face with the great men of all times. It is natural for man to inquire into the motives which actuated the characters he meets with in history. Man's actions and the part enacted by divine Providence in human affairs is related nowhere but in history. The present is nothing more than a fleeting shadow,

the future questionable and uncertain; thus there is nothing left for man's contemplation but the treasured past. A feigned dislike for history unmasks a mind of small and slender calibre and one which is sadly hostile to the rays of ordinary culture.

History may perhaps be called the "mirror of life." Candidly speaking, ignorance of history means ignorance of celebrated deeds, ignorance of the great political policies of nations; furthermore, ignorance of history means aversion toward progress along lines educational, religious and economic; antipathy for great and mighty forces which wielded their influences upon various characters of different peoples; in fine, ignorance of history means repugnance for inestimable treasures lavishly conferred by civilization.

The true spirit of education certainly does not signify disdain for remarkable deeds brought about by human beings. The strifes and victories, hardships and conquests, the fight for right, the struggle against wrong, the thirst for justice, the hatred of iniquity, all these are so many empty sounds upon the ears of him who is ignorant of history. The man who is not fascinated by the heroic deeds and achievements done in bygone ages by beings who breathed the same air and gazed rapturously at the same distant, dusky sky studded with myriads of silvery-hued stars is, verily, heaping disgrace on his title.

Eliminate history from education, and what remains? The daily newspaper, the weekly and monthly magazines, all belong to the realm of history. Deprive man of history and you cut off from him a vast fund of knowledge which is of prime importance to him. Often his progress in life, no matter where he be, is rather checked and less useful to mankind, simply because of his ignorance of history.

The knowledge of a man's life may be well in itself, but the results of his actions and his motives are of infinitely greater importance. Great characters are singled out in history for the purpose of finding the causes which led up to their great deeds. In the case of Edward III., King of England, he would appear at first sight an exemplary monarch. During the reign of Edward, England was raised to a height of glory such as it had never known before. But

the defeat and suffering which followed in the wake of that glory placed England in a most abject state. Reverses and tribulation removed the veil and exposed the selfish temper of the king. A slave to profligacy, a tool of vile ministers, a sore in the eyes of the people. The charm of a licentious court, love of splendid tournaments, exquisite feasts, lost their splendor for a king who deceived his parliament and had the reputation of being a bankrupt.

The beginner of life wishes to be well-armed for the fray. If he intends to become a man of action, fearless and upright, he can find no better school than history. The life of the man of to-day is not essentially different from the life of the man of yesterday. He who goes forth guided by the bright lamps of treasured history is doubly armed. A deep knowledge of the past insures a man against inevitable obstacles which are clustered about a misty future; moreover, it prepares him to meet them bravely and teaches him to grapple successfully with them.

Even if history did no more than reveal man's early life and his accomplishments, it would pay. History has marked the steps of every kind of progress. It has shown the reasons for the rise and decline of empires, their methods of government. History has pointed out to posterity who were the efficient civilizers, who were sagacious conquerors, worthy statesmen and truest monarchs, who were the real benefactors of humanity.

The Harbinger of Spring.

PETER E. HEBERT, '10.

HAVE you listened in the morning
To the robin giving warning
That the pulse of life is leaping
In the universe in spring?
Has your heart been ever captured
By his music when, enraptured
Of life's joys, he sang his gladness
With the freedom of a king?
In a vale of verdant beauty,
There he finds his foremost duty
Is to harmonize his praises
With the music of the stream;
And to him 'tis but a pleasure,
For the whole day's at his leisure
Just to tell of spring whose phases
Furnish new life for his theme.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, March 28, 1908

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—There will be no issue of the SCHOLASTIC next Saturday. A special number, double size, will be published two weeks hence.

