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Christian Reid, Lætare Medalist



ANOTHER famous name has been added to the long and distinguished roll of those whose merit Notre Dame has signally recognized. The Lætare Medal, annually conferred by the University upon some member of the American Catholic laity for meritorious service in literature, art, science or philanthropy was presented this year to Frances Christine Fisher Tiernan, the novelist better known by her pen name, Christian Reid. Almost forty fine, wholesome novels, besides frequent contributions to the leading magazines form the chief basis of her claim to recognition as a littérateur, while her beautiful life has ever been an inspiration to those who have had the good fortune of feeling her personal influence.

Mrs. Tiernan, who before her marriage in 1887 to James Marquis Tiernan was Frances Fisher, was born 1846 at Salisbury, North Carolina, where she still lives. Her father was Col. Frederick Fisher, a confederate officer who was killed at Bull Run. His sister, Christine Fisher, took upon herself the care of his children, of whom Frances, who was later to become the Christian Reid of wide literary repute, was the eldest.

Christian Reid's first essay in literature was "Valorie Aylmer," a novel published by D. Appleton and Co., when its author was scarcely twenty-five years of age. Success was immediate. All eyes were turned toward the Southern town whence shone the first glimmer of a new star on the Catholic literary horizon. Encouraged by

success, the talented young story-teller soon brought out a second volume, "Morton House," a story of the Reconstruction period in the South. Since then her magic pen has not rested. Indeed, the latter part of 1908 witnessed the publication by *The Ave Maria* press of a short story by her—"The Coin of Sacrifice,"—which has, in the judgment of critics, "touched the high watermark of Catholic fiction." In this work she has embodied a cogent argument against the evil of divorce, which is bound to make a strong impression on the mind of any normal reader. Through every sentence there speaks a voice throbbing with sincere purpose, instinct with pathos that at times reaches genuinely sublime heights. Almost the same may be said of all her works. There is in them a lofty moral tone, a guidance to all that is best and purest in life; there is, in short, a quality that can not but be helpful in molding strong and true characters in the young who read them.

Since 1871, when her first novel appeared, Christian Reid has been constantly at work, and never in vain; for her message has ever been one of faith and hope and right living, with the bright lamp of truth to religion and duty lighting the way to the goal. Her life has been lived in the pursuit and attainment of high ideals; her character is marked by a constant fidelity to the Christian virtues that has made her esteemed and beloved throughout America; her life-work in literature has breathed unceasingly the spirit of truth and nobility. These are the qualifications that render this year's

recipient of the Lætare Medal well worthy of the coveted distinction. An admiring friend once remarked that although some of Christian Reid's characters are among the most beautiful in literature, she never created any fanciful thing so beautiful as her own noble life. It is a tribute at once just and fitting. There is nothing that one could say which would reflect in a clearer, purer light the character of this noble woman.

The custom of conferring the Lætare Medal originated at the University of Notre Dame in 1883. At a meeting of professors, attention was called by discussion to the lack of honors for the thousands of Catholic men and women of the laity who work earnestly by upright lives and by distinguished service for the advancement of education, morality, human welfare, and religion. It was suggested that the University should single out some man or woman every year for honor and confer some tangible evidence of appreciation, and so the idea of the Medal took form. The custom is modelled on the ancient observance inaugurated by Pope Leo IX. of sending the golden rose as a mark of honor to sovereigns and other notable persons.

The Lætare Medal is restricted to lay members of the Catholic Church in America. It is a large disk of pure gold, beautifully enamelled and chased, bearing some appropriate design in relief which varies from year to year and which is suited to the profession in which the recipient has earned distinction. Around the border surrounding the design appears the motto, *Magna est veritas et praevalabit*. A handsome address painted in water color, accompanies the Medal. This address is of high artistic value and is always the work of some noted artist.

The long list of recipients forms a distinguished honor roll of the American Catholic laity. In 1883, Dr. John Gilmary Shea received the Medal. After him followed Patrick J. Keeley, architect and builder of many churches; Eliza Allen Starr, art critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, author; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator and publicist; Major

Henry F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahoe, editor and philanthropist; Augustin Daly, theatrical manager; Anna T. Sadlier, author; General William S. Rosecrans, soldier; Thomas Addis Emmet, physician; Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John A. Creighton, philanthropist; William Bourke Cockran, lawyer and statesman; John B. Murphy, surgeon; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, merchant and philanthropist; Francis Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine Eleanor Conway, author and editor; James C. Monaghan, publicist and educator.

The award of the Medal is intended by the University primarily to honor the earnest men and women of the laity who are laboring unobtrusively in all fields of thought and action, often at great personal sacrifice, for the well-being of humanity. This year's election of the Medallist will meet approbation everywhere, especially in the South, where Mrs. Tiernan is admired and beloved. Her influence, though gentle is wise, and always for good. Notre Dame has honored itself in the selection of such a splendid example of true Catholic womanhood, and living Lætare Medallists may congratulate themselves that such a worthy recipient has been added to their ranks.

D. A. M.

Haunts of Poetry.

JAMES P. KEHOE, '11.

Whether in the perfumed splendor
Of the lilies' woodland bowers,
Or midst pine trees tall and slender,
Guardians of the gentle flowers,

Whether in the ancient palace
Where the muses gently slumber,
Drink ye wine from golden chalice,
Drink ye blessings without number.

Even midst the joys and sorrows
Of the frantic money lender,
Knowing never what the morrow
To his future joy will tender,

You will find that magic potion,
Food of poets and the musas,
That will stir the heart to motion
By the joy it there infuses.

Old Age.

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

Full on the tide of a well-spent life
Through this sin-burthened vale of tears,
Walking afar from the raging strife,
All untouched by the flight of years;

Nearing the end of the journey's course,
Through the realms of a world unkind,
Free from the danger of crime's remorse,
All the dangers of life behind.

Far to the rear all the rocks and shoals,
Now the river of life runs free;
Onward its broad-bosomed volume rolls,
Toward the shore of th' Eternal sea.

Only the dark, then the light once more,
But a moment within the gloam;
Only one surge toward the other shore—
Lo! a soul has been welcomed home.

Italian Humanism.

DENIS A. MORRISON, JR., '10.



THE period of the Renaissance was productive of rich and abundant fruits in all branches of human activity. Contact with the Oriental civilization brought unlimited opportunities for broad development in every direction—in conquest, in commerce, in Christianization,—and during nearly two centuries the pulse of Europe was quickened by the stimulating influences of the post Crusadean epoch. During all this time of commercial progress, when everywhere the hand and brain of man were reaching out for wider spheres of action, there was something else stirring in the European mind. It was an intellectual life, the genesis of which is difficult to determine exactly; the rousing of men's minds to a new view of the vital things of existence. This awakening is styled the Renaissance.

