The Gift of a Moment.

W. A. CAREY, '11.

THROUGHOUT the livelong day men idly fret,
And wonder if the coming hour may bring
Some happy message free from sorrow's sting;
Their fancy haunts them, and they quite forget
That each short moment bears an amulet
Which they must seize, ere on Time's swiftest wing
'Tis borne away like some unnoticed thing,
And leaves behind naught else but sad regret:
So let us with our present task remain,
And grasp not at strange fantasies which lure
Us from fixed duty, making insecure
The rich rewards which patience would attain;
The future's veil we may not hope to 'lift,
But we may seize each moment's precious gift.

The Papal Princedom.

GEORGE J. FINNIGAN, '10.

WITHIN the Leonine part of the
Eternal City, in the palace of
the Vatican, there lives an aged
prince. His position amongst
the peoples and nations of the
world is unique, for he wields
the greatest spiritual authority ever granted
to man. All peoples pay him homage and
respect, and Christian rulers seek his opinion
and advice in questions of vast importance.
And yet, strange to say, this venerable and
august prince, whom all nations call father,
and whose authority reaches to the farthest
ends of the earth, is a prisoner,—a prisoner
on his own lands and in his own palace.
How has this come about? How is it
possible that a person of such renown and
dignity can be in so peculiar a position?
The answer is plain. Although civilization
and Christianity have done much to pro-
mote peace and the recognition of rights
among the princes of the world, by annihi-
lating the seeds of greed in the hearts of
the stronger; although the doctrine that
"might is right" has long since been proven
false; although the laws of God and the
State forbid the usurpation of another's
property, still, in the face of all this, the
ambition of a civilized ruler and his people
has accomplished one of the most unjust
stefts, has perpetrated one of the most
atrocious and sacrilegious deeds, in the
history of our times.

Since the earliest days of Christianity
Rome has been the home of the spiritual
head of the Catholic Church. During the
first few centuries it was not possible for the
Pope to live openly as the recognized head of
the Church, because of the exquisite persecu-
tions with which Christianity was wounded,
and crushed; but when in the fourth century
an edict of toleration to Christianity was
published and the imperial government took
up the cross, and began by its laws and
policies to make the empire Christian, a new
era was entered upon. In these acts we
recognize food for the growth and perfection
of the sovereignty of the Pope.

The Pope and the emperor now ruled
the empire together, the Pope subject to
the emperor in nothing, the emperor subject
to the Pope in all spiritual matters, and
dependent on him for advice and decisions
in many temporal affairs. The influence
of the Pope was manifested in many ways.
Hordes of barbarians over-running the
empire and about to fall on Rome, were turned back simply by his word. He beautified the city and made it the world’s centre. High above all the rest it towered in majesty and power.

But alas! Rome was doomed to fall. In 455 Genseric, with a vast mob of Vandals, fell upon the Eternal City, seized its vast treasures, destroyed its art, demolished its buildings and highway, and left it a sorry sight for Pope and emperor. The effects of this downfall were not confined to the city alone, they extended throughout the whole empire. Universal confusion took the place of order and obedience. Laws were broken, governors could not defend; the sword was the arbiter of public and private rights. And yet wherever there was a bishop, the Pope’s representative, religion protected all that was left of the ancient order. Immediately the work of the Pope was felt. “A new Rome ascended slowly above the horizon. It held within it—the Hebrew and Christian Testament; it possessed an art, an architecture modelled on the lines of happier days; it assumed the outward splendor of the Caesars; but its reliance was upon a creed they never knew, in which justice and mercy, qualities of the Spirit, were to serve as its strength and guidance. The emperor was no more; the consul had laid down the fasces; but the Pontifex Maximus still lived—the Vicar of Christ offering the old civilization to the tribes of the North.” He converted them, and they served him as their father and judge. Each tribe that was made Christian brought a fresh stone to upbuild the arch of his power. This then was the Papacy, an institution whose influence over Europe was so vital that if it could be blotted from the world’s history the whole of the Middle Ages would vanish along with it.

As to the presentation of lands to the Church, probably the first gifts were from Pepin. When Astolf, the Lombard, descended on Europe and seized lands in Italy, Pepin crossed over from France and in a hard struggle defeated him. The lands thus regained were presented to the Pope as a token of esteem and affection. These gifts comprised Comacchio and Ravenna with all the lands between the Apennines and the Adriatic from Forli in the North to Jesi and Sinigaglia in the South. Did these lands truly belong to the Church and the Pope? Most assuredly they did. There is nothing in the fact of the Pope being a spiritual sovereign to hinder him from holding and ruling land.

Many centuries passed away, beautiful centuries in the world’s history, prosperous centuries for Europe, for Europe loved Rome, and flourished. The Pope was still a temporal sovereign, and being such was better able to retain independence in decisions of spiritual matters: being subject to no one government, he could better deal with all; being tyrannized over by no one prince he could, with not even a show of favoritism, correct and admonish all princes.

But was Europe to remain thus forever? No! Heresies and schisms blighted the flocks of Christ, and she gradually turned her back on Rome, Rome the greatest factor of her prosperity and education. Gratitude was replaced by malice; those who had begged of Rome the right to wear a crown, were to rob her of her last vestige of princedom.

The middle of the nineteenth century presented a sad spectacle in Italy. The land was torn by war and factions; the people, dissatisfied with a monarchy, clamored for a republic; the north was divided from the south, the east from the west.

Victor Emmanuel, the reigning king, felt that something must be done. How could he appease his people? There was one way of doing this: it was the seizure of the Papal States for which the Italian nobles and ministry had so long clamored. To Emmanuel it seemed impossible to do this, for within the Papal States there was perfect tranquillity in spite of active instigations made from without.

In the year 1859 some Italian troops entered the Papal States and seized lands to a great extent. They would assuredly have seized all, had not the French Government taken under its protection Rome and its remaining territory and defeated the Italians. A contract was entered upon by France and Italy by which it was supposed the peace of the dominion now remaining to the Holy See would be left unmolested.

Victor Emmanuel well understood that no sanction of earthly or heavenly authority
gave him permission to lay hands on the estates of the Church. In a public speech in 1860 he declared: "I intend to respect the seat of the Chief of the Church to whom I am willing to give, with the allied and friendly powers, all the guarantees of independence and security." Just words were these; would that he had lived up to them in later days.

In 1864 the compact of ’59 was sealed by a solemn treaty, the first article of which read: "Italy agrees not to attack the present territory of the Pope, and even to prevent by force any attack from without." After this treaty the French troops were withdrawn from Rome.