—It is a satisfaction to feel that the distinguished gentleman who has been selected to receive the Lætare Medal this year has already earned the admiration of the country in general and of the Catholic public in particular. Twelve years of supremely successful service at the head of one of the great departments of our government, not to speak of his brilliant career as consul in important cities of the old world, has entitled Dr. James C. Monaghan to the gratitude of all good Americans. During recent years his superb talents have been devoted almost exclusively to the work of teaching, writing and lecturing. His wise counsel, deeply colored with the spirituality of his refined and religious nature, has made him a prophet unto many. His eloquent speech and his charming personal character increase his power for good. The University does well to honor a man who looms so large before the country on account of

distinguished services, but it is no less fitting that as an educator of youth she uphold before the eyes of the young men of America an exemplar of all that is most admirable in the character of the Catholic layman. In our next issue we hope to present a sketch of Doctor Monaghan, whom our *Alma Mater* has distinguished by bestowing upon him the Lætare Medal, the highest honor within her gift.

—We announce with great pleasure that Doctor Charles P. Neill, United States Commissioner of Labor, will deliver the Commencement address this year. Dr. Neill is one of our own boys, and was for many years a successful and favorite professor in the University. He has been a prominent figure in the administration of President Roosevelt who appointed him secretary to the Commission that examined into the conditions in the coal fields of Pennsylvania a few years ago. He was also, by appointment of President Roosevelt, the commissioner who prepared the famous report on the stock yards in Chicago. For several years he has been United States Commissioner of Labor, and has rendered signal service in the arbitration of disputes between capital and labor.

To this ripe experience Dr. Neill adds very unusual talent. He has a gift of strong and picturesque speech, and he never sins on the side of dulness. The address of Dr. Neill next Commencement is sure to be a memorable utterance.

The Baccalaureate sermon will be delivered by the Rev. Gilbert P. Jennings, pastor of St. Agnes' Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Father Jennings is one of the finest types of the American priest. He was for many years associate editor of the *Catholic Universe*.

—In many cities throughout the country action has been taken to eradicate some of the abuses, if not the institution itself, of fraternities and secret societies, conducted by youths of high-school attendance. The effects which these societies have upon the young

has caused their influence to be checked, and in many instances the boards of education and municipal authorities have had resort to law to prevent their growth. Several states have had to legislate them out of existence. It is the belief that such organizations conducted by young folks are harmful to the intellectual and moral phases of education and that they are detrimental to the enforcement of school discipline and school standards. Recently Washington and Minnesota states have taken drastic action against them; the same thing has happened in Chicago, where the board of education has prohibited their existence in the public schools.

—Some time ago there appeared in the *Berlin Ulk* a cartoon depicting the principal cause of the decline of the German Empire.

To say that it speaks volumes is no exaggeration. It is entitled: **An Expressive Cartoon.**

"Why Germany is on the Down Grade." In this cartoon the figure which immediately arrests the attention of the reader is on the extreme left. It is that of the mighty, untiring and fearless Bismarck, who, with arms outstretched, is holding high above his head a plank, indicative of the foundations of the empire. In front of Bismarck is seen the figure of Caprivi. Unlike his predecessor, his body is bent, his head has fallen forward on his chest. It is perfectly clear from the drawing that Caprivi's best is so inferior to Bismarck's that a vast gap exists between the two. In the cartoon this gap is represented by the bending of the plank which instead of being level, as it is over Bismarck's head, has assumed the shape of a toboggan slide. Still lower is the weak Hohenlohe. His face is filled with mingled surprise at and fear of the burden which has bent his body almost double. Last in the line is the figure of the present Minister, Count von Beulow, prostrate on his face and knees, utterly crushed by the weight of his responsibilities. Directly over Beulow, and sliding on the plank, is a horror-stricken and helpless woman representing the German Empire. She seems to shrink from what she sees in front of her, and she is vainly striving to stop her rapid flight.

Truly this is history in a nutshell. It illustrates a fact that has been proven many times, namely, that a nation will inevitably follow its leaders; with a great and strong leader to conduct its affairs a nation will prosper. With an incapable man in charge of its affairs a nation can do nought but decline.

It is this unfortunate succession of ordinary or even absolutely incapable men who have been unable to maintain the high standard set by their extraordinary predecessor that is responsible for Germany's decline.