It is scarcely difficult to imagine that such an impulse as gave rise to the revival of learning should have come to the world of the Fourteenth Century, or that it should have found its motive force in the Italy of Dante, of Boccaccio and Petrarch. Nor was it unusual that it should run the course it

did, upsetting, or attempting to upset, all the traditions, the petted and well-favored legends of medievalism, in its wild scramble back to the Rome and the Romans of the Augustan age. For the polished and scholarly gentlemen of the Italian Renaissance were in spirit not unlike the "Forty Niners" of our own country. Theirs, however, was a zest, not for gold but for learning, and they carried forever beside them a dare-devil recklessness and fearlessness bequeathed from the free strain of the roving, fighting, conquering ancestors who begot them. Just as the Milanese, Genoese and Venetian sailor-merchants were careless of life and limb in their relentless pursuit of Eastern silks and gold, so their full-blooded progeny, having got a taste of Cicero and Virgil, must indulge themselves to surfeit because the spirit of veneration for the ancient literary models had become too strong to be controlled.

Among the humanists we find the spirit of the revival expressed at its best and at its worst. Their purposes developed with no less wonderful leaps and bounds than characterized the growth of the entire movement. At first having in view only the rejuvenation of ancient culture, it later became apparent that they were bent on destroying the entire fabric of educational theory then in existence. This purpose held in it large possibilities both of good and of evil. Eventually, it meant the establishment of a rational despotism and the rejection of simple religious faith; a society burdened with vice and corruption like that which ruled of old when the luxurious sceptic, Petronius Arbiter, conceived artistic viciousness for the entertainment of Nero's circle. Scholasticism was a system that must oppose such a condition; Christian philosophy could never exist side by side with the humanistic creed which was, in extreme cases, only a quasi-redintegrated system of stoicism and epicureanism which neither Zeno nor Epicurus would have recognized as his own. Against Scholasticism, therefore, the humanists hurled their sharpest arrows of cynicism, indifferentism and ridicule, and there was no champion like Duns Scotus, Albertus or Thomas to take up the glove for the old school. Nevertheless, when humanism encroached upon religious grounds it was bound to fight a

losing struggle. Christian philosophy to-day is still battling as firmly as ever, and its standard, the cross, is as strongly entrenched upon the ramparts of truth. Humanism as a vital force is dead, but other enemies have taken its place and the fight goes on.

The humanists scorned as trivial the principal pursuits of the schoolmen, which were logic and philosophy as found in the works of Aristotle and the Fathers. With the pagan writers their ceaseless cry was for something that would bring satisfaction to the physical being, not to the head alone; not the essentially good and true, but the essentially beautiful in an æsthetic way, be it bad or false, or both. To exemplify in themselves a theory of life which only pagan belief could justify, to reproduce in their own day the life and tastes of old Rome; in a single phrase, to transplant their own time back over twelve centuries, was the humanistic ideal, and it was in the enthusiastic pursuit of this ideal that they accomplished their best work, and their worst. Their scopelay between two extremes, and they wrought freely with both.

Monumental obstacles stood in their way. When we realize that in Petrarch's time there was not a single volume extant of Cicero, Virgil, Livy, or any other of the immortals, that was not burdened with errors, our conception of the true immensity of their task becomes commensurate. Only years of patient labor could undo the work of medieval puritanism and pierce the veil which shrouded in gloom the monuments of antiquity. It was with enthusiasm born of a spirit of patriotism that they set about restoring the ancient models. Far from contemplating the importation of an exotic literature to shape the trend of their studies, they regarded the Roman writers as men of their own race, born and nurtured under the same serene sky as looked down upon their own Italy. Indeed, it was almost of necessity that it should be so, for had it been otherwise, no national Italian heart would have acclaimed their work; no embracing national spirit would have joined hands with the noble zeal which gave depth and duration to it.

It is a notable circumstance and one continually met with in the tracing of subtle influences, that the enduring monu-

ments of humanity seem to demand the co-operation of a whole people working in spirit to a common end. This statement finds its aptest justification in architecture and the drama, where outward expression lies openest to view. Many achievements in literature, however, bear the same stamp of abounding national spirit, as witness the great epics and, occasionally, great monuments of fiction. Fifteenth-Century Italy stands, in this respect, in marked contrast to Athens in the age of Pericles. Among the Athenians criteria of judgment had to be set for generations to come; the object of the Italians was the rejuvenation of a lost culture. On the one hand, therefore, where there was the need of creative genius, we see the predominance of a few eminently gifted men who molded into being that exquisite sense of the fitness of things in art for which the Athenian people are noted. In Italy the enduring artistic creations were the result of the concentrated popular instinct. St. Mark's never rose in a day, and her beautifully rounded domes, topped off with stately towers in true Oriental style, suggest the influence of St. Sofia's mosque rather than any Christian temple. Italy's pulse swelled with the deeds of her daring seamen, and, in consequence, when the time came for artistic development to take its course, heathen models were freely used because it was from such associations that she drew her life. Nevertheless, individual effort and influence were present. Says Symonds: "The intellectual and moral milieu created by self-centred, cultivated personalities was necessary for the evolution of the spirit of intelligence which formed the motive of the Renaissance." Self-culture to selfish ends, this was the keynote of the revival. Primarily a passion for antiquity, soon humanism imbibed the spirit of the ancients, not avoiding the morally debasing in the search after the æsthetically good.

But we must not fail to observe that during all this time a twofold development was in progress. Humanism might become obnoxious and attack sacred doctrine. It might, in the very act of ridiculing pedantry, lay itself open to the same charge; and as a matter of fact it did just that. But at the same time humanistic educational principles were taking root in many European

seats of learning. This instance reveals another distinction between Athens and Italy. Although the people in both countries, taken as a whole, held lofty notions of true art, we find that in Italy there is not that centralization of an individual's talents which is so typical of the Greeks. Buonarroti compassed in his life the artistic history of the epoch in which he lived. Leonardo was himself a great painter and a noble sculptor as well, but that quality of his by which he wields a broader influence than either of his great contemporaries was his chief contribution to the age. This was the inventive turn of his mind coupled with the capacity for the discovery and application of new methods of work. In Greece the conditions were exactly reversed. Pindar is the singer, Phidias the sculptor, Parrhasius the painter, and it is to be remarked that none overstepped the boundaries of his own art.

I have said that the humanists considered the makers of Latin literature as men of their own race. "The glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" were their natural heritage. Yet in this very fact lies the solidest of evidence in proof of the artificiality of humanism. Dante in the beginning of the Fourteenth Century had perpetuated his own fame, besides imparting durable form to the Italian tongue, with his "*Divina Commedia*." Ariosto, Tasso and Boccaccio wrote for the Italian people of their day, and have survived the centuries, while Petrarch's great epic, the "*Africa*," which was an attempt to rival Virgil, is never heard of, and the very name of Bembo is a mystery to most. These men live in their influence upon succeeding ages, for it was through their unceasing efforts that the new culture spread to the world of thought that existed outside Italy. The fame of More, Erasmus and Reuchlin all owe a primary debt to men whose lives and work are known only to students of the age.

