

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JUNE 9, 1894.

No. 37

To Ælius Lamia.*

DANIEL P. MURPHY.

WITH joy I fling to the wanton wind that swells
The flapping sails on Crete's dark sea, regret
And sorrow deep. My friendly Muse dispels
Those cares that Tiridates madly fret.

The frozen King I fear not on his throne.
Sweet nymph! rejoicing in the wat'ry bowers
Of thy clear fount, my Lamia, alone,
Now crown with garlands bright of sun-kissed
flowers.

With spark divine thou must my soul inspire,
That I may fitly sing his noble praise;
Thy sisters fair, with thee, shouldst on the lyre
Tunefully consecrate his warrior days.

The Author of "Majorie Daw."

BY ARTHUR P. HUDSON.

DURING the period of time that has elapsed since the civil war a great change has come over our national literature. It has been often said that literary forms change as men change; and the transition of the last thirty years verifies the statement. Previous to the rebellion, our country had, for many years, been in a disturbed and unsettled condition; men were strongly influenced by party and sectional jealousies, and the literature of the age was but a reflection of the times. It required a civil war to terminate the political feelings of enmity; and when it was over

* Horace, Book I, Ode XXVI.

the country returned to a quiet and normal condition.

An age of progress and national prosperity began, and the life of the people was entirely changed. From thoughts of dissension and war the American mind turned itself to the study of the liberal arts and the improvement of society. With these changes a new class of authors arose who strove to be in tune with the age; and every literary man sought the easiest and most agreeable way to reflect the manners and customs of the time.

The short story has always been a popular form of literary expression. People have always liked to hear stories, especially in moments of leisure, and it is probable that it will hold its own as long as literature itself exists. The authors of the present generation have given to the story the position which the drama held in the time of Shakspeare, and the satire in the time of Queen Anne.

Here in America we have very many who have devoted themselves to the writings of short stories, and some of them are men of real genius. Not only have they produced the best work of its kind in the language, but they have also done much to refine and elevate our national taste. Among these writers of the short story none holds a higher place than does Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Born at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, Thomas Bailey Aldrich spent his boyhood in the romantic atmosphere of that ancient little seaport. Its quaint traditions—common to all New England towns—its curious people, the descendants of the early colonists, and the romantic stories of its sailors and those who had gone down to the sea in ships, filled the air and colored Aldrich's early life.

When he was sixteen years old, Aldrich left his New England home and went to New York, where, later, he began his literary career. Short stories, sketches and poems flowed from his pen in abundance, and his contributions were principally to the *Knickerbocker Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. His poems are the only work of this period of his life which are still known; and the best of these is "Babie Bell," a poem which made him almost famous.

The earliest prose work of Mr. Aldrich is very romantic in form and spirit. The one which is still remembered by his readers as the best of his first attempts is a short story entitled "Père Antoine's Date Palm," which was published in the *Atlantic* in 1862. When it came out its author was known as a poet, who wrote delicately-tinted verses in which the words gave the colors of the scene exactly. These, too, are the characteristics of his early prose. In "Père Antoine's Date Palm" it is this quality which attracts the attention, rather than the tale itself.

The story of Père Antoine is well told; but it has not the peculiar humor and lightness of touch of its author's later works. In 1866 Mr. Aldrich joined the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and for it many of his best stories and novels have been written.

"Prudence Palfrey" was one of his first novels, and its interest depends quite as much on the plot as on the development of character. It is a novel of incident, and in it Mr. Aldrich had no opportunity of exercising his peculiar powers, for he has the greatest success when dealing with motives. The plot, though somewhat improbable, is well handled, and the author's intention does not escape until he is ready to make it known. The character of the Reverend Wilbird Hawkins is especially well drawn, and is typical of his kind.

Of all the short stories Mr. Aldrich has written none can be compared with "Marjorie Daw." It is in this short romance that his art in dealing with motives is at its best. The plan of a surprise at the end was entirely new, and the characters are so well developed in every particular that the reader is sorely vexed when he discovers that Marjorie Daw never existed, and that the beautiful creature who swung in the hammock across the road was but the creation of Delaney's vivid imagination. We sympathize with John Flemming, and the touches of unreality in his character delight us. We know that in real life few people keep a pile of books handy to throw at the heads of

their servants; but we like to see John Flemming do it. It is touches of this kind—a blending of the unreal with the apparent reality—that makes the story what it is. "Marjorie Daw" is a work of the highest art from beginning to end; but it is difficult to say just what gives it its peculiar charms.

The "Stillwater Tragedy" is probably the best of the novels Mr. Aldrich has written. Judging from the title, one would naturally think it a sort of detective story; but this is not the impression received while reading it. True, there is a murder committed in the early stage of the novel, and much time is spent in discovering the murderer; but running through it all, there is a thread of comedy, which is never too evident nor entirely forgotten. Richard Shackford is the character on whom attention is constantly focused, and he is the central figure in several scenes which are very dramatic in effect. Notable among these is the one in which Richard outwits the detective who tries to bring evidence against him as the murderer. The story is well told, and we are quite surprised when Durgin, and not Torrini, turns out to be the murderer.

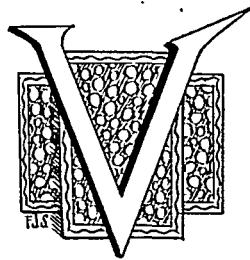
"Two Bites at a Cherry" is one of Mr. Aldrich's latest stories, and it is written on much the same plan as "Marjorie Daw." There is Mrs. Rose Mason who is portrayed by the same hand as Marjorie; and although Marcus Whitelaw is on the "shady side of forty," and "prefers Burgundy to champagne," he has just as much of our sympathy as Marjorie's lover had. When the fateful words fell from Rose's lips a pang of sorrow is felt quite as severe as when we read the last note from Edward Delaney to John Flemming.

Another beauty of Mr. Aldrich's work is the absence of anything that is sensational. He produces his effects by artistic means, and all his stories contain an original vein of humor, which, while it appears in almost every sentence, is shown forth best in the surprise which the reader experiences when he reaches the climax of the story. Mr. Aldrich is the ideal writer of short stories. He constructs an ingenious plot, treats motives and character with the lightest of touches, and never fails the reader who looks to him for subtle fun and striking situations.

HE who respects his work so highly (and does it reverently) that he cares little what the world thinks of it, is the man about whom the world comes at last to think a great deal.—*Anon.*

His First Detail.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.



VAL GRIFFITH walked slowly up Broadway, threading his way along the crowded street as one accustomed to such scenes. Nothing in particular distinguished him from a hundred others on the great thoroughfare, unless it was the quick, sharp glance of his eyes and the look of uncertainty on his face as he gazed upon the passing throng.

The portion of the city through which he was walking is the most typical and probably the most noted quarter in New York. The Tenderloin District, as it is called, contains within its comparatively narrow limits almost every grade and condition of society. It has wealth, and poverty, too, but not the squalor or wretchedness that offends.

Sections of three great thoroughfares run through it side by side. Fifth Avenue, solid and dignified, lined with stately brown-stone residences, exclusive hotels and club-houses, gives it its aristocratic air. Next is Broadway, always brilliant with its lighted windows, its cafés, shops and bars, and the open doors of many hotels and theatres. This spot is alive, day and night, with an ever-changing crowd. It never sleeps. As some one has well expressed it: "The man of pleasure on his way to his rooms meets the day-laborer hurrying to his work." Sixth Avenue is somewhat lower in the scale, but is none the less full of life for that.

But the people who live within these boundaries are even more interesting than their surroundings. Here men of wealth, club-men, actors, artists, business men, gamblers, and, in fact, every type of city life, may be found. A distinctive feature of it all is the attractive exterior of both the district and its denizens. No matter how rotten may be the core, the smoothness of the outside is always preserved.

