An Ascension.

RICHARD J. COLLETTINE, '09.

WHEN o'er the pine-clad hills the morning rays
Thro' roving clouds their wayward courses creep;
While vermeil streaks but palely light the deep
That veils our earth from heaven's vault with haze;
Then from his bed the dew-drenched lark surveys
With anxious eye the vast ethereal steep,
Awaiting dawn to light his skyward leap
Before heaven's gate to pour his matin lays.

Thus I when night's slow shadows near my soul
And cloud on cloud apace bears starless gloom
Athwart mind, impinging inner sight;
Though blind, I gaze and ask kind heaven to roll
The darkness back—my spirit's eye illume,
That fondly I may soar and greet the light.

The Beginnings of Poetry.

WILLIAM H. MOLOXY, '07.

POETRY is essentially the product of the imagination. Fancy divided by fact, the quotient raised thirty powers is poetry. The prosaic fact is painted bright with poetic coloring and poetic dress. The fact may be dressed in plain, unadorned clothes; but poet-y throws over it the drapery of a monarch, the splendor of the sunshine, the pale softness of the moon, the white beauty of the lily. Everything is viewed through a brightening medium. "The long light shakes across the lakes and the wild cataract leaps in glory." The light performs an action and the cataract "leaps" from rock to rock like a sportive gazelle. Dewdrops glisten in the lily chalices, and the wind whispers to the leaves or moans in sorrow or rages through the forest.

Long ago in the childhood of our race, before physicists could tell what caused the cyclone in Kansas, long before man thought of the forces or laws of Nature, poetry was born. Primitive mankind walked upon the earth and saw the varied workings of nature, now calm and placid like a sylvan lake hidden among ferns and willows, now heaving and scathed in a storm; sunshine and quiet to-day, lightning and hurricane to-morrow. Striving to realize a cause for these changes, believing they did not arise out of mere chance, judging of universal happenings by individual acts, knowing that when he needed food, he had to seek it—the food did not come of its own accord—not recognizing the same unchanging God in the storm and in the sunshine, not understanding that the same power that raised the storm produced the sunshine, but realizing and dreading the mighty forces that rent the sturdy oaks or cheered the growing violet, is it any wonder that bewildered man attributed these manifestations of Nature to the good or ill "will of incorporeal beings? He could not see the Maker of the sunshine, but he pictured Him as young and fair and of a dazzling countenance. The sunshine was pleasant to him and was like the dearest thing he knew of—his young son. He could not see the Maker of the storms and the unpleasant things of life, and who could be more dangerous than he who flung the lightning?

In the eyes of the earliest of mankind
nothing was prosaic, nothing fact. Everything was given animation and human-like qualities. Like the glint of the sun from a spear point would his arrow fly through the air pursuing the foe as the eagle pursues the dove. Spears and swords bite, and bowstrings sing. Everything was looked upon as acting, nothing was acted upon. Freedom stalked abroad. Even the getting of the necessities of life was not stern, it was enjoyable. Primitive man lived a simple, imaginative life, and he never bothered about the relations of physical entities. When he wanted meat he went out and killed some animal. In using the beast for his food he felt he was but exercising his right of dominion. Who gave him the right he never questioned, and he never bothered his head about the force he exerted in killing the creature. He clubbed the creature and it died. Telling about this event afterward to his own kind, he used language that by its ring helped to convey the meaning he wished to convey, and he strove to imitate the action by the sounds of his words. With a rush like the northern winds he bore down upon his prey. Swinging his ponderous club he broke in the beast's forehead, and it fell as a tree riven by the lightning, and its life was breathed out upon the flowing winds.

Early man to account for natural phenomena peopled the universe with gods, good and bad: the good gods working for human welfare, or at least impassive; the bad always working against mankind. When a man performed some wondrous deed, or killed an animal of more than ordinary fierceness, his prowess was narrated around the hunting fires of his people, and from commingling in the chase soon spread to other members of the tribe and became fixed in the lore of the people. With repeated tellings the wonderful became miraculous, while the doer remained one of their own people.

When they could no longer understand how a mere human being could do so great a deed they came to the conclusion that it must have been a god; and as the wonder-worker remained one of their own nation they declared that they were descended from him and partook of his nature. They then wrote songs about his wonderful actions and sang them on national celebrations. From generation to generation the song descended, and the farther removed by time and the more the tales were repeated the more indistinct the hero became and the more national and prodigious did his actions become. Many different chiefs, leaders and warriors were merged into one hero, and all the great actions and feats stored in the traditions of the race were ascribed to this hero. These tales wandered around until they were picked up by some poetic genius thoroughly imbued with the national spirit who wove them into one tale and nationalized the hero. Thus he creates or fashions; that is, gives definite form to the epic poem.

When the national hero had been formed and the nation had achieved greatness, the writers of song turned their gaze inward. The aspects of nature and the actions of great men could not always be both solid food and sweetmeats. The objective was not the only component of the primitive man's character. Soon after the epic was finished, personal feelings began to be portrayed. Love and beauty, sorrow and death, and instability and almost useless strife of man for the unattainable, virtue and moral worth and patriotism were ever in man's nature. The awakening bud of the inner man blossomed in the sunshine of poetic expression, and unfolded—a lyrical creation.

What words are these have fall'n from me? Can calm despair and wild unrest Be tenants of a single breast, Or sorrow such a changeling be?
Or doth she only seem to take The touch of change in calm or storm, But knows no more of transient form In her deep self than some dead lake
That holds the shadow of a lark Hung in the shadow of heaven? Or has the shock, so harshly given, Confused me like the unhappy bark
That strikes by night a craggy shelf And staggered blindly ere she sink? And stunned me from my powers to think And all my knowledge of myself;
And made me that delirious man Whose fancy fuses old and new,
And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

With weary steps I loiter on,
Tho' always under alter'd skies;
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.*

After giving vent to his inward feelings
and having sung and danced to his heart's
content, knowing himself pretty well gen­
erally, man turned his attention to his
neighbors and studied the human character
in others. He soon learned that no one
man was like any other one, and all could
not equally be trusted. There were many
different characters. When he learned the
distinguishing traits of the human being, he
placed the different characteristics of the
men he studied, his interpretation and per­
ception of their distinguishing traits, as
they were to be found in life, commingling
and working together or against each
other, and in this way the drama was
instituted. In the epic, two are concerned,
the poet and the hearer; in the lyric, one,
the poet; in the drama, many, poet,
actors, and hearers, and of these the poet's
presence is the least felt.

