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## To a Crucifix.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

THOU book of books wherein we read  
The life of Christ, God's only Son,  
Whose bitter death on Calvary  
A home eternal for us won.  
  
To study thee my life is giv'n,  
To learn from Thee all I should know,  
That, learning, I may walk as Christ  
Through earth's dark pilgrimage of woe.

## Our Study Windows.

JOHN MILTON.

PERHAPS the greatest name in the long and famous roll of English writers is that of Milton. Critics differ widely on this point—some maintaining that the "thousand-souled" Shakspeare comes first, others that "Paradise Lost" places the "Blind Poet" ahead. If the dramatic and the heroic elements are to come under one judgment, it is difficult to decide the precedence.

John Milton was born in London in the year 1608. Even in childhood he was remarkable for depth of thought and mental ability. He was fortunate in having a tutor who thoroughly appreciated his talents, and who did all in his power to foster them. So successful was the result that at the age of twelve he was able to write good Latin and Greek verses. At the age of sixteen he entered Christ's College, Cambridge, and after eight years of study therein left it—perhaps the most gifted man the soil of England ever bore—being familiar not only with all the higher mathematics, music, theology and philosophy, but also nearing perfection in Latin,

Greek, Hebrew, French, Italian and Spanish. After leaving college he spent five years at his father's country seat in Buckinghamshire, perfecting himself in mathematics, music, literature and the sciences. During this period of retirement he wrote "Comus," which some consider his best work.

Owing no doubt to such excessive study his sight became impaired, and in the year 1650, he grew totally blind.

"Paradise Lost," his greatest but not generally considered his most attractive work, appeared in 1667. In a few words we may say that it is a description of the first two sins,—the revolt of the angels and the fall of man; or, as Taine says: "It is the dream of a Puritan fallen asleep over the first few pages of the Bible." Had the subject of "Paradise Lost" been undertaken by a mind less gifted than that of Milton it is probable that the solemnity and religious aspect of the poem would cause extreme weariness to its readers, especially to those of the present age. But the poem, as Milton has given it to us, is as a picture in which are blended the softening colors of Raphael with the bold strokes of Michael Angelo; or, as an organ in whose voice mingles in harmony the sighing of the trees with the rumbling of the thunder. However, in studying the poem as a sacred epic, we are struck with the want of reverence with which Milton handles such sacred mysteries, and shocked at his imparting heroic grandeur and other admirable attributes to Satan and other members of the rebel host, which treatment might impress us with a sense of misplaced respect, and even a feeling of admiration. We know that this is wrong, for as God is the personification of all that is good, so Satan is the personification of all that is wicked. Read closely Milton's description of Beelzebub.

What could be more sublime than Milton's description of this devil? What a pity that such a sublimity of language and expression should be bestowed on such an unworthy object! On the other hand I do not see how the poet can be justified for the material tone he has infused into his description of the faithful angels. But my interest in "Paradise Lost" lags after the first two books. Probably this is owing to the nature of the subject of the poem, which is, to a great extent, removed from human interest. One can not but feel that the grand imagination of the "organ voice of England" would have swayed a greater number of readers had the poet adopted a former conception dealing with King Arthur. However, as it is, "Paradise Lost" is a wonderful poem, and without a doubt the masterpiece of the master mind of the seventeenth century.

"Comus" too is an excellent work. Written in the early part of Milton's life, when fears were few, hopes many, love and fervor strong, and imagination vivid, it portrays the real character of its author,—a character then without alloy, and pure as the gold of the pillars of Heaven.

Milton's odes and sonnets are noted for their grace and beauty and fervent feeling, and are equal to any in the English language. Throughout all his work, Milton is strictly original—reminiscences of his vast reading notwithstanding—and the long, solemn, and majestic roll of his style, though often imitated has not been equalled.

CHAS. L. O'DONNELL.

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SAMUEL COLERIDGE.

**S**AMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE was born about the year 1772 of a very respectable family. All through his youth he was a quiet, dreamy boy; associating very little with other boys, and often stealing off to read a book or to struggle with a knight of his own imagination. This strange conduct was perhaps due to his quaint and dreamy nature, and perhaps to his delicate health, which prevented him from taking part in rude sports. As he grew up, this disposition never left him, and therefore he had few associates. Nevertheless, he numbered among these few friends Wordsworth, one of the greatest poets of the time. It is believed that Coleridge and Wordsworth wishing to make a tour were short of funds, and in order to make up for this deficiency, they resolved to write some

poems which could be disposed of at a goodly sum. To this end, the poem of the Ancient Mariner was planned and written almost entirely by Coleridge, Wordsworth contributing but one or two ideas.

The poem describes in graceful language the voyage of an ancient mariner and his companions into the Antarctic region. Soon after setting out, they were attacked by a fierce storm which assailed them for several days, and finally drove them into the land of snow and ice. When the wind abated, they were lying upon a very calm ocean. Thus they lay for several days without seeing any human being or creature. At last the monotony was broken by the appearance of an albatross, which stayed with them day and night, and which seemed to bring good luck with it. It grew so tame that it would eat from the mariner's hands. But one day, the mariner, not having anything else to do, shot the albatross. He had killed one of God's creatures and his punishment began. Day and night he and his companions were plagued with heat and thirst and the power of avenging spirits; and the crew cursed him for his deed.

