To the Poet.

Sing us a song for the wide world to hear,
Weighted with meaning and moving in time;
One with a lilt to it haunting the ear
Whose thought billows break on the rock of a rime.

Lilt us a song like the wave on the reef
Bemoaning lost Dead since the ages have rolled;
Not long, for the fire of the feeling is brief
And the word to express it is rarer than gold.

Something not written by pedagogue law
With syllables marshalled for critics to scan:
Alas for the trifles with hardly a flaw,
That never go home to the heart of a man!

Sing us a song like the boom of the sea
Whose surges have sung with the dawning of time.
Sing us a song for the ages to be,
And the ages will pardon a lapse in the rime.

Technical Education.

PETER E. HEBEIT, '10.

N every sphere of life we find forces operating for the purchase of satisfactions. In the moral realm impulses of our lower nature are constantly struggling against that power of conviction which raises man to higher consummations. In the mental field intellectual activity strives for the goal of universal truth. In the industrial world there is a reaction of combined effort against individual power. The ultimate end of these forces is the purchase of satisfactions—the attaining of happiness.

Shall the masses of American men and women ever attain this happy goal, or is the scheme too ideal to allow its realization? A consideration of the matter attests that no land excels ours in resource; statistics reveal that we are producing 25% of the world’s wheat, 30% of its gold, 33% of its silver, 38% of its cattle, 40% of its coal, 50% of its petroleum, 54% of its copper, 75% of its cotton, and 85% of its corn. Figures such as these are certainly gratifying. Yet, the mind that studies the masses of men and women, with a view of knowing public sentiment can not fail to observe that underlying our enormous wealth, progress and prosperity there is a deep current of discontent. Discontent, I say; the remark is not the most optimistic, and might even appear questionable, when we find ourselves surrounded by men and women whom we know to be contented,—men such as the physician that ranks among the successful in dealing with patients, the lawyer who wins his case at the bar, the professor who breathes knowledge into the minds of the young, the minister of religion who inculcates piety into the hearts of his people, the designer, the painter, the architect—all these we know to be contented people, because they are purchasing satisfaction through a profession or trade which they embrace with love, and that love is a love of duty and of labor from which happiness necessarily emanates.

But what about the countless masses that have no profession, no trade, no means of purchasing satisfaction,—are they contented? Discussion on this point would seem idle, for we must admit that the laborer who toils mechanically in the mine or in the factory at the dictates of authority brings no love to his work. He is merely a wheel in the combine; he is set going in the morning and he continues going till night: he works because he must work; and because of this, discontent is knit upon his brow.

And so wherever we find human activity
devoid of the spirit of love—and we find it in sad abundance—there we find discontent. Can we eradicate this element, and if so, by what means?

If it be true, and it is true, that a love for one's work creates contentedness, then, "what is wanted now, and never so much as now," says an eminent authority, "is an antidote to much that destroys a juster appreciation of the dignity of labor." The lack of education in its true sense has done more than all other causes combined to breed discontent among the masses because it prevents a recognition of labor. If every boy and girl of our age were given a perfect knowledge of some special branch of industry, that boy or girl would embrace his or her trade with a fondness that would soon be transformed into love. In order to elevate labor to the height which it should occupy, such a knowledge must be given to the youth of to-day. This is pre-eminently the age of the specialist. Time was when man's knowledge was so limited that it was very easy for one man to embrace all branches of learning, but now knowledge is so various that it is impossible for one man to know thoroughly more than one small branch. Perfection in some given pursuit should be the goal of all education, but of education that touches the masses in particular. Studies that are unremunerative or even unproductive should not for this reason be neglected, provided they foster an intelligent love for business, a habit of steady purpose, of perseverance, and of thoroughness which might be collectively called moral manliness. For such results we must turn to the technical school.

It is the technical school that gives useful and practical knowledge to-day. Education received in the classical school has done much and is doing much in its own sphere, but that sphere does not embrace the masses of the people, nor extend to the large side of life. Ours is above all a land of commercialism. What is the young man to do that knows Greek with the young man who knows stenography or telegraphy, for instance, or bookkeeping or chemistry, or the laws of mechanics in these days?" says Carnegie. And is it not true, for although all knowledge is, to a certain extent, useful, what we want to-day to make our people happy is the school that affords the masses a means to purchase satisfaction,—the school that gives every boy and girl a trade, a perfect knowledge of some kind of work. It has been said that if we find it beneficial to bestow a technical education upon boys and girls sent to houses of correction, reform schools, poor farms, etc., why not give them such a training before they get in the way that leads to work-house; reform school or jail? That such education would result in a greater fondness for work we are convinced, because experience proves that an expert at any trade does his duty with a willing hand. The ability to excel in textile design, fabric structure, ornamentation, or the power to enter the industrial ranks of life would beget a pride that can never come from a life that seems to lead boys and girls to despise manual labor. Youth must be taught to love labor, and for this reason the state or municipality must take the initiative.

Germany stands as a model in these pursuits, for her technical schools are her boast and her pride. By imitating her, and by adding such schools to our present system this frown of discontent souring the countenances of the multitude would be obliterated, for "a boy or a girl who begins life with a trade," says an eminent authority, "is seldom, if ever, found in the ranks of the submerged tenths." Let every kind of manual work be taught, so that no matter what the pursuit be when the pursuant knows and understands thoroughly what he is doing, he shall undertake his work with eagerness and affection. "It is only those who are never able to enter the industrial ranks with the right kind of equipment, who fail and fall and find themselves unable to resist the undertow of life's tides" that bear them down and out through this current of dissatisfaction and discontent. The need of the nation is experts in all lines. To-day the well-trained boy or girl has an infinitely better chance than the boy or girl who is uneducated. Education, technical education, is the need of the hour. No part of the world is exempt from the need. The mines must be manned by expert engineers and mechanics. The forests are calling for highly trained experts. The factory selects those who are educated in the technique of their trade. Even the farm-
life of to-morrow is to be one of skilled labor. In production, in manufacturing, in financial institutions, in commercial concerns of all kinds, education is not only the need but the demand. A lack of knowledge, as before stated, is the source of our discontent. To stop it up constructive work is wanted. The state or municipality must build the technical school; high ideals may be infused into the minds of the youth by the home. The happiness that accompanies morality may be afforded by the Church; a protection of the fruits of man's labor, industrial and civil liberty may be furnished by law, but true happiness and contentment can never be fully realized until we teach the youth to love labor, and this lesson and knowledge originate in the technical school.