Viewing humanism in the light of the results it accomplished for the world much may be said both for and against. No one will doubt that the humanists did a great deal for the educational uplifting of man by laying the foundations and rearing a great part of the structure of sound educational methods. The rejuvenation of ancient cul-

ture spanned the broad gulf between the Fourth Century and the Fourteenth, and its continuation to our day has given us a broad perspective of ancient literature and art from which sober, critical judgments may be arrived at. The comparison of the three epochs of Pericles, Augustus and Lorenzo affords a most absorbing topic of study for one interested in tracing out the rise and development of artistic standards among nations. The untiring perseverance of the early humanists in discovering manuscripts, founding libraries, criticising, translating, and compiling, has furnished to succeeding ages the chief instruments for the pursuit of liberal culture. The wonder to us is that the work could progress under the conditions existing in Italy. Always the prey of external foes, she was, at the period when the Renaissance took its first hold, subjected to relentless factional strife between Guelfs and Ghibellines. Besides this, the seat in the Italian capital of the most potent influence that has ever gone out among men made her the desired of all Europe. Thundering foreign armies strove constantly for admission to this garden-land of Europe, and, more often than not, effected their purpose. In this statement there lies one of the strongest indictments to be brought against humanism. From the beginning it helped to denationalize Italy by strengthening in the minds of the people the notion of the city as the Greeks conceived it. Florence was no more obliged to concern itself with the fortunes of the Venetians than Athens was with those of the Spartans. The patriotism that binds a nation into a single great organism was dead. So strongly was this idea imbedded in the Italian mind that it was not till 1866 when Garibaldi led the revolution against constituted authority that a democratic spirit at last found expression.

Argument along somewhat different lines from the same causes reveals the reasons why Italy was never very deeply shaken by the momentous religious controversies of these times. At the papal court humanism often found cordial patronage. Alexander VI., Julius II., and Leo X., may be mentioned as being friendliest to the new learning, while oftentimes the papal curia numbered among its members some of the most

prominent humanists. But owing to the lack of a national unity to fuse with their strong national feeling in artistic enterprise, and perhaps from the lack of an element in their population like that which gave Luther birth—a virile, independent and liberty-loving peasantry—no such movement could ever have gained headway. Among the Italians the spirit which made such a large number of continental scholars break with Rome caused only a negative reversal, which expressed itself in the irreligion, indifference and cynicism of the people. Besides, the Italians had been long familiar with, and had observed the steady growth of those inexcusable conditions which struck upon the outsider with a shock. No more striking manifestation of the attitude which men may take toward sacred things can be found than is exhibited in the epigram of the cynical humanist, Sannazarro to the deceased Leo X. The English translation quoted by Lilly reads: "Without the Church's sacraments Pope Leo died, I'm told. What wonder? How could he enjoy what he himself had sold?" What great influence, taking its rise from strong moral conviction, could find its motive in a land where such a charge could be brought against a Roman Pontiff, not only with impunity but with truth? Yet the conditions whose existence may be ascribed in great part to the influence of humanism were responsible for the low state into which ecclesiastical as well as popular morals had sunk. From this basis alone may we argue that humanism and humanistic influence lay at the root of the religious disaffection.

By the time when the enlivening spark which Petrarch and Boccaccio ignited, had spread and become a wasting conflagration, Italian humanism was already falling into decay. Its devotees had become afflicted with the most intolerable pride because of the adulation heaped upon them by the enemies of Scholasticism. Their literary art degenerated into a servile passion for imitation; who could best reset Cicero's sublime periods was awarded the crown. Hence, beauty of thought was lost in a senseless striving after ornate expression; the least banality set forth in regal phrase met their highest commendation. This servility to style had the effect of stunting

their intellectual growth by placing the crown of merit within easy reach of ordinary ability. "A little learning is a dangerous thing," says Pope, and nowhere has the epigram apter proof. The insufficiency of humanism became such that the men of Italy no longer took rank with European scholars. It is doubtful if one could have found three men in all the length and breadth of Italy who could measure up to the standard of Erasmus, More and Reuchlin; Italy had yielded the palm.

In due time, likewise, the superficiality of humanistic erudition excited the disgust and contempt of learned men. Europe had no need of their small wisdom, and the theories perfected by their predecessors had already been adopted by the continental universities. Moreover, the most beautiful rhetoric could not conceal the vitiating sordidness to which they had descended, and which the assent of the people rendered only the more debasing. The strength of decadent humanism lay in its display, and in this strength was weakness. As a distinctive phase of intellectual life it gradually lost its hold and became merged in the general culture of the time.

Friend or Villain?

JOHN J. ECKERT, '11.

"I tell you, Manning is the thief; I am sure of it, Frank. I really do not see how you can disagree with my opinion. Nobody but Mr. Pearce, my secretary, and this bookkeeper, Manning, have access to my private office. Now I know Pearce well; he has been in my employ for the last ten years; I have watched him again and again; he is honest and trustworthy,—in fact, he is more than a friend to me. But this Manning I have known for hardly ten months. He is young, and youth does not consider, you understand."

My old friend John, known to the business world as Mr. John A. Harrison, President of the L—Insurance Company, was evidently proud of his shrewd reasoning. He observed me with a complacent smile, hardly expecting a contradiction of his views. There must have been something in

my face, however, that betrayed incredulity and silent amusement, for suddenly he addressed me again with the least trace of irony in his voice:

"You, the famous detective, do not seem to grasp the situation. Pray, what is your idea on the subject? Do you remember that warning I received a week ago—that little note? I think I gave it to you, didn't I, Frank?"

"To be sure, John. That note is in my possession. Here it is; let me read it to you again:

"MR. HARRISON:—

"Take warning! Keep your eye on your secretary, Pearce. He will make things interesting for you before long.

A Friend."

"This is the note you were speaking of, is it, John? Well, what of it!" Carefully I replaced the little slip of paper in my pocket, and awaited an answer. My worthy president sat open-mouthed, staring at me with visible signs of vexation and surprise.

"What of it!" he at last broke out. "You ask, what of it? For heaven's sake, man, you are as—you certainly missed your vocation, old chap. You are supposed to be a detective, and you don't see the importance of that note! Please, let me aid your failing mental faculties. That warning I received does not bear any signature, does it?"

"No."

"Whoever wrote it tried to disguise his handwriting?"

"Yes."

"The writer is not a friend as he claims to be?"

"No."

"He warns me of Mr. Pearce. Do you know that Manning and Pearce are enemies?"

"Yes."