At length the other sailors were killed by some mysterious agency, and then their dead bodies cursed him. Soon two spirits, Death and Life in Death, gambled for the mariner, and Life in Death won. Then indeed his punishment began in earnest. Half living and half dead, he suffered agony which can be conceived only by such minds as Coleridge's. When the spirits thought that he had undergone sufficient punishment for killing one of their fellows, they ceased from their torture and allowed him to pray. They then brought him back to his native country, and when he was only a few rods from land they suddenly sank the ship with its dead crew, but they allowed him to get safely to shore. After this he was a changed man. He had a long grey beard and glittering eye, which gave him a weird, startling appearance. He was compelled by some unknown power to wander through the world, relating his story to certain persons, that they might profit by his experience. The poet describes his relating his story to a certain wedding guest, who was so held by those piercing eyes of his that he was fixed to the ground and could not proceed to the feast. He had to stop and listen to the mariner's story, even though he could hear the merry din a few rods distant.

The poem in itself is the strangest I have

ever read. All the events in it are far removed from reality, and I doubt whether any other poet wrote a poem so preternatural and mysterious. Though Coleridge did not write with a moral in view, the poem contains a pleasing lesson. This lesson is contained in a stanza which tells us to love all creatures, great and small; but it is felt far more in the spirit of the whole poem. The stanza to which I allude, and which made an effect on me, is as follows:

He prayeth well who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast;  
He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

GALLITZEN FARABAUGH.

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JOSEPH ADDISON.

**A**T a little rectory in Wiltshire, England, on May 1, 1672, there was born a child who was destined to stand out clearly and distinctly as the greatest essayist of his time. Finishing his education at Magdalen College, he began to write at the age of twenty-one. The interval between that and his thirty-second year may be called the first stage of his life as a man of letters. Up to that time he had chosen no profession, although at first he intended becoming a clergyman more probably to fulfil his father's wishes than from any desire of his own. During this interval several poems, compositions and translations were his sole attempts as an author, and he hardly earned enough to keep himself alive. Indeed, while travelling on the continent he was obliged several times by want of money to hire out as a tutor.

Shortly after Marlborough's great victory at Blenheim it seems that Godolphin expressed to Lord Halifax a desire to have the great duke's fame extended by a poetical tribute. Halifax recommended Addison, and consequently the poet's first great work, "The Campaign," was written. It was received with tremendous enthusiasm by the English people.

Thus his career as a political man was begun, and he was at the height of his fame when he began writing for the *Spectator*. To show how much good Addison was able to accomplish by this paper it must be understood to what a low condition society had fallen at this time. The stage especially was so immoral that when women were among the audience, which was very seldom, they wore masks. Some of the most foolish and ridiculous

customs had crept into daily life. To eradicate these faults and follies was the principal aim of the *Spectator*.

To modern readers it seems almost impossible that the quiet and unobtrusive manner in which Addison handled his weapons would be more effective than the vigorous measures taken by other reformers,—Jeremy Collier for instance. Nevertheless, he gauged the times correctly. It is very well known that a calm swordsman is often more dangerous than a hectoring one. This was verified in Addison's case. Everything that appeared to him foolish or immoral he held up to ridicule, and he did it in such a clever manner that even those whom he exposed were often brought to laugh at themselves. In this way, little by little, people began to see the follies of their ways and eventually to change them. Thus Addison has probably exercised more influence through literature over the lives of men and women of his time than any other man in any other sphere of action.

But though he has many merits, he is, like the rest of men, not without his failings. Several of his poems, noticeably "The Drummer," although regarded as excellent in his day, are now looked upon as having nothing particularly meritorious in them. He seems to be rather a failure as a poet. He has neither the dash and force of Dryden nor the elegant ease and polish of Pope.

There have been many attempts in later years to imitate the style of Addison, but so far all have hopelessly failed. Elegance, simplicity, humor, gentle satire and the happy faculty of throwing an indefinable charm over everything he touched are a combination of traits that individualize his essays and keep them unapproachable. And so the name of Joseph Addison, although it belongs to a bygone stage of society, will always be remembered by a grateful posterity as that of a man who, gifted with unusual powers, used them to the noblest purpose—that of striving to make his fellow-creatures better.

ED. A. McDONALD.

#### Life's Story.

Just a little sunshine,  
Just a little rain,  
Just a little pleasure.  
Just a little pain,  
Just a budding flower;  
Just one, withered, old,  
Just a few words needed,  
And Life's tale is told.

C. L.

## The Sacred Heart.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

Thou birthplace of mercy,  
 Thou prison of love,  
 Thou source of all blessings  
 Which flow from above,  
 Oh! grant me to love Thee,  
 Sweet Heart of God's Son,  
 That when Death approaches,  
 And Life's work is done,  
 No sighs may escape me,  
 No bitter tears fall,  
 But may I with pleasure  
 Respond to Death's call.

## Little Joe.

CLARENCE J. KENNEDY.

**M**ORNING paper, sir? *Tribune, Record,* or *Times-Herald*?" This is the way little Joe sold papers. He was noted by his patrons for his politeness, and every morning, just as regular as the clock, he was on hand to supply his customers with the morning news. He stood near the court-house, and the old venerable judges as well as the bright young lawyers were his friends.

Little Joe was an orphan, and just twelve years old; but he had an eye to business, and always wanted to become a judge. One day as he was standing near the court-house, one of his old friends, a judge of the supreme court, asked him whether he wanted to earn a quarter.