The truth of this statement is forced upon parents to-day by the failure of their uneducated children to secure positions of honor. The conqueror rejoices over his victory. He has been put to the test and his power revealed. Knowledge is power. If we would have our youth conquer and rejoice, we must equip them with the means of purchasing satisfactions,—we must educate them. Technical education can be taught to the masses, for any boy or girl with ordinary talent can be taught to labor intelligently at something. More than this, technical education will make sons and daughters better men and better women; it will make them contented men and contented women, because it qualifies them to embrace labor with a skilled hand and a heart full of love.

The Love Feast.

C. L.

When the searching party reached Corby they were tired, frightened and puzzled. They were tired from the long search, frightened about Moon and puzzled at Berger's mysterious silence. The tower clock sounded the half hour between ten and eleven. All Corby was dark except the office of Father Donnelly who at that moment was concluding his breviary for the day. From the interurban street-car tracks came the long wail of the compressed air whistle followed by the buzz of the trolley. A big yellow dog trotted quietly by on his nightly "skive," solemn, silent, mysterious,—willing to live and let live. Grey clouds floated to the east before a soft wind, and here and there were wide stretches of blue out of whose depths the stars made song. The trees whispered to each other in measured language old as time.

The front door of Corby was open, for it was well known the lads were hot on the trail of crime. Silently they climbed the stairs, Berger in the lead. He headed straight for Phil's room. "Open," he commanded, much as an officer of the law would do. Phil obeyed with a strange dread catch­ing at his heart. They entered. There were no blood stains, no instruments of torture, no evidences of struggle. Then said Fritz in a hoarse whisper:

"Joe, where did you put the lunch?"

Joe McDermott walked over to the wardrobe. It was there as large as ever. He opened the door, and the lunch!—lo, it was not!

"Fellows," said Fritz solemnly, "I told you this afternoon that Theodore Bare was a fool. In saying that Frederick A. overreached himself. Theodore Bare is not a fool."

"That means that we are then?" Phil questioned.

"No, I don't go that far. It's simply a case of tit for tat. We beat Bare out of president, Bare beat us out of lunch."

"But this doesn't explain about Moon." Joe's mind still held a doubt.
“Still harping on my daughter, Joe. To please you we'll find the young man.”

Down they went to Father Donnelly's door. He was just done with his office and ready for slumber land.

“Come in.” A small phrase this, “Come in,” but it is freighted with a hundred meanings. To the man who has stepped out of the narrow road that leads to collegiate honors it means a “lecture” variously worded to measure up to the offense, age and disposition of the culprit. To the man who craves the small boon of a night permission it spells doubt—doubt with a barrier of interrogation marks. To the man who is sent for, it means anything from a word to go home at once to the bedside of a dying mother, to giving an explanation for missing a class. It means good, bad or indifferent news, or no news at all. It means joy, sorrow, hope, anxiety, disappointment and all those billows of emotion that make tumult across the soul.

“Father,” began Berger, “we just dropped in to know if you have seen Moon?”

Father Donnelly quite mystified, looked out the window and up at the sky.

“Really, I haven't noticed, but she doesn't seem to be out to-night.”

Phil Donnelly felt the hour was rather far spent for pleasantries, but he held his council.

“He means Moon Face,” Joe volunteered.

“Oh, Moon Face! Bless you, he's in bed nearly an hour ago.”

“When did you see him and where?”

“While not in the witness chair, Mr. Frederick Berger, I shall answer your questions in the order given. I saw Moon at 8:41 this evening. I saw him here in company with Theodore Bare and three other young men, all eating cold chicken, ham and other such toothsome things.”

Phil's eyes grew large with wonder.

“Father, do you mean to tell us they brought the feed in here?”

“If you mean by ‘they,’ Theodore Bare et alii, and if you mean by ‘feed’ edibles, I answer affirmatively in toto.”

“Of course, it’s none of my business, Father, but I didn't think you'd let them in.”

“True, I’m not accustomed to entertain, but they found this room so much larger and neater than yours, and they found my company so much more brilliant, they elected to spread the hospitable board in my humble habitation. But I see you're sleepy. Good night. I'll remember you in my prayers.”

Up they go tiptoe to Moon’s room. The door is unlocked as usual. They enter and hear the easy breathing of Moon Face who mayhap is dreaming of a quiet village that stands in the shadow of the Allegheny Mountains where are his home and his mother and five sisters who write him long letters filled with love messages which only sweet sisters know how to write. Phil turned on a light. Yes, it was Moon as sure as the world. His head was turned slightly to one side on the pillow, his hair was pushed back as if with the fingers and left a rather high and a very white forehead in full view. I should like to add that a caressing breeze blew one lock down across his face, but this would look like painting a sweet boy in a storybook, which Moon was not. He was a real boy, even if different from most boys. One hand rested upon the white bedspread and the other was held in bondage under his head.

“Let him sleep, fellows, he needs it,” said Phil, turning out the light. They did what Mr. Longfellow said the Arabs do—“silently stole away” to their rooms, where they were soon in the land of slumber to dream of class elections and cold chicken.

Explanations are in order, so we transport our readers into the recent past, as certain nineteenth century novelists would put it. Moon left the freshman meeting to avoid an embarrassing situation for Teddy. Defeat was bad enough, but defeat climaxed by the oratory of an overwhelmingly victorious candidate would be unbearable. Moon felt too that a great volley of wit, laughter and jeers would be turned on the crushed Teddy the moment he himself arose to speak. So he left quietly. Teddy followed and caught up with him. Moon held out his hand.

“I don't shake hands with a sneak.” The color came into Moon's face, for Moon could feel the lash just as you or I. He looked at Teddy with a measure of self-control and answered:

“You're the first that ever called me that.”

“Well, I call it just the same.”