Val continued his course up Broadway meditating on his situation. "Val, my boy," he thought, "you've got to get a rapid hustle on yourself; one dollar and twenty-two cents won't go far toward soothing an impatient landlady, or keeping body and soul together, even on ten-cent lunches. You've made a trial of everything from book-keeper to messenger-boy, but things don't seem to come your way."

He had reached Thirty-third Street, where Broadway forms a triangle with Sixth Avenue, and was about to cross the down-town L station when he heard a shout of warning; but before he could take in the situation he saw the little newsboy who had just offered him an evening paper crushed under the feet of a horse driven by a reckless cabman.

The urchin's shrill cry of terror and pain was heard above the excited exclamations of the inevitable crowd which quickly gathered. Griffith sprang forward and raised the bleeding form from the ground. A policeman took charge of the expostulating driver, while a brother officer endeavored to keep back the curious throng. The clang of the ambulance bell was soon heard in the distance, and in a moment it dashed noisily up to where the accident had occurred. A young man, with a miniature moustache and an excessive air of importance, jumped from the rear seat and elbowed his way to the boy. "How did it happen?" he asked. "Is the kid much hurt? All right; I'll take care of him now," and he began bandaging the little fellow's cut head.

Val was just turning away when a reporter pushed through the crowd, showed his silver star to the officer, and began asking him questions.

"That fellow over there saw it all and picked the kid up," said the policeman, pointing to Val, and the man with the note-book crossed to where Val was standing.

"How did it happen? Do you know the boy's name? Was the cabby drunk?" he asked, as he took quick notes of Val's answers. "Thank you very much!" he said when Val had told him all he knew, and turned to the young doctor for further information. "No, he's not much hurt," Val heard that worthy say; "a broken arm and fractured skull. He'll be all right in a couple of months," and the young fellow and one of the policemen lifted the boy upon the cushions; the gong sounded, the doctor jumped up behind, and the ambulance rattled off to the hospital.

The crowd melted away as quickly as it had gathered, and a minute later no one would have dreamed that almost a tragedy had occurred on that spot. "Much obliged to you for your information," the reporter said to Val, as he slipped the note-book into his pocket. "I've got a detail down by the Battery; so good-afternoon," and he was off.

Val watched him until he was lost to sight in the throng; and as he started across again to

the L station the thought came to him that here was a job he had not yet tried for.

Before his father's failure in business had thrown him upon his own resources his tastes had been decidedly literary. But the newspapers had not appealed to him before as a beginning. Here, then, was a field which would not only give him a livelihood, but also further his inclinations.

Quick to act, he ascended the steps of the elevated, and soon reached Newspaper Row, that busy spot around which the great dailies are centred. Inquiring his way, he soon found himself in the editorial rooms of the *World*, and after one or two wordy scimmages with those whom he asked to direct him, he stood before Mr. Turner, the managing editor.

"So you want a position on the paper, eh?" he said, after Val had made known his errand.

"Yes, sir," replied Val; "I am confident that I shall prove satisfactory if you give me a trial."

"I'm very sorry," the chief went on, "but I don't think I can do anything for you now. Times are dull, and we are thinking of reducing our force as it is."

"But, my dear sir, you must give me a position. I can't starve!" Val cried.

The chief cast a quick glance at Val and said, "Indeed!"

"Yes, sir," continued Val, now resolved to plead his case. "I have not had a great deal of experience; but if a good education, some literary talent and a certain amount of nerve count for anything, I can make myself useful to you."

"It is very evident that your experience is limited," said the editor, smiling slightly. "Education is not what you need in modern newspaper life; it is the faculty of making something out of nothing. And as for literary talent, it is a hindrance rather than a help. Your nerve is about the only thing I see to recommend you. And more: should you become one of the staff of a newspaper you will find that the life is a constant struggle for personal supremacy—a never-ending contest of wits among the sharpest class of men in the world. You will find it far from an easy thing to do. I am sorry, though, that I cannot assist you. Have you tried the other papers?"

"No," replied Val, "I prefer to be on this one."

A peculiar glint came into the chief's eyes as he answered: "Well, young man, if you can give me any striking proof of worth or originality there may be some hope. I'll tell you what to do. Go, get into a railway or steam-

boat accident and write it up for the morning edition. Be sure that you are the only one on the same errand, and remember the forms close at twelve sharp."

Defeated at last, Val bowed himself out of the private office and was soon in the street again. It was just five o'clock, the hour when the great stream of humanity daily makes its way from the greater to the lesser New York. Val watched the hurrying crowd of people, idly speculating as to their histories and wondering if any of them were worse off than he.

At length he started to walk and aimlessly turned in the direction which the throng was taking and allowed it to carry him along. Across the bridge he went and into one of the waiting L trains at the other end. When the Flatbush Avenue depot was reached, Val was somewhat aroused from his lethargy by the noise of the trains and the shouts below. He descended the steps and, noting the direction which he had taken, he concluded to keep on, and boarded the Coney Island train which was about to start. He thought, "I might as well spend the money I have and let the end, whatever it may be, come at once."

Coney Island was soon reached, but Val was not in the mood for amusement, and for hours he lounged about on the benches in a sort of stupor, trying to think what he could try for next. The people vanished from the walks, and the music in the dance halls ceased, but it was not till the clock in a near-by bar room struck eleven that Val realized how late it was. The waiters on the hotel porches were making up their accounts for the day when Val started to the station. "The last train starts in seventeen minutes, sir," the ticket seller replied to his inquiry; "they are making it up now."

Val bought a ticket and entered the rear car, sank into one of the seats, and began again upon the question of what to do for a living. So engrossed did he become that it was not until the conductor asked for his fare that he found that the train was in motion.

Half the distance between Coney Island and Brooklyn had been covered when Val heard a wild whistle ahead, a cry of terror, and felt the car crash into the one in front, sway, and pitch off the track. Val was stunned by the shock, and when he tried to lift his left arm he found it useless. He managed to crawl out through a window, but there were many who could not do so. An open switch had wrecked the train, and when all the bodies were taken

out seven of the passengers were found to be dead and almost fifty injured.

Like a flash the words of the *World* man came back to Val: "Get into a wreck and write it up, and remember the forms close at twelve sharp." Here was the wreck, but was there time to write it up? Not twenty yards from the track was a huge factory. There was a light in the office and two clerks were standing in the open door. In a moment Val was at the door, and inside he saw a telephone. "Can I use your 'phone?" he asked the clerks as he rushed past them.

"Yes."

With trembling hands Val rang the bell, tore down the receiver and asked for the *World* editorial rooms.

"Hello!" came a voice.

"Is this the *World*?" Val gasped.

"Yes."

"Have the forms closed?"

"They are just locking them."

"Hold them, for Heaven's sake! There has been a fearful wreck on the Long Island railroad. I will send a report as fast as I can write it."

The man at the telephone uttered an exclamation. "Wait half a minute," he said, and left the instrument. He returned in a moment. "Go ahead! the forms will wait. Make your report full, and don't let the other papers get hold of it."

Val easily prevailed upon one of the clerks in the office to help him. Taking him to the scene of the wreck, he went to work. In half an hour he had all the particulars of the wreck and a list of the victims. Hurrying back to the office, he wrote sheet after sheet, which the young clerk telephoned as fast as he finished them.

The whole story was at length sent off, and after hearing the assurance that all was well at the other end, Val thanked the young clerk and boarded the train which had run down from Brooklyn, and in less than an hour he was again in the round room on the fourteenth story. As he entered, the chief stepped from his office, and nodding to Val, said: "Young man, you did well, and I'm glad to see you obey orders so promptly. I was only joking this afternoon, but I am more than ready to stand by my promise. You may report for duty at three to-morrow afternoon."

