

THE SCHOLASTIC.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF THE STUDENTS.

"Vita Sine Literis Mors Est."

Volume VI.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MARCH 29, 1873.

Number 29.

"Woodman, Spare that Tree!"

— TEH

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC: Does it not seem evident that however art may modify, she has no right to distort nature? Or, rather, let us ask, is that properly called art which disfigures nature? A few years ago I heard an intelligent visitor at Notre Dame, a lady of exquisite taste, say that the scenery of our surroundings had been irretrievably injured by the ruthless destruction of all the forest trees. Not a single monarch of the forest now stands between us and South Bend. Even the beautiful St. Joseph's Lake has been rudely stripped of her ancient crown of oaks, and only a ring of modern saplings is left in their place. Only in the beautiful grove surrounding the Scholasticate and lying west of the Professed House have there been left any of the antique lords of the Indian hunting ground.

It must be confessed that the taste of St. Mary's in this respect has been more noble than that of Notre Dame. All strangers are in ecstasies over the fine woodland scenery which has been preserved with so much care around that charming locality. Had other hands ruled those lovely realms of the West, I feel assured that long since the noble oaks, elms and cedars that stand along the banks of the St. Joseph would, more "profitably" and "artistically," have been converted into stove wood.

It is said that in England the improvement of the land signifies especially the planting of trees; in this country, alas! it generally signifies their destruction. In fact, with too many the word improve seems to mean destroy. It is always the cry of revolution and anarchy. Let us pull down and burn up all this rubbish, cry out the Communists; and the splendid monuments of French greatness, the monuments of Richelieu and Napoleon, are utterly destroyed. It was this spirit that burned the library of Alexandria and sacked Rome; and it is the same ruthless spirit that deprives us of the only venerable remains which the Indian has left us. Thirty years, or more, it takes a tree to grow, and lo! it is uprooted in an hour.

Dear Editor, "Bear with me. My heart is there in that coffin with Caesar, and I must pause till it come back to me."

So much for destruction. Now a word on mutilation. I always prefer to see a dog with his ears on; but exceptions must be, and if he is a rat-terrier it may be allowed to trim his ears, to save them from mangling by the rats. So, for other reasons, "artistic" let us say, it may be permitted to torture a few cedars into fantastic shapes, such as old women squatting under umbrellas, or Chinese pig-tails under sun-shades; but, spite even of the venerable landscapist of Notre Dame, I do protest against twenty-five of them stuck up like nine-pins before the College door.

I do assure you, in all confidence, dear SCHOLASTIC, that I often feel like slipping into the garden after dark with a sharp saw, and silently lopping off those unsightly heads, that the poor trees might start out again into the beautiful conico-spherical forms that nature intends. Here again St. Mary's taste is superior, as any one will be satisfied who looks next June on those elegant cedars in the northwest quarter of the "ring" in front of the Academy.

Dear Editor, my mind is greatly relieved. I have done my duty; and I believe I can now look with more calmness upon any further destruction or mutilation of poor patient nature. She is of a forgiving spirit, and will, if we suffer her, soon heal and clothe afresh the wounds which we inflict upon her.

MORRIS.

Cramming and Ratio Pura at Loggerheads.

A certain old-fashioned gentleman, whose reputation as a useful member of society has long since been established, and whose voice and counsel have always been respectfully listened to, and more or less faithfully followed by those who are in charge of educational institutions—such as the heads of families, schools and colleges,—made his appearance, not long since, in the columns of THE SCHOLASTIC under the name and title of "Cramming," addressing those whom it might concern on the necessity of cultivating the faculty of the memory, not indeed to the exclusion of thinking and reasoning, but rather with a view to supply the mind with an abundant material on which to perform its higher functions, namely those of abstracting, generalizing, comparing, judging, and ratiocinating. We expected that he would meet some opposition from abroad, but were somewhat surprised to see him so fiercely attacked from a quarter so near at home as he actually was in a late issue of THE SCHOLASTIC. It is, then, in the name of "Ratio Pura" that Cramming is opposed,—and who, we ask, is she that introduces herself in such grand style and puts on such pompous airs? Is she pure and genuine, or counterfeit and doubtful in her looks? To us she would appear not very young, but rather middle-aged,—or speaking plainly, an old maid; not yet in a "state of life"; but persisting in single-blessedness in spite of herself; forsooth very pretentious and filled with admiration for her own great worth; of course, rigged up, as many ladies are; with a waterfall attached to her classic head, paint laid on her fading cheeks, and a spherical crinoline of mathematical and logical circles to deck the plenitude of her innate ideas.