“That's because you don't know me.”
"O yes, I do, Miss Piety! Yes I know you well enough. You're one of those sweet faces that preach virtue to fellows that haven't a drag with prefects. You pose as a lily of the valley to me who am supposed to be a weed of the byway. You have a soft voice and you use it to get sympathy. You, the angel with the five sisters whom a bunch of loots around here make prayers to! Yes, you're a sneak—a low, common, everyday sneak!" Teddy was about to brush by. Moon stopped him; stopped him and held him at arm's length. The strange look that came and lingered on the white face of Moon lived in Teddy's memory for many a day. I can tell you what he said, but I never can tell how he said it.

"Mr. Bare,"—Moon always used "Mr." in moments like this,—"any man may insult another as you do me now, for it's just as easy as to fling dirt on a new suit of clothes. And sometimes a man forgets and flings the dirt. But no decent man or boy flings the dirt beyond—at another's family. You throw my sisters at me as if in reproach. Do you think I'm ashamed to have five sisters any more than I would be ashamed to have a father and a mother? You don't know what my home is to me. You don't know what those five sisters are to me and what joy they have thrown into my life of sickness and lonesomeness and pain. You don't know the unselfish love, the tender—" Moon stopped. The sobs that gushed like blood from a wound choked him.

Teddys rushed to him. "For the love of God, Moon, forgive me! I'm a low, unkempt, untaught cur. As sure as the sky above I didn't mean it. Moon, take my hand this once, and may I never have a friend again on this earth if I say a mean word about you or yours."

Moon took the proffered hand, for Moon was as sweet a Christian as you or I will ever know. He wiped his eyes and the tell-tale tears were brushed away when Father Donnelly appeared on the cement walk.

"Elections over?" Teddy looked sheepish, and for once the gift of speech was not so brilliant.

"Not over except—except for me."

"Except for you?"

"Yes, I was to be president, Moon got the presidency, and I got—" He gave the high sign of the axe on the neck.

"Now, Teddy, tell me," questioned Father Donnelly, "did you really think you were going to be president?"

"I certainly did."

"Foolish boy! It was settled this morning out there on the porch by Phil Donnelly, Joe McDermott, Berger, Donlan and some others, that Moon was to be president and you were to be the goat."

"Guess I'm the goat all right. But I'd like a turn at bat. Say, Father, would you mind if I set up a little complimentary spread for Moon in your office? The fellows will not look for us there."

"A feast you mean? Why sure. Moon deserves it. Glad to have you. Bring your friends along."

And so while one party searched for the president-elect, the president-elect and his friends were the guests of Theodore Bare, defeated candidate, in the office of the Rector.

The next day at noon Phil Donnelly et alii received the following:

DEAR YOUNG MEN:—Last night I decided to break all precedents by feasting the successful candidate—a rare gentleman—in the office of the Rector of Corby Hall. I would have invited you, only I felt you would not enjoy the occasion owing to the crushing defeat of your candidate, the "Man of the Hour." However, the "Man of the Hour" was there and had a long, grand time. I have come to the conclusion, I'd rather have ham and cold chicken than be president. Trust you enjoyed night air. Lovely inside also. Be good boys. Study hard. Obey the rules. Mamma and the children are well. Am enclosing a ten for spending money. Love from all to all.

"Affectionately,"

THEODORE BARE.

"P. S.—Mamma wants you to be sure to put on your winter underwear. T. B."

"P. S.—Rosalie had the measles, but is coming along nicely. T. B."

"P. S.—I forgot to enclose the ten, but don't bother. T. B."

I BELIEVE in worship as a profession of faith, as a symbol of hope, as a terrestrial realization of the law of God.—Ozanam.
In the year 1118, there lived in London a certain wealthy merchant, Gilbert à Becket, who either was of Norman descent, or had himself come from Normandy as an immigrant. His wife, Mafiilda, was undoubtedly of like birth, and to them on the twenty-first of December was born a son.

Gilbert à Becket spared no means on the education of his only son, Thomas, who at an early age was placed in the best schools of the time. From London he went to Bologna and Auxerre, where he attended the lectures. Having completed his theology in the University of Paris, he was soon after introduced to Theobald, Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of England. Under Archbishop Theobald he became Archdeacon of Canterbury, and because of his merits he was then appointed to fill the office of Chancellor by King Henry II.

From this period on, the remainder of his life may be divided into two epochs: first, his life as chancellor and archdeacon; and second, his life as primate or Archbishop of Canterbury. As chancellor he was the man of the world; skilled in all the feats of chivalry, he fought at the head of armed knights; the greatest friend of the king, it was through him, the chancellor, that royal positions of honor were sought for and obtained; he took precedence of all lay barons and counted among his vassals many knights, who spontaneously did him homage with the sole reservation of their fealty to the sovereign. The number of uninvited guests that he entertained was often so great that all could not be accommodated at table; “Becket that they might not soil their garments when they sat on the floor was careful that it should be daily covered with fresh hay or straw.” His equipage displayed the magnificence of a prince.

The account of the chancellor's journey through France will give some idea of the splendor surrounding his daily life. He had been sent by Henry II. to effect the engagement of his eldest son, then a mere child, to the infant daughter of Louis, King of France: “Whenever he entered a town the procession was led by two hundred and fifty boys singing national airs; then came his hounds in couples, and these were succeeded by eight wagons, each drawn by five horses and attended by five drivers in new frocks. Every wagon was covered with skins and protected by two guards and a fierce mastiff, either chained below or at liberty above. Two of the wagons were loaded with barrels of ale to be given to the populace; one carried the furniture of the chancellor's chapel, another of his bed chamber, a third of his kitchen and a fourth his plate and wardrobe; the remaining two were appropriated to the use of his attendants. These were followed by twelve sumpter horses on each of which rode a monkey with the groom behind on his knees. Next came the esquires bearing the shields and leading the chargers of their knight, the other esquires, gentlemen's sons, falconers, officers of the household, knights and clergymen, riding two and two; and last of all the chancellor himself in familiar converse with a few friends. As he passed the natives were heard to exclaim: 'What manner of man must the King of England be when his chancellor travels in such state?'”

Henry often suggested raising him to the dignity of primate as soon as that see should become vacant. To this proposition Thomas was wont to say: “If ever I attained it, I should either lose the king's favor, or forget my duty towards God.”