"Yes, sir," Joe replied, his face beaming with joy, and his little heart beating against his breast as if to seek an exit.

"Well Joe," continued the judge, "I want you, then, to come with me to my office and carry a message to the mayor."

The little fellow straightened up and walked alongside the judge, as if he were a government messenger. Finally they reached the judge's office, and Joe hesitated to go in.

"Come right in my little man," said his friend in a kind tone.

"Yes, sir," little Joe replied, looking up into the gray face.

"Sit down, Joe, and make yourself at home," said the judge, smiling; "here are some books you may look at, if you wish."

"Thank you, sir," said Joe, seating himself;

and, picking up a large book, he started to read. He grew so interested that he did not hear the judge speak to him. This pleased the judge very much; for he saw that had this little waif the opportunity to study he would not idle his time. So he called him again.

"Now then, Joe, I want you to take this message directly to the mayor, and give it to no one else; you understand? They are very important papers."

"Yes, sir, and if the mayor is not in I will bring them back."

"That's right, my little man."

When Joe had left the room the judge sat looking after him, and wondering whether this boy was really what he looked to be.

"I'll try him," he muttered. He telephoned the mayor, informing him of the little messenger, and asked him to try to get the papers away from the boy through somebody else.

At the mayor's office they tried all sorts of schemes to get the papers from Joe; but he stuck to his word until the mayor came himself, when Joe delivered his package in a business-like way. He returned directly to the judge's office to receive his reward.

The judge cross-examined him, and found out Joe was an orphan. The heart of the old man was touched as Joe told him his story.

"Would you like to work for me?" asked the judge.

"Yes, sir; I should be pleased to work where I could get books to read. I should like to become a judge."

This pleased the old man very much and he laughed heartily.

"Well, my son, you may start to work immediately, and read all the books you please. You may come home to live with me if you wish."

This almost scared the boy, for he had never dreamed of such good luck.

As time went on Joe worked so diligently that the judge sent him to school; and then to college where he passed through his work with flying colors to the great joy of his benefactor. Little Joe soon rose to the bench, but always kept a corner in his heart for newsboys.

## Life.

Life is but a passing day-dream,  
 Bright or happy as the clouds;  
 We who now are blithe and happy,  
 May to-morrow be in shrouds.

## In the Open.

## A SHORT CUT.

HELLO, John! Did you have a good time last Saturday?"

"Well, a fairly good time; but a little too exciting for me. Wait a minute and I'll tell you all about it. On Friday night we got everything ready so that we should be able to start early the next morning, which was Saturday. I was the first up at our house, and fearing that Edward and Bob would not hear their alarm, I went down to their house and awoke them myself. By the time we were ready to start it was five o'clock, and as White's pond is only a mile from our house, we arrived there about a quarter after five.

"We had good luck the first two hours; but after that, whether on account of the appearance of the sun or what, I don't know, we couldn't get another fish, and we decided to go back home. Bob and Edward didn't want to return by the road, so we took a short cut through a farmer's fields. In doing this, however, we got into trouble, for we were unknowingly walking through a water-melon patch. The owner of the farm seeing us and taking us for darkies after water-melons set the dog loose on us. We dropped everything, even the fish, and ran as fast as our legs could carry us to some trees. Bob, who was the last, was about half-way up the trunk of a tree, when the dog giving a smart leap caught him by the coat-tail. The pallor of death was on Bob's face, but the ferocity of a demon in that of his appendix. The grim contrast lasted till the farmer, whom I happened to know, hurried up at my familiar voice, and pulled away the catastrophe. The farmer, was visibly affected, and very profuse in his apologies; he explained to us that his water-melon patch was plagued by niggers. Bob is now known as the short cut nigger."

LAURENCE H. LUREN.

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## A WESTERN RANCH.



NE of the chief objects in running a ranch is the raising and shipment of live-stock, chiefly cattle and horses. As a rule, the larger ranches are owned by an incorporate company living in a state farther east, who have a competent man in charge, known as the foreman. He has full control, and from him all orders are received.

A ranch in size ranges from one thousand acres up. In a grazing country the population is very small, and in consequence railroads are not numerous and stations are few and far between. The ranches sometimes are situated thirty or forty miles from a railroad. Very few buildings are built on these immense ranges for several reasons. One is, shelter is seldom needed unless in the extreme northwest. There sheds are erected once in awhile as protection against the wintry blasts, but as a rule the cowboy depends on some neighboring draw or canyon for shelter for his herd in case of a blizzard. Another reason is that materials for erecting substantial shelter are very scarce. The most pretentious building on a ranch is generally a shanty, eighteen feet by thirteen, which is the foreman's office, parlor, dining-room, kitchen and sleeping room. From this hut the foreman gives all his orders pertaining to the movements and disposition of the different herds, which are watched over, guarded and kept together by cowboys.

This unique class of men seem to be recruited from almost every nation in the world. Irish, English, German and Mexican nationalities are found on almost every ranch. A cowboy always enjoys the best of health, is capable of enduring the severest hardships, is an accurate marksman with revolver or carbine, and above all, an excellent horseman. His horse he regards as his best friend, and if they are on arduous duty together the rider is ever solicitous for the welfare of his steed. One of these men will leave the "shack," as the foreman's house is called, with a side of bacon and flour sufficient to last ten days in company with his wiry broncho and not be seen or heard from for a fortnight. He is accustomed to all sorts of weather, and can sleep on the damp ground with their saddle for a pillow better than on a bed of down.

