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At Sunrise.

EDWARD J. MINGEY, '98.

THE gloom-clad, sombre mists that lie
Athwart the darkening fields of night
Flush with a ruddy glow. The eastern sky
Yields to the many piercing darts of shafted light.

Along the watery waste a golden beam
Glints the wave in the sun-lit ray.
The foam-flecked sands resplendent gleam,
And surging billows shed their tinted spray.

Orestes A. Brownson.

JAMES J. SANDERS, '97.

TO judge of the life and work of a writer as a whole, one must have time to look at it from a distance and, as it were, in perspective, as one stands off from a work of art in order to obtain the true effect. Time simplifies and harmonizes everything, allowing the trivial and evanescent to fall away, while it brings out into full relief the essential and the permanent. Time alone can select from among the materials of unequal value that go to make the reputation of a living genius those nobler and more solid elements that are destined to build him an imperishable monument. Thus it is with the works of Orestes A. Brownson.

Although sufficient time has elapsed since the death of Dr. Brownson for the critics to condemn or approve his works, yet no such condemnation or approval has appeared. He seems to be completely ignored except by a chosen few who tell you to open the volumes

of Brownson at random, and you will find at every turn evidences of the bold spirit, keen logic and robust eloquence that made of him one of the greatest characters the laity has given to the Church.

When I speak of the condemnation or approval of the critics, I mean the universal stamp of success or failure that is so sure to settle on the works of a literary man almost immediately after his death. This ominous silence on the part of many able but prejudiced critics is due not to the lack of any desire of attacking the writings of Dr. Brownson, but to the conviction that must exist in their minds, that a just criticism would necessarily include the highest praise. We see the same critics bestowing unlimited time upon the works of writers whose superficial views and empty theories are infinitely inferior to the products of Dr. Brownson's mighty pen; still this neglect was foretold and expected by Brownson himself, and we Americans would search in vain to find any tribute or writing in his honor on the soil that gave him birth, and to which he had devoted his entire life. Among the chosen few already alluded to are some of the most competent judges of Europe, and they have given the highest praise to the masterpieces of Dr. Brownson, because of their power of thought and beauty of style, or on account of the value of their arguments as an exposition or defense of truths and principles.

The way in which he worked, his choice of subjects, his style, were all the revelation of a great and sublime character; and in this sense, in the complete sincerity to his inner being in all he did and the manner of its doing, he was simple in the truest sense of the word. Nothing was ever written for effect alone; no subject on which he was not well informed and fully capable of treating was taken up.

In my opinion, no writer of the nineteenth

century, with the possible exception of Newman, has surpassed Dr. Brownson in literary force, precision, and clearness of thought, strength of intellect and all the other attributes that go to make a writer of prose. One contemporary writer pays a glowing tribute to the genius of Brownson in saying, "The terse logic of Tertullian, the polemic crash of St. Jerome, the sublime eloquence of Bossuet are all to be found there in alternation or combination with many sweet strains of tenderness and playful flashes of humor."

In his career we see the sufferings of a man that was affected by the whole life of his day, sympathizing at the same time with the religious and social movements. The fickleness that is charged to him by certain malicious writers may, at a first glance, seem well founded; but let any of these writers take into consideration the condition of his mind with regard to religion, before and after his conversion to the Catholic faith, and they will find that the changeableness that characterized him in his early career is so far overshadowed in his later days, by the steadfastness of his purpose and convictions, as to leave no doubt that fickleness is one of the last faults that could be charged to him. In support of this I need but quote his own words: "I have not felt myself bound to adhere to my own past thoughts or expressions any further than they coincide with my present convictions, and I have written as freely and independently as if I had never written or published anything before. I have never been the slave of my own past, and truth has always been dearer to me than my own opinions." This quotation is taken from the preface to his "American Republic," and was written to defend the changes in his opinions. These changes were sometimes very marked, as, for instance, before the war he held to state rights; but when secession asserted itself as a state right he immediately changed his opinion to the sovereignty of the government, and held that states were but component parts of the whole, and agreed with Sumner in saying that secession was self-destruction.

With a character such as Dr. Brownson possessed it is not surprising to see him yearning and seeking after the truth in religious matters. If we follow him on his journeyings through the different forms of religion, now a preacher, now an agitator of some new theory, we will see depicted at one time hope, the next instant despair, followed closely by renewed hope, and all culminating in the true success that his

tenacity of purpose and the grace of God brought to him after many years.

Dr. Brownson's education was received only after he cleared away the financial difficulties that beset him when setting out in life. His parents could not afford to send him to college, and his own unceasing toil was needed to accomplish that end. At the age of twenty-one he had acquired all the knowledge the academy could give, while his thoughts were continually taken up with religious speculations.

In his autobiography, "The Convert," he relates all the particulars of his checkered religious career. Immediately after leaving school he embraced the Presbyterian faith with all seriousness; but soon made the first notable change in his views. From a supernaturalist he became a rationalist. In this rôle he was ordained an evangelist according to the ceremonies of the universalists, and took up his duties as a preacher throughout Massachusetts. As a believer in future limited punishment and the absence of all punishment after death, he was a failure. The last two years in his career of universalist minister was the most anti-Christian period of his life, since in following his own reason he had fallen little by little away from God, until, in some of his reasonings, he was continually arriving at the most frightful conclusions. In abandoning this sect his Christian feelings were once more restored and he was strengthened in his quest after truth. He ever had the end in view of glorifying God and enjoying eternal happiness, but the means were as far from his grasp as ever.

During his anti-Christian period, Brownson came to the conclusion that there remained for him no hope of a future equitable adjustment of his worldly actions. Like many before him he had lost his grasp on supernatural happiness, and in despair had turned his eyes away from heaven and fixed them on earth. He looked about for the best means of alleviating the trials and troubles of this world and softening the passage through life. He beheld the miseries of the laboring classes on all sides, and immediately associated himself with the problem of equalizing all society. He joined the workingman's party of New York, a band of men filled with his same zeal, anxious to attain the universal fraternity of man. Here his efforts were untiring for the success of the cause he had espoused.

But his very zeal in the party made him look closely into every question that bore upon it. Inconsistencies were discovered which made

him abandon his Utopian dream, and he returned again to rationalism. He resumed preaching on his own hook, as he expressed it, and as an independent minister, responsible to no church, sect or denomination, he never lost sight of the end he proposed—the progress of man and society and the realization of a heaven on earth.

Now began that long and fearful struggle from error to truth, from the abyss of unbelief to the tender bosom of profound belief. Having made up his mind as to the course he would pursue, Dr. Brownson sought an interview with Bishop Fenwick, the learned prelate of Boston, and about six months later he was received into the Catholic Church. His religious submission is thus portrayed by one of his contemporaries: "Pegasus in the yoke with his wings bound was an unruly, troublesome steed; but when Apollo mounted on his back and cut his cords, he was docile to his rein, while with all the joy of liberty he flew through the air proud to obey such a master."

Throughout "The Convert," Dr. Brownson retained his accustomed freedom in writing his reasons for joining and renouncing each sect and school of philosophy; hence he could not fail to offend some deeply cherished prejudices held by those sects he had renounced. This was especially the case with the Presbyterians, who made a bitter attack on his methods through their paper, *The Princeton Review*. Dr. Brownson refutes all the statements made in this attack after first showing, that "it lacks unity, has no central or mother principle, and is, for the most part, made up of loose, disjointed and contradictory sentences which prevent him from bringing the various loose and rambling statements to a logical test."