Upon Theobald's death, in 1161, Henry insisted upon making Thomas primate, so, after he had been ordained priest, he was consecrated bishop in 1162. The first breach between Henry and Thomas took place a year later: “It is difficult to fix the original ground of the discussion between them; but that which brought them into immediate collision was a controversy respecting the jurisdiction of the ecclesiastical courts.” At Westminster, Henry wished the primate to promise that he, together with the other bishops of England, would observe the ancient customs of the realm. Thomas promised, but inserted the clause: “saving his order.” He consented, however, at Oxford to leave out the objectionable clause, and in consequence of this an assembly was called at Clarendon. Here Archbishop Thomas...
was prevailed upon to promise to sign the constitution, after which he asked to be informed of the contents of the constitution, which, strangely enough, had never been drawn up. Three copies were then written which Thomas signed, but to which he refused to fix his seal saying that he had fulfilled his promise, which had been to sign and not to seal.

The principal claims were as follows: first, it was enacted, "that the custody of every vacant archbishopric, bishopric, abbey and priory of royal foundation ought to be given, and its revenues during the occupancy be paid to the king; and that elections of a new incumbent ought to be made in consequence of the king's writ by the chief clergy of the church assembled in the king's chapel with the assent of the king and with the advice of such prelates as the king may call to his assistance." By the second and seventh articles "it was provided that in almost every suit, civil or criminal, in which either party was a clergyman it should lie with the king whether he was to be tried by the secular or ecclesiastical courts." Thirdly, "it was ordered that no tenant-in-chief of the king, no officer of his household or of his demesne should be excommunicated or his lands put under an interdict, until application had been made to the king, or, in his absence, to the grand justiciary." The fourth forbade any clergyman, of whatsoever rank, to go beyond the sea without the king's permit. Fifthly, appeals made from the Archbishop were to be referred to the king. It was an attempt to put a check on cases being carried to Rome, and this check was to be held by the king.

Thomas' refusal to affix his seal greatly enraged Henry. Thereupon Thomas secretly made an attempt to leave England, but failed. Henry discovering this through a traitor in the household of Thomas, began seeking for charges against him. At the fourth most unjust conviction and demand for an immense fine, Thomas refused to comply with his verdict, and as he did not resign, the thing for which Henry longed, there remained only a last resort for Henry to overthrow the primate unaided.

On October 18, 1164, Thomas appeared at court in his usual dress and with his crozier in his hand. All the bishops at the court, together with the king, struck with awe, retired to another apartment where each vied with the other in the use of vile language, while the king vented his anger on the entire assembly in language equally as bad. When Henry had at last been somewhat appeased by the renunciation the bishops made of Thomas' authority, all filed back into the room in which Thomas was waiting, and one of their number began reading to the primate their decision to reject his authority because he was a perjured archbishop. Thomas immediately interrupted them, saying that as he was their father they could not judge him, nor would he be judged by them, but by Rome and Rome alone. As he walked from the room insults were showered upon him by members of the court, while the poor in great crowds, waiting outside the castle, showed the greatest love and reverence toward him as they knelt and implored his blessing.

He went to the monastery of St. Andrew's, and while at supper, struck by what was read, decided to leave England. He asked Henry's leave to depart, but the evasive reply which he received, filled him with apprehension for his safety. He secretly left the monastery that night, and as a humble monk lingered for three weeks in England before he was able to escape to France. Once in France he hastened to present himself to Pope Alexander III., delivering up his archbishopric and receiving it back from the Pope, who was satisfied, indeed, with his conduct.

For six years a voluntary exile, he led the life of a recluse and a poor man, daily besieged by crowds of relatives and supporters, whose property had been confiscated, and who were, likewise, exiles because of their fidelity to Thomas. It was then only through the influence of the King of France, and with a second threat of what seemed to be imminent excommunication hanging over Henry that he feigned to be reconciled to his primate, and promised him safety on his return to England.

Thomas was received in England by all the barons, nobles, bishops, archbishops, and even by his former pupil, Henry, the son of Henry II., in a most shameful way, while the lower clergy, his monks at Canterbury, and the poorer class, welcomed his return with great joy.
On Christmas day, 1170, he told his flock from the pulpit that, whereas already one of their archbishops had become a martyr, they would, ere long, be able to claim a second. On the following Tuesday, toward evening, four knights, Reginald Fitzurse, a former vassal of Thomas, William Tracy, Hugh de Monteville, and Richard Brito, knocked at his gate. They had heard Henry II., then in Normandy, utter the exclamation at a banquet: “Of all the cowards who eat my bread, is there not one who will free me from this turbulent priest?” and taking his words literally had come to accomplish it. Without waiting to be ushered in, they forced their way into his presence, and confronted him with charges of disloyalty and treason, ordering him either to recant and remove the excommunications he had published or leave England. The excommunications in question had been brought from the Pope by Thomas, and concerned the disobedient bishops. Besides these they referred to another, relating to the excommunication of a certain tenant of the king, which Thomas himself had drawn up after his return to England. The archbishop refused to give them any satisfactory answer, whereupon they crossed the street, donned their armor, and with the aid of axes, proceeded to force their way into his residence.

It was time for matins, and the clergy induced Thomas to enter the cathedral, but the knights having gained an entrance into the residence, came into the church. When they called for Thomas, instead of hiding as he might easily have done, it being quite dark in the church, he answered them. It was between the altar of St. Bennet and that of St. Mary where they struck him down. The first blow severed the arm of the archbishop’s cross bearer, Grim, who was striving to protect him, and struck Thomas on the head. In an attitude of prayer, Thomas had just uttered the ejaculation: “Into Thy hands, O Lord, I commend my spirit,” when a third blow severed his head from his body. As the four knights turned to go Hugh de Monteville set his foot on the neck of the corpse, and drawing the brains from the skull with the point of his sword, scattered them about the church, meanwhile blaspheming and vainly calling down curses upon the spirit of the martyred archbishop. These four knights, repenting of their brutal crime afterwards, were sent to the Holy Land by Pope Alexander III. as a penance, and there all four died.

Though Henry appeared to be cast into a state bordering on despondency, and most vehemently declared himself entirely innocent of any such intention; yet one can with difficulty believe the sincerity of a man’s affirmations, or even of his oaths, whose life shows such treachery as does that of Henry II. of England.