Poetry helps to satiate the desires and
aspirations of men. Something is missing
in this world in which men live that they
can not supply. Men feel that they are
not born to work, labor, struggle, and then
die and end all. But they do not always
realize that they can be satisfied with
nothing less than God. They want God;
and not knowing that the Infinite alone will
supply the want, they strive to fill them­
selves with things temporal. The nearest
man came to supplying the need of God
within himself was when he invented poetry
to fill the empty chamber where the Holy
Spirit should dwell.

"It is a noble thing to have a commission
to speak truth; and this, everyone who is
able to utter divine wisdom has; but what
do the commission and ability avail, if one
have not the disinterested earnestness and
perfect sincerity without which no words
of man can be effectual? As well make a
phonograph the means of imparting the
heavenly message."

* In Memoriam xvi., xxxviii.
eleven p. m. alone in your store to-night, so that I may prepare the sample. Above all keep this a secret.”

Both shook hands confidentially. The hunch-back disappeared around the corner. Khone scrupulously obeyed his orders, although his wife severely blamed him for having removed his beard.

From eight to eleven Khone sat in his store dressed up and alone, patiently awaiting the wonderful little man. The town clock struck eleven when the inventor knocked at the door, and was gladly admitted. He approved of all the proprietor had done. After binding him to secrecy he began the experiment.

“This little silver lamp contains an oil which burns in a blue flame. It is half of the secret. These colorless crystal-like tablets are the other half. One tablet serves as a sample. Now I light this lamp—see the blue flame? I place this tablet in a half-pint of distilled water in this small silver vessel. Let the blue flame heat it until it boils and the vapor issues thick from the spout. Now we set this apparatus on this frame and walk slowly over every part of the store until the half-pint has entirely vanished as vapor. Then every salable article will be filled with the odor and effective qualities of the elixir. The experiment has proved a success. Good! Now Mr. Proprietor be generous to-morrow. Give away many little pieces, especially to the children. I will return to-morrow at eleven p. m. to take, I hope, a large order for you.”

The next day at ten thirty p. m. six tired out and almost lifeless clerks left Khone's store. At eleven p. m. the strange little hunch-back re-entered the store. Levi, overcome with joy, embraced him. Then he expressed his gratitude and delight by taking the originator about the store. The counters were crowded with buyers the whole afternoon until ten p. m. that evening. The double front door had to be left wide open to accommodate the in-coming and the out-going lines of people. All but two tables were cleared of their goods, numerous cases were emptied, very many shelves freed, and most drawers relieved of their contents. Above all did the fortunate storekeeper beam graciously when he unlocked the cash drawer, and exposed it almost overflowing with gold, silver, and greenbacks. Thrice in the afternoon Khone had to run across to the bank to commute handfuls of paper bills for silver change.

“The success that has attended our experiment has been marvelous. You have indeed fallen into a bed of blossoming clover. Now I shall sell you the apparatus, oil, and tablets only on the condition that you conscientiously keep it secret, that to avoid suspicion you advertise as extensively as before and more cleverly, that you do not open your store until two weeks hence; change it to a Gent's Furnishing Store, have it well stocked with an entirely new line of high grade goods, and call it The Blue Flame.”

“I will,” said Khone, “I will do anything you bid me.”

“The apparatus costs three hundred dollars; a pint of oil and twenty-four tablets sufficient for six months, two thousand dollars. Iron safe and key in which to keep the vessels and the rest when not in use, two hundred dollars. Let me emphatically warn you to keep this a secret,—secret is the word, I use no synonym, and to avoid suspicion advertise extensively and cleverly. I will leave the city at once on the one-thirty a. m. West bound night express. Good-bye.”

For the following six months, The Blue Flame, because of its unlooked for rise and its marvelous thrift in the business world became the talk of the town. As a large part of the populace were enticed by its allurement, none but like merchants spoke in a disparaging manner of it. The exquisite odor, which refined the atmosphere of the store, proved a mystery to all. Many essayed to name it but never to their own satisfaction. “More fragrant than violet, sweeter than white rose, more redolent than essence of Ionone. No, what can it be? O how agreeable!” This with the amazing amount of constant trade made The Blue Flame a mark of envy to other clothiers and haberdashers.

Khone did not allow his dividends to lie and rust. After four months he purchased the adjoining building, had the partition removed, and the two store-rooms arranged into one. In fact, everything from the rear
door to the front windows, exterior and interior, became remodeled while the good trade went on. He then sent to the hunchback’s headquarters for a two-thousand dollar order, a year’s supply. He engaged two business managers, a band of eighteen clerks, a window trimmer, two floor walkers, a cashier, and two buyers to keep his stock replenished. At the end of the fifth month The Blue Flame stood complete, a model, up-to-date Gent’s Furnishing House.

Two weeks later, Khone once more stood before the entrance to his store, again depressed and down-hearted, asking himself whether during the last six months he had taken part in an enchanting dream, and whether extensive and clever advertising would sustain the prosperity with which he had been blessed. Why these questions? Because of the letter he had just read.

MR. LEVI KHONE,
Proprietor of The Blue Flame:

DEAR SIR:—Your order of the 25th ult., at hand. No doubt you have read of the utter destruction by fire of the Majestic Hotel at New York. Mr. Burley, the inventor, had a suite of rooms in it. All his valuable papers were lost and with them his great secret. The poor man, because of this, has become a raving maniac. The erudition of the best in the medical world has been employed in his case, but so far to no avail. The most skilled chemists in New York fail to analyze the oil, or to discover the element that solidifies and renders colorless the crystal-like tablets.

Orders like and larger than yours come to us daily. We deeply regret that as a reply to all we can only duplicate this letter.

Sincerely yours,


By speaking as we think, we learn to think as we speak.

The tendency to explain everything weakens the sense of the sublime, of wonder and awe, the source of our most exalted emotions and pleasures.

They who are forced to steal the time they give to reading, will find, if they choose the right kind of books, double profit and delight.—Spalding.

Varsity Verse.

FUTURE.

OFT we wander, think and ponder
O'er our future strife,
How we squander, yet grow fonder
Of this present life.

Sometimes thinking, sometimes linking,
That we may compare;
Future drinking and brain shrinking,
May we never share.

Now contending and now mending
In our early days,
That when blending, never bending
To these evil ways.

A REVERIE.

When I think of home so dear,
I think of thee;
When my thoughts roam far or near,
I think of thee;
When I dream of days gone by,
My dream is thine;
When I breathe a longing sigh
For thee I pine.

Noblest creature of my mind,
Sweetest, fairest of thy kind,
Greatest work of nature’s art,
Dearest darling—my sweetheart.