As a philosopher he is easily the leader of our nation, while he ranks with and even surpasses some of the idols of the old country, such as Locke, Descartes, Cousin, Kant and Fichte. His system of following the one principle of faithful adherence to his own honest convictions and following whithersoever they should lead him was a dangerous principle. Yet when combined with the supernatural it had led him to the truth. Dr. Brownson's adherence to ontologism was a great check to the due consideration of the scholastic philosophy practised by all the great Church-men, and not until after his conversion, when he was able to re-examine this and other philosophical theories in the light of Catholic faith and

theology, did he see that he would have a much firmer basis from which to start his reasoning than mere personal convictions.

Many people, who had been following his doctrine as it was expounded in the *Review* prior to his conversion, were not surprised to see him take the step that made him a member of the Catholic Church. But no sooner had he taken that step than he appeared and defended his conversion on grounds of which he had given no public intimation and which seemed to be wholly unconnected with what he had before published. They were taken aback, and immediately came to the conclusion that his act was one of intellectual despair. As a consequence, these non-Catholic friends and admirers lost faith in him, and, ceasing to contribute to the support of the *Review*, turned away in disgust. But Dr. Brownson had foreseen this result when he wrote: "It costs me nothing to throw all away on becoming a Catholic and to be regarded as henceforth of no account by my non-Catholic friends; but there is something else than reputation worth living for."

As a writer on political subjects Brownson has been surpassed by none of his countrymen. He had studied deeply and for a long time the delicate relations between Church and State. He endeavored to mark the boundaries of each with regard to the other, but in the end he had concluded that their relations were as essential and as vital to each other as the body is to the soul.

In his last work on politics and government, "The American Republic," he treats his subject in a masterly manner, and gives much valuable information concerning "the nature, origin, authority and constitution of government, and the unity, nationality, tendencies and destiny of the American Republic." This work must be taken as the authentic statement of his views and convictions. It is written after the manner of Bryce's "American Commonwealth," but shows a greater familiarity with the subject and embraces it more thoroughly and comprehensively than the Englishman's work. Although a firm adherent to democracy, Brownson does not advise it on all occasions. He makes that far-reaching but unique suggestion that the shoe should always be fitted to the foot; that is, that the form of government should be suited to the existing condition of affairs. He deplores the fact that our aristocracy is inevitably tending towards one of money; and since we must have an aristocracy, he advocates one of birth and station in prefer-

ence to one of money. Thus we see that Brownson is indeed worthy of a high place in the hearts of all Americans. His principles, writings and actions make of him an ideal. He is the father of American philosophy, since he traveled a road where none preceded him. He made his own way through the paths of doubt, and left an example for those who were to follow.

Yet, with all he has done, Americans would search in vain to find any testimonial erected to his memory. While the deeds of other great men are kept fresh in the minds of all, his are draped in silence. Our heroes in battle, our statesmen, our poets and historians, many of whom can make no greater claim on us than that afforded by superficial newspapers and vulgar opinion, either at the present or in the past, are given world-wide renown by the monuments that are erected in their honor; but Brownson remains unknown and forgotten.

But above all, why should he be thus treated by us Catholics? Should we not rather cherish his memory on account of his love for truth, and his heroic conduct in embracing the faith that his reason led him to see? Should we not make up for the neglect which he foresaw and which he has certainly received? The heart of every true Catholic should yearn for a closer union with one that writes so truthfully and strongly on the condition of Catholic thought as Brownson does in these words: "Catholic literature is robust and healthy, of a ruddy complexion, and full of life. It knows no sadness but sadness for sin, and it rejoices evermore. It eschews melancholy as the devil's best friend on earth, abhors the morbid sentimentality which feeds upon itself, and grows on what it feeds on. It may be grave, but it never mopes; tender and affectionate, but never weak or sickly. It washes its face, anoints its head, puts on its festive robes, goes forth into the fresh air, the bright sunshine, and, when occasion requires, rings out the merry laugh that does one's heart good to hear. England is sad enough today, and her people seem to sit in the region and shadow of death; but in good old Catholic times she was known the world over as 'Merry England.'"

Some time—let us hope soon—we will see the clouds of prejudice cleared away and the name of Brownson revered as one that has marked an epoch in the literature and philosophy of an infant country. Then will he take the place in every American heart, which his faithful adherence to duty and his continued search for truth has deserved for him.

George Frederick Handel.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE.

If the present generation were denied the pleasure of Handel's music, his popularity could be estimated by other means; for portraits and busts of this great minstrel are scattered everywhere throughout Europe. His body lies in Westminster Abbey among the great poets, warriors, and statesmen, a giant memory of his noble art. In the finest of his portraits, "Handel's face is noble in its repose. Benevolence is seated about the finely-shaped mouth, and the face wears the mellow dignity of years, without weakness or austerity." His face and his music are alike known to the English-speaking peoples.

George Frederick Handel (the name should be Händel or Händele and pronounced Hendel. Handel is a corruption, but perhaps it has grown English by long usage.) was born at Halle, Lower Saxony, in the year 1685. The appellation, "The Saxon," was destined to follow him through life,—sometimes associated with undeserved abuse, at other times with merited appreciation. Handel's father was a physician and held the opinion that music, as an occupation, had little dignity. He was so determined that his son should become a physician like himself, and leave the divine art, to "Italian fiddlers and French buffoons," that he did not allow him attend a public school for fear he would learn the gamut.

Though in a brief summary of this wonderfuleman's experiences many interesting occurrences must be omitted, the one touching his youthful love for his chosen art is characteristic. The boy Handel was so passionately fond of sweet sounds that, with the connivance of his nurse, a poor spinet was hidden in a garret, and in stolen hours he taught himself to play. A result of these stolen sweets was his behavior when his father took him on a visit to the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels. The boy strayed in the chapel, and was irresistibly drawn to the organ. Here his youthful genius was shown much to the astonishment of the Duke and the disgust of his father. The Duke interceded that his taste be encouraged and cultivated instead of repressed.

So it was that, musically, fortune shone more kindly on the young man. A combination of conditions highly favorable to his rapid development followed. He was put through severe

training, formed ardent friendships with leading composers, and, because of his genius, he was soon rewarded by their society. He studied the whole existing mass of German and Italian music. Zachau, his instructor, soon admitted that he could teach him no more. And before his nineteenth year he had entered the Berlin opera-school and gained the graces of Ariosti and Bononcini. Ariosti, described as one possessed of a "first-rate head but cankered heart," determined to take the conceit out of the Saxon boy. He challenged Handel to play at sight an elaborate piece. Handel played it with perfect precision, and, though Ariosti hated the youth as a rival, he had to accept him as an equal.

Before his twentieth year, Handel was offered the Lübeck organ, on condition that he would marry the daughter of the retiring organist. It appears that his friend Mattheson had been offered the same terms. In company the two went down to examine the worth of the bargain, but both returned in single blessedness to Hamburg. This was the nearest approach Handel ever made to marriage. Mattheson and Handel perfectly agreed in their ideas of the Lübeck maiden, but musical rivalry later on resulted in a duel. The subject of this sketch would there have been disposed of had not a large brass button shivered his antagonist's sword point. The two young men were then parted soon to become firm friends again.

Handel's first two operas, "Almira" and "Nero," were not given the public reception their author desired, and in disgust he left Germany and went to Florence. Here he was more successful. After imbibing the artistic impressions of Florence and composing "Rodrigo" in a week's time, he went to Venice. Here it is said of him, that "whatever effect Venice, with its weird and mysterious beauty, with its marble palaces, façades, pillars and domes, its magnificent shrines and frescoes, produced on Handel, he certainly took Venice by storm." While in Venice, Handel attended a masked ball given by a nobleman. He astonished the company with his playing on the harpsichord. As he was in disguise the company were very curious. One of his most formidable opponents, Scarlatti, walked to the instrument, and cried: "It is either the devil or the Saxon."