Her eyes at times become isosceles; her nose hypothenusal; her tiny arms and fingered hands have length indefinite, but neither breath nor thickness. Oh, philanthropic

Mr. Pickwick! we now can realize the agony which thou didst feel when peeping forth from yonder curtain—thy night-cap even swelling up, and wagging to and fro with direful emotions. For lo! we too were caught in such a trap as you; a hornets' nest, the sacred premises of her whose name is *Ratio Pure*. And now we have to fight it out with pants and boots detached, while our genial friend, Sam Weller, is in bed, perhaps asleep or sick. Ulysses' hound approaches fast, his head foremost and not his tail; he means to bite us in the calf, but cannot; for he lost his teeth three thousand years ago, when human memory was put to shame. And now the hawk, the hoot-owl, and such vermin, are let loose, to drive us in a bee-line straight to Kansas or the Territory, where cruel Indians prove that reason pure and undefiled cannot be found. It is then true what some one said, that

"Incidit in Scyllam, qui vult evitare Charybdin,"

Forsooth, now comes an emperor of ancient Rome, who in his life, like Mezzofanti, was with memory adorned and blessed, but to his fellow-citizens could do no good; and faithful to his habits, thought he could not "*now*" do any good. At that, Miss Ratio Poor was greatly vexed; and talking quite too loud and much, her set of artificial teeth got loose; and oh, *miser cordia*, were seen (to our great relief) to drop out of her mouth and fall right on the ground. So also did her waterfall give way from much emotion; and wonderful to say, she now commenced to pray, to call upon the Saints,—the first time in her life, but this time 'twould not pay.

For though a holy man, St. Thomas of Aquin, *Doctor angelicus*, a pupil of Albertus Magnus, the cramming-master keen and bold who towered high above his age, was called by Ratio Poor to prove a woman's strange and preconceived ideas, yet our learned Doctor of Aquin, who drew his inspirations from above and not from his own feeble mind, declared he knew her not, but kindly turned to us to shield us from her slanderous darts. We gained the open door, perspiring much, and awfully scared. On looking back, we saw her quite enraged, and ready still to strike a fatal blow. "Victoria!" she shouts, and rising up in ontologic majesty, she proves quite clearly that which is "the *Ens simpliciter*;" her nimble feet, however, getting caught in vicious circles of her crinoline, she loses soon the mathematic centre of her gravity, and with a desperate leap, *mortali saltu*, gains the *rasa tabula* or empty space on which we stood before. To close the story now: A crucifix was there, of which Miss Ratio Pura claims the sole invention and exclusive use; and by this time we guess a patent has been granted for such use, from Washington, to her devoted friend, his grace, who signed his name with

"S."

POSTSCENIUM.

"Candida pax homines, trux decet ira feras."

Why should cramming and reason not live in peace and harmony? They belong together, and mutually depend on one another.

Granting, what we never denied, that the human mind is endowed with a faculty by which it may become conscious of certain necessary truths (which, however, is far different from innate ideas), will any man assert that in order to develop that faculty a previous action of the senses is unnecessary? Show up, if you can, the genius that startled the world by his intellect without having first passed through the ordinary drill of sensitive cognitions. Hence

St. Thomas Aquinas says: "*Cognitio nostra hoc ordine progreditur; ut primo incipiat in sensu, secundo perficiatur intellectu. Deus qui est immaterialis, a nobis cognoscitur post creaturas, per quas in Dei cognitionem venimus.*" And again: "*Sensibilis cognitio cognitionis intellectualis causæ materia est seu occasio;*" that is, a kind of secondary or indirect cause. And if the term "*tabula rasa*" excludes innate ideas, as it really does, it certainly admits of innate faculties of the highest order. My learned adversary, then, will please distinguish between faculties of the mind and ideas: the latter are a product arising from the co-operation of two factors, the one being without the mind, and the other within; the one being the father, and the other the mother of the child called idea; the senses being the channel through which action and reaction take place. And if our critic puts us on a level with the so-called Sensualist and materialist sect, we might, with stronger reason, rank his unmitigated Ontologism near the other end of the line, with Gnosticism, Pantheism, or Rationalism. But we do not want to divide—we wish to unite. Cramming and reason match well together; the one is an active participle (*gener. masc.*); Miss Ratio, *generis fem.*; and just such a man as St. Thomas could unite them in the bonds of wedlock. Cramming, to supply the household with what is "necessary and contingent"; and Madame Ratio, to cook, and work, and fix it up in proper style, and keep things nice and clean inside, as it behooves a good housewife. So then, old maid, give up your queer ideas; come, take, and kiss me quick, and get the wedding cakes ready for the boys and

Your obedient servant,

O. S.

Culture of the Æsthetic.

When a great institution has successfully stemmed the flood of adversity, and braved the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and finds itself at length on the summit of the pinnacle of fame, with a stock of accumulated energy no longer needed in its struggles against its foes, it naturally turns this energy to the culture of the æsthetic. So it was in old Rome. No sooner was the Augustan age inaugurated, and the empire freed from all danger from enemies either within or without, than the superabundant intellectual activity sprouted forth in the form of elegant literature, and an Ovid—a Virgil—a Horace—a Livy—handed their works down to a posterity which despairs of imitation. So it is now at Notre Dame; not that our æsthetic talent has entered the walks of literature to any alarming extent; it prefers the outward and visible, for the nonce, to the inward and spiritual.