JILTED.

There was a young man from Cheyenne,
Who wanted to marry Miss Ann;
She refused him so sweet
That he turned to retreat,
But sad, as he still was shy Ann.

AN EXPLANATION.

In lighter strain I’m forced to write
Some idle dream of sweet delight
A poet saw in sweet elysian,
Iridescent as a vision,
Beholding it with heart alight.

Alas! the dream too nimble quite
Unfolds its fairy wings in flight,
And I must write th’ inspiration
In lighter strain.

So if you ask why I indite
In verse that merely tinkles right,
The answer is my indecision
In seizing there th’ apparition;
So now my thoughts must go despite
In lighter strain.
Supper was over at the ranch. A half-dozen cowboys sat about a smouldering fire smoking and telling stories. Their ponies were corralled a short distance back, while near by stood the outfits' mess-wagon. Each had told experiences of his before he commenced "roughing it" on the plains; but one of their number, Bronson, remained silent, not because he was shy, but because there was something which he did not care to tell.

He had joined their ranks only a few months previous. He was not strong, but he was manly, had won favor with the captain for his unobtrusive manner, and was liked generally among the rangers. When a hunting expedition was made into the mountains, it was he who always brought down the most game, as his aim and nerve were good. To-night he sat back reading a paper of a week past and apparently oblivious of his companions' presence.

Their conversation was suddenly interrupted by the sound of approaching hoofs, and up rode the captain of the gang. Dismounting he threw several packages on the ground, and then drew forth a large poster bearing a description of the outlaw who had recently held up the El Rio stage. Having escaped with a large boot the authorities were on the alert for him, but the country being sparsely settled he found many avenues which he could elude the police. Plans were proposed by the rangers by which they might capture him and divide the reward offered amongst themselves; but as no agreement was reached the incident was forgotten, the plans given up.

Next morning as Bronson was walking over to the corral he picked up the poster, unconsciously folded it, and placed it within the band of his sombrero; he had no special reason for so doing, but muttered: "It may be of use some day."

Weeks and months passed by, and the outlaw was still at large. Petty raids had since been made, and he had become the terror of the country. Bronson rode down from the ranch to the lone prairie station to receive the mail. Several papers were handed out, a few letters, and a box bearing his name. It was a box of violets; the frail blossoms had been crushed into one mass by the long journey, but still fragrant with a lingering touch of a beautiful spring. His eyes filled with tears. They brought back the first days of spring in the Indiana forests, the wild flowers blooming beside the familiar stream, the glory of the flaming wild berry and the fragrance of the pine needles as they were swept aside in the search for the little creeping flowers. Home was in the delicate present, for he knew that his mother had plucked them. He returned to the ranch only to have the same old longing for home cut deeper into his nature every day.

One morning he received a letter. It was from an old acquaintance and had been delayed in the mails. He opened it, and as he did so a newspaper clipping fluttered to the ground. He picked it up and read: "Cashier absconded," then followed along account of the failure of the First National and the ruin of the depositors. His father's name headed the list. In all his letters from home nothing had been said of this, and he turned pale as he realized the situation. Only one noticed Bronson's features pale as he read the clipping. It was Leonard, the shrewd half-breed: "Something is wrong with Bronson," he said to Ed Wilson, who was standing near by; "there's queer news in that letter."

"Maybe the girl shook him. At any rate, the ranch is no place for him," replied Wilson unconcerned. "He is too honest for rough life. Once he gave me back my wages I lost in a poker game down at the gulch when I was drinking."

Bronson was puzzled. Then he thought of the poster in his sombrero. Yes, that was what he wanted, and for the first time he realized what its significance was to him. His eyes sparkled, and a scowl crossed his countenance, which, even Wilson admitted, meant no idle thing.

Though Bronson longed for home, he still loved to linger in his present environments, for he had met and wooed the pride of the plainsmen, the daughter of Rogers the tavern keeper. Despite the efforts of rivals he had won. As he rode into the village
one dusty afternoon he was met by the girl. There was something about her which did not seem the same. She was not the same light-hearted girl he knew on former visits.

"No, Dick, father refuses to allow me to see you at all. He says I am promised to another. I have only seen him once, and father says he is immensely rich. Bell is his name, and, O Dick, I despise him," she said, tears glistening in her eyes. When they had reached the end of the street, the girl left him. From the description of the pretended suitor it was evident that it was the outlaw who wished to dupe the girl's father. Bronson's opportunity had come; he must now prove his worth.

That night Bell came to Roger's to stay awhile. He was a man of good proportions, and bore the air of refinement. But these things did not interfere with the range life, and he fitted himself to it perfectly. One evening, as Bronson mechanically jogged along across the plain he turned his horse toward the river. Coming up he dismounted and sat down on the bank and mused of other days. The plain life was quite different to Indiana's; but then he liked it. Here was freedom and unconvention; here too was honesty, and here was the girl. The girl— he stopped and looked out on the river. "One's life is like a river, it—" he caught himself saying, but a stir upon the bank and the sound of voices caught his ear.

He crept closer to the sound, and found the girl and Bell talking. Through the network of brush he could see the girl was pale, and that Bell was very flushed.

"You know, girl," he said, "I've come all this way for you and—"

"Yes," she interrupted him, "and I would but—"

"But what?" came from the man.

"But—" again she hesitated. The man grew more worried, the girl more pale.

"Tell me, girl," he said, "and don't drive me mad with suspense. You know how happy I would make you," putting his arm around her.

"O don't," she said, "I can't, I can't, because—"

The man in the bushes arose. He walked forward cautiously and the girl caught sight of him. Looking into Bell's face, she drew back firm and pale.

"I never can, Mr. Bell, because you know I couldn't marry a thief."

Like a maddened animal the man broke out:

"You know, you dam—"

But Bronson had him, and Bell was looking into the big black hole of a Colt.

"It's a way we have out here, Mr. Bell, and you'd better come."

And so they all three rode back. Next morning at the ranch the same crowd of punchers were gathered together when Bronson brought his man in and taking the poster from his hat pinned it on him.

Struck by the likeness the punchers impulsively rushed for the man, but Bronson laughing came between:

"Not yet, boys, and the money's mine; but take him and keep him and split the money between you." Then he shook hands all round. "Good-bye, fellows, I'm going," he said.

"Where?"

"Home."

"But how about the girl," came from a dozen.

"She's coming too. You see, she was the real one who captured him," and he grinned at Bell who looked very much troubled.

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In the Meadows.

What is there that moves the heart
Within the dancing fields;
Sunny tinted taking part
In all that nature yields.