Soon Handel went to Rome where he lived under the patronage of Cardinal Ottoboni. Under the auspices of this patron, he composed three operas and two oratorios. His oratorios were laid aside because of the greater

popularity of the opera. Later in life, however, his finest talent was given to oratorios, and principally by them is he known to posterity.

There are many interesting incidents relating to Handel's life in England,—for from his twenty-fifth year the greater part of his life was spent there. He shared the intimate companionship of the representative men of his time. Pope, Swift, Addison and Johnson comment upon him in their writings. For instance, Dean Swift writes:

"Some say that Signor Bononcini,
Compared with Handel is a ninny;
While others vow that to him Handel
Is hardly fit to hold a candle.
Strange that such difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee."

The following pen-picture is likewise of interest: "Yonder heavy, ragged-looking youth standing at the corner of Regent Street, with a slight and more refined-looking companion, is the obscure Samuel Johnson, quite unknown to fame. He is walking with Richard Savage. As Signor Handel, 'the composer of Italian music,' passes by, Savage becomes excited, and nudges his friend, who takes only a languid interest in the foreigner. Johnson did not care for music; of many noises he considered it the least disagreeable."

In 1720, Handel was engaged to compose operas for the Royal Academy of music at the Haymarket in London. Fifty thousand pounds were subscribed to place the institution on a firm foundation. During the following fourteen years, Handel composed sixteen operas. But from 1729 his career was a protracted battle with jealousy and criticism. In all these trying ordeals, sometimes victorious, sometimes defeated, he always showed a lofty sense of his own superior power.

The composer had an irascible temper. Account is given of an incident relating to his leading soprano, Madame Cuzzoni. In a spirit of ill-timed revolt, Cuzzoni declined to sing an air. She had often exasperated Handel with her insolent freaks. When he could bear it no longer, he flew at the wretched woman and shook her like a rat: "Ah! I always knew you were a fery tevil," he cried, "and I shall now let you know that I am Beelzebub, de prince of de tèvils!" He dragged her to an open window and was on the point of pitching her into the street, when, as was most proper, she fully recanted.

At first, the English did not prize Handel's

oratorios. He was called a swindler and a blasphemer, to whom even Scripture was not sacred. The Pharisees of his time, who revelled in the licentious operas and love-songs of the Italian School, were scandalized at the idea of setting Holy Writ to music. The fact that Handel did set Holy Writ to music and that he persevered in the compositions of his oratorios, has given the world masterpieces that never have been equalled, and which the world seems to love more as it grows older,—which is the mark of true greatness.

About the time when the public was so generous with its venomous criticism, Handel took his company of singers to Oxford. His third oratorio, "Athaliah," was received with vast applause, though great antipathy was felt before the rendition. Some of his university admirers, who appreciated academic honors more than the musician did, urged him to accept the degree, Doctor of Music, for which he would have to pay a small fee. His characteristic reply was: "Vat de tevil I trow my money away for dat vich de blockhead vish? I no vant!"

Handel's power as an organist and harpsichord player was only second to his strength as a composer. Even when in the zenith of his maturity he composed the "Messiah" and "Judas Maccabæus." His greatest works were the oratorios "Israel" and the "Messiah." When the latter was first produced it is said that "critics, poets, fine ladies, and men of fashion, tore rhetoric to tatters in their admiration." Handel, throughout life, was so wedded to his art that he cared nothing for woman's love. His recreations are described as simple rowing, walking, visiting his friends and playing the organ. In his old age he lost his sight. He died on Good Friday, 1759.

Summing up the estimates of eminent musical critics, it is found that Handel excelled in his inexhaustible fund of the noblest order of melody, in his almost unequalled command of musical expression, in his perfect power over all the resources of his science, and he was without a rival in the sublimity of ideas. "The problem which he so successfully solved in the oratorios was that of giving such dramatic force to the music in which he clothed the sacred texts, as to be able to dispense with all scenic and stage effects." Handel's words are readily appreciated when describing his own sensations in writing the "Messiah":—"I did think I really saw all the heavens before me—and the great God Himself."

Varsity Verse.

MORNING, NOON AND NIGHT.

WHEN dawn rolls back the curtain of the night
And gilds the distant hill-tops with the light,
When rosy-fingered day trips o'er the land,
The busy world awakes from slumber, and
They talk of WAR!

When noon brings rest from labors hard and long
And drowsy little birds have hushed their song,
When cattle stand knee-deep in shady rill
And all is calm and peace and quiet,—still
They're talking WAR!

And when the gloomy mistress of the night
Has set her many starry lamps alight,
When evening songs are sung with grand Amen,
It grieves me now to state that even then
They're talking WAR!

C. F. E.

KIPLING REVISED.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
To a rag and a bone and a hank of hair.
A fool? Well no; for she owned great chunks
Of real estate worth a million plunks.

O'M.

TO A HERO.

Long years have passed since thou the nation saved
In time when hearts of men were made to bleed,
Nor faltered in the path that duty paved.
Carve on the tablets that a world may read:
"Our country's savior thou wert indeed."
Lie peacefully at rest, thy labor done,
None shall disturb thy sleep, immortal one.

F. J. F. C.

THE KING OF THE NIGHT.

The owl in the cypress tree
Looked over the star-flecked lake;
He ruffled his feathers and chuckled with glee;
He laughed so loud that the robins heard,
And huddled together
And wondered whether
'Twas one of themselves, or the devil that stirred.
He heard these shudder down in the brake—
"How sharp is my ear," said he—
"Nothing is hidden from me.
I hear the dreaming bumble-bee
Under the dark, damp ground."

In the meadow, tho' ever so still,
The mice and the prairie hens quake
And tremble if only a quill
From my wing flutters down in the night.
The dove in her nest
Dreams that I am in quest
Of her dovelets, and moans in affright.
This clew to her shelter I'll take.
"How sharp is my ear," said he,
"Nothing is hidden from me.
I hear the dreaming bumble-bee
Under the dark, damp ground."

J. J. D.

The Identity of a Name.

FRANK R. WARD, '99.

He stepped up to the register in a flurried, shamefaced manner, and asked the clerk for a pen. When the pen had been pointed out to him directly under his eyes, his vain endeavors to write without ink broke one of its nibs. The clerk had already made up his mind as to the particular set of bridal chambers suited to his guest's apparent wealth, when he saw that the man merely signed his name Cholmondeley Dekoven Vere de Vere. The clerk then set him down as "drunk," and was about to have him put out, when the man asked him for a room, in a perfectly steady though rather hesitating voice. The utterance was so clear that the clerk saw himself again mistaken.

Mr. Vere de Vere was shown to his room, and the well-tipped bell boy was sent immediately for writing materials. The guest took out of his pocket an evening paper, and read the "Amusement" sheet, while he waited. As soon as the paper arrived he sat down at the desk and wrote steadily. He wrote his name first one way and then another, as if undecided how to sign it. Toward the end of an hour the form C. Dekoven Vere de Vere predominated. Sometimes instead of this, the name Patrick William McGilligan would slip in. Whenever this happened he hastily crossed it out, then tore up the paper, and swore emphatically.

After tearing up this apparently objectionable name for the fourth or fifth time, he tilted back on his chair and began to think. A few days before he had been a rich merchant in Yonkers, New York, and the bearer of the euphonious name which he had so often torn up during the preceding hour, and now here he was in a Chicago hotel registered under a name entirely different from that to which he had been born.