Now that the French troops were withdrawn, Emmanuel sought to gain the Papal States by negotiations. He endeavored to convince the Pope that the surrendering of these estates would be better for Italy, and would even benefit the people subject to Rome, but really because he, Emmanuel, would thereby possess more lands, and possessing more lands would be a greater king. A deputation was sent to Pius IX. with this proposition. His answer was the only answer he could give: "No!" It must be understood that the lands did not belong to the Pope personally but to the Church, and the Pope could not give up these lands unless it were for the betterment of their owner, the Church. But would it be better for the Church to lose her estates? No; the spiritual mission of the Church, spiritual freedom, peace among nations, Catholic unity, independence of speech and conscience demanded that the Pope be subject to no country, therefore that he be master of his own country. The Church being a spiritual organization, could exist without the temporal power, but it could not exist in its entirety, in its capacity for doing good, in its strength and authority, without the temporal power as a means of commanding recognition before the world.

Conditions in Italy became worse. Garibaldi, leading the most radical republicans, invaded the States of the Church in 1867, and marched on Rome which was his goal. When the news of this raid reached France, an army was immediately sent to Italy, and Garibaldi was defeated on the plains of Mentana. Before France withdrew her troops, she reminded the Florentine court of the former agreements and received assurances on the subject. The ministry of Emmanuel winked at Garibaldi's actions.

Conditions becoming worse, the court at Florence took the resolution to disregard the treaty of ’59, which stood before the world as a solemn contract, and to seize the Papal States. A letter was sent to Pius IX. begging him to submit with as much grace as possible to the inevitable. His reply was as before, an emphatic refusal.

Ambition and the desire of popularity had now swept from Emmanuel all regard for international and civil rights. He saw that it was universally admitted that there was no monarch in all Europe who had a better claim to his throne than Pius IX., but he also saw that the conditions existing in other countries would in case of his seizure of the lands of Rome, keep them from interference. France was crippled by wars with Prussia; Protestant countries would assuredly not oppose such a measure, and policy would keep the others at bay.

On Sunday, September 11, the day after the refusal of Pius IX., the troops of Victor Emmanuel entered the Papal States at four different points. On the following day a decree was issued proclaiming that any of the clergy who by act or discourse should stir up feelings favorable to the Papacy, would be punished with all the rigor of the law.

Into what a helpless condition was the Pope now thrown. Rome had no armies; the clergy were forbidden even to stir up loyalty to the existing government, and the principal newspapers were suppressed. The invading army marched steadily on to Rome. Rome the home of justice and wisdom, Rome the kind mother, Rome the City of God, was about to be seized and defiled by those of her fold to whom she had been kindest. The Pope, conscious that any resistance would be useless, commanded that there be only such show of force at the city gates as would prove to the world that his realms were wrested from him by military violence.

At last the blow fell. At half-past eight on the morning of September 20, 1870, a breach was made in the wall, and at ten o'clock, two divisions of Italian troops
entered the city. The papal forces showed some resistance, but were soon driven back. Within a very short time Rome was occupied by sixty thousand armed men.

Pope Pius retired to the Castle of St. Angelo from whence a circular-letter was sent to the cardinals, telling why, as head of the Church, he must still claim the kingship of the Church's estates.

Victor Emmanuel endeavored now to show to the world that the usurpation of Rome was the desire of the people of Rome, by causing a plebiscite to be taken. This plebiscite, however, which Emmanuel said "nobly crowned their efforts," has been generally admitted to have been a farce. The established press of Rome asserted that the great mass of Roman citizens did not dare vote in the face of sixty thousand bayonets. They did not even dare speak their opinions. The ballots were chiefly cast by Italian soldiers and strangers. Moreover, although there were only one hundred and thirty-five thousand voters, the number of votes cast was nearly one hundred and sixty-eight thousand, making a stuffed ballot of thirty-three thousand.

The atrocious work did not end here. Persons leaving the papal palace were searched; parish registers were seized; the troops and followers of the Pope were attacked, and offences went unpunished. Religious houses were opened, and the Quirinal Palace broken into. In order to turn the people from the church, plays were given and foul pictures were displayed as an attraction.

The peaceful, the sacred Rome was no more. Rome, whose very name calls up all that is noble and generous in history, had fallen. The peace of her streets had become the uproar of a noisy crowd; the Pope, her father, her protector, her builder, was to be seen about the city no more. Worthy men realized the change and wept. All nations saw the wrong; but each going its own way and looking to its own interests, lent no helping hand to the little kingdom that had fallen. A great wrong had been done, not only to the Church, but to all Christendom, for the law of nations, the law of international rights, had been most grievously violated.

And so to-day the Pope is a prisoner, and so he has ever been since September 20, 1870. Will it always be thus? Time alone can tell. As long as men know right, as long as there is such a thing as justice, let us hope that the day will come when the Church will be restored to her own. Italy, with Papal Rome for her Capital, prospers; but what vain prosperity is hers, for overshadowing her ever hangs the dark consciousness of her crime.

Right must conquer. Never for one moment has the Pope submitted to this injustice. With eminent steadfastness to duty, he will ever raise his hand in protest against this most sacrilegious of deeds; for though he be a prisoner, and though the stolen lands of the Church be governed by a usurping king, still these same lands, before God and before man, belong rightly to the Church, and still the Pope, our great Father, is rightly the sole prince and ruler of the Papal States.

Ballade of Regrets.

H. A. LEDWIDGE, '09.

I'd like to mount and gaily ride
Across the sunny slopes of June,
Forgetting e'en that time and tide
Are shod to-day with lightning shoon.

They wait for none; they grant no boon;
Let him who can take while he may.

I'll give it for a smiling noon
With fragrant dreams of yesterday.

'Twas then I wandered far and wide
And whistled loud a merry tune;
The bobolink in joy replied
With Madam Nature's silver rune.

Remembrance comes with whispered croon
And tales to fire the sodden clay
That lingers in a dreamy swoon
With fragrant dreams of yesterday.

But dreams may never be denied
Then softly shines the plenilune;
They bring companions true and tried,
Although they go both swift and soon.

They pale, and flicker and repugn
All but the fancy's color play.

Ah, would that I might oft commune
With fragrant dreams of yesterday!

Envoy

These idle rhymes are overstrained
With sentiment, yet, Prince, I pray
You take these fancies deftly hewn
From fragrant dreams of yesterday.
"Poor Kid!"

Ah, say! I'm sick o' bein' a kid;
I wish I was a man;
At eight o'clock, just to get rid
Of me, Sis says, "Now, Dan,
It's time for little folks like you
To be in slumber land."
Of course, there's nothing else to do
But scoot, you understand.