—•••—
 SUCCESS in most things depends upon knowing how long it takes to succeed.—*Montesquieu*.

Trifles Light as Air.

AWAITING A SAVIOR.

Into the limbo of dead hopes I passed
 Where the Unrealized forever dwell,
 And found on every mansion of the lost
 And crowded land this legend:

"It is well."

E. C.

MUSIC.

What charms a chord of music does contain
 When it recalls some scene of by-gone days,
 While fond remembrance lingers o'er the lays
 Once sung in boyhood's prime. A tender strain
 Will soothe an old man's cloud-bewildered brain;
 And Old Age tremulous and feeble life
 His mind forsake; and manhood's days of strife
 Forgotten are in that one soft refrain.

O Music! soul of Nature, how divine
 Is thy expression! What unselfish joy
 Does man obtain from thy sweet notes which can,
 For a short space, remove the wrinkled line
 Of care upon his brow, make him a boy,
 And pleasure give to mortal, fallen man.

W. P. B.

WRONG AND RIGHT.

A skiver's complete reformation
 From *wrong* ways has made a sensation;
 Now from morning to night
 That skiver doth *write*,—
 'Tis really an edification.

J. J. R.

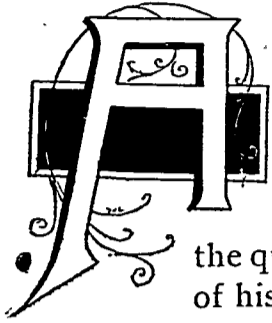
THE WARRIOR'S SHIELD.

Back in the ages of martial achievements
 Warriors brave
 Frowned on the coward who fled from the battle
 As from his grave.
 Flight were dishonor, and death crowned the vanquished;
 True to their trust,
 Forward they forged in the heat of the conflict,
 Die though they must.
 "Weighing thy shield on thy arm," cried the mother
 Unto her son,
 "Home to thy fireside return, else a victim,
 Carried thereon."
 Country and home were the pride of the valiant;
 Honor and name
 Shone with a splendor that lighted love's fancies
 Into a flame.
 Now as of old are still raging in fury
 Contests for life;
 Still is the silence of peace and contentment
 Broken by strife;
 Deep in the heart lies the scene of the warfare;
 Standards unfurled
 Herald the valor of hosts that might startle
 Braves of the world.
 Sweetly the starry-throned Mother of mothers
 Calls to her son:
 "Go, in the shield of thy innocence trusting,
 Till thou hast won.
 Conquer, or fly, if thou must, in the struggle,
 Fly but not yield,
 And when returning, come back as a victor
 Bearing thy shield."

Q.

An Appreciation of Byron.

BY MICHAEL J. NEY.



AMONG all the writers of English verse, there is none who for poetic thought and splendid diction approaches so near to Shakespeare as does Lord Byron. Notwithstanding the questionable morality of certain of his productions, no one can deny that their construction is faultless, and that they are, in the highest degree, poetry. At the beginning of our century the only other celebrity comparable to his was that of Goethe; and this rested not exclusively on the poetry of the great German, but rather on his other works, from "Werther" to his admirable treatise on color. While all his contemporaries—except Sir Walter Scott—were read and admired only at home, Byron was studied and discussed all over the English-speaking world.

Lord Byron was a man of profound learning; he knew the classics well, and was a deep student of philosophy and history. He received his early training at Harrow on the Hill, and took his degree at Cambridge at the age of nineteen. His literary genius was early made manifest; during his last year at Cambridge he published "Hours of Idleness"—a volume of domestic poems remarkable for deep thought and poetic beauty, rare in one so young. The volume was unmercifully criticised by *The Edinburgh Review*, and Byron, in reply, wrote his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers"—a stinging satire which made him famous in a day.

This, his second production, gave Lord Byron a reputation; but in maturer years he regretted its publication; for many of the authors whom he had fiercely assailed therein became afterwards his warmest friends. He was profuse in his apologies for such unwarranted criticism, but the written words remained. It was this satire that brought about Byron's acquaintance with Thomas Moore. The Irish bard took offence at an unkind reference made to him, and wrote to Byron requesting an explanation. Byron replied by apologizing. They continued to correspond until a meeting was arranged, when a friendship was begun between them that lasted until Byron's death.

Like Pope, Byron was born with a lame foot, and to this was due much of his irritability.

He was one of the handsomest men of his time; but his physical infirmity, and the lack of means adequate to support his title, were ever sources of deep mortification to him. He fell in love with a Miss Chaworth while he was yet a youth; but when he found that his suit was hopeless he left England and travelled on the Continent.

Two years later he returned to England and was married to Miss Milbanke; but his wedded life was extremely unhappy. Having separated from his wife, after one year of domestic warfare, he left England never to return.

During his travels abroad he laid the foundation for his greatest poem, "Childe Harold." In this Byron's versatility is most apparent. He revels in the romantic scenes of Italy and Greece, and loves to dwell upon the glories of their ancient days. "Childe Harold" is, in reality, a grand historical pageant, and to properly understand it, the reader must know much of European history.

Greece was the country of Byron's love. He delighted in describing the deeds of her learned sons, and he was an ardent admirer of her arts and sciences. It was a cause of deep grief to him to see that beautiful country laid waste by the hand of the barbarians. There is a deep sentiment in these lines:

"Cold is the heart, fair Greece! that looks on thee
Nor feels as lovers o'er the dust they loved;
Dull is the eye that will not weep to see
Thy walls defaced, thy mouldering shrines removed."
But even more famous are his lines on Rome:

"The Niobe of nations! there she stands,
Childless and crownless in her voiceless woe;
An empty urn within her withered hands
Whose holy dust was scatter'd long ago."

The description of the thunder storm and his "Apostrophe to the Ocean" are really sublime:

"Roll on, thou deep and dark blue ocean, roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin; his control
Stops with the shore. Upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deeds."

"Parisina" is an exquisite poem, and shows the power of the poet's imagination. What a sweetness there is in these lines:

"It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard;
It is the hour when lover's vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word."

"The Prisoner of Chillon" is a meritorious poem; "Mazeppa" is interesting and very beautiful; but "Don Juan" is said by many critics to be Byron's greatest poem. It is the longest of his productions and contains many beautiful

descriptions; but it is too immoral for general reading. Byron should not be condemned too harshly; his good qualities far exceed his bad ones. He was passionate, overbearing and wilful; but these tendencies proceeded from an intense vitality and an extreme sensibility. His power of enjoying was greater than his ability to suffer; his desire to give pleasure, to bestow love and friendship upon others, was overpowering and led him into many of his troubles.

We cannot but admire his action in the House of Lords, where his voice was ever raised in defense of the helpless and down-trodden, and where he ever opposed tyrannical measures. He was not a religious fanatic; he believed in and advocated absolute freedom of worship. He always made a strong plea for the rights of Ireland, and that he fully sympathized with her cause is evidenced by these lines to Erin:

"My voice, though but humble, was raised in thy right;
My vote, as a freeman's still voted thee free;
This hand, though but feeble, would arm in thy fight,
And this heart, though outworn, had a throb still for thee."

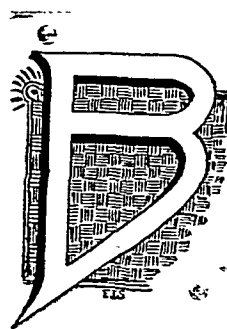
Much of Byron's youth was spent in the Highlands of Scotland, and it was in that romantic land that he received his first poetic inspirations. A boy who can appreciate the matchless beauty of a mountain sunset and look with rapture upon the first ray of breaking dawn is already a poet at heart; and such was Byron. In his lighter poems we find continual reference to the beauty of mountain scenes and the impressions he received from them.