As civilization advances many of these large ranges are being divided and fenced in by wire fences; still many miles of prairie are as yet uninhabited, save for the grazing of herds of live stock. Life on a ranch in regard to health is of the best. The fare is coarse but healthful and strength giving. The hours are convenient, and above all the air is wholesome and pure. Many men broken down in body have commenced life anew on a ranch, and when they returned to their old haunts, were scarcely recognizable, so great was the improvement in their health.

FRANCIS B. HUGHES.

## ON TREES.

**C**HIEF among the beautiful things of nature rank trees. In the summer there is nothing one's eyes can rest on more charming than a group of green trees, and in the winter, when the pines are draped in their shrouds of snow, what sight is prettier? No one would attend the parks during hot days if there were no trees to offer their refreshing shade; and if the parks are taken away from us, we can get but little pleasure out of summer.

Trees, besides being charming and refreshing, are also useful in many different ways. They give shade to the flowers and plants; they are used by the birds as places for nests, and supply fuel to man. From trees is procured a commodity of everyday use. Our houses, barns, stables, furniture, vehicles, and many of the requirements of life are supplied by trees. Like animals, trees must be cared for if we desire them to reach perfection. They must be trimmed and cleaned in the spring; in the winter they must be bound with straw and bags to keep the frost away from them.

Since trees are productive of so much good they are worth the care we give them. The government accordingly has created a special department in its policy, and goes to great expense for the preservation and cultivation of trees. Moreover, to encourage a similar spirit among the people, it has set apart a day of the year, called "Arbor Day," for the planting of trees. On this day the lovers of nature go to the parks to plant their trees. No small portion of the prosperity of our nation is to be attributed to trees. Who can number the individuals that have filled their coffers from the forests of our broad land? Myriads of the working classes would be in sorry straits were it not for the employment they procure in our timber producing states. Our navy, our merchant vessels, our railway tracks, our implements of agriculture, many of our tools and instruments of production, and a great deal of our commerce owe a large part of their existence to trees.

How inspiring is the clinging brotherhood of trees! Those silent teachers are ever inculcating lessons of cheerful companionship, union and helpfulness to the hearts of men. A solitary tree is like an insult to nature. He who made them, made them to live together and strive in peaceful rivalry ever to mount higher and point the way to noble aspirations.

LOUIS S. DE LONE.

## The Power of Love.

## OUT OF THE FRYING PAN INTO THE FIRE.

**J**AMES PHELPS, who had been making love to a widow, came home one night looking very happy. When asked why he was so cheerful, he replied, "I have won my love."

Three years have elapsed; Phelps is now living with his wife in a little cottage near Lake Michigan. There have been frequent quarrels between the pair.

At last the turning point in Phelps' life has come. After an unusually heated quarrel the wife is seen to leave her house and go directly to her attorney's office. Here she has a long interview with the lawyer. A few days later she receives a grant of divorce.

Though separated from his wife Phelps was not disheartened. He had already resolved to seek another, and with this intention he went to Chicago. Here he became acquainted with a beautiful young girl. The acquaintance soon ripened into friendship; then into love, and finally they were married.

When the bridal tour was over Phelps' wife wrote to her mother announcing that she and her husband would give a grand party in honor of their marriage at which she requested her presence.

When the day set for the party arrived, a stylish-looking carriage drove up to the door of Phelps' house, and an elderly woman stepped from it into the reception-room. After waiting for about five minutes she was welcomed by the bride and taken to be presented to Mr. Phelps. When Phelps caught sight of the face of his wife's mother he started as if shot, for in that face he recognized his former wife—his actual mother-in-law.

FRED. J. WEIDMANN.

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## HER NARROW ESCAPE.

**F**LORENCE WERK was the belle of the season at Oldport, the fashionable summer resort. Beautiful, rich and accomplished as she was, it was no wonder she had many suitors. But though rich and poor, Americans and foreigners, had sought her hand, she had refused them all. To tell the truth, Florence was somewhat of an egotist and had not seen a man who suited her exactly. She had two companions who were



nearly always with her: Ardel Hoy and Mabel Rushman. Mabel was quiet and reserved, while Ardel was gay and frivolous.

One day there was great stir at Oldport. Tom Seabrook, the American golf champion, had arrived, and with him came his friend Harry Blake, the famous full-back on the Yale team in '97. It was evident that Tom and Harry were the lions of the season. Though all the girls tried in every conceivable manner to win their attentions, Tom and Harry, polite to everyone, were wholly centred in Florence. When not with Florence, Tom could be found with Mabel; and Harry also was attentive to Ardel.

One evening while waiting on the veranda of the hotel for the ladies, Tom and Harry overheard a conversation between two gossips who did not notice their presence. So taken up with this new bit of gossip were the two talkers that their voices rose above the noises of the hotel, and Tom and Harry could hear every word. They roundly censured Florence. They called her a heartless flirt, and said that Tom and Harry would be thrown over in a day or two like the rest. Tom said not a word, but rose, and, going into the hotel lobby, began to walk up and down. At last he resolved to propose to Florence the next day and to Mabel if Florence delayed to consent. Harry had walked out into the night, and when he returned he had resolved to propose to Florence the next day, and if he was not accepted immediately to propose to Ardel. The following day Tom followed out his determination, and when Florence asked for time to consider he walked away. Florence sat thinking and had decided to accept Tom when she was surprised to hear Harry come up and, without any preparation, ask her to be his wife. Florence grew confused. She replied that she could not answer then, but would do so at eight o'clock that evening. Harry bit his lip at this reply and walked slowly away.