He had been born and raised in Yonkers, and everyone had called him Patsy McGilligan since his earliest schooldays. They could not have found a sound more hateful to him, for he loved an aristocratic name, and wished to live a higher life than that of a seller of calicoes, even though he had made a fortune by that means. One day he decided to sell his store and break all the old ties. He even changed his name, and announced his intention of going to Europe; but instead of going East he went to Chicago.

The evening of his arrival he went to the opera and returned about eleven o'clock. As he stepped up to the desk to get his key, he was met by a man with a large black mustache and dirty shirt ornamented with paste diamonds, who showed him a detective's badge, and requested him to "come along without making any fuss."

Mr. Vere de Vere or McGilligan was taken to a station-house and, upon giving the sergeant in charge his name, he was told that he had been apprehended on the charge of counterfeiting. He declared his innocence, but he could not prove this without telling the circumstances of his change of name, and this he determined never to do. Think as he might, he could imagine no story of former life plausible enough to tell; and to make his situation worse the sergeant brought out an album containing photographs of noted criminals. There on the last page of the book, he was shown the clear-shaven face of a man which was the exact counterpart of his own, and underneath which was written, Cholmondeley Dekoven Vere de Vere, alias Mugsy Slater. And to think that he had been fool enough to shave off both beard and mustache, in order to change his identity entirely.

He was led to a cell, and fell into a troubled sleep on a hard cot. Early the next morning he was awakened by the entrance of a tough looking woman who fell in his unwilling arms, weeping drunken tears because her "Mugsy was pinched." To the officers, this was proof incontestable of his identity, and he could not persuade the drunken woman that she was mistaken. He succeeded, however, in having her taken from the cell, and she was carried out begging in maudlin tones not to be separated from her "Mugsy."

After eating a meagre breakfast he was led before the police-justice for examination. His resolution of keeping silence was overcome by the event of the morning, and there in the crowded court-room he had to tell the whole humiliating story. Worst still, his sacrifice was useless, for the judge did not believe that any man could be so foolish as to do such a thing. Luckily for him an officer appeared that was personally acquainted with the real culprit, and the judge was forced to release the unfortunate McGilligan. The story was printed in all the papers, so of course he could not return to Yonkers. He left for New York; and, catching an early vessel, departed for England to live down his stupidity.

Jim's Legal Experience.

WILLIAM R. MILLER.

Several years ago fence-cutting was very common in Texas. When the grass in one pasture was all gone the ranchman cut his neighbor's fence and pastured his own cattle on another's land. This became so common that something impressive had to be done to stop it. Every man that was caught cutting another's fence was hanged—either legally or illegally.

Bill Greggs, who lived in a little shanty on the Rio Grande River, had a few head of cattle, and he fed these entirely at his neighbor's expense, but he was sly enough to evade Jim Hawkins, the sheriff of that district. When he was pressed too hard by the officer, he quietly moved into Mexico for a short time. This irritated Mr. Hawkins; it cast a slur upon his abilities as an officer.

"Thet Bill Greggs is a very *cuss*," said the sheriff when he was given the warrant for the arrest of Greggs for fence-cutting.

This was the fourth paper Hawkins had received from the magistrate to serve upon this man and he had not caught Greggs yet.

"I'll fetch him this time if I have to pump him full of lead," said the officer.

"Don't use no violence, Jim," warned the magistrate.

When the sheriff reached Bill's shanty he found it deserted. Bill had fled.

"Well," said Hawkins to himself, "I'm goin' to stay here till he comes back, if he's gone a month."

He entered the cabin and made himself as comfortable as possible, smoking Bill's tobacco and drinking his whiskey. Two long days had passed when he noticed a man creeping cautiously among the bushes near the house. Hawkins went back into the cabin. Soon there was a rattling of the latch and the door was pushed slightly ajar. Bill stuck his head in the opening, and, seeing nobody, went in. In the semi-darkness it was impossible for him to see the sheriff sitting astride a chair with two pistols aimed at his head. "Hands up!" cried Mr. Hawkins when Bill had got fairly in.

"Howdy, Jim," said Bill, as a sickly smile crossed his face. "You'se kinder got the drop on me, ain't you? But you wouldn't a got it if I hadn't left my whiskey here, and come back for it. I wuz gittin' purty dry, and

I wuz afeared to buy any across the line."

"Yes, I got the drop on you this time. Come here till I put the bracelets on you."

Mr. Hawkins lowered his pistols and began to put the hand-cuffs on the prisoner. Just as he was about to lock them something struck him a terrible blow on the head. When he had recovered his senses, Bill was not to be seen. The officer rushed to the door and saw him running through the wood bound for the river.

"Stop, Bill, or I'll kill you!" shouted Jim. This seemed only to lend speed to the fleeing man, and the more Jim yelled, the faster Bill ran. He soon reached the river. With a few mighty strokes he swam over, and was just climbing the other bank when Jim fired from the Texas side. Bill sprang high into the air and fell to the ground. When the sheriff reached him he was dead.

"Well, I'll be durned!" said Jim, "I just wanted to wing him, and here I've killed him."

The next morning Jim was asked to resign his office and a warrant was sworn out charging him with murder in the first degree. Mr. Hawkins procured a young man to defend him who had made a reputation for himself as a criminal lawyer. On the day of this trial the little court-room was crowded. The young man made a strong defence for Jim; but, to the surprise of everybody, the jury returned a verdict of "guilty of murder in the first degree."

In asking for an appeal, the lawyer proved that the case should not be tried in Texas as the man was in Mexico when he was killed. This convinced the judge, and Hawkins was released.

Two weeks after, while Jim was working on his little farm, the new sheriff arrested him. The President of Mexico wanted him for the murder of Bill Greggs.

When the case came before the judge the same young lawyer showed that Jim was in Texas when the man was killed, therefore the President of Mexico had no right to try Jim. In this way Hawkins was released—neither Texas nor Mexico had the right to molest him.

Whenever Jim told of his legal experience he would invariably wind up his story in this manner: "So you see, gentlemen, this here law business is a curious institution. First, I wuz convicted in Texas, and then I wuz turned loose because I wuz in Mexico when I shot Bill in Mexico; then I wuz tried in Mexico and I wuz turned loose because he wuz in Mexico when I shot him in Texas. I am so mixed up that I don't know where I wuz."

The Rehearsal.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

The auditorium was a dreary place. Black shadows in the deep corners were relieved by the ghastly outlines of the white seat coverings. The morning light that struggled through frayed curtains was lost in the dust and grime. The barn-like structure was lifeless, except for a man that swept noisily in the lobby.

But on the stage there was noise to spare. Creaking pulleys and straining ropes carried huge masses of painted masonry and massive castles from the floor to the loft, and let down oceans and landscapes worn at the edges. From a dusty pile near the left lower entrance rose the green-room at Drury Lane closely followed by the Forest of Arden. Both rested together a few moments later.

The company lounged about in the wings and dodged Roman streets and modern interiors which the men in the sky-gallery were adjusting. There was no order. Confusion was everywhere. The scene was the inevitable aftermath of the brilliant performance the night before.

A young man, wearing a white hat and a long overcoat leaped from the stage into the orchestra and blew the dust from the key-board of the piano. Mr. Reginald De Koven was to lead, and the musicians climbed clumsily to their places. A boy crept down the aisle and dropped into a seat behind the leader.

He was just an ordinary boy, with all the ordinary boy's likes and dislikes. He had had few opportunities of hearing or seeing good things—things that were good in every sense of the word. Classical music was a fearful bore, to be endured only when absolutely necessary. Scholarly, searching criticism was no more than an empty phrase to him. What matter if the critics called the comic-opera "reminiscent?" He did not know what "reminiscent" meant, and he did not care. But there was a tinge of romanticism in the boy's nature—and outside the sun was soft and warm.