Behold the dancing meadows grey
Within the fading gloom;
Behold the mellow closing day
Lingering round the bloom,

Soft the freshened winds go by,
Rested by their sleep,
Flowing gently out the sky
Down the meadows deep.

Now the shafts each bowing low
Make in unison
Obedience in the garden glow
Of the evening sun.
February Twenty-Second at Notre Dame.

The exercises for Washington's Birthday were unusually good. In the morning the band rendered a concert in the main corridor of the administration building. A goodly crowd was there, and Professor Petersen's men were roundly applauded. This year the band has been the subject of much favorable comment, and, as Friday's concert bears witness, are deserving of it.

At 2:30 the exercises of the day took place in Washington Hall. They were opened with a selection by the orchestra. The musicians of the college starred, and the orchestra in its several selections received much praise. This year the orchestra seems to be unusually good, and indeed the music on Friday was a feature.

Mr. Francis Collier, History and Econom. '07, followed in an oration on "The Character of Washington." Needless to say the brilliant young orator did well, and showed even marked improvement over his former addresses at the college. Mr. Collier is rapidly forging his way to the front as a speaker, and his work on Friday is ample testimony to the fact. We print below his remarks:

In the story of the onward march of the human race it is told that the founders of all civilizations were men, strong and ambitious men, men who had hopes of a higher civilization, and who, flinging aside the narrow, sluggish laws and traditions of their age, followed the bright star of hope till it reached the land of the setting sun.

The history of every civilization begins with a hero. Every advance of the human race has been led by some great soul. Man himself is the great dynamic in human history, and the progress of civilization has been inspirational rather than mechanical. Emerson truly said: "That every civilization was at first a thought in one man's mind, and only when it becomes so again can it be appreciated and estimated. So just as we can trace a mighty river back to some streaming rivulet, each law back to some legislator, each victory to some general, so may we trace each struggle for freedom back to some noble, self-sacrificing patriot."

At the beginning, therefore, of every civilization stands some great man into whose personality God has infused all these qualities for which He would have that civilization stand. The history of the beginning of our civilization sets before us a group of great men, each of whom played some part in its beginning; but as these move across the stage of human action all eyes are riveted upon one majestic figure. Men venerate his name as the champion of human freedom. The world hailed him not only as the founder of our liberties, but as the noblest, the purest, the grandest master of American Independence.

It is unnecessary to trace the career of Washington from his early boyhood to his elevation to the presidential chair. As a soldier he was ever the cool and daring leader. When prompt action was necessary Washington proved himself equal to the occasion. It was his bold midnight crossing of the ice-gorged Delaware, it was his capture at Trenton and his victory at Princeton that won the Revolution. His patience and endurance, his ability to hold in check large forces with small armies, his power to keep the country up to the support of the war, mark him as a great general.

It was not alone as a soldier that Washington achieved greatness; as a statesman he was equally as great. The grandeur of his conceptions, the purity of his integrity, the inflexibility of his justice, make him one of the most majestic figures in all history. And it is in thinking of the splendor of his victories, of his merit, unequalled as his renown, that we here to-day hail and salute the Father of our Country and do homage to the deeds of a hero.

Though Washington is honored and remembered for his part in the grand struggle for independence, there is something in him that of itself would give him a high and lasting place in the affections, respect and imagination of mankind. McMaster says: "General Washington and President Washington are known to us, but George Washington is an unknown man." To know George Washington and to appreciate his character we must know something of the age in which he lived and acted. He lived in an age when every day was a great one. Though democracy was the characteristic tendency of the civilization of the eighteenth century, yet never before the time of Washington had the world such a grasp of the worth of human liberty. France tried it, and it ended in a terrific reality; England gave the new experiment five years before it ended in a revolution.

It was an age of political ignorance, and the strife between classes was bitter and unyielding. The North and South were engaged in bitter controversy; the question of state rights was agitating the minds of the people. Between 1780 and 1797 eight attempts had been made to destroy the allegiance between the states. The fury of party strife was terrible: Hamilton was stoned in the streets, Jay was hanged in effigy, and Adams was scorned for his opposition to the Constitution. But in the midst of all this Washington stood as a tower of strength unmoved and immovable. In the darkest hours of that conflict he always saw the bright star of hope unmoved and immovable. In that age lived men whose lives were a series of frailties and meanesses as great as the vices and follies of the meanest men. In the presence of all this strife and agitation he lived and labored. And within his noble body, burning with the insults of those who should have known better, there burned a soul, the great soul that flashes out and conquers transcendent. Slowly he curbed the rage of party strife, brought order out of chaos, and welded together
the jarring, jealous colonies. Only by going back of all myth and popular tradition shall we get a glimpse of the first and noblest character of American manhood—George Washington, the man.

This is the real secret of Washington's endearment: he was pre-eminently a lover of peace, and his military career was not one of conquest but of defense. Unlike the great Napoleon he was not intoxicated by his victories, and was never blinded to the fact that his success meant liberty to the nation. Well is it for us that Washington was guided by the dictates of his own mind; for had he yielded to the insults of his enemies, had he been swayed by personal ambition or military glory, he would have lost the cause of America to the powerful hosts of personal ambition or military glory, he would have lost the cause of America to the powerful hosts of England, and, like the eternal decrees, "once lost, lost forever."

His careful discriminations were wonderful, and though he was slow in deciding he never deviated from what he thought was his duty. In imagination he may have been surpassed; but in the selection of practical measures his opinion was the expression of the highest wisdom and justice. Many of his actions seemed fashioned to meet all the vicissitudes that have followed. He more than anticipated the Monroe Doctrine when he refused to grant France's appeal for aid against England. We pride ourselves on the civil service system, yet Washington's administrations were conspicuous for the selection and retention of the fittest men for office. The evils of slavery did not escape him when he gave freedom to the negroes of his estate, an act which if followed would not have plunged this country in civil strife, and Lincoln's proclamation would never have been known.

It must be evident to all that Washington stands for a type, and as such has stamped himself upon the imagination of mankind; and whether that type be true or false Henry Cabbot Lodge says "the fact itself remains;" and the observance of his birthday calls upon all who love their country to freshen and strengthen their patriotism. To keep alive the memory of him who saw the mighty future of America, who saw the enemies and dangers that would beset our path, and warned us to meet them bravely, imposes a sacred task upon us all; for though more than a century has passed, the old-time enemies are still here. No warships threaten our harbors, our enemies do not come blowing their trumpets and keeping step to martial strains; but wherever the old commercialism of trusts assault the weak, wherever the class spirit lays hand upon our institutions, wherever corruption poisons the springs of government, there the battle is to be waged. Our forefathers were patriots and heroes; we must be honest and men. For the same God to whom Washington prayed on many a gory field ever guides and directs His people, and through His laws will we be able to protect, develop and enrich the institutions received as an heritage for future generations.