Nor is this an exceptional case. History furnishes many instances to illustrate the same fact. In ancient Persia those who followed the great Darius could not cope with the vast responsibilities which he left to them, and as a result Persia rapidly fell back into oblivion. Greece declined after Alexander died, not because "there were no more worlds to conquer," but because his successors were unable to conquer them, or even maintain what he had bequeathed to them. Likewise Rome fell to decay after Augustus was taken away, not because it had reached the highest pinnacle of prosperity attainable, but because the men who succeeded him found his place too large for their limited abilities to fill.

—The recent failure of many of the leading banks of this country, which was caused in some cases by the recent panic, and in others through the **Bryan's Guarantee Fund for Banks.** dishonesty of bank officials, has given rise to many plans for the protection of the depositors. The new state of Oklahoma has adopted the guarantee system of banking in its constitution. This plan provides that each bank shall be taxed a certain per cent of its deposits, and the money thus collected shall be applied to pay the depositors of an institution which has failed and which is unable to meet all its obligations.

This system finds a strong advocate in William Jennings Bryan, who firmly believes that this is the method best suited to the needs of the time. The great "Commoner" says: "Nearly every bank failure is due to the appropriation of the money

by the directors or officers. In discussing this question in New York recently I put the question to ex-secretary Gage and to Mr. Baker, the president of the National Bank of New York, and they admitted in the presence of a company of some eight hundred that almost all bank failures are traceable to misconduct of directors." He believes that the guarantee fund provides an absolute security for depositors, by providing a fund by which the depositors of a defunct bank are enabled to get back their money.

The country seems to be suffering a great deal from a lack of confidence, and nowhere was this more true than in the banking business, where the people became distrustful and in many cases withdrew their deposits. This device of a special guarantee fund is especially recommended as a means of increasing confidence in the banks and increasing the deposits. "It all depends upon the point of view," says Bryan in speaking of the Guarantee System. "If legislation is to have for its object the welfare of the whole people, then the guaranteed bank ought to come to stay. If, however, legislation is to have for its object the securing of privileges to a few of the community at the expense of the rest of the community the present system will do."

—During the past few years every meeting of teachers of the classics has brought forth at least one pamphlet on the value of the classical course. These

Proving the Value of the Classics. champions of a nearly lost cause adduce reasons, more or less plausible, why Greek and Latin should not be dropped from the curriculum. The Germans are particularly prolific in this kind of argument. Dr. Karl Gneisse, of the Lyceum of Strassburg, in 1898 published a pamphlet in which he figured out mathematically the exact amount of intellectual development to be derived from algebra, geometry, Calculus and the classics, respectively, with a balance greatly in favor of the latter.

Now, without questioning the accuracy of the learned professor's figures, it is lawful to ask, *Cui bono?* What is the use of all this proof? In the first place, no one but a fair-minded and superlatively patient

scholar has the patience to read one of these tracts through. The number of advocates of mathematical training who have been convinced is a negligible quantity. In the second place, after one has read a few of the reasons given he is rarely convinced, even if he be a classical enthusiast.

The graduates of the classical course are themselves the best proof of its efficiency. If it appears to any one that men are refined, cultured, made thoughtful and apprehensive of the beautiful, the true and the good, in a word, educated, then the classics have fulfilled all that is expected of them.

—Truth is the mainstay of virtue. The search after truth is the end of all education. It is mankind's desire and love for truth that has inspired men to noble achievement; to delve patiently and untiringly into the realms of the unknown that has given us our knowledge of the great forces which control our existence and regulate our lives. Devotion to a true cause has given soul to the eloquence of Demosthenes, the unselfishness of Washington, the stern patriotism of Lincoln. Before us are models of truth and fidelity; of men whose belief in a great principle has inspired them to lives of heroic constancy: such men as Galileo, Columbus or Savonarola. What great incentive should there not be, then, for us to mold our lives by the principles of truth and fidelity to ourselves and to others. In our republic, true men are few and far between; yet never was the need greater. It is beautiful, no doubt, to have faith in others; but faith in others is born of faith in ourselves, and this we can not have unless we are striving in an honest cause, unless our conduct is shaped by ideals of truth. For truth, summed up, is the essence by which the other virtues hang together; it is the thread which connects faith to love, love to unselfishness and devotion. "Be good and you will be beautiful," some one said, but the essence of beauty is truth, by which beauty is ennobled and made Godlike. Be true to yourself, true to the ideals which are embodied in your ambition, and though you may not set a river afire you will be happy in the consciousness of having lived truly and nobly.