"Therefore, Manning sent me the warning?"

"No."

Mr. Harrison had by this time worked himself up to a fury, and on receiving my last answer he almost choked with anger.

"Yes, no, yes, no!" he shouted clinching his fat little fist. "Why don't you answer me like a gentleman! If you don't wish to help me in this affair I'll have Manning arrested, and you can go to—"

My hot-headed friend was going to spoil my plans. I believe in keeping my own

counsel, especially when I have a case in hand. I had already come to some important conclusions in Harrison's affair, but could not of course entrust them to him. His idea of his personal shrewdness only amused me at first; but now that he had threatened to have Mr. Manning arrested, it was time for me to act. So I silenced my old friend as well as I could, telling him that I would bring the case to an end that very evening. For the present I asked him to retire to his private office and to keep Mr. Pearce as well as Mr. Manning busy until I would notify him.

No sooner was I left alone than I went to work. As yet I had no proofs whatever; I had only suspicions. My first step was to search Mr. Pearce's room thoroughly; there was no object which could escape my examination. However, I found nothing. No trace of the money,—I could of course not expect that; but even the ink, pen and paper were of an altogether different kind from that which had been used in writing the note of warning.

Next I went to the bookkeeper's room. I had always liked Mr. Manning. His face was open, his eye honest and frank, his ways kind and winning. It was, therefore, almost a shock to me when examining his wardrobe, I found the empty wallet which had contained the money in question. Sure enough, here I held it in my hand—the first clew to that mysterious theft. I continued my search. No doubt, here was the pen, the ink, the very paper used in writing the warning. Mr. Harrison must have been right after all. All these articles were certainly proof enough to consider Manning guilty. But now there arose some very important questions in my mind: Supposing Manning was the thief, would he be so neglectful as not to destroy the traces of his crime? Furthermore, Mr. Harrison had told me that he had not followed the warning at all; his faith in his secretary, could not be shaken for a single moment. Thus, Pearce had been left all to himself. I began to see more clearly. The secretary, Pearce, was a deep character; he was a little too courteous to agree with my taste. Well, I would see to-night; even now I was almost certain I was on the right track.

That night at table Mr. Pearce was amiability itself; one would have thought it was his duty to furnish us with conversation. Manning was silent; something seemed to press him down. Often his eye wandered to his employer as if he expected some dreadful revelation. He knew that he was suspected. Mr. Harrison had lost all patience. Restlessly he shifted in his chair, and his inquiring looks told me plainly that he was anxious to see my promise fulfilled. I could not let him spoil my plan, therefore I hastened to introduce the topic of the recent theft.

"Let me tell you of a similar case, gentlemen," I began addressing everyone present, but watching "my man" especially. "Some time ago a certain friend of mine was robbed of an enormous sum. Its loss meant ruin to him and to his family. Mr. Brown, I will call him—for I have reasons not to reveal his true name as yet—Mr. Brown suspected his bookkeeper of the guilt, and that suspicion was confirmed by certain remarks made by his secretary. The strangest thing of it all was that Mr. Brown had been warned a short time before the theft: he had received a note advising him to watch out for his secretary. And now, gentlemen, I shall explain the whole mystery to you."

Mr. Pearce had watched me with suspicion and silent dread. The smile had disappeared from his lips; he certainly was feeling uneasy. At my last words he put his right hand mechanically into his pocket. I knew what that meant, and in order to be prepared I followed his example. With the greatest possible ease and interest I continued.

"The whole mystery was this: my friend, Mr. Brown, had put his entire trust and confidence in his secretary, and that scoundrel knew it. He also knew that any attempt to bring him under suspicion would fail; and reasoning thus, what did he do? Imagine, Mr. Pearce, he, the secretary himself, had been the writer of that warning, which his employer had considered an act of jealousy on the part of the bookkeeper. The faithless secretary had easy play; everything was open to him: the money disappeared and the innocent bookkeeper was suspected. Don't you think that secretary was a genius, Mr. Pearce?"

Addressing the secretary personally I succeeded in making him the centre of general interest. Mr. Harrison and Manning were watching him evidently surprised to mark his changed aspect. As to my question, Pearce seemed not to have heard it. A ghastly paleness spread over his countenance and a fierce light came into his eyes.

"But this was not all." I now turned directly toward the secretary. "The villain, not satisfied with having covered his own tracks, made his enemy, the bookkeeper, the object of suspicion. For the writing of that note of warning he had used the latter's pen, ink and paper. Furthermore, having stolen the money he placed the empty wallet in the wardrobe of the innocent victim.—By the way, Mr. Pearce, what were you doing in Mr. Manning's wardrobe yesterday?"

There was a long, long silence. Every eye was upon the secretary who seemed to be sinking from his chair. His guilt was evident, and the thought of punishment might have come to his mind, for suddenly he tried to rise, drawing a revolver from his right pocket.

"D---- you, sir—what do—do you—"

Before he could utter another syllable I was leaning across the table, the barrel of my six-shooter touching his forehead. A sign I gave Mr. Manning sufficed to have the criminal disarmed.

"And now," I addressed the trembling villain, "now I am going to know where that money is. Answer immediately or I shall telephone for the police."

"Let him go, let him go, Frank," Mr. Harrison interrupted me. And then turning his sorrowful face to the secretary he slowly said:

"You, Henry, were the writer of that note. You signed it 'A Friend.' You have done what Judas did: you have betrayed your friend with a kiss. Henry,—how—could—you—do—it! Have I ever treated you otherwise than a friend? Oh! that base, filthy money! I do not care for that—it is your betrayal that hurts me. Keep that miserable money and go! You have robbed me of the greatest of all my treasures: my trust in man!"

The old gentleman covered his face with his hands and sobbed like a child. It was strange to watch the contradictory emotions

sweep over the face of the secretary; and all at once I saw that the remembrance of friendship had conquered his desire for wealth. In a low voice he said:

"The money, Mr. Harrison, I have hidden under the carpet in your own private office. It is your wish that I should go away. I shall do so—good-bye!"

Not waiting for a reply he turned and left the room. A second later we heard speedy footsteps upon the pavement below.

"He is glad to get off so easy," I said to Mr. Manning. Mr. Harrison had regained his composure; he took my hand and pressed it cordially.

"I am deeply indebted to you, Frank. You have punished the wicked and saved the innocent. Mr. Manning," he turned to the bookkeeper who stood at a distance scarcely able to comprehend it all—"Mr. Manning, of you I must ask forgiveness that I could suspect you of such villainy. Come now, be happy, and be my friend and—secretary."

A Pick-pocket Episode.

JOHN R. DEAN, '13.