Then followed "Columbia" by the audience, and the voices of the crowded Hall rose in mighty swells as the spirit of the old song enlivened every one, and he gave vent to his feelings. The presentation of the flag was the feature of the day. Magnificently done by Mr. Ambrose O'Connell President of the senior class, the traditional event stamped the day as a success. Needless to say Mr. O'Connell was just the man to present the flag, and the bursts of oratory in which he indulged at the proper times, mark him as another coming speaker. His speech was as follows:

To-day as we pass through the entrance into this spacious Hall, dedicated to the noble and ever-beloved Father of our Country, we see the sacred ensign of our republic gracefully droop from every part of the balcony. Presented to the University year after year, by her senior class, those tattered and weather-worn flags have floated high above us as a symbol of the patriotism and loyalty which have always existed at Notre Dame.

Since the national emblem was first unfurled to the breeze on June 17, 1777, its history has been glorious. Some of the greatest sacrifices and the most heroic deeds known to man have been inspired by it and performed for its sake. Excepting the cross, no symbol under the sun stands for more than the Stars and Stripes of our glorious banner. It represents wisdom, justice and liberty, and indicates that in peace or in war the nation is for right and honor.

To us, moreover, it is ever a reminder that we have duties and obligations to perform. Patriotism exists in time of peace as well as in time of war. If put to the test, we should stand by the flag as our fathers before us, and, if required to do so, should lay down our lives in its defense. In days gone by the nation was called on to defend itself against external foes; but if there is a danger to our government to-day it is from within, not from without. No hostile army threatens us now, but there is still work to be done by us; there are abundant evils for us to oppose. In this great land of ours too often just and honorable citizens fail to interest themselves in the casting of the ballot; unscrupulous and unworthy men secure the reins of government; and dishonesty and oppression are consequently enthroned in the seat of righteousness. Thousands and thousands of children are spending the golden years of childhood in a terrible labor market at the expense of their mental, moral and physical development and whole armies of human beings are dragging out a wretched existence in the sweatshops of our modern commercial drama. These conditions were never meant to exist upon God's earth.

Let us cultivate a spirit of helpfulness toward one another; and for the glory of our nation, let us see that our youth is educated, that honest and capable men are put into office, and that every good man is interested in the needs of the government. Good citizenship lies fully as much in casting the ballot as in holding the office. The hope of mankind rests upon our nation, and each of us should consider it an individual duty to see that righteousness and

(Concluded on page 352.)
—On March 4 Irishmen all over the world will celebrate the birth of Robert Emmet, Ireland’s hero martyr. It is meet and proper that they should, for out of the galaxy of Emmet. Ireland’s great men he stands pre-eminent. His life’s story is short but teeming with all those things that go to make up an ideal. Every nation has a hero—some one man who is that nation’s ideal. Considering Emmet and his life, his actions, deeds and aspirations, he comes nearest to being Ireland’s ideal. In the twenty-four years he lived he exhibited those qualities and characteristics that seem typical of the Irish nation. As a people they are filled with strong, impetuous blood; the wrongs and inequalities endured gall them, and the spirit of freedom is a part of their very make-up. This love of freedom every man will claim; but it belongs to Irishmen to pine and crave for it more than other men. Nor is this making light of any man’s desires, for no man would be a slave. But every man has a characteristic: Some by their natures love more than others; some want more than others, while others crave after different ideals.

So it was with Emmet; he had youth and enthusiasm, he had the impetuosity of his race and the fighting spirit to try. While perhaps the immediate consequence of his act in stirring an uprising brought his country nothing immediately, yet he gave to his people a legacy. It is from the fear of such revolts as his that Ireland has won any concessions she may since have gotten. In the meantime the tragic story of his death, the sublime manner in which he met it, and the great, brave personality that shone out from St. Catherine’s scaffold have been to his countrymen a lesson. The lesson teaches all that is good and brave and loyal; it teaches of love and strength, and it teaches, that life, no matter how young and sweet, is nothing compared to a cause. Above all, it teaches what true heroism means; and once more it proclaims to men the lesson “that greater love hath no man than to lay down his life for his fellows.”

And a world looking on perceives the lesson, and touched by the parallel of the sacrifices, is made better and nobler and truer. That is all any man can do, and it is enough; enough to live, and by living lead the way, and then to die, and by dying seal the lesson.

—Roosevelt, king of “muck-rakers,” at a recent meeting of the Harvard Union in Boston took occasion to prod up that particular novelty of muck Over Culture which is accumulating in the universities of our country—over-culture.

The President, never far off on any subject of importance, is squarely planted, with the right side up, on this matter. In what he said on the uselessness of a college education, if misdirected, he was but voicing the sentiments of an American people who are beginning to realize that the fellow who acquires fastidiousness at school instead of knowledge, and culture instead of common sense, is a most incipient individual. Some of our most fashionable schools—if such a name may be given a university for men—afford rare opportunities for a young man foolishly inclined to become a genuine, head-inflated “fop;” that peculiar type of man that must needs live in his own sphere away from the sordid and commonplace, and that.
must hold communion with himself, his fine sensibilities and his aesthetic tastes.

Let it not be understood from what we have said that we do not believe in culture. We do most implicitly. But only in so far as it broadens out the mind; only in so much as it makes man appreciate all activities in life, instead of stultifying him into a bonded worship of a hobby; only when it makes men whole, clear-cut and grounded in workable ideas, and not narrow, stinted and barren, save in one highly-spun—and as highly impracticable—theory. Neither let it be understood that we are of the opinion that the country is seriously taking the bellow of supersensitiveness. We have a world of substantial college men everywhere about us; they are the nation’s strength. The world weighs men for their worth. It is not to be hoodwinked into the selection of the over-refined for the work of nation building. The misfortune of over-culture hits upon him nourishing it, and not the people among whom he lives. Such a man invariably sinks to his own level in the process of “man” selection, there with kindred spirits to rail against the “barbarism” in prevailing conditions. “But the world goes on just the same.”

Notes from the Colleges.

The religious discipline at Princeton is reduced to a card system. The student must sign a bit of pasteboard to the effect that he has or has not been to church on Sunday.

Segregation is the watchword at Northwestern. The code of rules embodies a great many things that the co-ed can not do, and suggest a disposition on the part of the long since settled-down faculty man, to deal with the “frivolous” on a purely military basis.