Athletic Notes.

The Varsity tryout which Coach Maris held last Saturday proved to be quite an exciting affair. The squad was divided into two teams, the "Blues," under the leadership of Captain Keach, and the "Reds" under "Long John" Scales. The "Reds" got away with the meet, scoring $51\frac{1}{2}$ points to the "Blues'" $41\frac{1}{2}$. For the first half of the contest there wasn't much to it but the "Blues." Captain Keach started the scoring for his team by taking the 40-yard dash without any trouble, and Devine followed his example by defeating Dana in the mile run. Dana owes his defeat to poor work, as he ran a slow race and permitted the speedy Devine to keep close to him; when the final sprint came Devine had too much speed for Dana. But Dana evened things by taking Devine's race, the half mile, away from him. Each man won the wrong event according to dope.

The quarter-mile brought together O'Leary and Cripe, but unfortunately both men fouled, the places going to Schmitt and McDonald. Cripe won with O'Leary second, but the judges disqualified both men. Cripe got in wrong by fouling O'Leary at the start, cutting in front of him when not more than three feet in the lead, and O'Leary continued the bad start by bumping Cripe at every turn. Scales was the classy performer of the meet, winning every event he was in and annexing 20 points for his team. Moriarty was the "Blues'" highest point winner, scoring one first and three seconds, a total of 14 points.

The relay race, as usual, was the most exciting event of the meet, and Cripe and O'Leary came together again, each man running the last two laps for his team. Cripe had a little the best of it on the start, but O'Leary caught him and passed him on the second lap; but when the men turned into the stretch they were running neck and neck. The decision was a tie. The time, 2:19, was fast.

SUMMARY.

40 yds.—Won by Keach, Allen 2d, Daniels, 3d. Time, :04 4-5.

Mile run—Won by Devine, Dana 2d, Roach 3d. Time, 5:15 4-5.

40 yard high hurdles—Won by Scales,

Moriarty 2d, Roth 3d. Time, :05 3-5.

Pole vault—Won by Moriarty, McNally 2d. Height, 9 feet 6 inches.

440-yd. dash—Won by Schmitt, McDonald 2d. Time, :56 4-5.

16lb shot put—Won by Wood, Daniels 2d, Lenhardt 3d. Distance, 37 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches.

40-yard low hurdle—Won by Scales, Moriarty 2d, Roth 3d. Time, :05 1-5.

880-yard run—Won by Dana, Devine 2d, Parish 3d. Time, 2:10.

High jump—Won by Scales, Moriarty 2d, McNally 3d. Height, 5 feet 4 inches.

Broad jump—Won by Scales, Roth 2d, McNally 3d. Distance, 19 feet 4 inches.

Relay race $\frac{2}{3}$ mile—Tie—Murphy, McDonald; Allen, Moriarty; Keach, Daniels; Cripe, O'Leary. Time, 2:19. Starter, Maris.

* *

Wabash and Notre Dame met this afternoon to decide the indoor championship of the State. Notre Dame has defeated Indiana and Indiana in turn won from Purdue. Wabash won the honor last season and has not been defeated this year; hence both teams went into the meet with a clean slate, and the winner of to-day's meet will have an undisputed title to indoor honors.

Wabash entered the meet in good shape, fresh from a victory in Indianapolis last week, and although the Varsity will be without McDonough and Miller, both possible point winners in the high jump, they entered the contest in the best condition so far this season.