Byron differs widely from most poets in that he is never didactic or artificial. There is an impetuous grandeur of expression in his poetry that we do not find in other poets. He wrote from his heart; he looked into the face of nature and saw a thousand beauties; he loved to describe the restless billows of the broad ocean, and to depict the sublime fury of the elements. His graphic and beautiful description of the battle of Waterloo alone would have made him famous had he written nothing else.

Perhaps no other poet ever gained such popularity, or produced such a vast amount of real poetry in such a short time. He died at the early age of thirty-six, fighting for the liberation of Greece. The Siege of Lepanto was intrusted to him; he went to Missolonghi where he contracted the fever which caused his death. His last words were: "Greece, my poor servants, my hour is come. I do not care for death; but why did I not go home?"

A Texas Incident.

HUGH C. MITCHELL.



BEFORE the railroads had neared the thinly-settled districts of southwestern Texas, or the Legislature had even thought of that wise enactment known as the "Six-shooter Law," Jackson and surrounding counties, twenty years ago, were veritable wildernesses. The land was owned by a few stockmen, who raised cattle on a large scale. Fences were unthought of. The entire country was one unbroken stretch of timber-studded prairie over which roamed the cattle of the ranchers. To keep track of one's stock under such conditions was a difficult, if not an altogether impossible, task. Cattle might stray by the hundreds before they would be missed by their owners; and even then their absence would be detected only by chance. Perhaps the stockman might notice an unusually promising young bull, and, that nothing might come amiss to it, closely observe its condition when he inspected the cattle gathered at the watering-places. Some day it is missing, and closer observation reveals the fact that other cattle have also disappeared. Immediately the conclusion is reached that "something is wrong." A search is instituted, and either the missing cattle reappear on the scene, or something else disappears from it; at any rate, the homeward-turned faces of the searchers bear proof of their evident satisfaction.

Such was the condition of affairs in the early part of April in the year 1874. For months cattle had been disappearing, but without attracting attention. Finally, one day my father missed one of the four Hereford bulls which he had brought from the North to improve the stock. He looked for it at all the watering-places, but without success. For several days he gave the cattle his closest attention, and the neighboring ranchmen, notified by him, did the same. They discovered that cattle disappeared daily from the herds, and a party was immediately organized for the purpose of finding out where the missing cattle were.

At sunrise on the morning of the 15th of April a party of sixteen stockmen and cowboys assembled at my father's house to begin the search. They all wore the conventional, broad-

brimmed, white felt hats, high boots and heavy leather leggings; their heels were armed with small steel spurs, and each had a brace of Colt's revolvers hanging from the pommel of his saddle.

The sturdy little bronchos moved swiftly over the prairie, though the ground was very rough—what is called "hog-wallow," because it looks as if an army of hogs had been turned loose upon it and each one had rooted out a hole in which to lie. Everywhere the thorny *chaparral* furnished shelter for the cattle from the sun.

It was almost noon before the men had finished examining the "Dry Branch," a muddy little creek about twelve miles from home, and satisfied themselves that the missing cattle were not mired in its dreaded bogs. Then they rode rapidly over the prairie, visiting the watering tanks, and discovered the absence of more cattle still. They examined every mud hole, rode through every strip of brush, but without success; the cattle were gone, and not a trace was left to tell their whereabouts.

They were fully fifteen miles from the nearest ranch-house, which was my father's, when one of the cowboys noticed a faint column of smoke rising above the brush along Trespalacios Creek, from a point within ten miles of which no one was known to live. They had not found the cattle, but here, at least, was a mystery the solution of which might throw some light on their disappearance. All the horses were at once headed for the point from which the smoke seemed to rise; and after an hour's brisk riding, the timber was reached. Skirting along its edge, the party found what appeared to be a cow-path leading into the brush. They followed it up, pushing through the mesquite and live oak thickets on both sides of it; and after riding about a mile, the path broadened out into a road wide enough to easily accommodate a wagon.

Here and there by the side of the trail they saw heaps of bones—some white and glistening in the sunshine, others black and still bearing shreds of flesh upon them. Occasionally they met with the half-decayed carcass of a steer from which the hide had been removed, and farther on a number of freshly skinned bodies lay a few rods from the road, at the edge of a dense thicket of live oak. As the riders approached, hundreds of buzzards rose into the air, blackening the sky with their huge bodies and widely extended wings.

Presently the road assumed an aspect of

greater use, and the low *chaparral* began to be covered with hides, dried and drying in the sun. All the stockmen recognized their brands on the hides lying about; and, in a conspicuous place, stretched on the top of a little mesquite bush, my father saw the hide of his lost Hereford, whose disappearance was the cause of the expedition.

A turn-in the road brought them in sight of a rough cabin, around which ran a fence, covered with more hides; whilst under a low thatched shed lay still another lot, cured and baled ready for shipment. A broad and evidently much-used wagon road ran down the bank of the creek, in the direction of Matagorda Bay.

Dispatching a party of six along this road, with orders to bring back everything and everybody they should happen to find in that direction, the main body of the men approached the cabin. As they neared it a man darted across the small clearing which surrounded it, and made for the brush; but a peremptory command of "Halt!" brought him to a standstill.

Binding him with a lariat, the party entered the hut. It was a rude affair, consisting of but two rooms, in the front and smaller of which stood a box bed and a chair; a few cheap prints adorned the walls, whilst a skirt and bonnet, hanging in a corner, indicated that it was the boudoir of one of the gentler sex.

Proceeding to the next room, the men found cow-boys' bedding scattered around, and upon a cracked and rusty stove a beefsteak was frying in a pan. In one corner crouched the manager and worker of this culinary department—a young woman, scarcely more than a girl, trembling with fear and almost hysterical. She cried for mercy, and begged the men to spare her brother whom they had just captured. She was taken to the front of the house, where the others were waiting with her brother. On being questioned he said that there were in the business, besides himself, two brothers of his, and that they had just taken a wagon load of hides down to the mouth of the creek, where a small schooner lay waiting for a load to convey to Galveston, where it could be disposed of. He confessed that for the past six months he and his brothers had been carrying on a systematic business of cattle stealing, with a success to which the piles of bones around could well bear testimony. When he had finished, he was led to the nearest tree, a rope was placed around his neck, and stern Judge Lynch

passed sentence upon him—a sentence no sooner passed than executed.

After half an hour or so the rest of the party returned, bringing with them the two other brothers and the wagon. They had come upon them as they were unloading the hides from the wagon into a skiff, preparatory to putting them on board the schooner anchored off the shore.

The two men broke down completely at the sight of their unfortunate brother, because they knew that they could expect no better fate. Indeed, preparations for their punishment were already completed; but my father, addressing his party, said that if he could prevent it, such a waste of human life should not take place; and the other leader, a long, lanky stockman, surnamed "Shanghai," siding with him, the men were easily prevailed upon to spare the lives of the two prisoners. Their sister was placed in the wagon with them; some provisions were thrown in, and they were given fifteen hours to get out of the country. A committee of five was appointed as an escort to see that they obeyed orders; "which," reported the committee afterwards, "they did, with four hours to spare."

The house was searched, and the proceeds of the sales of the hides—a very considerable sum—was discovered and divided among the losing stockmen. The sale of the schooner realized almost enough to reimburse the ranchers for the losses which they had sustained, and, what was still more important, they were satisfied that there would be no more robbers' camps in the wilderness on Trespalacios Creek.

Books and Periodicals.