One night she thought I'd gone to bed,
Before her sweetheart came,
But I was 'neath the lounge instead;
Things went on just the same.

He told her all about the stunts
That he did when a kid,
'Bout fishin' trips and rabbit hunts
And places where he slid;
And gee! Sis laughed and thought it great.

It's just because I am a kid,
No other reason why;
The other day, just 'cause I slid,
She just complains and grunts.

It's just because I am a kid,
No other reason why;
The other day, just 'cause I slid,
She wouldn't give me pie.

If I was big like her beau is,
And girls would hear me tell
'Bout trees I climbed and O gee whiz!
The places where I fell,
I'd show them how to bait a hook
And land big bass and trout;
I'd show them in the game-laws book
When fishin' time was out.

But when a kid's a kid, you know,
Nobody seems to care;
He doesn't even get a show,—
The big guy takes his share.

NOT YET, BUT LATER.
All through his list of funny men
St. Peter looked in vain to see
If we were there; it hurt him when
He found no trace of Mac or me.
F. L. DERRICK, '09.

INCONSISTENCY.
Just two weeks ago a young maid from Bellair
Fell into a swoon from a mouse in her hair
Now to me 'that seemed queer,
For without the least fear,
Are "rats" often worn in the hair of the fair.
VARNUM A. PARIS'H, '09.

THAT BELL.
A friend last week essayed to cast
Aspersions on our bell,
By pleading for the sleepy heads
Who threaten to rebel.
But gee, old Pal, just stop and think
What never failing joy,
That same old bell at dinner time
Brings every college boy,
And say now, don't it ring at "rec"?
For lectures, too, do tell.
It seems to me when bedtime comes
I hear that same old bell.

"Now what on earth are we to do"?
Be optimistic, rise
And say your prayers, don't sit and "cuss"
And "only rub your eyes."

THOMAS A. LAHEY, '11.

THE WRONG WRIGHT WAS RIGHT.
There once was a fellow named Wright
Who was wanted in court for a fight;
A policeman arrested
A man who protested;
But the jury knows now he was right.

R. L. SALEY, '08.

TO L. F'S ADMIRER.
After reading your verse about Lytie,
Who, you say, so excels Aphrodite,
Would it be an aspersion—
If so bold an assertion—
Should induce one to say you are flighty?
B. L. S.

HARD-HEADED DICK.
There was an old mason named Dick
Who got hit on the head with a brick;
His head, like a rock,
Gave the brick quite a shock,—
'Twas a trick on the brick, not on Dick.
F. GASSENSCHMITH, '11.

CURIOUS.
St. Patrick once—'tis true, in fact—
From Ireland drove out all the snakes.
But though in all the island round
There isn't one left in the ground,
A few are seen at Irish waifs.
F. T. MAHER, '08.

HI AND SI.
In a fight between two boys at Sky
Hi was giving a beating to Si,
Si said Hi, "Stop these blows."
Hi did (with his nose)
For he didn't let any get by.

TO THE REFORMER.
If p-o-u-c-h spells powtch,
And C-O-U-C-H is cowtch,
And if you blurt an "Ouch" when hurt,
Will t-o-u-c-h spell tontch?
A. GUSHURST, '09.
The Snow-Birds.

P. E. HEBERT, '10.

Listen to the dear little snow-birds
Twitter their lyrics of joy,
Changing the sorrows of winter
To gladness for every schoolboy.

List to them warble their praises
In all of our national airs;
Spurring mankind to devotion
With melodies choicest of theirs.

List how they harmonize softly,
Blending their voices with care;
Watch them in attitude bowing,
You’d think them assembled in prayer.

Tell me what forces of nature,
What language expresses in words
The infinite goodness and greatness
Of God, like His little snow-birds!

A Leap Year Tale.

FRANCIS DERRICK, '08.

Long had Geraldine secretly admired Reginald, so strong and manly and honorable he appeared. Nor did Reginald for his part seem absolutely insensible to her merit. She had money and tolerably good looks, which promised an easy affluence for her fortunate spouse. But with all her wiles, she had never been able to put him in a position where he could propose with facility. Perhaps this was due to the fact that Reginald was not of that bold, aggressive nature, which, according to the proverb, deserves the fair.

She was, for a while at least, cheered in her endeavors by a little incident under the mistletoe at a house party. Reginald, inspired by the example of more ardent youths, had actually kissed her. But it was a rather perfunctory affair, as might be expected, with several interested spectators present, and on that account she justly considered the modest youth as far from her as ever.

The arithmetic gives a rule which says that every year, except centennials, divisible by four, and every centennial divisible by four hundred, is a leap year. It sounds strange to say this in a love story, but it was precisely this rule which was to further the fair maid’s ambition. We all know that the privilege of proposing was formerly permitted to the other sex during leap year, and in this glorious leap year 1924 Geraldine saw her opportunity. She dared not wait four years more. Love, and baser reasons forbade. We, living in this year 2005, A.D., having passed beyond that stage, of course consider it just as foolish for women to propose as for men, thus usurping the right of the state to better the condition of society.

But in 1924 it was quite the thing, and Geraldine decided to avail herself of it without delay.

She dropped a card to Reginald saying that she would come that evening at eight. The object of her affections received her kindly, took her wraps at the door and invited her to come into the parlor. After a little conversation on common topics the fair Geraldine broke the ice upon the real object of her visit by saying:

“My dear Reggie”—she had already got thus familiar—“My dear Reggie, there is something very near my heart, which I have long endeavored to begin speaking of, but which my innate modesty forbade. However, as it concerns my happiness in life I must speak.” Geraldine had been educated in Boston, hence the rest of the proposal is omitted. Suffice it to say that it ended, “I love you.”

Reggie blushed and cast down his eyes, in the manner of all young men when they are proposed to, and mentioned something about its being “so sudden.” At eleven they were interrupted by a slight disturbance from upstairs. The light had been very low for a long time, and they were not aware that they had made any unreasonable noise, when a voice called down from the upper regions:

“Say, Reggie, bring the milk in before you go to bed, will you?” Upon which the prudent Geraldine judged it time to depart.

The course of their true love ran smoothly for some weeks until jealousy entered in. Reginald saw his beloved one day taking another young man to the matinee, and
the green-eyed monster invaded his heart. He became lofty and virtuous, quit eating—for two meals—and, upbraided her with her inconstancy, finally winding up with the statement that he could never be anything but a brother to her, and returning her engagement ring.

"Ah, cruel one," responded Geraldine, or words to that effect, "do not drive me to despair, perhaps death. Yes, death would now be only too welcome." Whereupon he unfeelingly declared that he didn't care, "only mother wouldn't like her hanging round."