The performance was exceedingly dull and prolix, and the more so to those who were obliged to stand, for there were more spectators than seats that afternoon. This was the predicament that Garney Sheldon found himself in as he stood back of the last row with a bored look on his roguish countenance. The lights were suddenly turned on, illuminating the theatre with a resplendent, dazzling light; Garney blinked, and glancing down, was astonished to perceive the demure person of his room-mate seated directly in front of him; with sudden alacrity the lights blinked and went out as quickly as they were turned on, and another melodramatic scene ensued.

Garney smiled, and fairly radiated with a superb self-satisfaction, as he cunningly devised a plan to get even with his unsuspecting room-mate. The place was bereft of illumination except for the pale glare of the spluttering red lights that guarded the exits. With another malicious and impudent smile, he slid a rather small hand dexterously

into the coat pocket of the individual in front of him, and was extracting a glove and other articles when a hand tapped him gently on the shoulder. Garney turned and was horrified to meet the canny gaze of a stern-looking policeman.

"You're under arrest," said the officer sternly. His significant words caused several of the audience seated near to look curiously around. "I need you for evidence sir," the policeman informed the gentleman seated in front, who still seemed unconscious of what had happened.

Arriving outside the theatre, Garney was filled with consternation when he perceived that the person whom he had taken for his room-mate was a total stranger. A feeling of complete embarrassment crept over him; a cold chill ran down his back, and the perspiration stood out in great beads upon his forehead.... He saw in imagination his name in large print in the morning papers; he could already hear the President's words as he expelled him from college, and the judge's ominous sentence; but above all, he thought of the awful disgrace.

Before he had time to speak, for his mind was in such a turbid state that he found it a difficult task to talk, his room-mate ambled leisurely out of the theatre, and smilingly said to the policeman:

"It's all right officer; release him. He's a friend of mine and was trying to play a bum joke, so I just gave him a good scare for his nonsense by sending this man out instead of coming myself."

The policeman still holding on to Garney's arm, looked dubiously at the man, who nodded his concurrence. Then the big officer smiled, and was awarded a good cigar for his part of the play. Garney walked away with a melancholy look, and his snickering room-mate followed, not daring to come too near.

Friendship.

The stars of silver light
Upon the Milky Way
Illume the sombre night
Until the dawn of day.

So thou, dear friend,
My light shall be,
Unto life's end,
Eternity.

F. C.

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Notre Dame, Indiana, March 27, 1909.

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—Probably nothing could have shown more clearly the deep feelings of respect and affection in which Ex-President Roosevelt is held by his countrymen than the behavior of the crowds that gathered at the New York Port last Monday to see him off. There were present men high in politics, finance and business, officials and ex-officials, and the common people, tens of thousands of them. It was a grand occasion; the most dramatic and wholesomely American farewell ever given to any of our citizens. The great loyal crowd shouted and cheered for "Teddy" with tears in their eyes. They came from every corner of the Union to see their former president off, and were sorry that the day for his departure had arrived. No one, we dare say, will accuse the American people, as a body, of being so much addicted to mere sentiment or hero-worship as to waste their sympathies on a man without cause. Americans are too democratic, matter-of-fact, and practical a people to take time out to express their feelings toward an ex-official without reasons. Pres. Roosevelt has ingratiated himself in the heart of the

American people by his services in their behalf. Mr. Roosevelt's political record was spotless when he was first elevated to the presidency, and after an official career, undoubtedly the most strenuous, capacious, and effective since that of Lincoln, he left the White House not only with a clean slate but with the hearts of the people over whom he had ruled. In his official capacity as President no other one man was more heartily criticised and praised at the same time than President Roosevelt. During his whole administration, and particularly during the past few months of it Mr. Roosevelt has been the greatest figure in American life.

When he took the oath of office for his second term he predicted that he would be the most bitterly criticised man in the country, because he was going to wage war on the mighty of the nation—the trusts. Mr. Roosevelt was convinced by the foresight of a true statesman that if the trusts and private monopolies were allowed to go on unregulated there would come a time when a dissatisfied populace might rise in an industrial revolution and secure the passage of radical or even revolutionary legislation against them, which would prove detrimental to the whole country, for, as the Ex-President was wont to say: "A trust regulated by efficient laws is a desirable entity in American business." To regulate the trusts and monopolies by efficient laws was the keynote to Mr. Roosevelt's aims and achievements as President. To object that the Ex-President has not really eliminated all the trust evils is narrow-minded, for the trust evils are legion in number. But what Roosevelt has done, is that he started the fight against the trusts with reasonable governmental regulation as his standard, which fight we are assured President Taft will continue. For in a speech at Sandusky last September, and in almost all his public utterances, Mr. Taft has said: "If I am elected President I propose to devote all the ability that is in me to complete and perfect the machinery by which President Roosevelt's standards may be maintained, by which law-breakers may be promptly restrained and punished."

What President Lincoln did in the solution of the problem of his day, civil peace, President Roosevelt has done for industrial peace, the problem of the present day.

—Very often the average high school graduate enters college with little ambition and no deliberate plan for his career in life.

He takes a course in A Need of Forethought. the Classics, in Law, or in Engineering, as the case may be, not because he has any particular preference, but because his parents wish him to follow in the footsteps of his father or brother who has made a success in one of those professions. Many pitiful mistakes are made in this way. The young man who would have made a good engineer is misshaped into a very mediocre lawyer, or it may be, that at the age of thirty he finds himself a hopeless failure in the profession of his parents' arbitrary choice. It may be, on the other hand, that the boy selects his own course with more thought for light work and ease than consideration of his personal fitness. A few years after graduation he finds himself in the same boat with the man who is, or has tried to be, a lawyer because his father was. Mistakes of both kinds might be avoided in some cases at least, if, when the time comes for the boy to enter college, his high school principal were consulted as to the best course for him to pursue.

—At the genesis of every momentous influence that sways the impulses of humanity, there gleams a single spark, the life-giving essence of the vital sub-idealists. stance that has been engendered.

That spark, whence grows and swells an unquenchable flame, is the sum of all the nobilities of the mind that created it. It is the sublimated expression of an individual's idealism; the grand culmination of one man's striving for a lofty goal. Such men are not frequently met with in the history of a nation or in the history of the world. A great legislator may mold his country's laws; a famous warrior may lead his country's hosts to victorious triumph over a stricken foe. Neither is an idealist. A Homer may sing the stirring record of a hero's glory, and men's hearts will quicken with his inspired eloquence. What has he accomplished unless some struggler has been lifted to a higher plane of virtue in the strife of existence? Christ the God-Man was the Supreme idealist, because in Him rested the

perfection of all the virtues, and from Him and His life came the fullest response to the call for lofty achievement. Charity, altruism, courage in the right, all find their perfect type in Him. Who have been the great idealists of history? Those with a clear title are few. Moses, who among the Spartans would have been no more than a Lycurgus, became a very type of Christ when fired by the divine sentiments that have made his name a beacon light in civilization. Socrates a great idealist, was stifled by the guilty Greeks, yet his word has endured. Petrarch sacrificed his life and being that Greece and Rome might live again. Francis of Assisi full of that spirit of self-immolation which springs from the love of God and the love of fellowman, for the love of God, looked in pity upon a sin-burdened world. He aimed at the most exalted heights, and reached them because in him glowed the divine spark that lights the pathway of men to a nobler, a more sublime plane of virtue. And for him who would search the chapters of history to find the stamp which such men have left behind them, what an immediate and living response will greet him. For what has there been of progress in thought or in action that has not been effected by the unswerving devotion to an ideal of those whom the world calls dreamers?