The amount of painting, frescoing, graining and staining done in the College during the present scholastic year far exceeds any within our past experience. A Parisian style pervades the whole house, although the taste with which Number Four is fitted up suggests a doubt whether the citizen of Paris would not have to yield the artist's palm to the denizen of Lyons. Pictures, chandeliers, statues, statuettes, busts and bustuettes everywhere appear to mark the reign of taste. Washington Hall also confesses the supremacy of this same beneficent potentate. Now don't get excited—we are *not* going to make another allusion to the drop-curtain. We only want to say that it was a happy thought to gild the surroundings of the immortal Washington; for virtue never appears so admirable as when we see it in the midst of gilt. Commerce on one side, about to

plough the seas, and Agriculture on the other, about to seize the plough, are appropriate accessories. But what we were going to remark with regard to the æsthetics of Washington Hall was in connection with the performances themselves during the past winter—a season whose severity, far beyond the most frightful nightmares of the weatherwise or otherwise, was considerably mitigated by the dramatic entertainments furnished therein. We do not intend to disparage the Thespians of former years—we even allow their superiority in many points, *Non omnis moriar*—as Horace beautifully remarks. But take it all in all, the entertainment of the 22d February was about as good as our boards have ever underlain. When the tragedy was at its height—when the pistol was fired, and it became apparent that Dodge would mark Mark if Mark didn't dodge Dodge, a gentle tremor found its way even into our hardened bosom; and when a respected German friend asked us if we liked "The Iron Jest" we indignantly remarked that we thought it was no joke. Our loathings for low things are always excited by any attempt to burlesque the truly grand. We were perfectly disgusted the other day, when upon asking a miserable wretch who rooms next us whether he had Everett's poems, we received for reply that he didn't know what spoems were, but he expected that he had eaten a good many more things in hash than he knew the names of. What a short step it is from the sublime to the ridiculous! in fact we hesitate to call it a step at all, unless it be a step from the eyes to the nose; for whereas a discharge of the lachrymal fluid through the eyes is eminently pathetic and adapted to touch the kindest sympathies of our nature, a discharge of the same fluid when it takes the form of "dew-drops from freshly blown noses" is quite the reverse of poetic, and in fact has scarcely formed the subject of verse, save in Tommy Moore's revenge on the Demons of the Press as above quoted, and the old enigma, which after an absurd preface of "riddle my rocket," inquires, in excellent hexameter,

"What a poor | man throws a | way and a | rich man | puts in
his | pocket,"

—proving that the use of hexameter is not necessarily confined to heroic subjects. But while we are speaking of the Hall—and we beg leave to say we are still speaking of the Hall—may we be permitted to ask why one of the lamps is doomed to hang exactly eighteen inches higher than the other? If anything could mar the pleasure we feel in witnessing the entertainments given in the Hall, it would be the anxiety of mind arising from our desire to fathom the mysterious reasons that prompted this peculiar arrangement of the lamps. We don't ask to have them changed, mind; we only want you to relieve our agony of curiosity by telling us why they are so placed. Only tell us this first, and then punish us as you will for our presumption in asking. Even if you lick us, we will believe that, like "poor Dog Tray," you "lick us for kindness."

But while the æsthetic is making such rapid strides among us, why is one of its most important developments neglected? A military company, with their uniform and drill—their tactics and evolutions—would do much for the cultivation of College taste. Such have we had here twice already, in the golden days of yore. The Continental Cadets with their buff and blue uniform, and their gallant commander, Gen. Lynch, are still remembered here. When they went to church in regimentals they were the observed of all observers. On parade they were the Eyeds of March,

so to speak, although nothing tragic ever occurred. And even after this constellation of heroes had passed away, and the College had been disarmed of all but the canons of the Church and that other little cannon you wot of, and the rusty arquebuses in the Museum, not forgetting that incomprehensible old torpedo,—even after all this, the military spirit budded forth in the Juniors' Yard—the St. Cecilians put on the enormous breeches and diminutive jackets, the rakish caps and dainty gaiters, of the Zouave uniform, and evinced their martial spirit by the resonance of drums. But they drummed themselves out at last, and for years nothing soldier-like has found its way into our classic shades. Isn't it about time to re-inaugurate this branch of the æsthetic? We pause.

GANDERHUFF.

Criticism.

The poorest profession, or rather the most irksome and disagreeable, is that of critic. It is one that demands the greatest amount of independence, and yet is generally subject to the greatest dependence. So we very seldom read a fairly-written criticism, and scarcely ever find a true and honest critic.

In the field of college criticism, it would appear, at least from the criticisms we read now and then, that criticising consists mainly of lauding *per fas et nefas* what is good, what is passable, and sometimes what is downright vulgar and unworthy of praise. We know how hard the critic's duty is; in fact we know that in nine cases out of ten the critic is no critic at all, but merely a reporter, and a reporter according to his humor, often even against his own good sense.

Yet a reporter becomes a critic when he criticises, and such a criticism when printed is understood to be the general opinion of all those who witnessed the act or acts criticised. It requires therefore considerable tact and prudence in the critic, who is as it were the mouth-piece of many,—and when he says "It was well rendered"—"admirable,"—"no one could help laughing," etc., he ought to feel pretty certain that his opinion is the opinion of all, and that he does not trifle with the import of words and public opinion.

Sane nature has instincts which, if not perverted, are sure guides in the field of criticism, especially if those instincts have been developed by education; and these instincts—that *sensus intimus*—ought to be religiously listened to by the earnest critic. If not, criticism becomes an absurdity, a crime against good taste worthy of severe punishment. We have charity enough to forgive him who has no word of reproof when such word would do no good, but we cannot forgive him who praises when he ought to blame or say nothing.