A whistle rang through the vault beneath the stage. Instantly every noise ceased—even the stage-hands swore in a whisper. The chorus came on in their street clothes; a wave of that nervous hand, a crash from the orchestra and "Robin Hood" had begun.

With corrections and repetitions the opera went on. There was smoothing out in rough places and the action was quickened in others;

but the boy in the front row was oblivious to all the disagreeable incidents. He forgot that Guy was "weak in his lines" and that the tinkers' chorus was repeated eight or nine times. He did not see the gaudy finery of the women or the conventional dress of the men. He looked through them and beyond them—back to the time of the king's highway with the hedge-rows and the broad lands over which the red deer leaped lightly. The boy in the front row was living in Sherwood Forest with the "lads in Lincoln Green." With closed eyes he listened to the music, and sighed when Maid Marian sang "Oh! Promise Me," and he was honestly happy.

Suddenly the piano was closed and the profanity and noise began again. Robin Hood borrowed a cigarette from the stage-manager, and left humming a song of the vaudeville theatres. And the boy in the front row shook himself together and looked sheepish.

The Finished Education.

At last her school days were ended. As she stepped into the carriage that stood at the door of the Seminary she turned around to take a farewell glance at the dear old place and to nod a good-bye to those of her kind teachers that were standing on the spacious porch. A slight flush came to her cheeks as the carriage wheeled away, and her bosom swelled with pride as she glanced at the white-ribboned diploma that she still held in her hand; and the old folks, too, on the seat opposite her, looked with satisfied, misty eyes upon their daughter.

It is true her education had cost her father a great deal of money, and her many private lessons in French, music and painting had cost no inconsiderable amount in addition to her other studies; but now she was all that was refined and beautiful, and her parents were overjoyed that they had been able to afford their daughter a seminary education.

"My dear," said her father, after they were well on their way home, "you must indeed be glad that you have finished your education and that your school trials are over with."

"You bet your life I am, papa," she responded joyfully; and the old gentleman knitted his brows as he looked out of the carriage window, and the mother shook her head doubtfully as the carriage wheeled up to the door of their home.

L. C. M. R.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The weather of contentment has come, and during such days man needs no amusement. Here at Notre Dame we have many ways of goading on time. This is the reason the concert course draws near its close. Nevertheless, the students have yet to hear Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who has lectured before at Notre Dame to the delight of our college world. The lecture will be given on Wednesday. Miss Starr's ability as an art critic and writer is well known; and her lectures are intensely interesting. It can not be said that the lecture course will not have finished as well as it began.

—The inter-hall debate on the income tax, held in Washington Hall on Wednesday evening, was much of a success for the contestants and an indication of what the students of the University could do. It should be a stepping-stone to higher things. For some unknown reason Notre Dame was refused admittance to the Indiana intercollegiate oratorical society, but not because of lack of ability. Intercollegiate debating is destined to bring about some interesting contests in the college world, though, perhaps, it will never become so popular as athletics. Nevertheless, Notre Dame has material for an excellent debating team and should take advantage of the opportunity of gaining victories on this new field of battle.

The Sorin-Brownson Hall Debate.

On Thursday evening the contestants for the inter-hall debate on the question of the income tax drew themselves up in battle array before each other and hurled their arguments in each other's faces. The debate proved to be exceedingly interesting, and although Brownson Hall was given the laurels by the judges, Sorin Hall was no mean contestant, and would have given any team cause to do clever work to gain the victory. To make the evening all the more interesting, Monsignor Conaty of the Catholic University addressed the students while the judges had their heads together in making the award. The talk was necessarily short, as the hours had already drawn into night when the debaters finished their speeches; but during the short time, Mgr. Conaty said many words of advice to the students, and bore them a message of good will from the University of Washington.

The members of the victorious Brownson Hall team were Mr. Frank Maloy, Mr. Harry P. Barry and Mr. Alfred J. Duperier, and it fell to the lot of Mr. Maloy to make the rebuttal speech. They held up the affirmative side of the question, "Resolved, That the income tax is a desirable part of the scheme of taxation." The gentlemen from Sorin Hall, who sustained the negative side of the question, were Mr. F. H. Wurzer, Mr. F. P. Dreher and Mr. Chas. Niezer.

The victory was won by the team from Brownson Hall by a margin of twenty-four points. Mr. Frank Maloy, who opened the debate, was the strong defender of the Brownson Hall men, though his colleagues upheld their part of the argument quite as ably and have as great a share in the victory. On the Sorin Hall side, all of the men took a good part in the work, but were not quick nor ready enough to parry the thrusts of the affirmative men. They were not so well prepared, and seemed not to have so clear a knowledge of the subject as their opponents.

As a whole, the debate was very interesting, and it well proved that Notre Dame has very able men within her walls. The inter-hall debates should occur more frequently, and all the men that have ability should give their efforts to the success of the plan. In this the first debate, there was as much skill shown as could come from more experienced speakers, and with practice Notre Dame men could be assured of having a winning team for the intercollegiate contests.

Notre Dame, 4; University of Michigan, 2.

The entertainment committee of a Sunday-school excursion would hardly have chosen last Monday for a lawn *fête* or a picnic. Viewed from any stand-point the 18th of April was not good for anything except a ball game. The skies were hung thick with heavy clouds all day, and a shrill wind pierced everything short of a brick wall. A few preliminary showers opened the afternoon, and about two o'clock the rain steadied into a cold drizzle which continued the rest of the day. Occasionally, the wind, as if in a fit of spite, would gather strength, and then the water would crash down in sheets. But even a blizzard would not have interfered with the opening of the baseball season, and the University of Michigan met Notre Dame in our first college game of the year.

Captain Adrian C. Anson umpired. This announcement alone awakened enthusiasm in South Bend, and the attendance would undoubtedly have been much greater had not the elements interfered. As it was, Mr. Anson umpired in a manner that completely satisfied the most interested partisans of either team. He compelled the pitchers to divide the plate squarely, but this gave no advantage to either. His decisions were unimpeachable and were given promptly. Mr. Anson takes a friendly interest in Notre Dame athletics and has done so since he was a member of the famous Juanita team here in the seventies. He stands as the best player and the most prominent athlete that ever left Notre Dame, and he umpired the way he does everything he attempts—fairly, honestly and well.

Michigan is much faster than the team of last season, and puts up a good game of ball from the call of time till the last man is out. Fresh from their victory at Illinois they expected victory here and played hard to earn it. In this they were unsuccessful, but they took their defeat in a sportsman-like manner, and cheered for Notre Dame at the close as heartily as Notre Dame cheered for them. Lehr pitched a consistent game, and in his support Captain Butler, Matteson and Condon were conspicuous. Ann Arbor's work on the bases was much restricted by a wholesome fear of Powers' throwing arm. At the bat they profited by Anson's strict construction of strikes.

For Notre Dame the great feature was bare-headed Norwood R. Gibson who was seemingly

armor proof to hostile rooting and who pitched his game in a cool, unconcerned fashion. Gibson was in fine form when a crisis was at hand, and Michigan landed safely only four times. He was after every ball that came near him, and at the bat distanced his team-mates, rapping out three safe hits, one of them a pretty double. Captain Powers at the other end of the circuit was in his usual errorless condition, and threw to the sacks like a rapid fire gun. At second McNichols covered as much territory as a circuit-tent and got all he went after. Donahue was nervous at short, but showed that he is made of the proper in-field material when a little more experience comes his way. Daly played a magnificent game in the middle province and saved a couple of apparently safe ones. The rest of the cast played steadily.