Poor Florence was in a dilemma. She sat in her room until evening thinking over the matter. At last she came to the conclusion that Tom was the one she loved best. When she had satisfied herself on this point she prepared for dinner. After dinner she returned to her room, but was barely seated when the door opened and in walked Mabel who was visibly excited.

"Why, dear, what is the matter?" exclaimed Florence, seeing the flush in her friend's face.

"It's happened!" answered Mabel.

"It? Pray enlighten me. What is it?"

"He proposed and I accepted him. But, Florence, I always thought he cared for you—"

"Stop," cried Florence; "enough of your riddles. Who is 'he'? Explain yourself."

"Why, Tom Seabrook," answered Mabel.

"Tom Sea—! no fooling now—you are just joking?"

"Certainly not! Why, here's the ring! But I must go and tell the rest of the girls. Good-bye, dear."

Mabel ran off, and for several minutes Florence sat as one dazed. Then she arose and paced up and down the room. At last she was calm again, but she could not account for Tom's deception. She was at first tempted to tell Mabel all. On second thought she resolved not to do so, but just to go down to the parlor at eight o'clock and give Harry an affirmative answer, just as if nothing had happened.

As she was leaving her room she met another young girl who stopped her.

"I suppose you have heard the news, Florence."

"What news?" asked Florence.

"Why Ardel's engagement; we all thought—"

"Engaged to whom?" interrupted Florence.

"Why to Harry Blake, to be sure."

Florence turned and re-entered her room, threw herself upon the bed and cried until she was exhausted. Then she fell asleep.

Next day Ardel and Mabel were surprised to receive a note from Florence which ran as follows:

DEAR GIRLS:—I am called to Europe most unexpectedly. Congratulations on your engagements.—Florence.

When Tom and Harry heard this they breathed much easier.

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THE sun-ship crosses the western gilded sea,  
The starlit beacons night-long vigil keep,  
The silvered moon drifts slowly in the lee,  
The world lies silent in the gloomy deep.


E. J. M.

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WHEN skies are gray instead of blue,  
When troubles come, as oft they do,  
When clouds conceal the sun's bright shining,  
Remember clouds have silver lining.

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THE waters, rippling as they flow,  
Are sparkling in the morning light  
Like diamond's gleam, like ruby's glow,  
Like stars in depth of Summer's night.—C. O'D.

Apud Barbaros.

## SNAKE DANCE.

NE of the many attractions of sunny Arizona is the Snake Dance of the Moqui Indians. This religious ceremony has often been witnessed, but never, I believe, described.

The snake dance takes place every year about the month of August, in one of the villages of the Moqui tribe. The best snake men are said to be those of the village of Walpi, which is situated on a mesa six hundred feet high in the northern part of the territory. The Moquis regard the snake with reverence, as their maternal ancestor belonged to the "snake people." The Snake Dance is a prayer for rain and the ceremonies used are considered necessary to propitiate "those above" who control the elements, so that refreshing showers descend upon the otherwise barren fields.

The men who take part in this dance fast for three days previous, and devote that time to snake-hunting. As the snakes have to take part with their "younger brothers," the Moquis, in the petition for rain, they must undergo a process of purification. A few hours before the open air dance, all the snakes are washed in the underground kive. Very few have ever witnessed the washing of the snakes. Only those who belong to the Snake Order are allowed to be present thereat.

The dance begins at four in the afternoon. The grounds having been previously swept branches of cottonwood are placed against the quaint structure near a wonderful pillar of erosion, called the Moquis' Sacred Rock. In front of these branches is dug a deep hole and some boards placed over it, so arranged that when one steps on them a hollow sound is produced.

When everything is in readiness the antelope men—a minor order of the snake men—appear, some with sacred meal, others with rattles, still others bearing large feathers. They follow the minister who carries a basin of water which he sprinkles round the dancing grounds. The procession moves in front of the cottonwood tree and the dancers stamp their feet on the boards to notify the spirits of the underworld of their presence. They form in file on each side of the trees and await the coming of the snake men. Soon is heard the unmistakable tramp which heralds their approach. They look fierce

and warlike. They pass the antelope men for some distance and wheel back till they are in front of the trees, then stamp their feet on the boards as the antelope men did, and draw up in line opposite them. Now they are ready to begin the dance, which consists in raising the right foot and swaying the body from side to side, beating time with a rattle and accompanying their movements with a monotonous chant.

Now comes the most exciting and interesting scene. One of the men lifts the bag of snakes, and hands them to his companions, who handle them with a readiness and freedom that seems astounding. Some are seen with two or three snakes in their mouths, and the sight is "as thrilling as it is hideous and as exciting as it repulsive." Some two hundred snakes are used in one of these dances, and examination has proved that the fangs and poison glands are in normal and deadly condition both during the washing ceremony and at the close of the dance.

The dancers proceed in double file, one man holding the snake while the other attracts the attention of the reptile with a feather he carries. The feather acting as a charm, keeps the snakes from biting the one holding them. There are, generally, about ten Moqui girls on one side of the enclosure, holding baskets of sacred meal. Every time a snake dancer passes them they scatter some of the meal. The snake holders now throw their pets into the ring which the antelope men have made with sacred meal, and the girls cast the rest of the meal over them. Then all make a rush for the snakes, and, taking as many as they can hold, run down the hill. When they reach the base they fling the snakes in every direction and a general melee ensues.