EXERCISES IN LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. By F. Ritchie, M. A. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Students who are desirous of having a logically arranged and simplified treatment of Latin composition will find this work suited to their wants; and teachers who wish to lessen their labors will hail this new text-book with delight. Order and method, when treating of word-constructions, are observable throughout the work. There are found in it two complete vocabularies with numerals after the words, indicating their declension or conjugation. The arrangement of Latin Syntax with a view to Composition is a novel feature, and one that is highly

practical. It will remove to a great degree the haziness that surrounds those bothersome rules that are the terror of every student. Altogether, the book is a valuable addition to works on this subject, and will not be long in finding favor. It is substantially and attractively bound and excellently printed on good paper.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for June contains an article by John Heard, Jr., which, for the first time in accessible form in English, tells the tragical story of "Maximilian and Mexico" in the light of many documents which have recently been published in France. Mr. Heard's narrative is enriched with a series of striking pictures by Marchetti and Gilbert Gaul. Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett, with her wonderful power of depicting child life and her sympathy with it in suffering as well as in pleasure, has written "The Story of a Beautiful Thing," in which she tells of the rise and growth of a touching London charity, officially known as "The Invalid Children's Aid Association," which is devoted to making life pleasanter for those little incurables who have been given up by the hospitals as hopeless and returned to their miserable homes. The article is very effectively illustrated by John Gülich, an English artist, who is familiar with the scenes he depicts. Prof. N. S. Shaler has entered upon a new field in his popular studies of nature, and begins in this number a group of articles on "Domestic Animals." The present article on "The Dog" is full of the most entertaining information in regard to the development of the various kinds of dogs, their habits and associations, with incidents of their intelligence and what the author calls their "social culture." A series of pictures by Herrmann Léon, the French animal painter, accompanies the article. Doctor Leroy M. Yale, an angler of great experience, writes a brief article upon some of the best known "American Game Fishes,"—the brook trout, the striped bass, black-bass, salmon, etc. Archibald Forbs, the veteran war correspondent, writes a remarkable short paper on "Future of the Wounded in War." William Henry Bishop's short serial of Monte Carlo life is concluded in this number with a striking situation. This instalment of Mr. Cable's serial establishes young *John March* in business in Suez and complicates the plot of that dramatic story. Mary Tappan Wright contributes a short story entitled "A Portion of the Tempest" that will furnish endless speculation as to the identity of the real heroine of the tale.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame June 9, 1894.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Staff.

ERNEST F. DU BRUL, '92; THOMAS D. MOTT, '95;
JAMES J. FITZGERALD, '93;
HUGH A. O'DONNELL, '94; FROST THORNE, '94;
JAMES A. MCKEE, '93;
FRANK A. BOLTON, '94; JOHN M. FLANNIGAN, '94;
DANIEL V. CASEY, '95;
FRANCIS L. CARNEY, '94; JOSEPH M. KEARNEY, '94;
J. JOSEPH COOKE, '94;
FRANK MCKEE, '94; M. J. MCGARRY, '94;
M. P. MCFADDEN, '93.

—We have received with pleasure an invitation to attend the Nineteenth Annual Commencement of St. Mary's Academy, Salt Lake City, Utah. This institution, under the direction of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, is the pride and joy of Mormondom. The press of Salt Lake and, in fact, of Utah—for the fame of St. Mary's is not provincial—are unanimous in showering praise upon the good and devoted nuns under whose care the academy has become one of the most flourishing in the West. We congratulate the Sisters on their great success, and regret that we cannot be present at the Commencement.

—If every non-Catholic in the land were as tolerant and sincere as Col. John R. Fellows, the eloquent and gifted District Attorney of New York, there would be less bitter talk against Catholic education, and no associations for the fostering and growth of bigotry. In a speech made at the close of the New York Catholic School Exhibit, after warmly praising the work done by the parochial schools and expressing surprise that there should be found anyone to be so intolerant as to wish to deny Catholics the right of training their children according to the dictates of their conscience, he paid the following tribute to Catholic methods of education:

"I know that education, such as we have seen here illustrated, is a striking evidence of our prosperity. It

will make the young men and women so brought up the guardians and savers of the Republic in the hour of adversity.

"It will not always be sunny. Calm, storm, convulsion and turmoil are inevitable to nations.

"Not only do we want strong men imbued with patriotism, or animal courage, but animated by something more than that—the intelligent brain, the cultivated mind, all clothed in the glory of the light which streams from the Cross, or touched, sanctified and consecrated by the influence of our religion. Give us that, and then the future of this country, or any other country which has it, is secured. Go on with your work, Catholics, and others of us who yet possess a voice and a little influence, rising superior to all this murmur of proscription and slavish intolerance, will see that your work is protected, will see that it has the aid and inspiration which comes from the millions, and from almost countless millions of hearts, who do not subscribe exactly to the same creed that you do, but who look to the same source for religious consolation, and hope to realize the same fruits of religious culture."

—If there is anything that we regret *ab imo pectore*, it is the fact that we were born too soon to be benefited by "all the modern improvements" in pedagogics. We learned our geography and history when the only illustrations—pictures would be a better word for them—that relieved the awfully long columns of text were badly engraved woodcuts, magnificently dim. We waded through Cæsar while annotators still thought it beneath their dignity to explain eccentric constructions. They had an exalted idea of a boy's abilities, and knew that any information about Rome and its environs would be vastly more acceptable than a decent explanation of Cæsar's bridge across the Rhine. Then grammar was taught "by rule of rod," and "that problem isn't in the book" was always a valid excuse when the right answer would not come.

But there was one half hour each day that was for us a year of torture. It was that during which penmanship was taught according to the Spencerian, or some other equally infernal method. But we could write only backhand, and our days were filled with woe. But now all is changed. More merciful methods now prevail, and our younger brothers and sisters will never know in what agony "the three Rs" were learned when we were boys. Perpendicular writing has come to stay, and there is every reason to encourage it. The body of the writer is not cramped; the writing itself is much more easily read than the Spencerian. Many of the cities of the East, notably Boston, have already adopted it in their public schools. We are not of an unforgiving nature, and our spending money is none too abundant; but every essay in favor of backhand that we can borrow or buy goes to a jolly old pedagogue who is still making life miserable for a score of children daily.

Class Organizations.

IN almost every college and university throughout the land we find what are commonly called class organizations. The students are more or less banded together, according to their respective rank, in societies for the advancement of their mutual interests and the cultivation of closer ties of friendship. In spite of these, and a thousand other advantages, many objections may be brought forward against the formation of the student body into class associations. Some hold that there should be no settled organization since, in that event, collision and strife might result whenever the interests of one set clashed with those of another; but everyone knows that a small number closely joined together are able to accomplish far more than they would if there were no union. And then the benefit derived from class organization so much outweighs the injury that it would be mere folly to destroy a great good that a small evil might be avoided.

When a student enters college he always seeks the companionship of his classmates, since their ages and mental calibres correspond more nearly to his own than do those of the other students. Nothing could be more natural than this. Attending the same classes, taking part in the same exercises, their paths lie in the same direction. Of course it takes time for him to become acquainted with everyone of his own grade; but this becomes all the easier when he is a member of a society in which are included nearly all those who have a direct bearing on his life as a student. Where men have a common end in view—as they certainly have if classmates—they should be closely bound together, so that, when occasion requires, they may assist one another on their way.

When our course of study has been completed and we are about to leave our college home forever, our last thought is of those who have been our faithful companions for many years. When we have grown older and are fast nearing life's decline, our fancy brings back to us the images of our beloved classmates, and once again we go through our happy college life.

If a class is never organized, it often happens that many of its members know little or nothing of those who should be dearest to them. By effecting a proper organization, those who belong to the different sets are thrown more into one another's society, and in this way learn

to know one another. Where harmony and friendliness prevail, as they should, the students almost invariably find that they have spent their college life all the more profitably and pleasantly for their associations. We may be sure that where there is no class society, good fellowship often becomes a forgotten virtue.