The teams were well matched, and the contest was a nervous prostration producer of the first class. Played cleanly, it was enjoyable all the time, notwithstanding the rain and wind. A large crowd shivered through the performance, and when Daly pulled in Thomson's fly in the ninth and ended the game, Gibson was hurried across the soaked diamond on the shoulders of as many of his admirers as could get a grip on him.

THE WAY IT WAS DONE.

When Umpire Anson called "play" Cooley walked to the plate for the visitors and sprinted to first on McDonald's muff of a low throw from Donahue. While he was deliberating on the best time to start around the bases, Gibson shot the ball to McDonald and Cooley went to the bench a sadder and a wiser man. Lunn followed him a moment later when he hit to short. This time both throw and catch were perfect. Gibson gave Bulter his passport, and played *solitaire* with Condon's slow grounder so long that both first and second were occupied. Gilbert was extinguished by Powers' throw to first, and Notre Dame went to bat.

Fleming cracked a safe one through Lehr; Donahue fanned and Powers was up. The captain sent a high foul into the rain-clouds, and when it came down Matteson was under it. Daly drove one into his own bailiwick where it was taken care of by Davis.

In the second, McDonald scooped Davis' liner, and Matteson stopped in his dash to first when Gibson had the leather there before him. McGinnis held his bat gracefully over his shoulder and got four wide ones. "King" Lehr bumped one at Donahue who handed it over

to McNichols, and the men in the gold and blue jerseys took another try at bat.

McNichols waited and sauntered to first on called balls. Callahan flew out; McDonald hit safely, and Wilson followed suit with a pretty single to right centre. Gibson looked at the base-runners, then the pitcher, and picked one to his liking which traveled into left field, and McDonald got under Catcher Lunn's legs with the first run of the season. Wilson was dead on the throw-in from left, and Fleming was out from Lehr to Condon.

Cooley opened the debate in the third, resting on first on another error by McDonald. Half a minute later Powers whipped the sphere to first, and again Cooley was the victim of overconfidence. Lunn finished peacefully when Fleming threw to the first baseman. Butler thought he saw a chance for an argument, and made a clever play at the dead-ball game, but Anson had seen too many of the same description, and the captain waited for another. Donahue and "Silent Angus" disposed of Condon.

Donahue reached the first stopping-point when Butler lost a fly-ball, but Powers sent another into the same place which Butler handled easily. Daly was billed to Condon's station on ineligibles and cantered joyfully to second, while Lunn was building air-castles. McNichols went to first on Matteson's error, and Callahan flew out to Condon. Daly had scored on the third-baseman's error, and McDonald went off the card from short to first.

Fourth inning:—Gilbert for Michigan hit through unoccupied territory at short, but Gibson threw him out at second. Davis, Matteson and McGinnis formed the army of occupation on the bases, and the big pitcher came to bat with a deadly gleam in his eyes. The same gleam was there when Gibson unceremoniously disposed of him on strikes. When little Donahue put Cooley's pop-up on the side in the *also-ran* class and closed the book, the cheering could be heard in Cuba.

The Varsity's half was uneventful. Wilson went out from short to first and Gibson got a double on his hit to left. Fleming and Donahue were out next, leaving Gibson alone in his glory on second base.

Lunn rolled an easy sand-disturber to Donahue who threw him out. Butler wore the lucky number again, and went to second on Condon's sacrifice to Fleming. Gilbert succeeded him on Fleming's error, and Captain Butler scored. Then Gilbert followed his leader

across the plate. With no malice in the transaction, Gibson hit Davis with a slow curve, and Matteson closed the inning for his side.

Powers' out from Matteson to Condon was followed by Daly's, after Lehr had rewarded the centre-fielder's patience with a pass to first. McNichols got to first and scored when Gilbert threw the ball into the bleachers. Callahan drove a pretty hit into centre and McDonald turned his single into left. Condon's foot was off first base when Wilson went by and the bags were full. Gibson failed to connect, retiring the Varsity.

In the sixth act McGinnis and Lehr were easy outs. Fleming's error put Cooley on first; Lunn walked and Butler came up. With visitors on first and second Gibson settled all doubts by caring for Butler's fly.

Fleming, Donahue and Powers stayed briefly at the bat, and then Powers picked up his mask for another inning. Fleming and the captain were out on flies, and Lehr threw Donahue out at first.

Condon tore off a hit in the seventh; Gilbert sacrificed, and Davis reached his station on Donahue's error. About fifteen seconds later Davis discovered that Powers was not the only man on the team that could throw a little. Gibson and McDonald put Davis to sleep and Gibson struck Matteson out. In Notre Dame's half, Daly, McNichols and Callahan went out in order.

Michigan played desperately in the eighth to change the result. Thomson replaced McGinnis at bat and got four balls. Lehr went to first, but Fleming, McNichols and Powers swung together, and both Lehr and Thomson were out of office. Cooley was a good waiter. Lunn drove a line-hit into right, and Butler joined his men on the bases. Here the sacks were rented again and no silver linings in sight. Condon started a high one to the woods, and Michigan raced around the bases. Daly spoiled the whole thing by making a pretty catch of Condon's masterpiece, and the Varsity went to the plate.

McDonald and Wilson went out on short bumps from Lehr to Condon, and Gibson broke his own batting record beyond repair by getting his third safe hit for the day. It was a pretty one over short, but Fleming's fly went to Matteson, and Pingree's adherents were in again.

Gilbert appeared first in the last act with a grounder to McNichols, who assisted McDonald in the out. Davis put another in the same

neighborhood and the same thing took place. Matteson walked, and Thomson lifted a choice one to centre when Daly closed his good day's work with an out, and then the ratification began.

Northwestern follows on April 29.

THE OFFICIAL SCORE:

MICHIGAN	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Cooley, 2d b.	4	0	0	2	4	1				
Lunn, c.	4	0	1	3	0	0				
Butler, (Capt.), r. f.	2	1	0	2	0	1				
Condon, 1st b.	5	0	1	11	0	0				
Gilbert, s.s.	5	1	1	0	3	1				
Davis, c. f.	4	0	0	2	0	0				
Matteson, 3d b.	3	0	1	4	4	2				
McGinnis,* l. f.	3	0	0	0	1	0				
Lehr, p.	4	0	0	0	4	0				
* Thomson batted for McGinnis in 8th	1	0	0	0	0	0				
<i>Totals</i>	35	2	4	24	16	5				
NOTRE DAME	A.B.	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.				
Fleming, 3d b.	5	0	1	0	4	2				
Donahue, s.s.	4	1	0	2	7	2				
Powers, (Capt.), c.	4	0	0	3	3	0				
Daly, m.	2	1	0	3	1	0				
McNichols, 2d b.	3	1	0	3	3	0				
Callahan, l. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0				
McDonald, 1st b.	4	1	1	15	0	2				
Wilson, r. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0				
Gibson, p.	4	0	3	1	6	1				
<i>Totals</i>	34	4	7	27	24	7				
SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total
MICHIGAN:—	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	0	=2
NOTRE DAME:—	0	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	=4

Two-base hit, Gibson. Stolen base, Daly. Bases on called balls, off Gibson, 9; off Lehr, 3. Hit by pitched ball, Davis. Struck out by Gibson, 2; by Lehr, 3. Left on base, Michigan, 11; Notre Dame, 9. Umpire, Adrian C. Anson.

LOUIS T. WEADOCK.