We have seldom read fair criticisms of our Exhibitions. They were either overlaudatory or lacking in judgment. One special feature was observable in them—viz.: the avoidance of telling the truth when it was disagreeable to do so, and a decided tendency to overrate. The result of such criticism is decidedly very injurious. It must in the course of time lower the standard of taste, and demoralize by creating a spirit of self-sufficiency and misplaced security.

We have sometimes witnessed exemplifications of this: students little talented, who by the repeated puffs of random criticisms had naturally come to the conclusion that they had reached the acme of perfection, were beyond the range of further instruction, and quite inaccessible to advice or even mild insinuations. A critic should bear in mind, therefore, the great responsibility which he incurs by assuming his important rôle, and should never forget that great harm is done by criticisms which are not based on truth.

X. L.

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Editors' and Publishers' Association.

A regular meeting of the Editors' and Publishers' Association of the (old) Tenth and Eleventh Congressional Districts, Indiana, will be held at Ligonier, on Friday, April 11, 1873, at 10 o'clock, A.M., and will continue in session during the day. In view of recent legislation on printing and advertising,—the meeting of the Press Association at Indianapolis, in May, and subjects directly connected with the future prosperity of the Association, a full attendance of members, and all who desire to become such, is desired.

C. G. POWELL, President.

PLATT McDONALD, Rec. Sec.

The Annunciation at St. Mary's.

The young ladies of St. Mary's Academy read congratulatory addresses to their revered Directress of Studies on her feast day—the Festival of the Annunciation—and on Thursday evening had a pleasant entertainment in her honor. The addresses were well read, as they always are at St. Mary's. They were short and hearty. Misses Letourneau, Cochrane, Langdon, A. Lloyd, H. McMahon, Gaffney, M. White and McKeaver, read the addresses. An allegory called "Light Heart's Pilgrimage" was well represented; the tableaux were good, and the music excellent. Miss Nellie Foote and Miss Noonan sang each a solo, and duets were sung by Miss Wicker and Miss Prince, Miss M. and J. Kearney, and by Miss Lillie West and Miss Rose Devoto. Our limited space does not allow us to comment on each part of this pleasant and edifying entertainment, and we must even pass over without comment the part taken by Miss Beckman and Miss Walton, although it seemed they were particularly appreciated by the audience. We have just space enough to note that Rev. F. Vagnier delivered, as usual, the closing remarks in his most felicitous style, but we have not room to give them *in extenso*.

AN anonymous correspondent is of the opinion that on recreation days the hour for "getting up" should be an hour later.

THE Philopatrians are up and doing. They will be noticed in the next issue of THE SCHOLASTIC.

THE Library of the late Rev. Father Barker which, as was announced in a late number of THE SCHOLASTIC, was drawn by Very Rev. Father Sorin, C. S. C., was received last week, and has been arranged in the place prepared for it. It contains some valuable works, and is well selected.

Our Music Box.

SOIRÉE.—On Sunday evening, March 23d, a large audience was gathered in the grand parlor in expectation of a musical treat, and they were not disappointed, if we may judge from the almost overwhelming applause with which some, we may say nearly all, of the performances were greeted.

The Entertainment was opened by a quartet from the Orchestra, that organization not being able to appear owing to the sickness of some of its members; however the quartet did good service, favoring us with several fine overtures during the course of the Entertainment. The selections were classical and the rendition was truly artistic. It was the most pleasing feature of the evening, and the applause which greeted them was well merited.

Mr. W. Campbell next favored us with a piano solo, which was well received. Master Ohmer rendered a selection from "Martha" on the flute, which was well executed. The Vocal Class next made its appearance under the direction of its efficient teacher, Prof. Schnurrer; it showed evident progress. There are certainly *some* good voices among so many, and although the Class appears to advance in chorus, still we would be pleased to hear a solo now and then. Mr. Schmidt's violin-playing was good. Master C. Burger rendered a piece on the piano in fine style. He has a clear and accurate touch, and will in time make a fine pianist. The violin solo by Master McHugh was very good. Master Ohlen's piccolo solo was especially well received, and elicited an *encore*, which was certainly deserved. Mr. Hugo Hug again delighted us with a fine performance on the piano. He fully sustained his reputation as one of our best pianists. The "Calif de Bagdad" was well rendered, Master C. Burger playing first violin.

The Rev. President in his closing remarks said that he was pleased and satisfied with the whole entertainment, that it was a great improvement on the last, etc. We feel sure that all who had the pleasure of being present will agree with him. We are happy to note the evident interest that is being taken in the Musical Department, both by the students and by the faculty.

The next *soirée* is announced for Easter Sunday. All the music pupils, at least those that are more advanced (and who are not too bashful), are expected and requested to make their appearance on that occasion. No one need be afraid, as we are not at all severe in our criticisms (?), in fact we do not wish to discourage any one, but rather to encourage all.

We hope that the next *soirée* will be the grand one of the season. May it, at least, be as great an improvement on this one, as this was on the one which preceded it.