What we need here at Notre Dame is a more thorough organization of these associations. It is true that in the past such bodies have been formed, but those who came afterwards did not follow the example set by their predecessors. Some skeptical persons may ask: "What benefit would be derived from the association of the members of each class in a common society?" In reply we might say that by effecting such an organization a little more class spirit would be shown both in class and on the campus. Each class would put forth its most strenuous efforts to outdo all the others in every contest, whether mental or physical.

Athletics are almost a necessity to a college. Students cannot work intellectually for any length of time without taking some bodily exercise. Consequently the more competition among the different classes, the more will those who apply themselves too closely to study be incited to compete in manly sports. By thus struggling, side by side, for the same end—the honor of their class—the members soon become intimate with one another, and after they have passed several years together they begin to look upon their society almost as a family.

Every class should organize. One has already been formed, and is now closing its first year of successful existence. Let the others follow its example. It is rather late in the season to attempt anything of this kind; but at the very beginning of the next scholastic year, every class which has not as yet established a society should hold a meeting and proceed to form one which will prove an honor both to themselves and to the University.

S. A. W.

Vacation Thoughts.

A FEW days more of busy preparation and labor, then all will be over. Each day brings us nearer to Commencement; every incident in our college world makes us aware of its approach. Now, that Triple competitions are over, time will seem to hasten; and it will soon be our sad duty to bid adieu to friends, classmates, professors and *Alma Mater*. A few hours after the Commencement

exercises are over, the student body will disperse and journey in all directions.

But before we have reached this longed-for day, we might do well to consider what should follow this separation; in other words, how to spend vacation. It is a well-known fact that recreation is necessary for those who apply themselves to mental labor. Over-exertion works bad effects, and nature will not be entirely sacrificed or thwarted. A vacation is almost a necessity with Americans. Summer seems to be the time chosen by all for relaxation; then the laboratory is deserted by the scientist, the studio forgotten by the artist, the dry textbooks are shelved by the student, and even the business man forgets for a few weeks his day-book and ledger. All are desirous of getting rid of the conventionalities of city life. Some will hasten to the sea-side or the mountains; others will think travel quite the thing; while still others will seek recreation in the seclusion of a country village. And so we find the professional man in one of the ten thousand haunts of pleasure, where he feels free to stray beyond the sphere of his life work. Then also students can join the American world and turn from Homer and Horace to Barrie and Stevenson.

We can find recreation among certain books. Who is so fastidious that he cannot find something to please him in the creation of poets, or in the works of the novelists, or in one of the many excellent magazines, which are an important factor in the literature of our day? We make a mistake by reading newspapers too much, as well as by perusing certain books.

Some people are imbued with the idea that vacation means utter idleness. The folly of such an opinion is evident. Perhaps the educational value of books which are read in summer is not so great as that of those which we read under circumstances more conducive to study; but a student can enjoy a vacation and yet continue the development of his mind; for "there is no philosophy so deep that he cannot wade into it; no science so abstruse that he cannot pass a few moments with it; or language so foreign that he cannot master it."

Let, then, the positive influence of college life manifest itself in Notre Dame students; let them exert their power, faith and enthusiasm, and a change will certainly follow in those with whom they mingle.

They should be in harmony with the spirit of the times. Equipped for the conflict of life, let their broad culture "reveal a comprehension of the real meanings, the living uses of the

conflict itself, disclosing the whole arena in its relation to an integral manhood. The deepest insight will then be possible—one which will transcend all culture and all formal science." If true to the teachings of *Alma Mater*, then they will not only reflect credit on her fair name but also on themselves.

M. J. R.

The Oratorical Contest.

NEVER before in the history of Notre Dame was an Oratorical Contest carried on under more favorable auspices than the one held last Wednesday evening. As a rule, the orators here, in times past, advanced to the footlights with beads of perspiration upon their brows, and the unhappy consciousness that they should be forced to use heroic efforts to interest an audience suffering from the sultry waves of a hot June day. But the competitors of '94 labored under no such disadvantages. The weather was all that could be desired, and the removal of the old gas footlights, and the substitution of electric ones instead, added much to the comfort both of the orators and the audience. And then the hall, resplendent with the glories of Gregori's brush and Signor Rusca's decorations, was worthy of the intellectual battle. Notre Dame can justly claim the finest college theatre in the country.

The judges of the contest—all eminent speakers—were this year chosen from among the alumni. The Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, of the Cathedral, Chicago, was graduated with the Class of '77; the Hon. Wm. J. Onahan received the degree of Doctor of Laws from the University in 1876; and the Hon. John Gibbons, of the Circuit Court of Illinois, was honored by a like distinction in 1886. The Trustees of the University made a wise selection in choosing these gentlemen to decide upon the one most worthy to receive an honor that is coveted by every student at Notre Dame.

For the contestants there can be nothing but words of praise. There has not been in years a better exhibition of oratorical ability; and this is due to the earnest, careful preparation which each expended upon his oration. They devoted special attention to literary form. Year after year there has been a marked improvement in our literary work, due to the labors of the professors and instructors in English, at whose head stands Prof. Egan.

After an overture by the orchestra Mr. Thomas D. Mott, Law, '95, stepped upon the

stage and began his oration—"The Death Penalty on Circumstantial Evidence." It was a powerful plea for the abolition of the sentence of death, which the orator termed "a relic of barbarism." He showed from the history of those countries which no longer send criminals to the gallows that the percentage of crime, instead of being increased, is visibly lessened; that imprisonment for life is a greater power to restrain men from murder than the fear of execution. He contended that it was unjust to hurry into eternity men condemned by no direct evidence; that the more equitable way would be to imprison them, in order that an occasion might be given to rectify mistakes. Mr. Mott drew his audience's attention from the start, and he was followed with interest to the close.

Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, Lit., '94, spoke on "A Higher Ideal." He defended the college-educated man from the charge of impracticableness, and maintained that he is no ideal dreamer nor fanciful theorist. In glowing words he pictured the advantages of higher education. He viewed the student mainly in a literary light, and said that he surveyed the whole world—that the minds of all ages were his to commune with, their creations his to possess. His oration was a finished effort.

An overture by the orchestra followed, and at its close Mr. M. J. McGarry, Law, '94, came before the audience to speak on "The Duties of the American People." He held that purity in elections is the only safe-guard of our Republic; that statesmen should set the example of patriotism by guarding as sacred the trust confided to them. The speaker assailed in scathing terms the bribery and corruption that have crept into politics, and showed that a loss of virtue in one political party means a relaxation of energy by its rival. He was forcible and carried conviction by his words.

The subject chosen by Mr. J. Ryan, Law, '95—"Christian Heroes"—gave him an opportunity to celebrate the praises of the missionaries and ministers of Christ. He told of the sufferings they endured for the name of their Master, and of their labors to evangelize the world. He spoke of their unselfishness and charity, their zeal and devotion, the purity of their lives, and their unflinching attention to the souls entrusted to their care. The speaker frequently interrupted his address to make apostrophes to those who had "fought the good fight," and who had given their lives for Christ's sake.

This ended the Oratorical Contest of '94. It

is one to be long remembered. There are traditions here of contests brilliant and clever, but we are content to believe that this year's is fully equal to the mighty battles of the past. After the audience had left the Hall the judges decided upon the most deserving of the prize. Their decision will not be made known until the morning of Commencement.

Personal.

—The Rev. Joseph Costa, of Galesburgh, Ill., visited the University on Wednesday last.

—Robert Healy (student), '93, is associated in an insurance business at Fort Dodge, Iowa.

—Fritz Kellner (Com'l), '90, is the head book-keeper for the Fehr business company at Louisville, Ky.

—Michael Ryan, member of the City Council of Chicago, visited his son James, of Brownson Hall, on Wednesday last.

—Miss Mary J. Onahan, the gifted and well-known writer, and daughter of the Hon. Dr. Onahan, was a very welcome visitor to the University.