But this was only one of those passing clouds, which, although they may for a time obscure the clear blue sky of engaged bliss, leave it all the brighter and clearer when they disappear. The lovers kissed and made up, and Geraldine went, according to the old custom, to ask Reginald's irascible mother for his hand.

"Can you support my son in the style to which he has been accustomed?" asked the old lady, with a frown, after she had heard Geraldine's protestations of affection. Geraldine opined that she thought she could stand the cigarettes, and the rest was soon arranged. So Reginald, at his fiancée's importunity, blushingly consented to name the day. Then he proceeded to prepare his trousseau.

Geraldine procured a best girl and a license. The banns were published, as was the custom at that time, and the ceremony took place with great éclat.

The happy bride waited at the altar rail while the half-fainting Reginald, with a bottle of aqua vitae in one hand and a bunch of forget-me-nots in the other, advanced down the aisle leaning on his mother's arm. The bridgroom was given away by a maiden aunt. When the clergyman said to him: "Wilt thou take this woman," and added something about loving, honoring and obeying, Reginald consented without a murmur.

Thus was happily consummated the romance of Reginald and Geraldine. Of course they went off on a honeymoon, and then settled down and lived happily, or as happily as most married people. But that, as Rudyard Kipling would say, is another story.

Song of the Night.

—

JAMES KEOHE, '11.

JUST as the evening shadows fall
Upon the reaper toiling late,
Up from the meadow comes a call,
A night-hawk singing to its mate.

Down where the daisies bloom so sweet
And songsters thrill the evening breeze,
With happy song the night we greet,
'Fore seeking shelter in the trees;

For here the fairies soon will be,
With merry laugh and joyous song,
And fill the air with happy glee,
And sing and dance the whole night long.

For fairies only come at night
When all the mortals are asleep;
And in the dawning take their flight,
Ere sunbeams o'er the mountains peep.

Windthorst.

—

OTTO A. SCHMID, '09.

In all lands, in the depths of every human heart, there is a universal feeling that makes for universal brotherhood. This feeling finds its highest expression in religion. It is embodied in the "Fatherhood of God" and the "Brotherhood of Man." Calm in peace, it becomes a mighty force in the days of oppression. In the hour of danger, obedient to the demands of duty, the bonds of patriotism, the ties of friendship, and the aims of ambition are cast aside, unhesitatingly sacrificed to secure that noblest of possessions, that highest of inspirations—religious liberty. No power on earth can root that passion out of the human heart, nor can it be controlled by force. It was born with the world and it will die only with the world. Its fall would mean the fall of men and nations; its rise is the glory of the world. It was religion and the love of religious liberty that enriched and beautified the catacombs, that sanctified the soil of the Colosseum of Rome and the arena of Antioch, that brought forth an A Becket, a Thomas More and an O'Connell, and later, scarcely a generation since it
gave the world the savior of Catholicism in Germany, Ludwig Windthorst.

The coronation of King William of Prussia as Emperor of Germany at Versailles, after the fall of Paris in 1871, seemed to sound the doom of Catholic freedom in Germany. Urged and impelled by the iron will of Prince Bismarck, and controlled by Protestant Prussia, the imperial government quickly and harshly wrested from the Church her freedom. Step by step Bismarck broadened the breach between the government and Rome, and daily persecution went on in Catholic homes. Born with natural hatred of liberty, pledged to imperialism and repression, free from any conscientious compunctions, the Iron Chancellor harassed the Church of Christ in the empire, and crushed her till all resistance seemed at an end. But with all his power, and cruelty and wrong, Bismarck could not extinguish the spark of religious fire in German hearts. It burned and glowed in field and forest, in workshop and cabin, in every part of the empire, for there were warm hearts that nourished and cherished it. Under the guiding hand of Windthorst those downtrodden but ever hopeful worshippers fought for their God and their religion as patriots fight on field of battle for their native land.

In 1870, when Windthorst began to attract attention as a national figure in Germany, the Catholic Centre Party was a weak, disorganized and insignificant faction. The death of the former leader had left the party disrupted, but Windthorst, an organizer of men, far more keen-sighted than his contemporaries, soon took a hand in shaping party policies. A noble deed, a pregnant speech, a flash of wit, a brave stand for his own rights and those of the Church—these things quickly brought him to the front in the Parliament of the empire, and made him the unrivalled leader of his party. He forged ahead by incessant toil, and in like manner he made the political power of the Centre Party first and foremost in the empire. Under him it became an organized, homogeneous body, fighting for one end and principle—Catholic Liberty.

Well might they unite and strive as with one mind, for the Church was in dire need and distress. Priests were scattered and banished from their churches; nuns were driven out and their convents confiscated; the altars of God became the firewood of mercenaries and underlings, and the Holy Mass, that replica of Calvary's Sacrifice, was well-nigh forgot. Such was the condition of government and Christianity in Germany, in the flush of her glory over France, such her consequent vanity and lust.

The day in 1873 that saw the passage of the May Laws and the opening of the Kulturkampf also saw the first false move of Bismarck. It was his crossing of the Apennines on his way to Canossa. Most of his remaining years were spent in persecuting this campaign of crime and persecution, a struggle which held the centre of the diplomatic stage of Europe for years, and in which he finally went down in defeat before the organized forces of the Centre Party under Catholic Windthorst. Into this battle for the freedom of his people and the rights of his Church, Windthorst threw himself, body and soul, with a zeal that animated his friends, with an ardor and valor that cheered them on to greater and grander sacrifices.

Firm in their faith, brave in their convictions, the deputies forming the Centre Party, stood by each other, daily following into every conflict their half-deformed, half-crippled, but brave and beloved leader, Windthorst. He gathered them together from the heart and soul of Germany, from her hills and valleys, from the tumult of her cities and the peaceful quiet of her rural villages. His magnetic personality and keen judgment of men inspired his followers with confidence. With the strength that is born of religion, with the bravery engendered by oppression they obeyed his command without a murmur, without fear of any human power or threat.

Gradually but masterfully, the leader welded his following into a powerful party; year by year the strength of that party increased. Each election but showed its continual growth and the steady decline of Bismarck's majority. At last the day came when the "Iron Chancellor" could no longer carry out his May Laws and at the same time control a majority of the deputies. Too late he realized that his great Catholic adversary had built up
a new party which held the balance of power. Bribes, threats and appeals to Rome proved utterly unavailing. When all these methods had failed, Bismarck resolved to crush out Catholicism from the empire. What a spectacle of license and lust it became! awful because of the principles it involved, awful because man set himself against his God. In the name of nationality the Crucifix was torn down; in the name of progress the Church, the very fountain of civilization, was to be destroyed. Diabolical in its very nature, licentious in its every aim, the cause of Bismarck was foredoomed.