MUSIC.—Music is the mediator between the spiritual and the sensual life. Although the spirit be not master of that which it creates through music, yet it is blessed in this creation, which, like every creation of art, is mightier than the artist.—*Beethoven*.

ADELINA PATTI, having recovered from a severe throat attack, appeared at St. Petersburg in Meyerbeer's "Dinorah."

FIFTY-ONE operas were produced in Italy in 1872. Out of these, forty-nine were failures.

WORK before play: as the fiddle said to the beginner.

Fly-Catches.

NAVIGATION.—The first boat-ride of the season was taken on Saturday last. It was rather thin, however.

SOIRÉE.—On Sunday evening of this week the students of Vocal and Instrumental Music gave a fine Entertainment in the parlor; it was an excellent affair. Another is promised for Easter Sunday.

THE Garden, it appears, is about to be changed in some respects. The Surveying Class commenced their season's work by measuring off this handsome little spot of ground. We did not learn what changes were to be made.

COMMERCIAL ASSOCIATION.—We are pleased to chronicle the organization of a new association at the University. The objects and aim of the Association will be readily judged from the name, and its importance to the Commercial students cannot be too much insisted upon. They will, of course, discuss questions pertaining to Commercial transactions.

A DEBATE.—It is whispered about that a Debate is in preparation and will soon be publicly brought out by one of the Literary Societies of the College. The subject to be discussed is a suitable one, and such as is calculated to meet the approbation of the audience. We anticipate something grand, and feel assured that we are not going to be disappointed.

THE hedge that incloses the ball-field has been undergoing a pruning, and now presents nothing but stumps. It was badly in need of a trimming, and will of course be benefited, at least in usefulness if not in beauty, by having its long and thrifty sprouts lopped off. Something similar would not injure those on either side of the main avenue beyond the post-office; but no doubt they are only waiting their turn.

BASE-BALL is becoming quite popular again, not only in conversation but also in practice. On nearly every recreation day we have the pleasure of witnessing a contest between two opposing nines. The Collegiate Nine, we understand, are to have their grounds in one of the neighboring fields, there not being room for them in the Seniors' ball-field, as there are two grounds there already. The wind is rather chilly and often makes it quite disagreeable to play. But it is time for it; we hope the championship will be decided before hot weather.

WEATHER.—Not long since we were congratulating ourselves on an early Spring, and were wondering at how quick the Spring came upon us. The thunder-shower, the birds returning in great numbers, and the phenomena of the atmosphere, all whispered that we might soon expect fine and settled weather—and we, prone to be convinced in this direction, accepted it as a true index; but scarce had we sent our notes to press when the appearance of things began to assume a different look, and in a few days we were presented with a little winter. Yet, though while we write the weather is stormy and blustery, we cannot help hoping at least that it is but a band of stragglers which have fallen off from the main body of winter. The lake, which had begun to thaw about the shore, is now closed, and the ice has to some extent recovered from the decaying influence exercised upon it by the few days of warm and pleasant weather. The base-ballists are again driven back to their fortifications, and pedestrians confine themselves to the buildings and their immediate vicinity.

Reading.

MR. EDITOR: Some years ago I was steaming down the Rhone, when midway between Lyons and Avignon I made the acquaintance of one of those cosmopolitan Frenchmen who, though very rare, are occasionally encountered in the broader walks of life. I say they are rare, for you scarcely ever find a Frenchman anything more or less than a Frenchman, no matter how much he may have travelled in foreign countries and mixed with *strangers*. I have not the time to discuss the reasons of this phenomenon, nor to pay my tribute of high consideration to the brave nation,—but I simply state the fact because it is curious. I have known Frenchmen who have been in this country for many years, who speak English well, but who are as Frenchy in their ideas to-day as they were when, in their happy innocence of provincial life or Parisian budandism, they imagined Mr. Lo, the poor Indian, and his family dwelt in the suburbs of New York, and that the buffalo disported himself on the banks of the Wabash. This gentleman whom I met could talk by the hour—and, what is better, could talk well. Among other topics which to my young and unsophisticated mind were quite new, he descanted upon the manner in which various nations pronounce their words, and he maintained that the degree of refinement attained by different nations could be marked by the general manner of pronunciation—not so much among the educated class, as among what is called the lower class of the population. He maintains that those people who formed their words in the throat were savages, or unrefined, while the refined people formed the words, fashioned and shaped them all with the lips. He exemplified his proposition by instancing the Indian, whose guttural pronunciation is so marked—then the northern European nations, then the English, then the French, and placing the Italians furthest from the Indian. I leave the truth of his little theory to be discussed by those who know more about the subject than I do. In my verdancy I supposed the hoarse guttural sounds of Indians were attributable to exposure to the weather, and of northern European nations was attributable to the fogs that are not rare in those regions,—but, as I before remarked, I do not intend to discuss the question.