—James G. Henley (LL. B.), '93, visited the University on Field-day. He has a good position in Kalamazoo. Jim cherishes a high regard for *Alma Mater*.

—Francis J. Vurpillat (B. L., LL. B.), '92, of Winamac, Ind., was married to Miss Ida T. Bunnell on Tuesday, June 5. Frank and his estimable bride have our congratulations.

—John Stanton (student), '93, occupies the position of chief book-keeper in his uncle's establishment at Hampden Junction, Ohio. John still retains a great love for Notre Dame.

—The Hon. William J. Onahan (LL. D.), '76; of Chicago, was a very welcome visitor at Notre Dame during the week. Dr. Onahan has many friends here who are always honored by a visit from him.

—Rev. Nathan J. Mooney, '78 (President of the Associated Alumni), of the Cathedral of the Holy Name, Chicago, visited the University on Wednesday last. We hope to see him with us again at Commencement.

—Hon. John Gibbons, (LL. D.), '86, Judge of the Circuit Court of Cook County, Ill., is spending a few pleasant days at the University, delivering lectures to the Law class. Judge Gibbons is highly esteemed by a legion of friends and admirers for his integrity, probity and erudition. Well may Notre Dame be proud of him.

—Joseph E. Farrell (LL. B.), '84, visited Notre Dame recently, being *en route* to Chicago to attend a case involving large interests. Mr. Farrell has an extensive and lucrative

practice, and is regarded as one of the most capable and promising of the younger members of the Cleveland bar. As a token of the esteem in which he is held, his name is frequently mentioned in connection with the judicial nomination in Cleveland next fall. His probity and rare ability are indicative of a brilliant future.

Local Items.

—The new sacristy is rapidly approaching completion.

—Most of the "Triples" were finished during the past week.

—The examinations for degrees will take place Saturday, June 16.

—There were but twenty who received notes in Brownson Hall, Thursday.

—Competitions in Christian Doctrine tomorrow morning from 10 to 11 a. m.

—FOUND —A pair of small gold cuff-buttons. Owner, apply to Carroll prefects.

—Few of the competition marks belong in the "Trifles Light as Air" column.

—LOST —A valuable pair of Rosary beads. Finder will please return to T. Smith.

—Prepare for the Annual examinations. They begin Monday, June 18, 10 a. m.

—LOST —Two or three keys attached to a ring. Finder, please return to Carroll prefects.

—LOST —A cross of the League of the Sacred Heart. Finder, please return to B. Hugh.

—The sketching class went to the Red Mill last week. They report an excellent time.

—St. Joseph's Hall has played thirteen games this season and lost but one of them.

—A knowing friend reports that there is a dog loose somewhere a little beyond the stile.

—A new process of stereotyping has been tried with great success. Our stereotyper repels flies.

—Mr. F. E. Duffield was called to his home in Lima, Ohio, last Monday by the severe illness of his mother.

—Now doth ye festive 'skeeter begin operations, and the gentle buzz of the bumble-bee is heard through the land.

—The boys of St. Joseph's Hall were told to look for their laurels; they did so, and found them on the Carrolls' campus.

—The evolution of the SCHOLASTIC and the *Ave Maria* would make an interesting page in the history of periodical literature.

—The Carrollites have three or four candidates for the Varsity baseball team next year, and one or two for the football team.

—We miss our cutter B. Anthony, who has been on the sick list for a week. It is to be hoped he will soon be himself again.

—The game which was to have been played yesterday with the Minnesota team has been postponed until next Thursday afternoon.

—An enterprising Minim, who is going to stay here next vacation, passes the time figuring up the hours and minutes until Commencement.

—Mr. Frost Thorne's fame is trans-Atlantic. The *Cork Examiner* reprinted the story which he contributed to the Christmas number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The clerk of the weather-bureau should furnish us with regular weather for a change. Thirty-six degrees' drop in an hour or two is altogether too much for comfort.

—Slivers, the athlete, is training hard for the great struggle to take place on the 20th. He intends to write an article in the near future for the *Parkville Palladium* on "How it Feels to be an Athlete."

—The final drill for the Co. "B" medal will be held to-morrow. Privates Dixon, Lansdowne and Wensinger have won two each, and Private Shillington has three to his favor. The four will be drilled until some one wins five drills.

—A picture of the Purdue baseball team has been received and placed in the Seniors' reading room in the Athletic Association's collection of photographs. The Executive Committee return thanks to the manager of the Purdue men.

—It is an encouragement to our players to cheer them occasionally during a game; but there should be no guying for our opponents. The following cry will do much to make Varsity pound the leather: 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah! Ours the game! 'Rah, 'rah, 'rah, Notre Dame!

—There was quite a crowd up from South Bend on the 3d inst. to see a game of ball between the Varsity team and the Elkharts which, in some unaccountable way, had been advertised in the South Bend papers. The announcement of the game was entirely unauthorized.

—The Varsity team are plainly minded not to pay heed to the criticisms of the Athletic editor. In their practice during the past week they showed no desire to improve their style of base-running. If they continue in their determination Minnesota will trail the Go'd and Blue in the dust. Shall such a thing be?

—Rumor has it that the chimes, which have been vainly trying of late to give forth harmony, are to be repaired, and that a competent person has been appointed to take care of them. This news will be received by all with delight. We have a fine set of chimes, and all that is needed to make them cater to our musical tastes are a few slight repairs and a little care. Just now the rumble and jumble of sound issuing from the tower threatens to give us the nightmare.

—The hospitality and courtesy extended to the Purdue baseball club did not pass unrecog-

nized. A paper from Lafayette, in which city Purdue University is situated, spoke with high praise of our treatment of the gentlemanly "boiler makers." It is to be hoped that the men from Minnesota will be given as warm a welcome.

—On the 3d inst. the Carroll Special nine lost their fifth game to the St. Joseph's Hall boys. The Carrolls were lucky to get off as they did. In the first inning, they piled up six runs on three errors, a couple of hits and Sauter's inability to locate the plate. After the second inning the latter settled down and was backed up by splendid fielding. After everything being against the St. Joseph boys, even the Carrolls' umpire, they pulled the game out of the fire amid the hooting and yelling of the Carrolls. The score was 10 to 9.

—In the course of the concert last Sunday a musician dropped a note and dove from his seat in search of it. His chair followed him, and soon there was a tangle of player, chair and horn. Releasing himself from the mess, he gazed about him and discovered to his surprise that the grass for some space around was covered by a strange object. The note was an immense flat one, and gave no little trouble to the workmen who were engaged all the next day in removing it. They used it to fill an immense hole made in excavating for sand.

—St. Joseph's Hall crossed bats with the Anti-Specials. The Brownsonites expected easy prey, but St. Joseph's Hall put up a stiff game, and won out in the eighth inning. The features of the game were Murphy's batting and St. Joseph's battery work. The batteries were: Clark and Stack for the Antis, and Sauter and Onzon for St. Joseph. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ST. JOSEPH'S:—	0	4	0	1	0	0	0	4	0=9
ANTI-SPECIALS:—	1	0	2	0	3	1	0	0	0=7

—The Band concert last Sunday evening was certainly enjoyed by all. Notwithstanding that the clouds two or three times shed a damper on the perspiring efforts of the players, the music was kept up, and for an hour were our souls fed on harmonies beautiful and rare. The playing was good, and showed the great improvement made during the past months. The Band made a creditable showing on their first appearance; and if they continue to make strides for the better in preparing for each concert; the pleasure of "rec" evenings will be greatly increased.