The Varsity has seen its first game and has come out of the fray with victory on its side. The game was, moreover, very closely played and interesting, for the players of the Michigan team were worthy foes that fought with strength and skill. It all goes to show that the long labors of the Varsity have been crowned with success, and the practice of the late winter and early spring months has inured the players to the fatigues of baseball. Notre Dame has reason to be proud of her Varsity, and can hope to come out near the top when the season has ended. It will not be long before the days of this springtime will grow warm with sunshine, and with the track team and baseball they should be fired with interest. The SCHOLASTIC would bid the baseball men to work as bravely as they have done; for there are more victories to win.

Exchanges.

During all the "war and rumors of war" there is scarcely a college exchange that has a word to say concerning the American-Spanish difficulty. During these stirring times we should expect star-spangled-banner verses from the "poets," "scathing invective" from the editorial writers and learned dissertations from the students of international law; but so far we have noticed the subject treated seriously in only one exchange, and that was in a convent paper too—the *Mount*. The article referred to did not offer any solution of the difficulty, nor were there any original views presented to us; nevertheless, the paper was well written and it showed that the *Mount* is patriotic.

The April number of the *Leaflets from Loretto* contains two interesting pictures, the "Editorial Staff of '98" and the "Loretto Abbey Library Society." The *Leaflets* as usual contains many short, interesting essays, stories and verses. Miss Hughes is to be congratulated for her versatility, and for the success that has attended her many efforts in verse and prose. The *Leaflets* pays high tribute to the worth of Mr. F. Marion Crawford and Mr. Anthony Hope in an account of the lectures recently delivered by these gentlemen before the students; but the paper contains one statement concerning Mr. Crawford that is not complimentary and but partially true. "In that book of not too savory fame, 'Casa Braccio,' he offended against ethics and æsthetics." In his efforts to make one novel out of two he undoubtedly erred from an artistic standpoint, but we can see no offense against ethics in the book.

We gladly welcome a new exchange to our sanctum, *The Red and Blue*, a literary magazine published monthly by the students of the University of Pennsylvania. So far we have received but two numbers, the April, or "Mask and Wig Number," and the March, or "Cornell Debate Number," but these are enough to show us that the Penn students can send out a publication that has few equals and no superiors among our exchanges. The journal, besides its admirable stories, verses, department and local news, contains many interesting illustrations and an exchange column that is delightful. We are proud to add the *Red and Blue* to our list of exchanges, and it will always be welcomed to our table.

Our Friends.

—A member of the Faculty received a letter recently from Mr. John Kuntz, one of last year's students. He and his brother, Mr. Peter Kuntz, Jr., have entered the lumber business with their father in Dayton, Ohio.

—A letter was received during the week from Mr. J. E. Priest, one of our old students, who is now in business in Johnstown, Pa. His friends were pleased to learn of his successful business career since leaving his *Alma Mater*.

—Rev. William L. Kearney, of St. Charles Church, Chicago, was the guest of his brother, Mr. Peter Kearney of Sorin Hall, on Monday and Tuesday. Father Kearney made many friends while here, who regret that his stay was so short.

—We take pleasure in announcing the appointment on the 1st inst. of Mr. Horatio C. Pollock (Law, '88) to the office of Deputy Collector of Internal Revenue of Arizona. The sterling qualities that were shown by Mr. Pollock while at Notre Dame have since won him many advances in the Southwest, where he has been living for three years. Mr. Pollock's Notre Dame friends join the SCHOLASTIC in extending congratulations.

—Friends of Mr. Leo Healy (student '93-'96) will be surprised to learn that he is now in the Chilkoot Pass on his way to the Klondike. His brother, Mr. Waldo Healy of Brownson Hall, received a very interesting letter from him during the week in which he described the terrible avalanche that recently blotted out so many lives in the Pass. Mr. Healy was but a mile away from the mass of falling snow and ice, and he helped in the work of rescue. Judging from his work in the class-room and in athletics while at Notre Dame, his friends here have little doubt of his success in the land of gold.

—We take great pleasure in reprinting the following from Tuesday's Chicago *Record*:

Daniel Vincent Casey, a talented young correspondent, represents *The Record* with the Flying Squadron at Hampton Roads. Other men of reputation in the newspaper world are ready to go to the front for *The Record* at the first stroke of war. It is perfectly safe to say, therefore, that *The Record's* reports of all war operations will be complete and accurate, and will possess features superior to those presented by any other newspaper.

Mr. Casey (Litt. B., '95) received his newspaper training as editor-in-chief of the SCHOLASTIC, and since he left Notre Dame he has made rapid strides in his profession. In an editorial the *Record* compares him favorably with Mr. W. E. Curtis and Mr. Malcolm McDowell, and although Mr. Casey has not had the experience of these well-known journalists, we have no doubt that his work with the Flying Squadron will be a credit to himself and to the paper he represents.

Local Items.

—Sherman Steele, of last year's class, is at the University.

—Where was *He* when the light went out? Right under the gas jet.

—A number of young ladies attended the Crescent Club party last week.

—An arc light was placed in the Minim Gym last week. The little fellows can now disport themselves merrily after dark in their tumbling events.

—It has rained almost every day for a week. Think of those who, in dipping into their neighbor's tobacco sack, have made provision for a rainy day.

—The epidemic of gripe that came upon us a month ago with great violence has given way to war fever that is even more dangerous. This is an uncertain climate.

—Workmen are clearing away the debris that remains from the old St. Joseph's Hall. The place will be much pleasanter to look upon when the work is completed.

—The young men from Sorin Hall who have of late become a nuisance to the inmates of Holy Cross Hall should sneak away to fields more congenial to their "cussedness."

—"Oh!" murmured Campbell, as he sauntered over the green sward while the clock tolled the time, "how precious are the hours—especially when one thinks of all the rings they have."

—The Carroll Hall Specials defeated the Specials of St. Joseph's Hall by a score of 30 to 5 Thursday afternoon. Sunday the Specials defeated Cavanagh's team from Brownson Hall in a one-sided game.

—James Taylor is preparing a series of lectures to be delivered during vacation. He has ordered a lantern and views for illustration. The lectures will be given under the auspices of charity associations.

—The Anti-Specials defeated Morrissey's team Thursday. Score, 13 to 11. Armijo of the Antis made two home runs and three hits out of five times at bat. Sunday the Antis defeated Kelly's team—25 to 5.

—The Temperance Society held their regular monthly meeting last Sunday night. An informal discussion by the members of "Prohibition in the vicinity of colleges," made the meeting one of considerable interest. Reverend Father Cavanaugh and Prof. Carmody were invited and delivered short addresses.

—The pastoral and love ballads that have held the boys enwrapped in the evenings have given way to stirring war songs, and the smoking rooms, re-echoing with "Sherman's March" and the like, might well be mistaken for a bivouac.

—The boat crews begin active training next

week. The crews have been picked, and the contest will be interesting, as the races will be between crews of Brownson and Sorin Halls. Charlie Niezer will captain the Sorin crew, Oliver Tong the Brownson crew.

—It has been suggested that Brother Leopold put his I. O. U. tickets in the corner-stone of the new gym. The suggestion is particularly appropriate, as it would be an autograph collection of every student in the school. The corner-stone committee should wait upon him and urge the matter.

—Waldo Healy received a letter last week from his brothers who are *en route* to the Klondike. They had passed about a mile the place where the avalanche buried fifty people. They heard the rumble of the slide, and returned to help rescue the victims. Their provisions were carried away by the avalanche.

—The Michigan game was enlivened by the attendance of a large number of students from Ann Arbor, who came down to cheer for their team. They made their appearance on the field in costumes that apparently had seen service in Coxey's army. Their journey here was made in a refrigerator box car and on a blind baggage car. They were a jolly crowd, and their enthusiastic rooting put life in the game.