On their return trip from down the mesa they drink of a medicine prepared by the women, and also bathe themselves with it. The medicine is of such efficacy that it serves as an antidote to snake bite. How and from what it is produced is known only to themselves. Many have vainly endeavored to force the Moquis to disclose the secret; it would be a boon to humanity to possess a remedy for rattlesnake poison.

After the performance the snake men and the antelope men adjourn to their respective kives, and there await the women who are to bring them the much needed food. Every woman from the three villages of the mesa contributes something, so that the dancers feast to satiety.

LORENZO HUBBELL.



## A Glance at Notre Dame.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL.

WHILE visiting relatives in South Bend I was taken out to Notre Dame. We turned off South Bend Avenue onto Notre Dame Avenue. The latter is about two miles long, straight, wide, shady and pleasant. About the only traffic over it is that carried by the "Notre Dame and St. Mary's Bus Line," the wagons of the farmers on their way to the city, and the provision wagons belonging to the institution.

The road leads straight to the college gate where it divides into two branches which ultimately lead up to the porch in front of the Main Building. Here we alighted, and, before entering the building, ascended the stone steps and gazed admiringly around us. To the right is the Church of the Sacred Heart, a gem of architecture, with its steeple towering into the sky. Below the church, farther south, is Sorin Hall, named after the founder of the institution. More to the right and still farther south are St. Joseph's Hall and the manual labor shops. In the distance we could see the peaks and spires of St. Mary's Academy, and nearer to us the dome of Holy Cross Seminary, situated on the banks of St. Mary's Lake. St. Mary's Lake is a beautiful sheet of water, which, when it catches the beams of the sun, looks like an open casket of rare jewels. To our left is Music Hall, Science Hall, Hall of Mechanical Engineering, Astronomical Observatory, the new and the old gymnasias. All these buildings are in the Gothic style of architecture, and, like all the university buildings, are made of yellow brick. Tastefully grouped together as they are, they make a very pretty picture with the sky and the undulating horizon for a background.

The Main Building, which is four stories high, is surmounted by a golden dome with a colossal statue of the Blessed Virgin. This building has, besides its architectural attractions, many other beauties. In the main corridor of the first floor the walls are decorated with mural paintings from the life of Columbus, by Gregori. The first floor contains the parlors, some private rooms, a few class-rooms, the Brownson and Carroll study-halls and the Students' Office. From the mosaic pavement of the first floor one may, by stretching his neck to a painful angle, look

into the interior of the dome which is decorated with allegorical pictures, also by Gregori. The walls of the main corridor of the second floor are decorated with fine oil-paintings of the bishops of the United States. This floor contains class-rooms, professors' rooms, a lecture and society room. The main object of interest on the third floor is the Lemonnier Library, which contains over 60,000 volumes, and a collection of old relics and curios, chiefly ecclesiastical vestiments, precious chalices, documents and coins. This collection is called the "Catholic Archives of America." On this floor are two dormitories and an excellent painting of the "Nativity," by Gregori. The fourth floor contains the Art Room and two more dormitories, also cases of ancient relics and curios.

The Church of the Sacred Heart is too beautiful to describe. Its attractions to be appreciated must be seen. It is a dream of paradise in art.

We next enter Corby Hall, a large spacious building containing private rooms for advanced students. From the rear of the third floor we obtained a good view of St. Joseph's Lake and St. Joseph's Novitiate on its banks. We did not visit Sorin Hall as we were told that it is on the same plan as Corby Hall. Music Hall is a pretty building, both within and without. Within it is decorated in pale tints, and contains, on the lower floor, the reading-rooms of Brownson and Carroll Halls. Science Hall is roomy, well-ventilated and well-lighted. I was impressed with the scrupulous cleanliness of it, as well as that of all the university buildings.

The new gymnasium is one of the best in the country, and I enjoyed my visit to it very much. The Infirmary is in the rear of the college grounds and near it is St. Edward's Hall. The latter is a building for the use of boys under thirteen years of age who are taught by the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The play-grounds and park are most beautiful in summer, and I imagine that in winter they look most dignified in their coats of snow.