The crisis in the life of Windthorst was at hand, but it was a crisis for Germany as well; it was one of those moments that alter the course of empires. He was the centre of the storm; over his frail form but mighty intellect rushed the floods of the crisis; around him surged the battle for justice and right; but like another Richard Coeur de Lion, he emerged from the conflict unscathed and unshaken.

Daily he arose in the national Parliament and spoke for Catholic rights with all the fiery vehemence of an O'Connell; daily he pointed out the crimes of the government and the injustice of the malicious May Laws. Here in this final struggle were marshalled the greatest thinkers of the empire, the talents and culture of German civilization. Every hour brought forth new trials, new sufferings, harsher persecutions; again were enacted the tragedies of the dark times of the detestable Nero, when the fire of Christianity lighted the subterranean caverns and catacombs with a heavenly glow. Here in the heart of Protestantism, in the land of Luther and Melanchton, the great parliamentary battle was waged; here were gathered together from all parts of the empire the representatives of the people and the councillors of the emperor, with Bismarck at their head.

The flower and pride of German statesmanship were centred in this one struggle; but apart from all, solemn and serene, unaffected by all this pomp and show was Windthorst, the man of victory. Without the blowing of a bugle, without the firing of a shot, without the shedding of a single drop of blood, he wrested from the hands of the oppressor a victory such as had never before been known in the empire. The leading of millions out of bondage, the winning of the divine rights of humanity; these triumphs of his diplomacy, won after a life of toil and worry, he gave to his Church and to his fellowmen. Not as a mere diplomatist did he win this, but rather did he feel himself an instrument in the divine hands of the Almighty, shaping the destinies of men and nations.

After twenty years of war, in 1891, the valiant fighter fell, the last page of his story written, the book of life closed forever; his earthly career was ended. He came with a mission to perform, and manfully he performed it. Through him it was that the Church was again free in his native land, that the perpetual light once more shone before the Holy of Holies, and that the Angelus bell summoned once more the faithful to meditation and prayer.

Windthorst lives not only in memory, not only in the pages of history, but in the grateful hearts of his fellowmen and in the liberty of his Church. The world enjoys the fruits of his labors more to-day than ever before. He opened the storehouse of liberty for those that came after him; he blazed the path through the wilderness that future generations might pass through with less danger and difficulty.

Not only in the empire he loved, among the people he served, but in all parts of the world, wherever the human heart beats in admiration of unselfish devotion to duty, stern integrity, firmness of faith, and unbending loyalty to religious liberty, there the name of Ludwige Windthorst will be held in reverence and respect. The uncompromising champion of his own people, he has helped all people. The advocate of justice under the law, he has hindered persecution and oppression, struck from the human mind, from the souls of millions, fetters more galling, manacles more painful than ever bound the feet or hands of Roman slave. Such men as he are not born merely for the hour, they and their work outlive the ages. As generations pass by, the lustre of his name may grow dim with distance, it may even be forgotten, but deep down in the quiet recesses of the heart of Germany his good deeds will live and his blessings increase.
It is said that comparatively few graduates of law, in proportion to the large number who follow such a course, become lawyers. Of those who complete the law course of a large western university only about fifteen per cent follow it as a profession, while the remaining eighty-five per cent take up other occupations. Of recent years an ever-increasing number has taken the course with no intention of following it as a profession, but merely for its educational value. Every day the need of a general knowledge of law is becoming felt, and the mechanic in the shop, or the farmer at his work, needs it just as well as the judge on the bench. The number who study law for the educational training it affords, will increase to a greater extent in the future as the advantages of the law as a liberal education become known.

Apart from its technicality of procedure no study affords a greater liberalizing influence than the study of law. No subject is broader, for in it are embraced all the relationships which form the elements in which men live. It has crystallized the results of centuries of human experience and is essentially an analysis of human nature in all its manifestations. It is really the study of mankind.

Especially in our own country is a knowledge of law necessary. No nation has had to face problems or to cope with influences such as ours. Not only has the American been obliged to care for himself, but he has been called upon to understand and protect other peoples, to discover the relationships in which other people stand toward us and amongst themselves, to express these relationships in law. Different nationalities have flooded our cities and towns, giving rise to peculiar problems, and the man who understands law will know just how to understand such people.

With the growth of industrial development has come new problems, economic and social. A trained ability to recognize the relations of our economic life that are being woven into society is necessary if progress is to be steady and continued; and all this calls for popular education in the law. Law must, it seems, of necessity become the liberal education of the American citizen.

A committee, appointed by the Postmaster-General, has been instructed to make an investigation and report on the advisability of the government adopting an automatic stamp-vending machine. Already several models have been submitted, and it is now generally understood that it only remains a matter of deciding which particular one to adopt.

The great convenience of such a scheme is apparent at a glance. The vendors are made on the plan of the slot-machine, so that any size coin can be deposited and its worth in stamps secured in a moment. It will prove of material advantage not only to the public, but to the post office employes as well, saving them much useless waste of time in attending to small stamp purchases.

It is proposed to put up the machines in the corridors of the post offices, and on the street corners. Those who have experienced the inconvenience of finding a place to buy stamps on a busy day or after business hours will appreciate the advantage this new system offers.
New York, like many other of our large American cities, seems to realize in a confused sort of way that religious training in conjunction with secular education is most essential toward the upbuilding of strong, noble characters among her children. Through her influence, another educational project has been broached to the people, as a way out of the difficulties which at present beset the public schools of the United States. The new movement, as it now stands, requires that one day out of each week be dedicated exclusively to religious instruction, which is to take place in the various denominational churches of the respective cities or towns. During the remainder of the week, secular education, and secular education alone, is to be imparted in the schools.

Now, waiving the fact that such a system would in itself be totally impracticable, the board of education should realize that children of school age, at least the average boy and girl, are reasonable and intelligible beings. Can the advocates of such a system expect or even imagine that the child can possibly profit under such conditions? To-day he goes to church; there everything speaks of God, the all-powerful, the very source of knowledge. He is taught that obedience and daily service to Him is all essential to his future welfare. To-morrow and the three succeeding days he goes to the school-room where the representation of God is prohibited and His very name tabooed. He is taught by implication that his relation with the Almighty has no real importance in this life, and is deserving of no very serious consideration. Can a noble character be moulded amid such surroundings? Can a sufficiently good and deep influence be exercised upon the child in one day to counteract the evil and ungodly influence of the four others? In endeavoring to avoid one evil the reformers seem to be entering upon a still greater one. Things have come to such a pass that the public school must be officially godless, contrary to the desires of many who are still loyal to the old-time institution.