Thomas of Canterbury, as chancellor, was, with all his love for splendor, a man of pure moral character, as primate he was a monk stripped of all wealth, charitable to the poor in a heroic degree, inflicting on himself secret and most rigorous austerities, and courageous enough to meet death most unflinchingly for that cause which he saw to be the right.

His remains were deposited in the cathedral at Canterbury, and for centuries his was in all England the most venerated shrine. Pilgrims moving toward it on bended knees in such great numbers that they have left hollows worn in the stone pavement, testify to England’s profound faith in the sincerity and purity of his intention, and of, what is more, his sanctity. The fanatic spirit of the Reformation surging over England, could tolerate no such devotion, and the year 1583, in the reign of Henry VIII. saw the tomb and shrine of Thomas destroyed, and his bones consigned to the flames.

Such was the life, such the death of the man, archbishop, primate, and martyr, who was for centuries so highly venerated throughout England—Thomas of Canterbury.

The Siren.

HARRY MILLER, ’10.

Springtime and Siren calls
The dawn of youth’s false hopes.
But as the music swells and falls
This life with trouble copes.

Star gleam and autumn’s yield!
And Siren calls no more.
The weary heart has still one shield—
But the light of life is o’er.
A Quasi Indictment.

GEORGE SANDS, '10.

The great office building was deserted. Long since had its busy occupants sought the repose of their firesides. The suite of the District Attorney alone was occupied. He had worked late that night, for on the morrow the case of the United Necessaries Company was at hand, and he, the people's choice, must fight the people's battle. Wearied by the long and disappointing work of the day, he leaned back in his revolving chair, and adjusting his feet in a comfortable position, pondered the situation.

Six months before a famous Eastern concern had established a branch office in this middle-western city, and begun its warlike operations at once. The methods of this concern had long been known, but now they were to be learned by bitter experience. The first move on the part of the Necessaries was to open several stores in which provisions were sold at profit-killing prices. As a consequence the local provision retailers not being able to compete, were compelled to sell their business at a great sacrifice to the company.

Having succeeded in getting control of the entire provision business, the concern then boosted prices, until living became a problem of grave importance. These tactics incensed the people to a high degree. Only that morning the editorials of the leading journals demanded in strong terms that the District Attorney take action immediately. The opposition paper was especially bitter. The tenor of The News was that Murdock, recently elected, now had a chance to work out his policies, and keep his promises so often referred to in his campaign speeches.

In vain he searched the statutes, no remedy could be found. The only alternative was to wait until the Legislature convened and pass a special act to fit this class of cases. Sighing deeply, Murdock once more took up a huge volume of the statutes and diligently searched the book. Turning to the index, under the C's, his eye caught the word "Combination," and under it the word "Corporation," Sec. 1154. Turning hastily to that section he read "Any corporation indicted and convicted of forming any combination, in restraint of trade, shall be sentenced," etc. "Pshaw," he sneered, "same old section. A corporation has no body or soul, and an idiot could tell you it can not be imprisoned. If the Legislature would spend more time in framing laws than in arguing them, the legislators would come nearer earning their salaries." Then he noticed for the first time the line in small print, "See 164 Ind. 174."

Hurriedly crossing the room, he took from its place Vol. 164, and turning to page 174 he read: "McVickers vs. Rider, Held that under Sec. 1154 R. S., the president of such corporation may be indicted and sentenced, since the manifest intention of the Legislature, as shown by the debates entered on the Journals during the passage of the act, was to punish such officer."

Here at last was the solution. Seizing a blank indictment he rapidly filled it in, "One J. B. Masters, President of the United Necessaries Company, did willfully and maliciously, conspire and combine, etc." He hesitated; the grand jury are still in session, thought he; this being their last day they are no doubt still convened.

Rushing from the office he ran down the stairs and was soon nearing the courthouse. A light still shone in the grand jury room. Encouraged, he took the steps three at a time and swung open the door. Seventeen men looked up in surprise. Before them was a long table strewn with papers and reports.

"One moment, gentlemen," cried Murdock, "I have here an indictment of John Masters, President of the United Necessaries Company. I can have witnesses here within the hour, and you can return a true bill by to-morrow noon—" Crash! The district attorney awoke. At his feet lay a shattered inkstand knocked off by his careless foot.

A Memory.

Good-bye, bright day,
The sun is in the West.
Nor soon will pass away
The hours of peace and rest.

Good-bye, good-bye,
Through weariness and fret
In memoryland will lie
The day without regret.

D.
—The splendor of worship as witnessed in the Corpus Christi procession last Thursday can not fail to leave a lasting impression in the minds of Catholic students. It is educative in concept of adoration that has come down through the ages in the liturgy of the Church. It is conducive to piety in that such exterior reverence can not fail to awaken inward devotion. Such ceremonies are an object-lesson to students and must surely prove fruitful of good.

—The celebration of Memorial Day awakens the tenderest memories in the heart of the true American. To the indifferent inquirer who asks our reasons for observing this day, we answer that it is in order to honor the men, living and dead, who made possible for us the enjoyment of freedom in a united country. Here at Notre Dame there is a little band of high-souled, noble-minded men, who hail the advent of Memorial Day with an enthusiasm no less intense than that of the largest Grand Army Post in the land. For these men it was but a step from the service of country to the service of God; from the glittering trappings of war to the sombre garb of religion. Only a few short years and “Taps” will have sounded for the last of this little band. But to us who are privileged to know them, the lessons of their lives must ever be a source of inspiration for good. Their patriotism is to-day as true and sincere as when the rifle engaged those fingers that now clasp the rosary; the sound of fife and drum stirs their inmost souls not a bit less than the solemn Requiem at the grave of a comrade. Some day, when contact with the world shall, perhaps, have dampened our patriotism, and the struggle for sordid gain shall have absorbed our whole attention, we, too, will pause on Memorial Day, and going back in spirit to the men whom we knew as members of the G. A. R. Post at Notre Dame, we will gather from their example renewed courage to face the world as better men, truer patriots, more thorough Americans.