What I wish to call attention to is this: that *reading* is not well taught in this land of progress. I have yet to find a teacher of reading—and I may say the same of singing—who makes his pupils understand the right manner of breathing and pronouncing their words. At Notre Dame, it is true, there have been "Professors" of Elocution, some of them excellent teachers as well as polished gentlemen, who give a few lessons to big classes—but the profit to the class was not much; the reason of the lack of profit was that the principles and rules for breathing laid down by the Professor were not practically followed: 1st, by sufficient drill under the Professor himself; and 2d, by continued practice by the students after the Professor left. And thus, even if by the drill some few "got the hang" of what the instructor taught them, they soon lost the hang of it, and went on pronouncing in the same harsh, guttural tones which we hear around us, and is one which cause of all these throat affections which are so common with preachers and public speakers. I do not know how it is at Notre Dame now about elocution. I have been present at some of the Literary and Musical Entertainments, and though I have

been pleased by the subject matter of the Entertainments, I have failed to perceive the result of voice culture in the young speakers. I have listened to many who had fine natural voices that have a clear silvery ring at the beginning of a declamation or song, but I perceived that ere long the tones lowered and the voice became husky.

My attention was called to this by listening to Murdock, who, though advancing age has changed his voice, retained through the whole reading of two hours the same clearness of tone. Can any of your elocutionists and speakers do this? I have not yet heard them. And if they cannot, why can they not? Evidently because they do not know how to use their voice. Why do they not know? Because they are not sufficiently drilled in the elementary principles. I aver the same for the singers. Xqz.

Song to the Winds of Winter.

BY MC.

Come, roar on you wild winds of winter!
Your wailings are pleasant to hear;
Though you leave a broad trace of your marching,
Your presence we love more than fear.

Your power is great, we acknowledge,
It brooks not defeat nor delay,
But piercing the rocks' callous bosom,
It proudly continues its way.

The mountains, though robed in their grandest,
And scented with flowers' perfume,
You drape in your own grayish mantle,
Thus changing their brightness to gloom.

While plowing your way through the wildwood
In defiance of nature and art,
You make of your power the bowstrings,
The trees of the forest your dart.

And kissing the blue rippling waters,
You harden the waves as they flow,
And catching the rain as it's falling,
You cover the mystery with snow.

You fetter the ship on the ocean,
When nothing but water's around,
And laugh through the sails at the sailors
Whom you have so easily bound.

The voice of the thunder you carry,
Its accents you perfectly quote,
And away o'er the mountains and valleys
You fly without losing a note.

You copy the grandest of music,
And adding sublimity's strain,
You leave in the sweetest enchantment,
The forest, the mountain, and plain.

Then blow on, you wild winds of winter,
Your moanings are bliss to the ear,
For they wrap in their broad cloak of action,
The quiet that's sullen and drear.

At a recent wedding in Washington, the groom wore black kid gloves and wedded his bride with a diamond ring! The music on the occasion was equally unique; instead of the "Wedding March," the "Anvil Chorus" greeted the pair as they entered, and "Oh, dear! what can the matter be?" played the couple and the company out.

The Columbian Literary and Debating Club.

This Club was organized on the 25th of March, 1873. The following are the officers:

General Director—Rev. Father Lemonnier, C. S. C.
President—Prof. J. A. Lyons, A. M.
Promoter—Prof. A. J. Stace, A. M.
Judge of the Moot Court—Prof. L. G. Tong, LL.B.
Vice-President—J. W. McAlister.
Recording Secretary—M. B. Torbett.
Treasurer—E. N. Mullen.
Corresponding Secretary—H. A. Allen.
Librarian—J. B. Comer.
Assistant Librarian—C. Butler.
First Censor—L. Sanders.
Second Censor—P. Sullivan.
Sergeant at Arms—W. D. Van't Woud.
Marshal—F. J. St. Aubin.

On the evening of the 25th, the first regular meeting, at which the Rev. Father Lemonnier was present, was held, and the following members read essays and delivered declamations: J. W. McAlister, J. B. Crummey, L. Whittaker, W. Van't Woud, P. Sullivan, and M. B. Torbett. After this the subject of debate,

"Resolved, That Poverty is better than Riches for the Development of Character,"

was given out. Those on the affirmative are: J. W. McAlister, P. Sullivan, M. B. Torbett, Thos. Hansard, J. B. Crummey, and F. P. Hamilton. Those on the negative are E. N. Mullen, J. B. Comer, H. Cassidy, Geo. W. Crummey, L. Whittaker, and E. J. Plummer.

This over, the President appointed the following members to draft a Constitution and By-Laws for the government of the Association, and submit the same to the President of the University for approval: J. B. Comer, E. N. Mullen, J. W. McAlister, P. Sullivan, and M. B. Torbett.

Rev. Father Lemonnier then complimented the Association on their organization, and was much pleased with the name of Columbian, which the members had selected. After speaking for sometime on Literary Organizations, etc., he concluded by saying that, judging from the essays and speeches, he entertained the brightest hopes of the success of the Society. M. B. TORBETT, Sec.

Roll of Honor.

[Under this head are given each week the names of those students whose conduct was in every respect satisfactory during the week pecceding the given date.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 22, 1873.