There is but one remedy for such a state of affairs, and that is to be found in the Catholic Church and her system of parochial schools. There every branch of education is indissolubly linked and permeated with the much-needed religious element; there is embodied the realization of the poet's words:

"Take care to form in youth the heart and mind, For as the twig is bent, the tree's inclined."

Such an educational policy as the New York educators advocate, can, at the best, but make highly-polished gentlemen of the world, not an intelligent Christian people, such as men look to for the safeguarding of the country and its constitutions. It is only the virtuous man who is the good citizen; those who look to our country's welfare should realize the important part which the coming generation is destined to play whether we will or no. Let them heed the words of Webster: "Whatever makes men good Christians, makes them good citizens."

Is the marriage tie to be henceforth treated as a jest by the people of our nation? Such would seem to be the case if one were to draw conclusions from the current periodicals of the day. Some years ago the daily newspaper might be scanned occasionally without one having to swallow several nauseating columns of divorce proceedings or other matrimonial scandals, but one would almost have to confine his reading to reports on the population of Mars as to endeavor to avoid the popular topic. We are led to believe that marriage is no longer a sacred tie,—a union of two souls for a lifetime—but rather a mere incident in a modern debutante's career.

Modern marriage means rather a rush to some favorite Gretna and a few weeks later a headlong precipitation to any State with lax divorce laws. Thinking men, both clerical and lay, are beginning to awaken to the awful meaning of late statistics. Legislatures are bestirring themselves with belated zeal. But the real source of the evil lies not with the laws, nor with the people, but with the lack of true moral educational training which in the end is the one force capable of rendering sacred the ties which are bound by God Himself.
Father General's Day at Notre Dame.

Last Tuesday was a day of festivity at Notre Dame, for it was the feast-day of the Very Reverend Gilbert François, Superior-General of the Congregation of Holy Cross. At eight o'clock in the morning the students and faculty of the University assembled in the Church of the Sacred Heart to attend the celebration of Solemn High Mass at which Father General was celebrant.

At noon Father General dined with the faculty and students. At the beginning of the banquet an address of greeting was delivered by Mr. Francis A. Zink of the class of '08. His speech which we reproduce below was a very fitting expression of the sentiments of the students and was received with marked attention and evidence of appreciation. Father General replied in an address which was expressive of his high regard not only for the students of the University but also for the people of the great American republic. To add to the dignity of the occasion and the enjoyment of all, the dining room was tastefully decorated, and the University Orchestra discoursed pleasing music.

Mr. Zink spoke as follows:

"VERY REVEREND FATHER:—Every day derives its greatness from some particular event which, on account of its peculiar influence on the heart and mind, has been singled out from among other events as one to be remembered, respected, celebrated, or honored in a special way. Whether it be a day of national glory, or a day of religious significance, or a day of private devotion, to it are attached the same fundamental emotions which are so essential to its life and perpetuity.

"To-day, Very Reverend Father, we are assembled here to commemorate what we consider a very important day in your life—important because we feel that the holy Saint revered by Mother Church on this day, and whose sacred name you bear, has exercised and still exercises, by way of example, the highest influence in the moulding and shaping of your character. Your tireless zeal, your patient heart, your indulgent yet determined mind have not gone unobserved. We have studied your heart and have felt the power of its love; we have watched your labors, from which you never turned away—however numerous or irksome they might be—and we are a living witness of the grand, noble monuments of sacrifice and love that have sprung up as the fruits therefrom.

"The rapid growth of this institution and the rapid spread of this community proclaim far better than can the lips and tongue of man with what devotion, energy and affection you have ever guarded even its smallest interests. Under your wise leadership, and within these hallowed precincts, peace, harmony and concord have found a ready shelter. And under your pious example has been born on all sides a livelier spirit for doing good.

"We are indeed proud, Very Rev. Father, to have you this day among us. We appreciate the favor, and are most thankful for it. In the name of the students of Notre Dame I bid you welcome. Welcome within these walls. Nor is it only a cold, formal welcome we extend to you. No. We welcome you with a warmth of feeling and a sincerity of heart such as we hope you will not find wanting in any respect. We also congratulate you on this your feast-day, and we fervently pray that many a 4th of February, long after we have gone out into the world, shall find you strong, well, and active in your heart's work."

The following is Father General's response:

"MY DEAR FRIENDS:—Allow me first to express my feelings of gratitude to Father Cavanaugh, the worthy President of this University; to the members of the faculty, priests, brothers and laymen, and to thank them for all the kindly and heart-warming welcome they tender me on this my feast-day.

"I can but feel, and I do feel, moved by it, for it is no small joy and consolation to find in those around me a sympathy that overbalances the trials necessarily arising from life, from my duties as Superior-General, and from my country, which I still love very much, in spite of its present errors.

"And you, my dear friend, who have just proffered me, in a beautiful address, your own wishes and the wishes of all, I beg you to receive with all your fellow-students, my thanks and congratulations. The feelings
you have voiced spring from an upright and noble soul, and you have expressed them in words that reveal the soul.

"Now, my dear friends, you must expect that every time that I have the honor of addressing you, I shall deliberately and sincerely congratulate you that you are Americans; not indeed in order to flatter you, but to exhort you to realize within yourselves the grand ideal of the perfect American such as I conceive it.

"As a nation you have astonished not only the contemporary world but history itself that had never before witnessed the birth of such a people. Your origin is stamped with righteousness, wisdom, justice, courage, piety and full success. You have grown wonderfully fast and well; not through bloody and violent victories, but through lawful and legitimate conquests, and voluntary additions due to the spread of your influence; and the stars that twinkle in the firmament of your grand flag give forth a sweet and spotless light.

"Providence has territorially gifted you with the most wonderful continent on earth; almost as vast as Europe, marvelously shaped and located, encircled by two great oceans on an immense length of coasts, favored by all sorts of mild climates and rich in all the riches of the soil. As individuals, you have been looked upon by all as exceptionally powerful and energetic. "Activity is power in action; your activity has been unsurpassed. An activity thus directed on all sides never fails to overcome routine and to create new ways. The progress you have created and given out to the world has been one of the wonders of the twentieth century. Progress draws wealth after it. You are indeed the wealthiest people on earth, in spite of the transient crisis the country has just undergone. Wealth is a wonderful lever, when used by sturdy hands. It has built on all points of your territory and has endowed it in a princely manner magnificent universities, libraries, museums, as well as a multitude of charitable institutions. It draws little by little into this country the masterpieces of the Old World and the artistic culture wherein you excel; more and more.