—To-night we meet the Detroit Law School in debate. The young men who are to represent our law department in this contest have put time and thought on the subject. They have viewed it from all sides with that thoroughness of research which has made us a reputation our most aggressive rivals view with respect. It is said that Celtic oratory is responsible for our long list of victories—a statement more picturesque than true. Long hours in the library gathering prosaic facts from reports of legislatures; picking out a truth here and there from newspaper and magazine files; looking at all sides of a question, and then looking where it has no side; studying till it would seem there is not a square inch of a topic unexplored, and then returning for the possible facts that lie hidden in that square inch,—this is our Celtic oratory in fact, not in figure. Trained under such methods no young man can help mastering a question, and as a result no young man can fail to receive a fine training in correct habits of research. He will look for facts, and he will accept no substitutes; he will distinguish what has relevancy from what has not; he will be a dangerous man to
One delegation confessed the following day that nothing but fear of offending its orator prevented its voting for the proposed amendment. It is certainly time that some decisive step should be taken in the matter. If a man goes out and plays summer baseball, he cannot come back and play with his college the next spring, and there is no reason why a similar ruling should not be effective in oratorical contests. If the matter is considered in its true light, there is no doubt that the proper action will be taken by the state associations. Victory is sweet no doubt. But victory bought with campaign and pulpit orators mustered into service is hardly wholesome. It exemplifies the win-at-any-cost principle which surely should find no straw of encouragement in our colleges.

Owing to a combination of circumstances, which were difficult to contend against and impossible to foresee, the editors of the Dome have been unable to publish the book as soon as they had planned. Even so, however, it will be delivered several days earlier than that of last year, and as early, on the average, as any annual published so far. It has been the object of the editors to make the Dome of 1910 as attractive as possible in every way. In the effort to accomplish this end, no pains have been spared and the limit of expense has been undergone. The hearty co-operation of the student body is, therefore, not only asked, but urgently needed. Every man in the University ought to buy at least one Dome, and it is in expectation of this that the editors have put forth their efforts. One should not refuse to support the Dome because this or that article in a preceding annual was not satisfactory. Such a spirit does not help to keep alive the enterprises of college life that we like best, and it is certain that no one would like to see the Dome lapse into oblivion. Those of us who have not subscribed should hand in our names, and try to have features that will interest old-timers.
Feast of Corpus Christi.

Corpus Christi, one of the most beautiful and solemn feasts of Holy Church, was most fittingly celebrated Thursday last. Solemn High Mass was sung at 8 o'clock by Rev. President Cavanaugh with Fathers Crumley and Schumacher as deacon and subdeacon. After mass the procession of the Blessed Sacrament wended its way around the quadrangle. The halls of the University were decorated with flags and bunting. The front lawn rich with the green of early summer, and a day of perfect sun and sky, made a rare setting for this annual devotion. Altars richly decorated with natural flowers, candles and banners were erected by the community and students on the steps of Sorin Hall, Science Hall, and the Main Building. The procession was headed by the University band, followed by cadets in uniform, students of the different halls, Knights of Columbus and members of the community and clergy. The procession moved from the Sacred Heart Church to the altar at Sorin Hall where Benediction was given. Thence on to Science Hall where Benediction was again bestowed on the kneeling throngs. The procession halted for a third time before the altar on the porch of the Main Building, and here the faithful were blessed for the third time. The fourth Benediction of the day was given from the main altar of the church. The music of the band, the solemn singing of the choir, the vested priests, the presence of the community and Sisters, the reverent bearing of the students—all added to the glory of the day, which will live as the brightest in the college year. Such notable acts of public worship can not fail to merit gifts without number from Our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament.

Inter-State Oratorical Contest.

The thirty-seventh annual contest and convention of the Inter-State Oratorical Association took place at Omaha, Nebraska, on May 20, under the auspices of Creighton University. The Rev. Mr. Levi T. Pennington, representative of Earlham College, Pastor of the South Eighth Street Friends' Church, Richmond, Indiana, won the first prize of $100 over seven contestants. Second place was awarded Henry F. Coleman, a colored man from Cornell College, Iowa. The other states ranked as follows: Michigan, Nebraska, Wisconsin, Kansas and Ohio. It is much regretted that Mr. Matthews of Creighton University, Nebraska's representative, did not receive a higher place. A difference in opinion as to the merit of his Catholic theme seemed to prevail, as his markings on manuscript varied from 1st to 10th place.

The annual convention of the association was held on Friday afternoon, before the contest, and a short business meeting the following morning closed the proceedings. John F. O'Hara, of Notre Dame, represented the State of Indiana as delegate at the convention.

Probably the most important business discussed during the session was the question of professionalism in the contests. The fact that three of the competing orators were professional speakers in the strict interpretation of the term, having received money for their services as lecturers, ministers, etc., forced to an issue the question of whether the association was to continue amateur in spirit or open its ranks to professional speakers. On a tie vote to send the amendment into a committee, of which Mr. O'Hara was chairman, the president cast his vote against the measure. A later motion to lay the amendment on the table for a year, with a request for a favorable report on the measure by the various state associations, carried with but little opposition. The action of some of the states caused quite a little indignation in Omaha, and exaggerated news accounts of the connections of some of the orators appeared in the daily papers.

The gentlemen of Creighton University could not have done more for their visitors, especially the Notre Dame delegate. A banquet and an automobile ride through the city and surroundings were the principal features of the public entertainment; but at every hour of the day there was provided some form of amusement. Mr. Howard Farrell, of Creighton University, placed his time and his machine at the disposal of the Notre Dame delegate, and nothing was left undone to make his visit enjoyable.
Important Notice.

Announcements for 1910–11.

Preparatory School opens September 12th. The College opens September 19th.

The entrance examinations for the Preparatory School will be held on Sept. 9th and 10th. On the same days the examinations of conditioned students will take place. Students failing to take examinations in classes in which they are conditioned on the days specified will have to take up work in the regular class to remove the condition. In case of conflict of hours the class in which the student was conditioned must be repeated entirely.

The entrance examinations for the Colleges will be held on September 16th and 17th. On the same days the examinations of conditioned students will take place. The same rule applying to the Preparatory School regarding the removal of conditions obtains in the Colleges.

It is well to keep in mind this statement of the Catalogue: "No student will be admitted to any course of the Senior year until all conditions have been cancelled."