The 40-yard dash, between Capt. Keach and Blair of Wabash; the quarter with O'Leary and Cripe running for Notre Dame and Blair for Wabash; the half-mile and the mile, are bound to be close races occasioned by the fact that the men who represent both teams will be well matched. Should the meet go to the relay, one of the greatest races ever seen in the Gym should result.

* *

Owing to the fact that the faculty of Western Reserve has forbidden that college baseball team from playing games other than on Saturday, the first game on Notre Dame's Eastern trip has been cancelled. Manager McGannon has completed arrangements whereby the team will start the trip by way of Ann Arbor, and Michigan will be taken in for the first game.

Important Notice.

According to the rule as announced in the Catalogue *There is no vacation at Easter*. Classes continue without interruption until 6:30 p. m. Saturday, April 18. Parents and guardians will please regard this as official.

Interhall Debates.

Last Monday evening the first of the interhall debates took place, the contest being between the preparatory teams representing Brownson and Holy Cross. By unanimous decision of the judges the latter team was declared victor. The question discussed was announced in the following terms: "Resolved, that the members of the United States Senate be elected by direct vote of the people." The winning team defended the proposition and won, because the individuals composing the team worked in harmony and gave evidence that they had a good understanding of the question. Their opponents did not do themselves justice, and failed because of a lack of preparation. The speakers for the affirmative, representing Holy Cross, were Messrs. A. Heiser, J. Foley and W. Minnick; the Brownson team was composed of Messrs. H. Burdick, G. McCarthy, and F. Madden.

On Tuesday evening the same question was discussed by teams from St. Joseph Hall and Corby Hall, the latter defending the affirmative, while the former presented arguments for the negative. In this case the decision was unanimously in favor of the representatives of St. Joseph Hall, the chief difficulty of the losers being that they showed a lack of preparation. St. Joseph Hall has a good team and has brought to the front three speakers who will be heard from in the Varsity debates in due time. The work of both teams made it quite evident that contests of the kind afford the best sort of training for the ambitious young man. Corby Hall was represented by Messrs. G. McKinnie, J. Dean, and L. Mullen; St. Joseph Hall was represented by Messrs. W. Zink, A. Hilket, and J. Freuchtl. Holy Cross and St. Joseph meet to-night.

Personals.

—Durant Church, '05, is associated with Edgar M. Kitchin in the practice of law in Washington, D. C.

—Charles Kane, who attended the University from '03 to '05, is now telegraph news editor for the South Bend *Daily News*.

—Arthur J. Beriault, who was a student at the University three years ago, is connected with the Metropolitan School of Music in Indianapolis, as an impersonator and dramatic reader.

—Leo F. Craig, student from '02 to '06, is connected with the Casparis Stone and Cement Co. at Crystal City, Mo. Al Lyons is superintendent. Leo writes that "the SCHOLASTIC seems like a letter from home."

—William Draper, well known to all Notre Dame athletes who have competed for the Gold and Blue in recent years, visited the University a short time ago. He is now employed as claim agent for the City Traction Company of Chicago.

—Michael Diskin, '07, visited his *Alma Mater* a few days ago. He is temporarily located in Chicago, but intends to go west to Nevada to continue the practice of law. He was recently engaged in the reorganization of a coal company at Chicora, Pa.

—Robert Lynch, '03, has been engaged as athletic coach at Clemson College, S. C., where he succeeds F. J. Shaughnessy, '06. Both young men were prominent members of our athletic teams during their time at Notre Dame and have lived up to their reputation ever since.

—Charles Girsch, who was a student at the University from '89 to '98, visited the University last Sunday and met his old-time acquaintances. Charlie is temporarily engaged in some expert account work in South Bend and is regularly in the employ of a Chicago firm that specializes in contracts of this kind.

—Ed McDonald, brother of Angus, who figured so prominently in athletics at the University about eight years ago, is connected with the Huston Cotton Seed Oil Co. in the capacity of manager of one of the departments. Ed specialized in Chemistry

when he was here a few years ago. He is well remembered and kindly thought of by a host of friends.