At a trial meet at the Imperial University of Tokio a Japanese student, named Ju Ju, cleared the vaulting bar at 12 feet 9 inches, and made a new world’s record in pole vaulting.

American colleges are, no doubt, with the President in his war on the California legislature—we need such athletes.

They had a mock democratic national convention at the Illinois University the other day. William J. Bryan was nominated for president, with a government ownership platform. Joe Bailey of Texas was a close second of Mr. Bryan; Charles Murphy of New York presided. Evidently Roger Sullivan has little influence over the coming Bryanites of his state.

There is a bit of literary composition labelled “Small Talk” issued by the Loretto Academy, Kansas City, Miss., that we more than enjoy. It is pleasing in style, artistic in decoration and cover design, and unique in the fact that the girls of the Academy set the type, run the printing-press, bind the pamphlet, and contribute every line to its contents. Our appreciation of things feminine would be indeed wanting did we pass over “Small Talk” without a word of praise.

A student down in Virginia University holding sway in the easy chair of the college publication, quite suits our idea of a good fellow. He suggests an eight-o’clock breakfast and life of leisure in perfect consonance with this initial number in the day’s program. He is father to a movement for a great college dinner where there will be eating, smoking, speaking and music. And where, the dress suit and the convention will be conspicuously absent. We are in love with your idea of life, brother editor, and would like very much to talk at your dinner.

Mr. Taylor, DePauw’s unassuming and brilliant orator, surely had nothing to do with a letter published in a recent number of the DePauw, especially with the annexed note concerning an enclosed note for ten dollars. It looks too much like a “consolation fee,” for even a most ordinary man, much less a man of Mr. Taylor’s abilities. Some things are better left untold. Nor are we indulging in our prejudices, DePauw, only we have ideas concerning proprieties.
honesty prevail. We trust that this grand flag will lose none of its lustre, but that it will continue to inspire the citizens of America to the exercise of genuine patriotism.

In accordance with the sacred custom of the University, the class of 1907 has to-day the notable privilege and pleasure of presenting this beautiful flag to Alma Mater, whose motto has ever been loyalty to God and country. We entrust it to you, Father Cavanaugh, President of Notre Dame, and to you, members of the faculty, whose sacred duty it is to instil religion and patriotism into the hearts of youth. We entrust it to you, students of the University, knowing that you will cherish, admire and love it, and do your duty by it. Let it be raised then to the summit of the great steel mast at the college gates, and let it be found waving there day by day, a thing of beauty to the eye, and an inspiration to the mind and heart of all true sons of Notre Dame.

The Rev. President responded in his acceptance of the flag in his own masterful and inimitable way. He said:

To me the ceremonies of this day are among the most tender and beautiful that the college year brings around. I thank Almighty God that I am still so unsophisticated as to feel emotion when the national anthems are sung, and to be thrilled with rapture at sight of the flag of my country. Dull and sodden indeed must he be who can look unmoved upon a symbol which is consecrated by so many holy memories and which commemorates a new birth of liberty among men.

And yet a symbol, precisely because it is a symbol, derives its power from the sincerity of our devotion to the thing symbolized. The cross in pagan times was the token of ignominy; but one day on a little hill in old Judea there loomed against the sky a Cross on which hung, naked and bleeding, the sweetest, truest Man that ever lived, nailed there because He loved His brothers and would do them good; and to-day, nineteen centuries after, as during all the years between, the Cross has been kissed and treasured and adored as the holiest of symbols by all civilized men.

And the flag of America—what glorious memories are conjured up at the sight of it! Stories of courage and patience in war, deeds of honor and matchless devotion in peace, hospitality to the oppressed of every land, the fullest material well-being, the highest industrial genius, the largest religious toleration to be found anywhere in the world, universal manhood suffrage, an honest zeal for peace among the nations and an amazing enthusiasm for the education of youth—these are some of the great realities for which that banner stands.

Above all, it stands for liberty under the law. Some cynic has said that "society is composed of beasts of burden and beasts of prey," and in most of the older countries, society is so formed that great multitudes of people are condemned to be beasts of burden for the benefit of an upper class that are literally beasts of prey. Here merit is the measure of the man; here opportunity is boundless and equal; equal and boundless, too, is responsibility. Here the millionaire murderer trembles before the judgment seat as piteously as the beggar outcast. Let weeping Jeremians cry aloud in the market place against graft and political corruption; but the heart of our Nation is sound, because Americans are a liberty loving and law-abiding people; and so long as respect for law endures, America shall not fail.

Now, it rests with you, the citizens of the future, to say whether this shall be. A few days ago I was conveyed into the city, and as we approached the beautiful bridge that spans the river at Colfax Avenue, I incautiously urged my driver to make speed. His answer is worthy of remembrance. He said: "There is a law against speeding over a bridge, and I want to live up to the law." If only every American felt toward law as did this unassuming boy, what a paradise our country would be! And here in this University you are deciding day by day what your attitude to law will be throughout life. If you care nothing for the ordinances of authority here; if you fear only least you may be caught and punished; if you find satisfaction in secret violations of the rule, you are schooling yourself to lawlessness and crime in the future. And the punishment of lawlessness is swift and sure and unrelenting. That flag stands for the gentlest, the most fatherly, the most humane secular authority that is exercised anywhere on earth; yet the whole power of the Army and the Navy of the United States would rally around that flag to enforce obedience to the slightest provision to American law.

Gentlemen of the Senior Class, from your hands I accept this flag to-day as a pledge of your loyalty to authority here and wherever you may go. On the first morning of Commencement week, it will be lifted for the first time on high to be petted and caressed by the breezes of free America. That Sunday morning will be a day of happy omens for you and for us, and one of the happiest of these omens will be the unspoken pledge this flag brings to us: that throughout all your life, you will be exemplars of obedience to authority and respect for the law.

The speech was strong and appropriate to the occasion. It had a telling effect on all present, and when he had finished the student body seemed to be filled with the genuine sentiment which prompted the President in making his remarks.

Then followed an Overture by the orchestra, and an "Ode to Washington" by Thomas E. Burke. The poet of the class covered himself with glory, and was especially strong in delivery. "America," by the audience, was sung, and Washington's Birthday, one of the greatest days at Notre Dame, passed into history, placing again before us the names of Collier, Burke and O'Connell, and leaving to Alma Mater the great Flag, the gift of the '07 class.
Athletic Notes.

John Scales was the only Notre Dame man to score in the first regular meet last week, running a good third in the high hurdles.