The rule determining conditions states that seventy per cent is the passing grade. A student failing to obtain seventy per cent in one or two bi-monthly examinations in a subject covering two terms or a year must take another examination in the period or periods in which his mark was below seventy per cent. A student failing to obtain seventy per cent in one bi-monthly examination in a subject covering one term must take another examination in the period in which his mark was below seventy per cent. Failure in the second examination means that the subject for the period or periods involved must be repeated in a regular class.

Brownson Literary and Debating.

The Brownson Literary and Debating Society held its last regular meeting Monday evening. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That public utilities should be owned and operated by the municipalities." The affirmative was supported by Messrs. O'Shea, Cauley and Dallwig, and the negative by Messrs. Meyers, Byrne and Carroll. The debate was an excellent one, and it was only by a narrow margin that the decision was given to the affirmative. Another debate was scheduled, but the time was too short, and in its place a few impromptu speeches were given. Mr. Cotter gave some excellent advice to the society, besides exploiting the benefits derived from the Osceola Club. The year just closed has been one of the most successful in the history of the society. Men who had scarcely any knowledge of debate at the beginning of the year have developed into exceptionally good talkers. Too much credit can not be given Bro. Alphonsus who has worked hard, and to whom the success of the society is in a great measure due.

Ex-Carrolls in Picnic.

The ex-Carrolls rounded out a very successful year Thursday with a picnic and field day. The occasion was most felicitous and will stand red in the calendar for some time to come. That boss politician, Knowledge Cotter, was the moving spirit—and he moved some. E. Lynch, of football fame, and H. Wilson, of fame universal, were right and left bowers in the order named. So far as the Scholastic reporter could see, meals were served at all hours to all comers, though the schedule said dinner at 1:30 and supper at 6:30. In the mush-ball contest the Irish put the Dutch in the long shadows, and in the baseball game the clergy, augmented by chefs Lynch and Wilson, downed Cotter's ex-Carroll star artists. Father Murphy umpired and did yeoman service for the clergy. He retired soon after the game. The races were of various kind and merit. Perhaps the bear race for the bears and the bean race for the beans deserve particular mention. White's high dive and Morrissey's low plunge in a creek that meandered near by will stand among the features in a day of thrills. Mike Morrissey won the Osceola Medal for various feats, chief among them the stealing of second base with three men on. Mike got the medal and showers of bouquets. His response was a fitting one. Lynch was billed for the ora-
tion of the day, but declined to appear, as the audience was in a bouquet handing mood. The following notable utterance should stand in the literature of our time. "How can a man talk before that bunch of hicks!"

There was a printed program which crowded conditions prevent inserting. The SCHOLASTIC predicts a political future for Mr. Cotter.

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Personals.

—Arthur W. Larkin of the Civil Engineering class of 1890 died February 21, 1910, at Excelsior Springs, Kansas.

—Joseph Moran, Chemistry '05, is working in the Laboratory of the National Tube Works, Pittsburg, Pa.

—From Chicago comes the announcement that Edward F. Dunne, Francis H. McKeever and Edward F. Dunne, Jr., have formed a partnership for the general practice of law under the name of Dunne, McKeever & Dunne. They have offices in suite 806-807 Ashland Block.

—The Rev. William Charles O'Brien (A. B., '06), known to many of the old students, was ordained to the holy priesthood by Bishop Hartley of Columbus, Ohio, on May 21st. He celebrated his first holy Mass in his old home at Newark, Ohio, on the feast of Corpus Christi, May 26. The SCHOLASTIC on behalf of his numerous friends, offers him warmest congratulations.

—"Ansberry breaks up third term bugaboo," is the enthusiastic announcement of the Crescent News of Defiance, Ohio. The reference is to T. T. Ansberry (LL. B., '03), member of Congress from the fifth district, Ohio, and the bugaboo referred to was not only broken up but absolutely dissolved into nothingness. Ansberry got four-fifths of the entire Democratic vote of the district, a result which is considered to be a stamp of approval set on his record in Congress by his people.

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University Bulletin.

EXAMINATIONS FOR PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Wednesday, June 8, 1910.

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

Thursday, June 9.

Classes taught at 9:00 a.m. and 11:10 a.m. will be examined at 8:00 a.m. and 10:30 a.m. respectively.

Classes taught at 2:15 p.m. and 5:15 p.m. will be examined 1:30 p.m. and 4:30 p.m. respectively.

(Commencement Exercises of Preparatory School 7:30 p.m.)

Friday, June 10.

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

PRIZE CONTESTS.

May 31—1:30 p.m., Room 45, Freshman Oratorical.

June 6—1:30 p.m., Room 45, Sophomore Oratorical.

June 1—7:30 p.m. Preparatory Elocution Contest.

June 2—3:00 p.m., Room 45, Preparatory Oratorical.

7:30 p.m., Room 45, Collegiate Elocution Contest.

June 4—7:30 p.m. Washington Hall. Debate between the Freshmen of the College of Arts and Letters and the College of Law.

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Calendar.

Sunday 29—Brownson Literary Society.

Band Concert.


Tuesday 31—Freshman Oratorical Contest. Viator's vs. N. D. Baseball.


Thursday 2—Confessions for First Friday. Prep. Oratorical Contest.


Saturday 4—Freshmen debates between the College of Arts-Letters, Law.

Michigan vs. N. D. at Ann Arbor.
Local Items.

—Row, brothers, row!
—The Dome will be issued in a few days.
—It is proposed to issue a daily during Commencement.
—Several bills of health for Brownson were issued Thursday.
—Examinations of conditioned students in Christian Doctrine are going on.
—To-night Washington Hall will be the scene of action in our debate with Detroit Law School.
—The band is deserving of congratulation for the pleasure it affords the students at the Sunday evening concerts.
—All students are requested to refrain from disturbing the buoys in the lake. These have been set for the regatta.
—Will the persons having Nelson's Loose Leaf Encyclopedia Volume I. and Chamber's "Book of Days" please return to the library.
—There will be an aviation meet in Indianapolis during Commencement week. Members of the Aero Club should take notice.
—Under the direction of Charles Lucas Corby is forming an all-star ball team with the intention of worrying some of the village teams hereabouts.
—The Junior Laws held a meeting recently, and if we may believe the current rumor they said some very naughty things about the other course fellows.
—The Knights of Columbus were photographed Thursday following the Corpus Christi procession. On Monday they will have the first annual outing.
—The Engineering Society paid a visit this week to the sub-station of the Michigan and Ind. Elec. Co., the Oliver Plow Works and to the Studebaker Wagon Works.
—The Sophs are really going to have that long-awaited hop. From the bulletins we learn that the glad happening will occur on Wednesday evening, June 8th. The placards further announce that all college men are cordially invited.
—The St. Mary's graduates of this year visited with us on the feast of Corpus Christi. They took in such sights as seeing the Minims do justice to the mid-day meal, and just had a peep at the large dining-rooms. They witnessed a baseball game, visited the halls and barely missed ringing the big bell. Come again and stay longer, members of the Senior class.