"From the moral viewpoint, what singles out you Americans from all other peoples is the full feeling of your dignity and worth as men. It is the passion of liberty in equality and of equality in liberty; it is the acknowledgment and respect of the right of others; it is finally—to crown and strengthen all—the respect of religious feeling. All such circumstances and such dispositions bound together have given your country such a name, such a brilliant prestige that the masses of old Europe have forsaken her kingdoms, her empires, and her petty republics to come here to the great American republic—to free America.

"To-day, in the mind of all, you are a leading nation. Virgil would have said of you as he said of the Roman people: "Populum late regem—A people reigning far and wide." In so praising you, I am not paying a vain compliment with the intention of merely pleasing you; I am simply noting your position, summing up your history; expressing your life, your actual life; and all indeed is visible. In such conditions, praise contains nothing dangerous, for it has nothing false in it; it is even a good thing, for it becomes a lesson, a teaching, a responsibility for the future.

"The old proverb says: Nobility imposes obligation. I must broaden the proverb for you, and say: Birth imposes obligation; territory imposes obligation; power imposes obligation; wealth imposes obligation; greatness imposes obligation; the American Republic imposes obligation.

"You are a great nation, but you must remain a great nation; or rather you must grow still more, for that which does not grow, diminishes. Now you can not remain what you are and grow, save by following the principles that have made you great. Your land is vast, rich and fruitful; but your eyes must unceasingly explore it, and your hands exploit it; you are powerful, active, always ahead; then you must avoid all that may belittle your power, retard your activity and stunt your growth. You are rich—but you must possess wealth and not let wealth possess you. Wealth must help to increase your energy, your activity, your progress, and not detain you in luxury, enervate you in comfort, and corrupt you in pleasure.

"You have a living feeling of your dignity—
well and good—but before all, you must be interiorly worthv of yourselves, that this noble outward pride be not a mere pretence, but the heartfelt and legitimate expression of your inmost sentiments. You love liberty; you love your liberty; you love it early, and, as it were, instinctively; you love it as broad as you can have it—all very well, but you yourselves must have the power, the will, and the brains to use this liberty as you would drive a spirited team on a hard road.

"It must be that some one hold on tight to the reins; it is better that that one be you, but if it be not you, some one else must do it. Be then to yourselves your own leader and your own master.

"You are filled with the respect of religious feeling; it is highly important to deepen more and more this religious feeling and the respect you have for it, that they may be solidly anchored in the inner practice of your life. There it behooves you to grow even better than in the field of material interests. You have been heretofore a people looked up to by others who strive to imitate you; you must therefore lead, and to lead efficaciously, you must be as strong and blameless as possible.

"Lastly, my dear friends, since you are the youth of so great a country and so great a people, this great privilege imposes upon you in a large measure the responsibility of the future.

"Less than fifty years ago Tocqueville wrote: ‘When I see with what spirit the Americans go into trade; when I see the facilities that they have at hand to do so, and the success that crowns their efforts, I can not help believing that they will, one day, become the first sea-power on the earth. They axe bound to capture the oceans as the Romans were to conquer the world.’ If Tocqueville were living to-day he would see his prophecy in a fair way to be realized, and would confirm it in words still more precise. Do you not see, therefore, the grand future that stretches out before you?

"Then, my dear friends, be true Americans. I know the full meaning of these three words: be true Americans; they express wonderfully and completely my thanks and my wishes to you."

Athletic Notes.

The Varsity basket-ball team returned from their trip last Tuesday. On the trip they played two games with the Michigan “Aggies,” winning one and losing one, and one game with the Detroit Y. M. C. A. The first game played with the “Aggies” was played in the college armory, and the rafters in the ceiling were so low that the Varsity was greatly handicapped and found it impossible to pull off any of their plays. The game was lost by the score of 33 to 20. The second meeting was played on a neutral floor and the Varsity won the game by the score of 23 to 16.

The game with Detroit Y. M. C. A. was played under the A. A. U. rules instead of the collegiate, and the Notre Dame five suffered another defeat, the score being 34 to 22. Had the game been played under collegiate rules Coach Maris is of the opinion the Varsity would have won, but even though they lost the game they put up a great exhibition, and their work was praised on all sides. Detroit has the reputation of having one of the fastest basketball teams in the country, and the Varsity played them a good game and made them do their best every minute of the contest. The work of Wood, Maloney, Scanlon, in fact of the entire team, was all that could be expected. Coach Maris expressed himself as well satisfied with the showing.

NOTRE DAME, 28; LEWIS INSTITUTE, 17.

Wednesday night the Varsity defeated the fast Lewis Institute basket-ball team of Chicago in the Notre Dame Gym by the score of 28 to 17.

The game was fast and brilliant in streaks and at other times slow and ragged. Both teams were guilty of many fouls, and a noticeable thing about the contest was the fact that out of all the fouls committed, only five free throws were made altogether. Maloney, Notre Dame’s star forward, was away off form, and missed, several easy passes, but Wood and Dubuc made up for Maloney’s inability to locate the basket, the former especially put up a star game.

Auroind, centre, was the star for Lewis, and in fact of the game, as his field goals
were the result of brilliant passes a couple of which were over half the length of the floor. The visitors jumped to the lead when the game started, and scored four points before the Varsity had seen the baskets. But Dubuc's two free throws started the local team, and the half ended 12 to 6 in Notre Dame's favor. For a few minutes in the second half Lewis held their own, but the Varsity maintained their lead, and the brilliant work of Wood soon put the game safe. Fish, who replaced Burke, played a good game. Lake Forest University plays here this evening.

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<th>Notre Dame</th>
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<td>Dubuc</td>
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<td>Maloney</td>
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<td>Wood</td>
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<td>Burke; Fish;</td>
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<td>Scanlon</td>
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<td>Lewis Institute</td>
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Field goals—Wood, 6; Dubuc, 1; Maloney, 3; Fish, 2; Auround, 3; Bartick, 2; Dempsey, 2; White, 1.
Free throws—Dubuc, 4; Nicholl. Time of halves—20 minutes. Referee—Kasper.

The following basket-ball games have been scheduled:

- Baker University—February 13.
- Y. M. I. of Indianapolis—February 15.
- Fort Wayne A. C.—February 17.
- Indiana U. at Bloomington—February 19.