Death of Rev. William Wimbург, C. S. C.

Death claimed another member of Holy Cross a few days ago, the Rev. William Wimbург, C. S. C., subdeacon, who passed away in Cincinnati, Ohio, on the Feast of St. Joseph, the 19th inst. Though he had been failing for months under the fatal progress of advanced tuberculosis with little possibility of recovery, the news of his death came as a shock to everyone at Notre Dame. The body was brought here on the 24th, and after the solemn funeral service was interred in the community cemetery.

The deceased was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, May 30, 1879. He entered Holy Cross Seminary, Notre Dame, at an early age with the view of preparing himself for the priesthood in the Holy Cross Congregation. He was a prominent member of the dis-

tinguished class of 1904, a member of the SCHOLASTIC Board of Editors of that year, and is well remembered by all the older students as an exceptionally able elocutionist. His performances in several of the leading rôles, both serious and comic, of the Shakespearean plays are still referred to as standard in student-acting at Notre Dame. After graduation and his year of novitiate he spent two years in Theological studies at Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C., pursuing at the same time courses in English and other branches at the Catholic University.

It was about Christmas time, in 1907, that the dread disease began to assert itself. In the hope of arresting it in the earlier stage he went at once to the more suitable climate of Texas, but without avail. Thence he came to Notre Dame last Fall, and was later taken to Cincinnati for treatment, but no effort could stay the advance of the disease.

The young seminarian was ordained sub-deacon in June 1906, and was within a few months of his ordination to the priesthood, the goal of his holy ambition, at the time he was compelled to discontinue his preparation. To human seeming his death was a very sad one; in the light of faith, however, we trust that it was only an anticipation of the reward of his religious sacrifice. Mr. Wimborg was most highly esteemed and loved by all his fellow-members in religion. His interest in the work and welfare of the Congregation to which he had engaged his life and labor was without reserve. His genial disposition and Christian mirth was ever as sunshine to those about him, and his cheerful resignation when he saw his future prospect foreclosed was an edification singularly impressive. We beseech of our readers fervent prayers in behalf of his departed soul. *R. I. P.*

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* *

The students of Brownson Hall extend their heartfelt sympathy to Mr. William T. Dolan in his sorrow at the death of his mother. She was sojourning in San Antonio, Texas, in the hope of recovering her health when the messenger death summoned her to her heavenly home. The hall-mates of Mr. Dolan promise fervent prayers for the repose of his mother's soul.

The Peace Oratorical Contest

On Wednesday evening the Peace Oratorical Contest was held in Washington Hall to choose a representative for the Inter-Collegiate Contest to be held at Purdue in May. The speeches were excellent and showed much earnestness in the preparation. The Judges were Mr. Isaac E. Neff, Mr. Henry A. Steis and Mr. John W. Rittenger.

Francis Wenninger was awarded first place. His oration "*Reason versus Force*" was a practical speech in which the benefits and harms of war and peace were carefully weighed. His forcible and convincing delivery did much towards winning him first place. He spoke deliberately and appealingly. With some improvement in manuscript Wenninger will make Notre Dame a formidable rival for the other colleges in the Inter-Collegiate Contest.

Richard Collentine was a close second to Wenninger, his markings placing him one point behind. His oration dealt with the practical solution of international troubles by establishing at the Hague a parliament similar to our Congress or the Parliament of England. His presentation was excellent, his voice impressive. He is expected to do much for Notre Dame in the Georgetown debate.

Third place was given to Joseph Quinlan. His speech was one of the best of the evening. He dwelt not on the horrors of war or the benefits of peace, but assuming that it is granted by all civilized people that peace is desirable, he recommended the establishing of an international constitution, similar to the one drawn up by the thirteen original sovereign states. Quinlan is a sophomore, and with two years ahead of him should develop into a strong speaker.

James Scullin received fourth place. He undoubtedly showed greater possibilities of development than any other speaker and it is to be regretted that this is his last year. He has a splendid voice for speaking, but he fell down somewhat on both delivery and composition.

Otto Schmid was given fifth. His oration showed much work. He dealt more with the moral and ethical phases of the question than the other speakers. The speech was

good, but the speaker was not at his best in the matter of delivery.

In all the contest was a most creditable one and showed a spirit of commendable student rivalry that should be kept up and furthered. The peace contest next year and the other Oratorical Contests should be even better than this year. Every student that has any ambition to speak in public should take some practical question of the day and give it long and serious thought. The way to win next year is to begin now.

The Philopatrians.

The public appearance of the Philopatrians in Washington Hall last week and their successful presentation of "Two Titled Truants" is recorded in their history among their most happy performances. Ever since the evening when a few of the younger students of Carroll Hall, barred by age from admission to the Saint Cecilians, went to Professor Lyons and formed into a club for literary and musical work and an annual dramatic performance, the Philopatrians have clung to the name they first adopted and have never walked in ways different from the paths trod by their founders. Other organizations in an earlier day were born stronger than they, but the older clubs have passed away entirely or have merged into newer associations with wider objects. In merging they have lost their very names. Most of them are nearly forgotten. This is true of the Philodemics, the Columbians, the Thespians and even the Saint Cecilians. Occasionally they are reverently mentioned by the men of the Faculty and their good work spoken of, but in the main they are to-day only half-remembered names in the life of the University. But the Philopatrians still remain. Almost coeval with the older organizations, this society is still as active as in the day of its founding, and even more vigorous.

The annual play by the society is always sure to please. The lighter comedies and romantic plays are always chosen for representation. Tradition binds the Philopatrians to good acting and elaborate costuming and scenic effects. There are always special features of the play, some dance or tableau, beautifully illuminated with changing colored

lights that cling long to the memory. And, therefore, the annual appearance of the society is always eagerly expected and never forgotten.

This year's play was no exception. Earnest rehearsing and faithful attention to all the details of stage "business" brought about easy acting. If the work of any of the actors stood out prominently above that of their fellows it was the clever rendition of "Clinker" by Mr. Downing and the easy grace of Mr. White as "Hugh Holt." But to make comparisons is only to call to mind the smooth execution of all the parts. "Two Titled Truants" deserves a place of honor in the history of the Philopatrians. It is a pleasure to know that we can always count on meritorious dramatic performances from this society.