—Roscoe P. Hurst (LL. B. '06) gives us a pleasant bit of information in a letter just received: "We are making preparations now to organize a Notre Dame Club here in Portland, and prospects look very bright. So far as I can learn we will have a charter membership of about twenty-five, and I believe we can be of great benefit to the University." Good for Roscoe.

—Hal Jewett, class of '90, who will be remembered as the champion sprinter of the world for many years, will be with us for the organization of the alumni, June 17. He writes: "You may rest assured that I will use every effort to be there at that, and I expect my brother Ned will also. These are pretty strenuous times and keep us all busy, but no doubt by that time we will be on Easy Street again."

—Mr. William J. Onahan, Lætare Medalist, 1890, visited the University during the week. Mr. Onahan is a friend of fifty years' standing and has never lost an opportunity of rendering the University a service. He counts many warm personal friends among the faculty; and as for the students they feel a proper pride in the knowledge that "the premier Catholic layman of America" is their devoted and enthusiastic friend.

—H. W. Zolper (C. E. '04) writes: "I am very sorry to say that I can not be present at the organization of the alumni association next June. My work as resident engineer on the construction of the C. M. & St. P. Railway will not permit me to leave it for a longer period than a week." It is to be hoped that conditions will so frame themselves that Harry will be able to take part in the organization of the alumni. Lind, Washington, is a long ways off, but Harry can do most anything.

—Francisco Gaston (C. E. '02) is government engineer inspector in charge of fifteen kilometers of macadam roads in Prince del Rio province, with headquarters at La Esperanza. Francisco has made rapid headway, but his characteristic generosity makes him more eager to give good news of others than of himself. He writes: "The chief engineer of this province is Mr. Isicho Soler, an old student of Notre Dame." He also informs us that both the Rayneri boys are connected with the department of public works in Cuba, and that Raphael Gali, '02, died at his home in Sancti Spiritus about a year ago. Raphael's untimely death will be lamented by the men of his time especially.

Obituary.

The death is announced of Mrs. Mary E. Murphy, who passed away recently full of years and merits. This venerable woman was well known and highly respected at Notre Dame, whither she sent her sons for their education. W. J. Murphy is now the editor and publisher of the *Minneapolis Tribune*. Fred and Joseph are heads of departments in the *Tribune* office. To them and the other members of the bereaved family the SCHOLASTIC extends the heartfelt sympathy of the University.

Local Items.

—Read "Important Notice" on page 430 of this number of the SCHOLASTIC—There is no vacation at Easter. Classes continue uninterrupted during Holy Week.

—F. McNally has been elected captain of the St. Joseph nine.

—President Cavanaugh lectured before the Newman society of the University of Iowa at Iowa City last Wednesday evening.

—A new street scene is to be painted by Professor Ackermann for the play which is to be given in Washington Hall Easter Monday.

—The annual Easter number of the SCHOLASTIC will appear early in Holy Week this year. The regular weekly issue will not appear next Saturday.

—The preparatory debating teams will settle the inter-hall championship to-night when Holy Cross and St. Joseph compete in Washington Hall in the final contest of the series.

—Mr. William J. Onahan of Chicago charmed the students of St. Edward's by an impromptu lecture Thursday morning. The address was rich in memories, and made a lasting impression.

—A new track has been built for the straightaway and quarter-mile oval in Cartier Field. Only athletes with running shoes are allowed on the cinders. This rule must be observed if the track is to be kept in good condition.

—Owing to the heavy snow-falls during the latter part of the season, the ice-men harvested an unusually slender crop of ice this year. The lake is generally clear for a few weeks, at least, each season, but this year proved an exception.

—The tennis enthusiasts of St. Joe last week organized "The St. Joe Racket Club," the officers elected being R. Skelley and

Ronald Cain. It is the intention of the club to erect a court at once on the hall campus.

—W. H. Rice is to lead the Brownson Hall nine in the interhall series which is to be played after the season opens. Brownson was winner at football, basket-ball and track. A baseball banner is to be added to the list of interhall trophies.