A number of Coach Maris' track men are laid up for repairs at present. Washburn, the promising distance man, is in the hospital with a severe sore bruise; Brady and Shea, each have a bum leg, but both are out; "Mike" Moriarty spiked himself and will be laid up for a few days; Devine, the star half-miler is fashionably sick with La Grippe, and "Jack" Dean is doctoring a pair of weak ankles.

The inter-hall track-meet, which was held this afternoon, was the first preliminary of what is to be a series of inter-hall meets. Coach Maris intends by this method to get a line on every promising track man in school.

The meet this afternoon was between Sorin and St. Joe. Next Thursday Brownson will meet Corby and on the following Saturday the final meet will be held.

Along with the meet this afternoon a tryout for the Varsity men was held in order that a team might be picked to represent Notre Dame in the First Regiment Meet to be held in Chicago on the 15th.

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**Personals.**

—Mr. Carl Rowlands, for two years a student in Brownson Hall, is in business with his father in Lima, Ohio. He writes that he often wishes he was back at school to enjoy the company of his friends.

—Among recent visitors to the University was Dean Howe, acting President of Butler College. Dean Howe is an alert and broad-minded educator, and his influence throughout the state is steadily growing. He was accompanied by the Rev. George Henry of South Bend.

—Francis T. Collier, '07, who has been taking post-graduate work at the University during the past semester, is now employed as a member of the faculty of Columbia University at Portland, Oregon. Frank carries with him the best wishes of a wide circle of friends and admirers.

—It is a pleasure to learn that the Right Rev. George M. Lenihan, Bishop of Oakland, New Zealand, is to be with us soon. He leaves his far-off country during the present month and expects to arrive at Notre Dame about the end of April. Needless to say an exceptionally cordial welcome awaits the bishop on his arrival. It is hoped he may be able to make a prolonged stay with us.

—Mr. and Mrs. Robert Cantwell, of Chicago, have the profound sympathy of the University in the sudden death of their daughter Marjorie, aged 7 years. Three generations of this family have been represented at Notre Dame. Mr. Cantwell's father was one of the old boys in the long ago, and his two sons, Robert and Barry, are promising students now. Mr. Cantwell is rightly regarded as one of the great lawyers of America.

—The Washington Evening Star contains portraits of the four new delegates to the Congress of the United States from the Philippine Islands. Among them is Mr. José Valdes, the first of the Filipino government students to be graduated in America. Mr. Valdes was a member of the Law class of 1906, Notre Dame. He was a diligent student and a man of ability and fine presence, and we look to him for great results now that he is one of the spokesmen of his people in Congress.
Local Items.

—Three new shower-baths have been installed in Corby Hall.

—Last Saturday the Carroll Hall basketball team easily defeated the Mishawaka team by a score of 30 to 2. Von der Heide and Red Ferrell did good work at throwing baskets. In fact the whole team did well.

—The Social Science Club held its weekly meeting last Saturday evening in the Sorin History Room. A paper on the causes leading up to the financial crisis was read by James J. Flaherty and discussed by the club.

—The Brownson Glee Club is progressing very rapidly, owing to the untiring efforts of its members. The membership has somewhat increased since the Christmas vacation. The entertainment to be given February 10, by the Glee Club and Literary Society, bids fair to be a great success.

—Last Thursday evening the State Oratorical Contest was held at Indianapolis, Notre Dame being represented by Mr. Joseph Boyle. The contest resulted in a victory for Earlham, Depauw being second, and Notre Dame third. Next Saturday we shall give a complete account of the contest and publish Mr. Boyle’s oration.

—Dr. Matthew Walsh, C. S. C., has just begun his class in Colonial History with the students of History and Economics. The detailed work which he has embodied in his study on “The Political Status of Catholics in Colonial Maryland,” will make his handling of the relation that existed between the religious and political problems in the early days of our history one exceptionally thorough and interesting. The students can look to pleasant and useful hours in fields that have been so variously cultivated.

—The Law Debating Society held its regular meeting in the law room, last Monday evening. The subject up for debate was: “Resolved that the Panama Canal will not be a success.” The decision was rendered in favor of Messrs. Donovan and Lynch, who supported the affirmative side of the question. Messrs. Bracken and Springer upheld the negative. After the debate an informal discussion of the subject was engaged in by a number of the members of the society. Col. William Hoynes, Dean of the Law department, is president of the Law Debating Society and also acts as critic.

—The regular meeting of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society, Jan. the 30th, was taken up by the election of officers for the coming semester. The following elections were made: Henry A. Burdick, president; E. Lynch, vice-president; John C. Tully, secretary; James Maloney, treasurer; James O’Leary, sergeant-at-arms; Luke Kelly, chaplain; Leo J. Cleary, reporter. Messrs. Clinton and Havican were voted admission into the society. Under the old régime the society has passed through a most successful era, and we hope that, under the direction of the new officers, it may attain even greater results.

—The Corby Hall Debating Club held its first meeting last Monday in the Corby Hall recreation room. The constitution and by-laws were adopted after which a debate was held on the subject; “Resolved that the United States Senators should be elected by direct vote of the people.” The debate was won by Messrs. Dean and Partridge who supported the negative side of the question. The affirmative was championed by Messrs. Burke and Mullen. The debate was a success in every respect and Dr. Delaunay, director of the Club predicts a bright future for the Debating Club. The Club has a membership of twenty-three.

—At the last session of the University Moot-Court, which was held last Wednesday afternoon in the Law room, the case of E. Z. Marks (Springer) vs. Fox E. Rosenfeldt (R. Donovan) was tried. Mr. Marks, proprietor of a livery barn in South Bend, Indiana, asked damages to the amount of $6 from Mr. Rosenfeldt for the use of a horse and buggy, which he hired to the defendant on April 12, 1907. Mr. Marks testified that, owing to the fact that Mr. Rosenfeldt was a stranger in the city, he required him to deposit $325 as security, with the understanding it was to be refunded when the horse and buggy were returned. He testified further that Mr. Marks returned the outfit in the evening and received the deposit which had been made in the morning but refused to pay six dollars rent for the use of the horse and buggy. Mr. Mark’s testimony was corroborated by Mike Matthews (Deery) a hostler employed at the livery barn.

Mr. Rosenfeldt and Dr. Robert Dixs (Curtis) a respected physician of South Bend, who was present at the time the deposit was made and overheard the conversation between Marks and Rosenfeldt, both testified that the horse and buggy were purchased from the plaintiff with the agreement that it might be returned in the evening. This the defendant counsel claimed was a conditional sale. The jury retired to their room and returned a verdict to the court ten minutes later in favor of the defendant. Mr. Marks was represented by Ritter and Jurasczek and the suit was opposed by Munson and Carvill.