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

M. Allen, A. Allen, F. H. Buter, W. Briant, C. Berdel, J. Burnham, M. Bastarache, V. Baca, V. M. Baca, W. Bartlett, L. Burridge, J. Browne, M. Browne, J. B. Begue, M. Bannon, P. Cooney, H. Cassidy, W. Clarke, J. Comer, J. Crummey, G. Crummey, E. Chalfant, B. Dorsey, J. Devine, C. Dodge, W. Dodge, T. Dundon, P. Downey, T. Flannigan, T. Fitzpatrick, M. Foote, J. Ferry, M. Foley, E. Gambee, A. Greening, E. Graves, T. Graves, W. Gavitt, T. Hansard, E. Halpine, J. Harrington, J. Hand, A. Horne, A. Hess, H. Hug, J. Ireland, P. Jacobs, T. Keenan, J. Kelly, E. Kimm, P. Mattimore, J. McGlynn, E. Morancy, J. McDermott, J. McAlister, E. McLaughlin, E. McSweeney, J. McCormick, D. Maloney, T. Murphy, J. Murphy, E. Monohan, A. Mooney, E. Mullen, T. Noel, P. O'Meara, P. O'Mahony, P. O'Connell, F. Phelan, G. Ruger, J. Rosinot, E. Spitley, G. Stack, F. Scrafford, G. Summers, J. Scherer, P. Sullivan, M. Torbett, W. Van't Woud, C. Vinson, T. White, C. Walter, H. Walker, J. Wolfe, H. Zeitler.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

D. McAndrews, J. O'Connell, E. Ohmer, J. Quill, A. Reid, C. Ruger, J. Stubbs, D. Salazar, F. Sweger, J. Shannahan, S. Wise, J. Wanbaugh, O. Waterman, F. Weisenberger, H. Zuber, F. Bauer, F. Austin, B. Baca, W. Ball, W. Breen, L. Busch, C. Black, P. Brosseau, C. Burger, M. Blake, J. Campbell, J. Caren, A. Cruikilton, J. Devine, J. Dore, F. Egan, H. Enneking, Jno. Ewing, C. Furer, G. Gross, W. Gross, J. Graham, J. Golsen, H. Hunt, E. Holt, W. Hake, V. Hansen, H. Hoffman, R. Hutchings, H. Hirsch, A. Kleine, A. Kreiter, W. Kinzie, L. Loser, R. Lewis, W. Meyer, F. McOsker, T. McGee, J. Mullarky, E. McMahon, S. McMahon, W. McMahon, J. Marks, S. Marks, J. McGrath, W. Morgan, F. Miller, J. McNulty.

J. F. EDWARDS, Secretary.

Class Honors.

[Under this heading will appear each week the names of those students who have given satisfaction in all studies of the Class to which they belong. Each Class will be mentioned every fourth week, conformably to the following arrangement. First week, the Classes of the four Collegiate years, (Classical and Scientific); second week, those of the Commercial Course; third week, those of the Preparatory; fourth week, Music, Fine Arts, Modern Languages, and special Classes.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1873.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT—SENIOR CLASS.

G. Crummey, V. M. Baca, P. Cooney, E. Halpine, F. McOsker, F. Egan, O. Waterman, S. Valdez, J. Hamilton, F. Phelan, H. Cassidy, J. Harrington, J. Donnelly, W. Briant, E. Morancy, A. Greening, J. Flanagan, T. Fitzpatrick, J. Hoffman, P. Jacobs, A. Mooney, C. Vinson, J. McAlister, E. Mullin, G. Ruger, E. Spitley, J. O'Brien, P. O'Mahony, J. Schmidt, J. Gillespie, G. Stack, G. Summers, J. Wolfe, M. Torbett, J. Stubbs, C. Ruger, W. Meyers, H. Hunt, L. Hibben, E. Milburn, J. Quill, L. Loser, J. Mullarky, W. Gross, E. Ohmer, J. Devine, J. O'Connell, S. Wise.

JUNIOR CLASS.

G. Brown, F. Buter, G. Crosby, J. Brown, J. Devine, A. Allen, A. Hess, H. Randolph, W. Bartlett, P. O'Sullivan, W. Van't Woud, F. St. Aubin, W. Gavitt, J. Begue, H. Zeitler, T. Keenan, B. Alford, W. Ball, J. Carmody, J. J. Dunn, J. McGrath, B. Baca, C. Furer, A. Kleine, J. Hacket, C. Black, E. Holt.

SAINT MARY'S ACADEMY.

ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, March 26, 1873.

The most interesting event of the week was the annual ceremony of presenting a golden rose to the young lady of the Senior Department, who, having been so fortunate as to receive No. 1 notes for Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment, and strict observance of Academic rules, also receives the greatest number of votes from the Faculty, whose privilege it is to award the prize.

Ten young ladies were named as candidates for the honor, but Miss B. Crowley, of Cairo, Illinois, and Miss B. Reynolds, of Cassopolis, Indiana, having been for two consecutive years always on the Roll of Honor at St. Mary's, stood first in rank; therefore it was decided that these two should draw lots for the prize.

After the distribution of the weekly notes, the names of all those who had been named as candidates were read, and then the two young ladies named above were invited to come forward and draw lots for the golden rose. The fortunate young lady was Miss B. Crowley, who was greeted by her companions with hearty applause.

For Politeness, Neatness, Order, Amiability, Correct Deportment and strict observance of Academic rules, the following young ladies are enrolled on the

TABLET OF HONOR, (SR. DEP'T.), March 23, 1873.