Profession of Brothers on the Feast of St. Joseph.

St. Joseph's Day, one of the principal feasts of the Congregation of Holy Cross and the special feast of the Brothers, was celebrated at Notre Dame in a very fitting manner by the Profession of six young religious: Brothers Matthias, Thomas, Felix, Victor, Alban and Nicholas. Solemn High Mass was sung by the Very Rev. Gilbert Français, Superior-General of the Congregation assisted by Rev. P. Dalton, deacon, Rev. G. O'Connor subdeacon and Rev. W. Connor, master of ceremonies.

At 9:30 the procession with the candidates for Profession at the head left the sacristy chanting the psalm, *Levavi oculos meos in montes*, and proceeded to the sanctuary. Here the impressive and beautiful ceremony of religious profession took place. The young men to be professed asked to be permitted to remain in holy profession in the Congregation of Holy Cross till death. On being accepted they rose and sang, "I will pay my vows to the Lord, in presence of all His people, in the courts of the Lord, our God," the choir responding, "May the Lord accept your sacrifice for the glory of His name." Each in turn then mounted the altar step and pronounced his perpetual vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience, in the hearing of all. Each newly professed Brother then received the cord, a little statue of St.

Joseph and a small black wooden cross as token of Profession.

Father Barry O'Neill then ascended the pulpit and gave an eloquent sermon on the virtues of St. Joseph, concluding with an address of congratulation to the young Brothers, and assuring them that the sacrifice was not to be compared to the privilege of living for God. Mass was celebrated, and the *Te Deum* sung at the close.

In the College World.

For the college year 1907-1908, Harvard athletics cleared \$26,091.10.

* *

The University of Leipsic will celebrate the five hundredth anniversary of its founding next July.

* *

Co-education is to be abolished at Connecticut Wesleyan University. No more co-eds will be admitted after 1909.

* *

Arkansas University baseball team is planning an Eastern trip this year. Hugo Bezdek, an old-time "Maroon" star is coaching the team.

* *

Illinois University baseball team will put on the finishing touches with a series of three or four games with the Milwaukee-American Association team, and one game with the Cubs.

* *

Heren, guard during the past season, has been elected captain of the Northwestern University basket-ball team for next year. Barnhart, forward, will lead the Indiana University five next year.

* *

Ex-Governor Folk of Missouri lectured at Illinois University on March 18. His subject was "The Era of Conscience," with which he made a deep and lasting impression on his audience.

* *

George Emanuel, "one" of the best milers in the state, was elected Captain of the Wabash track team to succeed W. B. Patton who left college recently to accept a position on *The Indianapolis Star*.

President King of Oberlin, recently made a three-week's trip to the East. Much of the time was spent at Harvard where he delivered the "William Nobel" lectures.

* *

Ralph Wicks, '08, Captain of the Wabash basket-ball team last year is "making good" as coach of the Y. M. C. A. team at Mobile Alabama. During the season just closed his team lost but two games, both of them to Notre Dame.

* *

"The majority of the undergraduate students of the Western schools study as do the graduate men of the East." Western students are better than those of the East—so says the author of the above—and, of course, he is a Western man, Professor at Nebraska University. O. A. S.

Personals.

—Frank McMahon, student of Carroll Hall in 1901, is now at 561 St. John's Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.

—John W. Thompson, student 1890, is now engaged in contracting work in partnership with his father, in Bay City, Mich.

—Frank X. McGuane, B. S., teacher in the preparatory department of the University 1906-'7 is a member of the faculty of Jefferson College, Convent, La.

—Stewart M. Graham, student in the Civil Engineering department 1906-'7 and during the first part of the present school year is now employed by the M. C. R. R. Company at St. Thomas, Ontario.

—Gerald E. Sullivan, student '75-'6, is publisher of the *Englewood Times*, 519 W. 63d Street, Chicago. His residence is 444 Englewood Ave. Mr. Sullivan has recently given fresh evidence that his affection and zeal for *Alma Mater* is unabated.

—Walter Bartlett, student '72-'3, writes an interesting letter in which he speaks fondly of his early days at the University and comments with pride on the great success the University has attained. Mr. Bartlett lives at Robinson, Ill.

—Fred J. Kasper (Ph. B., 1904) has begun the practice of law in Chicago with Pain and Campbell, under the firm name of Pain,

Campbell and Kasper. Mr. Kasper has been associated with Mr. Pain since his graduation from Harvard Law School in 1907.

—Formal announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Irene Potter and Rodney Talcott, student 1905-'8, in South Bend, Ind. Mr. and Mrs. Talcott will reside in Louisville, Ky., where Mr. Talcott will serve in the employ of his brother, who is District Superintendent for the Pullman Company.

—Edward F. O'Flynn (Ph. B., 1907), winner of the Breen Medal in 1906 and in 1907, and winner of the Interstate Oratorical Contest the latter year, was St. Patrick's Day Orator at Anaconda, Montana. His address upon "The Irishman of to-day and to-morrow," was enthusiastically received. Mr. O'Flynn is now practicing law in Butte, Montana.

—Rev. President Cavanaugh received this week the following communication from Katherine E. Conway, editor of the *Republic*, and Lætare Medallist in 1907:

BOSTON, MARCH 21, 1908.

DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Yesterday, I indulged in a little speculation as to the Lætare Medallist of 1909—feeling, somehow, that the honor was likely to get away from the big cities.

The choice, as announced to me this morning, is a real delight. No one can be worthier than "Christian Reid," who has used her gift as a novelist for the worthiest ends. I have been especially impressed by her stand for the Catholic ideals of marriage and of business honor. Deflections from these are the characteristic sins of our times; and one who teaches the corrective lesson, without a suspicion of preachiness is a public benefactor.

With congratulations on Notre Dame's choice of "Christian Reid," and best wishes to all my friends in that delightful abode, I am, dear Father Cavanaugh,

Faithfully and gratefully yours,

(Signed) KATHERINE E. CONWAY.

Athletic Notes.

With a total score of thirty-six points, the C. A. A. athletes captured first honors in the A. A. U. Indoor Championship Meet held last Saturday evening in the Bartlett Gymnasium in Chicago. Chicago University won second place with twenty-eight points to their credit, while Notre Dame rolled up twenty-five points, securing third place.

The sensational event of the meet was the work of Dana in the mile run. To quote the *Chicago Tribune*: "Running the entire distance in almost sprint fashion, the Notre

Dame crack clipped two and three-fifths seconds from the former record held by Lightbody, the former Maroon runner." The result of this event was not surprising by any means to us at Notre Dame. Knowing our man as we do, we never once felt any doubts as to the kind of the showing he would make. The half-mile was won by Timbler of Chicago University with Steers of Notre Dame a close second. Beuchler of C. A. A., who was expected by many to win this race, came third. In the shot put Philbrook took first place with a put of forty feet and eight inches, outdistancing Prather of U. of C. and Hooker of C. A. A.