Keefe, the only scratch man in the half-mile run, ran one of the prettiest races in the meet, and although he finished outside the money, he put up a remarkably fine race. When it is remembered that he was scratch man, and that nearly forty men were in the event, with handicaps ranging from ten to two hundred yards, he stood about as much chance to win as a rabbit (not near that much), but in the opinion of all who saw the meet, Keefe’s work in the half-mile brands him as one of the best runners in the West.

Coach Draper is rounding the team now for the Indiana meet which is to be held on the 9th of March at Notre Dame. Everyone but Smithson and Kasper is in good shape, and the chances of defeating Indiana are even. The down-state school has been handing Notre Dame lemons (that’s not very old) in track for the past four years, and Coach Draper will exert every effort to get his team in shape to win the coming meet. With Keefe, Scales, Smithson, Cripe, Woods, Graham, Keach and Kasper in good shape, Notre Dame is at least an even money bet and stands the best chance of winning from Indiana than at any time for the past five years.

Coach Creiger and Capt. Waldorf have weeded off all the “exercise boys” on the baseball squad, and are now confining their efforts to the men who will represent Notre Dame on the diamond this year. Creiger has cut off every out-fielder on the squad with the exception of Bonnan, as it is his intention to play two of the five pitchers in the outfield.

Kennedy appears to be the holder down of sack number one, and is making a good showing on the initial bag. Boyle and Koepping are doing the fancy work around second and short, and in all probability will be seen there when the season opens.

Manager Draper has completed all arrangements with Manager Grant of the South Bend Central League team for the annual practice games. South Bend will put in their training season here this year and will play ten or a dozen practice games with the Varsity.

Brogan is still resting on the winter bench, but as was mentioned once before that when the man with the mask screams “play ball,” John’ will be there. In the meantime Bonnan is doing the stunts around third base.

The Indiana Inter-Scholastic track-meet will be held at Notre Dame this year in May. The meet is open to all the leading high schools of the state and always brings together a good bunch of “future greats.”

Although the Eastern schedule is complete the faculty has not ratified it as yet. The Western schedule, as given out by Manager Draper, shows one of the best schedules Notre Dame ever had, including games with Michigan, Illinois, Minnesota, Purdue and Indiana. The complete schedule including the Eastern trip contains forty-eight games. The Western schedule is as follows:

Monday, April 8—South Bend at Notre Dame
Tuesday, April 9—South Bend at Notre Dame
Wednesday, April 10—South Bend at Notre Dame
Thursday, April 11—South Bend at Notre Dame
Friday, April 12—Notre Dame at South Bend
Monday, April 15—South Bend at Notre Dame
Tuesday, April 16—Notre Dame at South Bend
Wednesday, April 17—Notre Dame at South Bend
Thursday, April 18—South Bend at Notre Dame
Friday, April 19—South Bend at Notre Dame
Saturday, April 20—Hillsdale at Notre Dame
Monday, April 22—Notre Dame at South Bend
Wednesday, April 24—Illinois at Urbana
Friday, April 26—Wisconsin at Notre Dame
Saturday, April 27—Knox at Notre Dame
Monday, April 29—St. Viator’s at Kankakee, Ill.
Tuesday, April 30—Knox at Galesburg, Ill.
Wednesday, May 1—Monmouth at Monmouth, Ill.
Thursday, May 2—Beloit at Beloit
Friday, May 3—Minnesota at Minneapolis
Saturday, May 4—Minnesota at Minneapolis
Tuesday, May 7—Mich. Agricultural at Notre Dame
Wednesday, May 8—Kalamazoo or Hillsdale at N. D.
Friday, May 10—Indiana at Notre Dame
Saturday, May 11—Indiana Inter-Scholastic Meet
Monday, May 13—Oberlin at Notre Dame
In a one-sided game Wednesday night, Corby defeated the South Bend Y. M. C. A. team by a score of 61 to 8. For South Bend, Harris made all the points: six fouls and a field goal. For Corby Werder and Heyl were responsible for the scores, the latter making fifteen field goals. Werder out-jumped his opponent, which, combined with clever signals and good head work, utterly lost the Y. M. C. A. boys. The guards Krost and Schwab allowed but one field goal to be made against them.

Score.

Corby, 61
Du Buc
Heyl
H. Werder
Schwab
Krost, O. Werder
Field goals—H. Werder, 7; Du Buc, 5; Heyl, 15; Schwab, 1; Harris, 1. Free throws—H. Werder, 5; Harris, 6; Referee—Roach.

The Social Whirl.

E. PERCIVAL SNOB.

The following has been received by the editor and referred to me. Gentle reader, you may perhaps be able to make something out of what the man writes; I confess, I can not. Of course his purpose is evident; but gracious! I would have very much wished he had said something to me. I apologize to you for the amount of space taken, and hope you will understand what a test he puts me to in giving him a "square deal." For without doubt I have stretched my idea of what a "square deal" means in allowing such stuff in this column. I have already raised a rumpus about utilizing this space—which aims to give intelligible matter—for such explosions. The paper solicits replies to Percival, but asks all future aspirants not to impose on good nature in this manner. If there be any more among you who would say his say to Percival, do it, but "call" him in a way that won't throw discredit on your own ability. The man sent in his name, but not even The Snob would divulge it—there are some who think well of him. Once more, dear readers, I apologize for the space, time and attention consumed by the following:

TO OUR SATIRICAL FRIEND,

"E. PERCIVAL SNOB."

The space which our supposed eminent cynics and prevaricators have the esteemed honor of being controllers as well as possessors has been abused and maltreated on various occasions, and is not in evidence with the prevailing demand for a "square deal." And you, my dear writer, who have deemed it prudent to use this space to give vent to a personal, malicious feeling and to impress a majority with the same narrow, uncouth belief that you have so injudiciously expressed, be more prudent. Judge your closest associate, and you will not judge him with fairness; you may perceive his constant faults explicitly, but the innate good which lies hidden and only perceivable to the cute, shrewd, and perspicacious observer, will not be found by such a person as you. You may be old or young, I should judge quite young, by the intelligence shown in your characterizations. If not, it is evident that your experience with human nature is immature and unsophisticated, and should you some day attain the prominent position as head waiter in a prominent restaurant in the town of ——, State of ——, I express my sympathies to both you and your employer, if there should be cast on you the burden of employing men that will earnestly strive for success for your employer. Not necessarily do I need to mention a restaurant...
as the place where your responsibilities may lie; but should fortune not befriend you, and your vocation aspire to a higher sphere, I fear disastrous results.