—Two Carroll Hall boys were overheard talking about the income tax debate. The first one asked: "What was that inquisitorial they talked about?" The other scratched his head awhile, and replied: "Well, *in* means 'aint' in Latin, so it must mean ain't quisitorial, whatever that is. You have heard fellows talking about life insurance, that means that life ain't sure. I tell you a fellow learns a lot in Latin."

—The old apple trees by the side of the piles of debris, where St. Joseph's Hall stood, were ignited Thursday and made a picturesque blaze. The decayed trunks were hollow, and the flames inside burst through the openings where branches had been torn away. Half a dozen fiery tongues were shooting out. The illumination attracted a large crowd. Raymond O'Malley watched it from his room, and he said it beat anything he ever saw.

—Doctor Will Grady has been experimenting on a polish for the past year, and has produced a paste that out-rivals anything in the market. His first practical experiment was on Bro. Emmanuel's bell, and it not only produced a lustre, but the tone-color of the bell is materially enhanced. He undertook the job of burnishing the dome, but the authorities objected, fearing that the reflected brilliancy would keep the Sorin Hall residents awake nights.

—Many of the students are brimming over with patriotism. Some want to go to war right away; others want to go later on. Lan Jonders is one of the others. Col. McKenzie every day expects a despatch from President Mc-

Kinley calling upon him to serve his country; and Corby says he can get ready in one hour after he is notified. All he has to do is to say good-bye on the other side of the style, and then he's ready. The Genius tells us that he will volunteer when the fourteenth one hundred thousand is called for. The Genius always makes a safe limit. There are many others willing to go to war, but they are too modest to allow their names to be made public. They say that in that case it would be hard to back out.

—On a large farm just two miles from a certain city, there once lived an ill-tempered, sordid billy-goat. He found no pleasure in life, and his face always wore that "wish I hadn't come" look. Now on this same farm was a bee-hive, and the billy-goat, remembering that he had once been stung by one of the bees, used to go daily to the hive and butt the long pole upon which it stood, thus disturbing the busy workers, and in that way taking out his revenge. One day he felt more irritable than usual, and jarred the hive so severely that the bees lost their patience, and, rushing out at him, stung him on the top of the head so severely that he was obliged to take shelter in his own apartments where he remained for a long time chagrined and regretful of what he had done. Everyone around the farm jeered him and he learned a costly lesson. Moral—Don't aggravate the bees.

—One-minute comedietta. Sorin Hall series. No III.

SCENE—Room of Lan Jonders.

Jonders begins.

"Aay, Ed, would you go to war?"

"Yes, if they'd make me a general."

"Honest?"

"Yes; would you go?"

"No; not if I was the last man."

"Coward, eh?"

"No, sir. What's the use of going in to get shot? If you get shot, you wouldn't have any glory. I'd run."

"What'll Wisconsin do without you?"

"I don't care. I won't go."

"You'll be needed."

Jonders' teeth chatter noisily.

"Well, I'll run; you can. But think of those bullets flying."

"Aw, you're a coward."

"Aw, well, I got the sense anyway."

—A few days ago a coal wagon got stuck in the sand about fifty feet from Sorin Hall where it was to have been unloaded. The horses tugged away but to no avail, and finally the driver began to dump the coal on the ground and from there carry it by hand to the coal-bin. The *Genius* chanced to see the man carrying in the chunks of coal, and after silently upbraiding him for his stupidity, threw up his window and yelled: "I say, there, Mr. Coal-heaver, why don't you drive up closer to the coal-bin and

you won't have to carry the coal so far?" [We won't quote the coal-heaver's reply to this brilliant remark; suffice it to say, that it is fortunate for the *Genius* that he was on the third floor.]

NOTRE DAME ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION:

We are in need of fast men for our Flying Squadron. It has been suggested to me that I might obtain some of your foot-racers, particularly Flyer. I have seen pictures of his motion, and I am led to believe that he is no land-lubber. If I am correct in my information that he is a flier out of a job, used the enclosed postage stamp to defray the immediate transmission of him to the navy department, tip it off to him quietly that a good time goes with the job.

Yours,

T. ROOSIE VELTBOD.

Com. Chicago River Squadron.

—The Total Abstinence Society held an interesting meeting Sunday evening. The discussion as to what would be the most effectual means to abolish the use of intoxicating beverages at colleges, brought out the fact that many of the members possessed oratorical ability. The talks of Messrs. Barry, Duperier and McCollum were especially noteworthy. After the members had expressed their views on the subject, Professor Carmody gave an interesting talk, in which he described the drinking customs at some modern universities. He was followed by the Rev. Father Cavanaugh, who closed the discussion with a short talk in his usually brilliant style. A vote was then taken that resulted in adopting the local option system as the only means of effecting permanent total abstinence from alcoholic drink among students.

—The South Bend people were treated with a "sure nuff" sensation on Thursday. A. Herton and Melaney rode wildly through the thoroughfare of that city on a two-seated tandem. Their terrific pace aroused the suspicion of a policeman who started in pursuit, but their speed was too accelerated for his foot motion, so he sprang into a buggy standing near. It was Tommy Hoban's speed horse, and the way old "Malachi" went up and down in the air he tore time and distance to pieces—also the buggy. The suspects were overtaken half way up the hill. Their frantic explanation that they were not the long and the short man wanted in Chicago had no effect on the stolid policeman; they were manacled to a treebox and searched. A temperance button found on Melaney's person was sufficient evidence to connect him with the college, so he was let go. A. Herton was taken back to the station and measured, but he was found to be a foot longer than the long man wanted, and his liberty was given to him. A warning was then given them not to appear together again in public or a similar mistake might be made.

—It may be of interest to the student body to look over the rankings of the individual judges in the Inter-Hall debating contest held last Wednesday evening. We give, therefore, a tabulated account of the same. The figures given indicate the rank and not the grade of the contestants. The figure 1 means that the contestant mentioned has won first place, and this mark is, therefore, a better one than either 2 or 3, which indicate the 2d and 3d places, respectively. Both argument and delivery are taken into account, and in accordance with this system the results of the recent debate are as follows:

ARGUMENT.						
JUDGES	AFFIRMATIVE.			NEGATIVE.		
	Maloy	Barry	Duperier	Wurzer	Dréher	Niezer
Rev. J. W. Clarke	6	1	1	4	5	1
L. G. Tong	6	4	1	2	5	3
A. L. Brick	3	2	1	5	6	3
Total	15	7	3=25	11	16	7=34
DELIVERY.						
"	5	3	1	4	6	2
"	2	4	1	6	5	3
"	3	1	1	5	6	3
Total	10	9	3=22	15	17	8=40
Sum of ranks	47			74=27		
Balance in favor of affirmative.						

The success of Brownson and St. Joseph's Halls in this debate is largely, if not exclusively, due to the thoroughness of their training. The students of these halls began preparation on this question early in January, and decided by a contest among themselves in February who should have the honor of meeting Sorin Hall in the final. The three gentlemen who were successful won their places against large competition in this preliminary. They were thoroughly prepared on both sides of the question, and every one of them had publicly debated on the negative before meeting Sorin Hall on the affirmative. Their training was therefore most complete.

In Sorin Hall the case was quite different. The representatives of this place had no previous training, and their first public debate on the question was the final one of Wednesday night. The reason for this is in the surprising fact that from all Sorin Hall there were but three candidates for the honor of representing her in the contest. There was, therefore, no preliminary debate. The case went by default, and the candidates lacked all that training which is so necessary for success. For such scanty preparation as this, it must be said that the Sorin Hall representatives did very creditable work indeed, and they have exhibited latent powers of discussion which might well be envied by more experienced speakers.