—The preliminaries for the Freshman Law men resulted in the choice of the following: 1st, Ryan; 2d, Cunning; 3d, Burke; McGlynn alternate. They will debate with the Freshmen of the Letters course on the subject, "Resolved that the Labor Unions are a benefit to the laboring man," the Letters men taking the negative side of the question. The debate is set for Saturday, June 2.

—A very interesting program was carried out by the Brownson Debating society last evening. Several humorous papers on popular members of the society were read, elocutionary selections were rendered and a most agreeable evening resulted. Following the program a lunch was served in the small dining-room. Several members of the faculty were present. Messrs. O'Shea, Meersman, Clark, O'Brien, Cotter, Brentgartner, Byrne, Marcelle, Downing, Scott and McCarthy were among the entertainers and did themselves proud.

Athletic Notes.

ARMOUR INSTITUTE GOOD?

Armour Institute came in last Tuesday and beat Olivet out of the honor of being the real farceurs in the art of playing the great National pastime. Nineteen runs did the Varsity harvest, and the only thing that held the score to that number was the fact that Kelley neglected to give his men sufficient training in long-distance running. The men grew dizzy after a time so many trips did they make around the circuit of the bases. Then it was that the Armour men got in a total of four runs. As the contest was not covered by the Metropolitan sheets and our official scorers grew fatigued after about the fourth round, the details of the great affair will be forever lost to the pages of our collegiate history, and well may it be so.

Notre Dame.................3 2 3 6 0 2 *-=19 13 4
Armour Institute........0 0 0 1 0 1 2=4 5 10
NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

Varsity at Beloit.

Notre Dame hooked up with Beloit for the second time this season and succeeded in defeating the Wisconsin men by the score of 3-1. The contest resolved itself into a pitcher's battle, with Ryan working for the locals and Lein for Beloit. This makes the fourth year of service for Mr. Lein with Beloit, and he never fails to hold our men to a close score. Our own Mr. Ryan, however, went him one better in this last contest in allowing but three hits to his adversary's four. Three of these four bingles were good for two sacks and were negotiated by Kelley, Hamilton and Connolly. The game was the third played by the team on their trip.

BELOIT R H A A E
Baltzer, 2b .................................................. 0 0 0 2 1
Pearsall, ss ..................................................... 0 0 0 1 1
Sleep, 1. f ...................................................... 0 1 0 0 0
Sieffert, 1b ..................................................... 0 1 8 1 0
Osen, r. f .......................................................... 0 0 1 0 1
Selleseth, c .......................................................... 0 0 6 0 0
Williams, c. f ................................................... 0 0 4 0 0
Lein, p ............................................................... 0 0 1 3 0
Monson, 3b ...................................................... 1 1 1 0 0
Total ...................................................................... 1 3 21 7 3

NOTRE DAME R H A A E
Connolly, 3b ...................................................... 0 1 1 2 0
Maloney, c. f ....................................................... 0 0 3 0 0
Hamilton, r. f ...................................................... 0 1 1 0 0
Kelley, 2b .............................................................. 1 1 4 1 2
Williams, 1. f ....................................................... 0 0 0 1 0
Phillips, 1b ........................................................... 0 0 4 0 0
Foley, ss .............................................................. 0 0 0 0 1
Ulatowski, c .......................................................... 1 0 8 1 0
Ryan, p ................................................................. 1 1 0 2 0
Total ...................................................................... 3 4 21 7 3

Beloit .................................................................... 0 0 1 0 0 0 0=1
Notre Dame .............................................................. 0 1 0 0 2 0 0=3

Two base hits—Sieffert, Kelley, Hamilton, Connolly. Struck out—By Ryan, 6; by Lein, 6.

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NOTRE DAME, 2; ST. JOSEPH, 0.

In what was probably the hardest contest of the season the Varsity defeated the fast team of St. Joseph College at Dubuque, Iowa, last Friday. The St. Joseph men succeeded in getting six hits to the Varsity's five, but Heyl proved invincible at critical moments, and several times the side was retired with men on second and third. Connolly was the big man with the stick, getting two of the five bingles. As an indication that both pitchers were going good, it is to be noted that Hughes struck out fourteen men, while Heyl whiffed eleven. Score:

St. Joseph .............................................................. 0 0 0 0 0 2

NOTRE DAME ...................................................... 2 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=2


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WITH THE CREWS.

The past week has seen order brought out of chaos to a very great extent in connection with the different boat crews. The men are now getting into training and much improvement is being shown in the work. This improvement is emphasized all the more when it is considered that the work was new to the majority of the men who went out to try for places. The long even strokes and the unity of action which is a prime necessity for any headway in this line of athletic work begins to characterize the efforts of the men. While the men who will pull in the race have not been picked as yet, the number still out working has simmered down to about eight or nine men for each class. For the Seniors the men from whom the crew will be picked include Schmitt, Dolan, Miller, Gutierrez, Cleary, Lynch, Stoakes and Walsh. The Junior squad includes T. C. Hughes, Wilson, Arnold, Tully, Gamboa, Landero, Probst and A. J. Hughes with Washburne as coxswain. Lange, Parrish, Murphy, Kelley, Condon, Madden, Coppinger and Rush, compose the Sophomores. The Freshmen consist of Martin, Crowley, Walsh, Diebold, McCue, Jennings, Phillips, Hogan and Luder. The ex-Carroll crews are already selected.