Fletcher took first place in the 50-yard low hurdles from a classy field and ran third in the 50-yard dash. Wasson made a splendid showing in the 50-yard dash, being barely defeated by Irons of C. A. A. Moriarty in the high hurdles qualified for the finals, but for some unaccountable reason did not place in the finals. Coach Maris is well satisfied with the work of the men in this meet as their showing against men of national reputation proves them worthy competitors for any track contest.

Summary of events and results:

50-yard dash—Irons, 1st; Wasson, 2d; Fletcher, 3d. Time, 5 4-5 sec.

50-yard low hurdles—Fletcher, 1st; Waller, 2d; Crawley, 3d. Time, 6 sec.

50-yard high hurdles—Crawley, 1st; Taifield, 2d; Pegues, 3d. Time, 7 sec.

Mile run—Dana, 1st; Baird, 2d; Johnson, 3d. Time, 4:42 1-5.

Half mile—Timpler, 1st; Steers, 2d; Beuchler, 3d. Time, 2:09.

Shot-put—Philbrook, 1st; Prather, 2d; Hooker, 3d. Distance, 40 ft. 8 inches.

High jump—Degenhardt, 1st; Fletcher, 2d; Schommer, 3d. Height, 5 ft. 9 in.

* *

A spectacular game of basket-ball was played in the St. Edward's Gymnasium last Friday night between the Notre Dame Minims and the South Bend Y. M. C. A., resulting in a score of 26 to 20 in favor of the visitors. The poor condition of the home team after taking part in the track meet with Assumption School in the afternoon accounts for this first defeat of the season.

In a hard close game with the Holy Name Society Team of St. Patrick's Parish, on the afternoon of the 25th the Minims scored a

victory of 31 to 28. In a meet with the track team of the same society that evening the visitors rolled up 54 points against 32 for the Minim Athletes as a consequence of their advantage in size.

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On April 5th and 6th preliminary bouts in boxing and wrestling for all classes from bantam to heavyweight will be held in the big Gymnasium. On Wednesday night April 7th the finals will be held in conjunction with the Minims' gymnasium exhibition, which will consist of marching drills and calisthenics. Any student of the University may enter these contests, and all are invited to do so. All entries must be handed in to Coach Maris not later than Saturday, April 3rd.—On Saturday, April 3rd, the track squad will be divided into two teams, under the leadership of Captain Schmitt and Michael Moriarity, which will contend for supremacy. The meets between the "Reds" and "Blues" in former years have always been enthusiastic, and the contest this year is sure to be a good one. Dana will try to improve his mile record of 4:37.

*
* *

The reorganized Faculty "Five" recently trimmed the clever Sorin team in a brisk, hard-fought contest held in the big Gym.

Local Items:

—The two most popular books in the Apostolate of Religious Reading are "Fabiola" and "A Missionary's Notebook." Cardinal Wiseman's classic story should be read by every student. To say that the true stories related in "A Missionary's Notebook" make as popular reading as "Fabiola" is high praise.

—The Brownson Hall preparatory debating preliminaries were held Thursday morning, and after a spirited debate on the government ownership of railways a team was chosen which will meet Corby on April 3. The men who will compose the team were chosen in the following order: R. Bowen, first; J. Dean, second; P. Meersman, third; B. Guac, fourth.

—Elaborate preparations are being made for the senior dance, which will be given on the evening of Easter Monday at Place Hall, South Bend. The dance committee, composed of Messrs. John Kanaley, chairman; Albert Mertes, Leo Hogan, Douglas Bonham, William Gowrie, Edward Escher, Fay Wood,

Frank Walker and John Diener, have been engaged on the arrangements for some time and it is promised that the affair will be the most notable social event of the season. The hall will be decorated in University and class colors, palms and cut flowers. Prof. Petersen's splendid Orchestra will furnish the music. Invitations to the dance are being issued by the class to every collegiate man at Notre Dame, and it is expected that many out-of-town visitors will add to the gayety of the occasion.

—It was by inadvertence last week that we failed to include in the St. Patrick's Day program the important contribution of the University Orchestra. The following pieces were rendered in a manner approaching the professional:

Selection from "A Stubborn Cinderella"—J. E. Howard
Selection from "The Three Twins".....C. Hoschna
Selection from "The Top o' the World"—Klein, Caldwell
"Tropical Moon".....Fred Peters
March.....Selected

The Band and Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Petersen, lend their best efforts for the success of all our entertainments, and occasions are numerous. Both their music and the good spirit with which it is rendered in answer to every demand, are appreciated by all.

—Gerald E. Sullivan, student 1875-'6, has sent to the University a much-prized old Commencement program of the year 1865. As an interesting curiosity we copy it here:

Twenty-first Annual Commencement,
UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME, IND.,
June 22, 1865.

PROGRAMME.

Overture—"Twinkling Stars,".....Band
Ancient and Modern Eloquence.....A. Tammany
Aria from Opera of Don Giovanni.....Orchestra
The Spirit of the Age.....J. C. Dunlap
"The Prisoner's Hope"—Quartette,.....Messrs. Corby
.....Scott, Hyland and Braunstein
De Immortalitate Animæ.....M. J. Baasen
"Shells of Ocean".....Orchestra
Ancient and Modern Rome.....T. A. Corcoran
Quadrille.....Orchestra
"The Old Flag"—Quartette.....Messrs. Corby, Scott
.....Hyland and Braunstein
True Liberty.....E. M. Brown
"Syracuse Polka".....Orchestra
Valedictory.....Hugh Gillen
"Dearest Spot on Earth".....Band

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

Music.....Field Band
A Scene.....Ceremony of Initiation
Music.....Field Band
"Who Will Care for Mother Now?".....Messrs. Corby
.....Scott, Hyland and Braunstein
Conferring of Degrees.
Anvil Chorus.....Band
Closing remarks by Major General Sherman.
Signal March.....Band

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Geo. U. Finnigan '10



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John B. Mahoney '08



Thos. A. Leahy '11



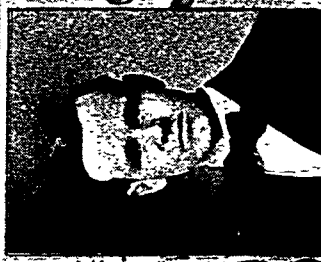
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John J. Eckert '11



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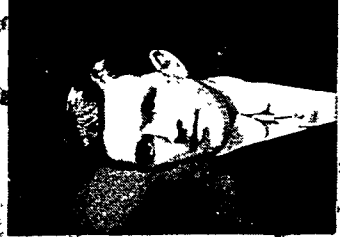
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