There was a time in history when a person in poor standing with the dignitaries of the government suffered the most excruciating torture of the rack. Let us not consider that it is necessary for the provincial writer of articles under the name of E. Percival Snob as a scutum to feel it is necessary to resort to such a distasteful method. Of course when you make such discoveries as the existence of a so-called vacuum, and some one slipping off with the wrong foot, you feel that the existence of the school is imperilled. Put a little study on the case, and you may find that some things that glitter are gold. Look further into the former discovery, and after some deliberation consider whether or not you should have used more discretion in your judgment. Your tacit convictions may tempt you to heal your stab. Therefore, let the sun of justice shine. "For truly this healing is only possible by means of justice; no love, no faith, no hope will do it. Men will be unwisely fond, vainly faithful unless primarily they are just."

No one meant to overlook Harry Hague of Brownson, but the Pride of the Hall has been so unusually quiet of late that I have thought he took a trip to the Infirmary. Much improvement has been noticed in the boy, and since the Perez affair I have heard no complaints, which only goes to prove that some men are apt pupils.

Speaking about Brownson, what's this about long Jim O'Leary, and a new pair of corduroys suspiciously soon after the track meet. There is so much to be said about Jim, and especially concerning his habit of plugging, that one hardly knows where to begin. His claim to recognition, however, after his debating ability, is his exemplary conduct on the campus. It is positively asserted and sworn to by several good swearers that Jim never pushed a line in his life. I don't believe it, though, and if the least scrupulous Prefect saw him deliberately turn a heavy iron pail of water and all on some innocent Brownsonite the Ichabod Crane would be pushing a big shovel at an awfully big pile of coal by this time. Since getting man's trousers it is to be hoped Jim will annex man's manners.

LAW DEPARTMENT.

EASTMAN V. FARMER.

The statement of facts in the case of Eastman v. Farmer was published in the SCHOLASTIC of September 22d. It was tried on a demurrer to the declaration at a recent session of the Moot Court. The attorneys for the plaintiff were John W. Sheehan and John F. Brogan, while T. Paul McGannon and Oscar A. Fox represented the defendant. The court was duly opened for business by the sheriff, M. J. Diskin, and Leroy J. Keach, the acting clerk, announced the case above mentioned as the first on the docket for trial. Judge Hoynes presided. The attorneys agreed to try the case on the statement of facts, using it as their evidence instead of proving the issues by the testimony of witnesses. After the arguments of counsel, which were creditable, the court stated that the case is based upon that of Eastwood v. Kenyon, II. Ad. & E. 438. In that case John Sutcliffe willed all his real property to his only daughter, and named his friend, Eastwood, executor. Afterward he sold all the property mentioned in the will and bought other land. He died soon afterward, and the land descended to his daughter as his heiress. She was a minor at the time, and Eastwood assumed under the terms of the will to act as her guardian. It should be remarked that under the law then in force the will did not take effect from the time of the testator's death, it had become imperative.

Eastwood was comparatively a poor man, and it became necessary for him to borrow money in order to make necessary repairs, manage the estate in proper manner and pay necessary expenses in meeting the wants and gratifying the tastes of the young heiress. He borrowed the money from a
man named Blackburn, and gave his promissory note for the amount, which was £140, or $700. Being not only an heiress, but also personally attractive, Miss Sutcliffe had many admirers. Notwithstanding the strong provocation of the situation, however, she scorned to become a coquette, and a certain Mr. Kenyon was the fortunate individual chosen by her for a husband. Acknowledging Eastwood’s claims to the gratitude of himself and wife, he promised verbally to pay the debt to Blackburn and to take up and cancel Eastwood’s note. This was quite natural, very gratifying to Eastwood, and warmly and effusively he expressed his thanks to Kenyon. But when the roseate days of the honeymoon had passed and the thorns and thistles of commonplace life came into view Kenyon forgot his promise and declined to pay Eastwood’s debt to Blackburn. Hence the suit. Kenyon pleaded as a defence the statute of frauds and also want of consideration. The court held that the statute did not apply, as the promise was not made to the creditor but to the debtor himself. On the other count, however, it agreed with the defendant, stating that his promise was past, or not connected with the original transaction, and that there was no consideration to support it. For the same reason the demurrer was sustained in the case at bar.

Local Items.

—March came in quite tame; we would rather, though, see the tamness later, for it looks suspiciously soon for spring.

—Coe McKenna came down from the Infirmary Thursday. Everyone was glad to see him out, and hopes he will remain in the Sorin department without any more departures to the Hospital.

—Washington Hall to-night.—Edgar J. Banks on “Bismya, the oldest city in the world.” Prof. Banks conducted the excavations of the historic city carried on under the auspices of the University of Chicago.

—Thursday, like winter bears coming out of their winter homes, came the Sorinites. The big tree in front of the Law School, where men have congregated ever since the time the student’s mind runneth not to the contrary, was the central point. Probably because of lack of attention a noticeable number of cigarrettes were in evidence in front of the historic place. But no doubt so soon as warm days are come, the men will freshen up their minds and move farther down where the grass is taller.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its regular meeting Thursday evening, February 21, at which the names of Messrs. A. Heilman and G. Curran were presented for the approval of the club. Mr. M. A. Clune was admitted to membership. A motion was made by Mr. D. Dougherty and seconded by Mr. E. Barnett that the society purchase a picture of the Brownson Inter-Hall Debating Team. Mr. V. Washburn made his first appearance before the society, and Mr. Cajules gave a very interesting talk on his native land, the Philippines. He reviewed the history of its discovery, exploration and colonization; its rise and fall under Spanish dominion and its acquisition by the United States. President Sheehan highly complimented Mr. Cajules on the efforts he put forth, and expressed a desire that the other members would follow his exemple and prepare their speeches as thoroughly. Mr. Clune also gave a short talk. While awaiting the arrival of one of the judges, Messrs. Varnum Parrish and J. Cunningham spoke at length on the benefits to be derived from debating. As the judge failed to appear, Brother Alphonsus kindly consented to act with Messrs. Parrish and Cunningham. The question for debate was: Resolved, That Labor and Capital should be compelled to settle their disputes by Arbitration. The affirmative speakers were, Messrs. Claude Sack and J. Roth; The negative Messrs. F. Madden and T. Carville. The debaters on both sides showed a thorough knowledge of the subject under discussion; the negative being slightly the stronger, as was shown by the judges’ decision of two to one in their favor. Mr. C. Sack deserves special mention for his clever rebuttal. On the whole, this was one of the best debates the society has had, and the participants bid fair to become in the near future excellent debaters. Bro. Alphonsus closed the program with a short talk, after which the meeting adjourned.