During our visit to Notre Dame we were treated most hospitably and cordially. It is evident that those conducting the institution are thorough gentlemen. We were loath to leave this most beautiful spot of barren Indiana. Consoling ourselves, however, with the thought that we should visit her again, we left Notre Dame bidding her *au revoir*.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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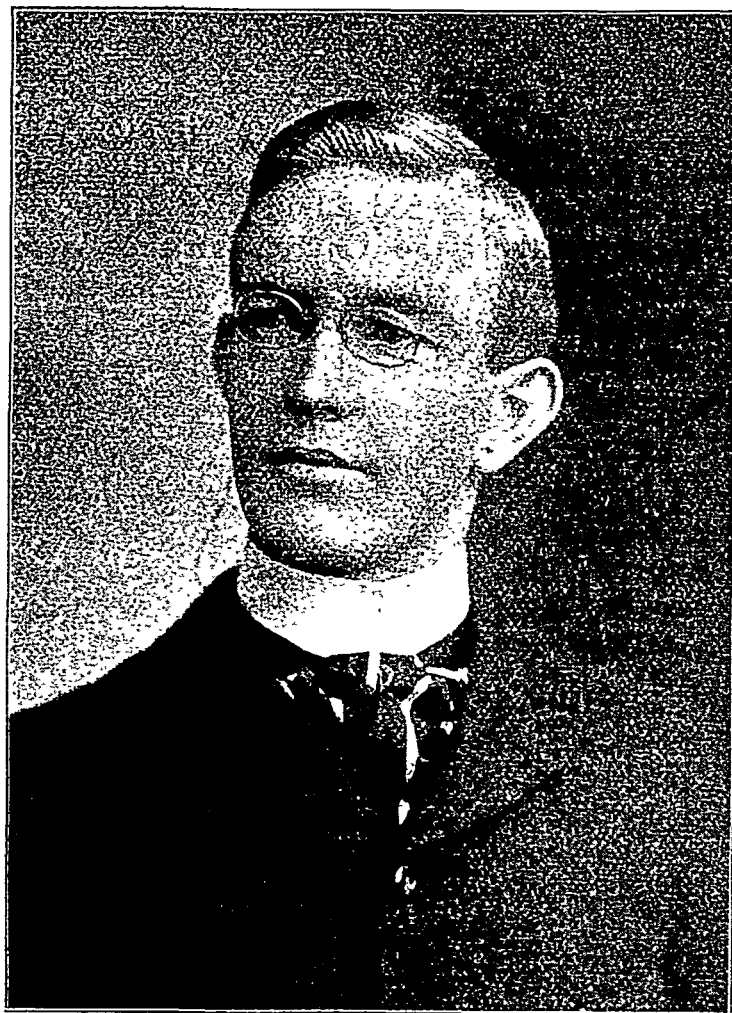
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—Last Tuesday nearly all the Faculty and the sodality members at Notre Dame went to St. Mary's to attend the funeral of Mother M. Annunciata, C. S. C. The services were conducted by the Very Rev. John Guendling, V. G. Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., preached a beautiful sermon in which he eulogized the noble characteristics of the deceased, and spoke of the necessity of death for the beginning of real life. The remains were laid to rest in the Community Cemetery.

--We announce with great pleasure the fact that Mr. Edward J. Walsh and Mr. Edward J. Yockey, both graduates of last year's law class, passed the Wisconsin state bar examination, held in Milwaukee, April 24. This announcement is the more flattering to the Notre Dame Law School on account of the fact that out of the forty-eight candidates who presented themselves for certificates only seventeen passed. We congratulate the two gentlemen, and we trust that in the practice of their profession they will be as successful as they have been in gaining admission to the bar. We also congratulate the law school, which sends forth men so skilled in the law that they succeed where so large a proportion of others fail.

## The Indianapolis-Notre Dame Debate.

We won again: this time by an unanimous decision. The subject in this second annual debate between the Universities of Indianapolis and Notre Dame was: "Resolved, That the formation of trusts should be opposed by legislation." The choice of the side to be defended lay first this year with Indianapolis, and they selected the negative. Mr. Edwin E. Thompson, Mr. Orval E. Mehrling and Mr. Emsley W. Johnson represented Indianapolis. These gentlemen constituted the team that defeated De Pauw in debate by an unanimous



WILLIAM A. MCINERNY.

decision a few weeks ago. Mr. Mehrling was also a member of last year's team against our men, Steele, Barry, and Schumacher, when we won at Indianapolis. Our men in the present debate were Mr. John P. Hayes, '01 (English), Mr. William A. McInerny, '01 (Law), and Mr. Paul J. Ragan, '00 (Law). The chairman was the Hon. Timothy E. Howard of South Bend, the Latare Medalist of last year and recently a judge of the Supreme Court; and the judges were Mr. M. E. Bogarte, Professor of mathematics at the Normal College of Valparaiso, Ind., the Hon. S. M. Ralston of Lebanon, Ind., noted as a civil service reformer and at present a



PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

candidate for nomination for the governorship of Indiana, and Mr. Charles A. Tuttle, Professor of Political Science at Wabash College.

Mr. Hayes opened the debate with a definition of the question under dispute, and he outlined the course of argument that his colleagues were to follow. He himself reasoned from an economic point of view; Mr. McInerny took up the political phase of the matter, and Mr. Ragan closed the presentation of the direct argument from the social side of the influence exercised by trusts.

The extremely clever training of Professor Carmody was evident from the beginning: our men worked systematically and in harmony—so much so that the three addresses made up one unified oration, ending with a really eloquent emotional appeal by Mr. Ragan as a fitting peroration. There was no useless repetition, no confusion, no overlapping of arguments. The delivery was pleasingly smooth, unembarrassed, vivid—by far the best that has been observed at Notre Dame in recent years. Our team had evidently worked with great fidelity on all the ramifications of the material; they used no notes, and their extemporaneous speaking was strikingly clever for young men. Their correct pronunciation and apt gestures were pleasing qualities of their delivery.

Mr. Hayes was clear and steady. He stands with the *latera firma*, and he uses very precise English in his most fluent extemporaneous passages. There was an attractiveness in Mr. McInerny's presence and delivery that did much to turn the judges and the audience in our favor—a touch too of vigour and confidence that impressed.

There surely can not be anything invidious in the criticism, which all will concur in, that Mr. Ragan's speech was the best example of genuine oratory heard at Notre Dame during the experience of the writer of this report. His friends in the University offer him very hearty congratulation.