—Now that the auditorium of Washington Hall is complete, attention is being turned to the stage. New and elaborate scenery will soon be painted and a new curtain put in. It is to be regretted that a store-room has not been provided for scenes. Might not the space beneath the stage be utilized for that purpose? Rumor has it that the side entrance to the Hall, facing the Carroll campus is to be provided

with new steps in order that the Carrolls can enter from their own side. This will save them many a long pilgrimage, and will insure the safety of the foot-light globes.

—The Band plunged into a banquet last Thursday evening, and emerged on the lawn to give us some music. They must have fared well at table, for their melodies were delightful. They promise more for next Sunday. The following are the programmes:

THURSDAY, JUNE 7.

- March—"Jackson Guard,".....Boos
- Medley Overture—"Last of the Hogans".....Braham
- Smash Up—"Splinters".....Rollinson
- Gavotte—"Militaire".....Goldsmith
- Waltz—"Life is a Dream".....Zikoff
- Song and Dance—"On the Go".....Casey
- "American Patrol".....Meachom

SUNDAY, JUNE 10.

- March—"Gladiator".....Souza
- Overture—"Bohemian Girl".....Balfé
- Song and Dance—"Something to Adore".....Boos
- Gavotte—"The Queen's".....Walter
- Waltz—"The Postillion".....Meyrelles
- "Salvation Army".....Orth
- "Dawn to Twilight".....Smith

—A rain-bedraggled, lonely sparrow flew into our sanctum the other evening through an open window in search of congenial company. The poor little wayfarer wasn't familiar with his surroundings and imprisoned himself between the upper and lower frames. Our editorial heart was moved, and we liberated him; when forthwith he set up such a joyous chirping that we forgot the failures of the Staff, and banished utterly the recollection of the composers' cry for "copy." But the sparrow didn't stay long; he probably laid the blame of his short captivity upon us, and flew away under the impression that we are inhospitable and unkind. Such is an editor's fate.

—The contests for the Elocution medals will take place next Wednesday and Thursday evenings. The students of Carroll Hall who have entered into competition for the medal offered to the Second class will be heard on Wednesday; whilst those from Brownson and Sorin halls will speak on Thursday for the First class medal. The following programmes will be presented:

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

- Overture.....Orchestra
- "Mary Queen of Scots".....Julius Goldstein
- "Legend of the Organ Builder".....Thomas Lowery
- "Marc Antony's Oration".....George McCarrick
- Flute Solo—"Polka Elegante".....Schleppengill
- Mr. Oscar F. Schmidt.
- "The Volunteer Organist".....John Shillington
- "Mad Anthony's Charge".....Leo Healy
- Piano Solo—"Nocturne".....Leybach
- Mr. Louis Brinker.
- "Liberty or Death".....John Murphy
- "Keenan's Charge".....James H. O'Neil

THURSDAY, JUNE 17.

- Overture.....Orchestra
- "Lasca".....John Devaney
- "Declaration of Independence".....Peter White
- "Curse of Regulus".....W. E. Bates
- Autoharp Solo.....Prof. N. Preston
- "The Famine".....E. F. Du Brul

"Asleep at the Switch".....John J. Mott
 "Mad".....Thomas D. Mort
 "Clarence's Dream".....A. E. Cuneo

—Carroll and St. Edward's Halls held their Field-day games on June 1st. The following is the record of events:

CARROLL HALL.

One Hundred Yards Dash (First Class)—A. Romero, first; T. Masters, second; T. Klees, third.

One Hundred Yards Dash (Second Class)—M. Gonzales, first; F. Cornell, second.

One Hundred Yards Dash (Third Class)—W. O'Brien, first; H. Ludwig, second; C. Krollman, third.

One Hundred Yards Dash (Fourth Class)—R. Miers, first; J. Fitzgibbons, second.

Two Mile Bicycle Race—A. Davis, first; T. Klees, second; J. O'Mara, third.

One Mile Bicycle Race—H. Pim, first; A. Kaspar, second; A. Pendleton, third.

Two Hundred and Twenty Yards Run—A. Romero, first; L. Healy, second; M. Gonzales, third.

Standing Broad Jump—A. Ducey, first; J. LaMoure, second.

Hop-Step-and-Jump—J. LaMoure, first; C. Fleming, second; J. Ducey, third.

Running Broad Jump—C. Fleming, first; J. LaMoure, second; L. Wachtler, third.

Putting Shot—J. Coyne, first; H. Strassheim, second; L. Healy, third.

Throwing Hammer—W. Kegler, first; J. Coyne, second.

Kicking Football—C. Fleming, first; J. LaMoure, second.

Throwing Baseball—A. Chase, first, 303 feet 9 inches; J. Lanagan, second; J. LaMoure, third.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

First Running Race—J. Higgins, first; J. Flynn, second; M. Otero, third.

Second Running Race—J. Corcoran, first; C. York, second; A. Bump, third.

Third Running Race—R. McIntyre, first; E. Byrne, second; N. Durand, third.

Fourth Running Race—N. Freeman, first; E. Swan, second; B. Clark, third.

Novice Race—Willie Robb, first; G. Dugas, second.

First Hurdle Race—W. Crandall, first; F. Cross, second; E. McElroy, third.

Second Hurdle Race—R. McPhee, first; E. Christ, second; Ralph Higgins, third.

Third Hurdle Race—C. Minnigerode, first; W. Finnerty, second; J. Corry, third.

Fourth Hurdle Race—Roy Higgins, first; W. Scherrer, second.

First Sack Race—F. Cross, first; F. Croke, second; L. Thompson, third.

Second Sack Race—H. McCorry, first; F. Romero, second; C. Wells, third.

Third Sack Race—J. Morehouse, first; W. Dalton, second; R. Catchpole, third.

Fourth Sack Race—R. Allyn, first; F. Hesse, second; J. G. McCarthy, third.

Throwing Baseball (First Class)—F. Lohner, first; N. Schneider, second; J. Corry, third.

Throwing Baseball (Second Class)—G. Peck, first; C. Langley, second; A. Simm, third.

Throwing Baseball (Third Class)—T. Noonan, first; E. Dugas, second; H. Byrne, third.

Bicycle Race (First Class)—B. Roesing, first; N. Healey, second.

Bicycle Race (Second Class)—F. Taylor, first; W. Breslin, second.

Bicycle Race (Third Class)—H. Byrne, first; R. McPhee, second.

First Consolation Race—C. Girsch, first; W. Devine, second; E. Gimble, third.

Second Consolation Race—J. Fortune, first; M. Garrity, second; H. Ives, third.

Third Consolation Race—J. Caruthers, first; L. Garrity, second; W. Pollitz, third.

Special Sack Race—W. Robb, first; R. King, second.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Casey, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Davis, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Flannigan, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Kuhnert, Kearney, Keough, J. McKee, H. Mitchell, McCarrick, McFadden, Murphy, J. McGarry, O'Donnell, Powers, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Amberg, Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Blanchard, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, Cullinan, A. Clark, E. J. Callahan, Cavanagh, Covert, Cooke, Cuneo, Corby, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Fagan, Foley, Feeney, Galen, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Groff, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Hesse, Hodge, Johnson, Kerndt, Kennedy, Kirby, Krembs, Kelly, Kortas, Ludwig, Loser, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Mott, Moloney, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, McVean, Major, Manchester, Montague, Ney, O'Connell, O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, Ryan, Roby, J. J. Reilly, F. Rielly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Streicher, Spengler, Schultz, Tong, Turner, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, White Walker, Zeitler, Harris, Henneby.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Arnold, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Coyne, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Davezac, Foley, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Hoban, Howard, Harding, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Lanagan, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Maurer, Munzesheimer, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, John McPhillips, Joseph McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Romero, Rockey, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Swift, Strassheim, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Trankle, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Caruthers, Corry, Curry, Cressy, Cassady, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Everest, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, Healy, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McCorry, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Moxley, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Shillington, Swan, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Thomas, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.