—For sale:—One Cottrell & Babcock Printing Press. Size 32×52, Drum-Cylinder, Grip Delivery, Air Springs, Rack and Cam Distribution. Price \$400. The machine is in good condition and may be seen in our Press rooms where it is now in use.

—Tuesday afternoon the second team of the Carroll S. P. K. club played the Minims a game of baseball and was defeated by the score of 11 to 5. J. Schwalbe, R. Kinsley and G. Prendergast for Carroll, and J. Cagney and C. Bensburg for the Minims, did the best work.

—The South Bend Council, Knights of Columbus No. 553, have passed resolutions of condolence on the death of Father Sammon. The resolutions are eloquent, sympathetic and appreciative, and show in what high regard the lamented priest was held by those who knew him.

—At the last regular meeting of the Philopatrian society it was decided that the annual banquet will be served at the Oliver Hotel on May 7, the day to be designated as Philopatrians' Day. The annual picnic will take place May 21, and the annual excursion to St. Joseph, Michigan, is scheduled for June 11.

—The Latinos, a baseball club composed of Latin-American fellows, met and defeated a picked team from the Mules and the Giants. Arthur Simon, star pitcher of the Latinos, played a very good game, striking out nine of his opponents. Concha played backstop for the Latinos, and the opposing battery was composed of Brentgardner and Becker, pitchers; J. W. Daly was behind the bat. The final score was 5 to 3 in favor of the Latinos.

—On account of the reading of the bulletins in Brownson last week the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its meeting on Friday, March 20. The subject for debate was: Resolved, that a two-cent fare is not a real benefit to the people. The affirmative was upheld by Messrs. Bentley, Devine and Kenefick and the negative by Messrs. Lynch, W. H. Rice and McCarthy. The judges were Messrs. Sands, Moloney and Dwyer, and the decision was in favor of the negative. The remainder of the program consisted of recitations by F. Wolford, J. Goddeyne, M. Clinton and J. Devitt.

—Through an oversight the names of three of the Philopatrians who took part in

the play on St. Patrick's Day were omitted. W. R. Tipton, who took the part of Hamnet's father, was one of these, and though the part was not among the most prominent the work of the youthful actor was worthy of recognition and praise. Attention should have been called also to the part played by H. A. Duffy who enlivened the second act with some very acceptable vocal work, singing a solo for the entertainment of his gypsy companions. E. A. Moynihan, who took the part of Edwardo, was also neglected in the report of the play. It is sufficient to say that he acquitted himself of his duty in a very acceptable manner.

—At the regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society held Thursday evening the debate was: "Resolved, that a policy to check the influx of aliens into the United States is unwise." The affirmative speakers were Messrs. J. O'Flynn, T. Havican and M. Clark; while the supporters of the negative were Messrs. L. Fish, L. Cleary and D. Kelly. Messrs. E. Lynch, R. Keefe and W. Duncan acted as Judges. The debate was made unusually interesting and a unanimous decision was rendered in favor of the negative. Mr. B. Doyle gave a short recitation; Mr. Moore, *Regulus to the Carthaginians*; Mr. James Moloney, *The Blue and the Gray*; Mr. Phillips, the *Battle Hymn of the Republic*. The best number on the program, in point of delivery and preparation, was the declamation by Mr. W. Moore.

—On Sunday evening last the members of the Total Abstinence Society met in the Philopatrian room to hear an address by Father Cavanaugh. The attendance was large, and this with the presence of a number of non-members gives ground for encouraging hope in the successful future of the society. After alluding to the Prohibition Propaganda in the South as an evidence of the serious menace of the drink evil, the Reverend President discussed total abstinence from the view point of a moral insurance policy which produces results to the individual holder and his family and the community just as effective in the spiritual order as those which every thoughtful man eagerly seeks in the physical order when he takes out an accident policy or insures his home against fire. Father Cavanaugh's talk was itself a model of that saneness in argument and method which he urges upon temperance workers—enthusiastic and earnest, but not fanatic and violent. Our Reverend President has promised to talk to the society as often as we want him, and the society cordially invites the students in general to hear these talks. Following the last talk six new members were admitted into the society.