Misses Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bibbie Crowley, Lizzie King, Minnie Lange, Aline Todd, Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie M. Clarke, Nellie Gross, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown, Mary Comer, Libbie Black, Nellie Langdon, Mittie Ward, Emily Haggarty, Annie Lloyd, Ida Wilder, Julia Kearney, Bay Reynolds, Mary Wicker, Lettie Ritchie, Bridget Grace, Lizzie Daley, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, Julia Voorhees, Lodina Drago, Esther Boyce, Genevieve Walton, Julia Fanning, Annie T. Clarke, Mary Riley, Laura Weinreich, Jennie Noonan, Addie Hambleton, Nellie Foote, Louisa Beckman, Nellie Heedy, Mary Ann Roberts, Emma Wade, Rebecca Woolman, Louisa Pfeiffer, Ettie Burney, Mary Quill, Emma Ives, Rose Rosesco, M. E. Roberts, Addie Roberts, Ella Quinlan, Nellie McEwen, Agnes Conahan, Mary H. Pinney, Lucy Penniman, Sarah H. Chenoweth, Mary White, Anabel Stockton, Mary Dillon, Dora Simonds, Louisa Lilly, Livinia Forrester, Rebecca Marr, Katie Wickham, Juanna Valdez, R. Manzanares, Rose Klar, Lizzie Scheiber, Fannie Snouffer, Tillie

Heckman, Nora McMahon, M. Lyons, H. Miller, Mary E. Black, Rose McKeaver, Mary Kane, Bell Turnbull, Cora Lee, Kittie Isman, Kittie Finley, Annie O'Connor.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN STUDIES.

Graduating Class—Misses Katie Zell, Mary Cochrane, Mary Lassen, Alice Mast, Alice Shea, Katie Haymond, Bibbie Crowley. In lessons—Lizzie King, Minnie Lange, Aline Todd.

First Senior Class—Lizzie Niel, Mary Kearney, Annie Clarke, Nellie Gross, Rose Devoto, Mary Brown, Lillie West, Mary Comer, Libbie Black, Nellie Langdon.

Second Senior Class—Annie Lloyd, Mamie Prince, Ida Wilder, Julia Kearney, Bay Reynolds, Lettie Ritchie, Lilly Dent, Maggie Letourneau, Agnes Church, Julia Voorhees, Esther Boyce.

Third Senior Class—Misses J. Walton, Lella James, Julia Fanning, Amelia Keeline, Annie T. Clarke, Laura Weinreich, Jennie Noonan, A. St. Clair, Lou Beckman, Annie O'Connor, Nellie Heedy, Annie Reid.

First Preparatory Class—Emma Wade, Bell Wade, R. Woolman, Louisa Pfeiffer, Clara Germain, Ettie Burney, Flora Rush, Mary Quill, Lizzie Ritchie, Emma Ives, Bell Gaffney, Rose Rosesco, Mary E. Roberts, Addie Roberts, Ella Quinlan, Nellie McEwen, Mary McGuire, Agnes Conahan, Maria Pinney, Lucy Penniman.

Second Preparatory Class—S. Chenoweth, Mary White, A. Stockton, M. Dillon, Dora Simonds, L. Forrester, R. Marr, K. Wickham, Rose Klar, Juanna Valdez, Romualda Manzanares, Lizzie Scheiber, Fannie Snouffer, Tillie Heckman.

Third Preparatory Class—N. McMahon, Mary Lyons, H. Miller, M. E. Black, Rose McKeaver, Louisa Lilly, Mary Kane, Bell Turnbull.

Plain Sewing—L. Crowley, K. Haymond, A. Todd, R. Devoto, M. Wicker, M. E. Roberts, N. Gross, K. Casey, B. Wade, M. Phinney, J. Valdez, R. Manzanares, Ettie Burney.

TABLET OF HONOR (JR. DEP'T), March 24, 1873.

E. Richardson, A. Smith, K. Joyce, L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh, B. Quan, M. Hepp, A. Gollhardt, M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch, N. Vigil, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing, M. Hildreth, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, K. Schmidt, L. Schuerle, B. Hassler, T. Cronin, A. Noel, E. Lang, M. Booth, C. Walker, A. Koch, C. Smith, E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, D. Allen, M. Lowrey, M. Ware, K. Bolton, A. Green.

HONORABLY MENTIONED IN THE

Second Senior Class—E. Richardson, A. Smith.

Third Senior Class—K. Joyce.

First Preparatory Class—L. Tinsley, M. Faxon, A. Walsh.

Second Preparatory Class—L. McKinnon, B. Quan, T. Schulte, M. Hepp, M. Martin, G. Kelly, A. Lynch, N. Vigil.

Third Preparatory Class—E. Orton, S. Lilly, M. Carlin, M. Brown, M. Reynolds, M. Ewing.

First Junior Class—N. O'Meara, M. Walsh, J. and M. Thompson, K. Schmidt, B. Hassler, T. Cronin, A. Noel, A. Burney, E. Lang, K. Lloyd, M. DeLong, M. Booth, C. Walker, C. Smith.

Second Junior Class—E. Jackson, K. Hector, A. Ewing, D. Allen, E. Hassler, M. Lowrey, L. Walsh, S. Lynch, M. Ware, M. Kaeseberg.

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