Mr. Mehring among the Indianapolis debaters made the best impression. Mr. Johnson is earnest, and he showed a wide reading in the subject-matter as did his colleagues, Mr. Thompson and Mr. Mehring. The genuine merit in the methods of these gentlemen makes our victory more valuable, and it would have softened defeat had the decision been in their favor.

The perfection of method, and the unusual skill shown by our men is due entirely to Prof. Carmody, and there is no slight degree of good will toward him running through our consciousness of success. AUSTIN O'MALLEY.



JOHN P. HAYES.

Purdue, 10; Notre Dame, 7.

Of all the unexpected things that have happened since baseball was first played, Purdue's victory over a team that looked so promising at the beginning of the season is the greatest that ever came under the observation of anyone at Notre Dame. When we lost the game at Fort Wayne against experienced league players in a strange town with the crowd against us there was some excuse, but neither these nor any other unfavorable conditions were present Friday. To say that we were disappointed at the result is putting it mildly. For, judging from the practise work before the game, the chances were largely in favor of Notre Dame winning. But as soon as the game started the tables turned, and we began to fumble and to make misplays generally until it looked as if we should have another Fort Wayne performance. Our men should play better ball. Individually they are the equal of any team in the West, and they have had all the coaching possible. In Gibson and Keeley we have two excellent pitchers, who, with proper support, will win the majority of their games. But if the men behind these pitchers do not take a brace the pitchers can not win, and we are going to lose more games than this one.

By the time this account goes to print we shall have had another chance at Purdue. Not, however, with the same favorable circumstance we had here. Nevertheless, we should win. So now, fellows, let us forget these lost games, shake off the hoodoo that is clinging to us with such persistency, and recover the laurels we have lost. That northern trip of hard games with Michigan and Wisconsin is coming on apace, and unless we play far better than we have in the last two games we shall not even make a good showing.

The game Friday on the whole was played well, and was very exciting. At no time during the game, until Purdue made its final spurt in the tenth, did either side lead by more than one run. The fielding was very good at times and the batting, especially with Purdue's men, was clean and timely. Laidlaw and Robertson of Purdue distinguished themselves by executing two rapid double plays, while Bronson, besides pitching an unusually steady game, fielded his position in good form and secured two timely hits.

Fleming in left was the star performer for Notre Dame. He accepted five difficult

chances for one of which he ran nearly to the track in left center. Captain Macdonald took care of thirteen chances without an error, and most of the other men did well.

Purdue started things in the second inning. Cornell, the first man up, dropped a pretty single in left. Bronson knocked a pop up to Keeley, and David gave Fleming a chance in left. Cornell stole second, and when Morgan let Laidlaw's grounder get away from him Cornell scored. McKenzie flied out to Donahoe. One run. In the 3d Smith flied out to Farley, and Greenwich flied from Macdonald to Keeley. Robertson put a fast grounder by Lynch. Lynch fumbled Ruly's hot one, and Cornell singled to right, scoring Ruly. Bronson closed the inning with a short fly to Macdonald. One run. David started the fourth with a clean hit to left. Laidlaw flied out to Fleming. McKenzie hit to right-center, David taking third and McKenzie second on the throw to catch David. Smith, the next man up, hit a fast one at Daly, and David scored. Greenwich flied out to Macdonald. One run. Purdue was blanked in fifth, but in the next she drew three runs. Bronson walked. David struck out, but Laidlaw followed with a slashing two-base hit, scoring Bronson. McKenzie singled to left and stole second. Smith went out from Daly to Macdonald. Greenwich singled, scoring Laidlaw and McKenzie. Three runs. In the ninth Cornell was hit by a pitched ball. Bronson fowled to O'Niell and Daly threw David out at first. Laidlaw hit a fast grounder past Morgan, and Cornell crossed the plate with the tying run. In Notre Dame's half of the ninth Farley singled to left. Robertson, who received the throw in from Greenwich, concealed the ball, and Bronson took his position in the box as if he were going to pitch. The umpire discovered this, and sent Farley to second, Donahoe, who was at bat, going to first. Purdue protested and threatened to stop the game. They went so far as to get into their bus, but on second thought they came back. The umpire had given us the game, but we agreed to let the game go on.

Macdonald advanced Farley and Donahoe on a neat sacrifice. But Morgan flied to David, and Daly to Robertson, leaving the score a tie. Smith opened the tenth with a long fly to Fleming. Greenwich followed with a single to center. Robertson hit a short fly to right which Farley dropped after a hard run. Then Ruly came along with a three-base hit to

right center and Greenwich and Robertson scored. Cornell hit one past Lynch scoring Ruly. Bronson struck out, and David fled out to Robertson. Three runs. Now Notre Dame had her last chance to win. O'Neill went out from short to first. Keeley put an easy one in David's hands, and Lynch fled out to McKenzie. Notre Dame had lost, 10-7.

Purdue	0	1	1	1	0	3	0	0	1	3=10
Notre Dame	0	1	1	3	0	0	1	1	0	0=7

Two-base hit—Morgan. Three-base hits—O'Neill, Ruly. Double plays—Laidlaw to Robertson to David (2). Struck out—Purdue, 3; Notre Dame, 4. Stolen bases—Purdue, 4; Notre Dame, 4. Passed balls—O'Neill, 3; Smith, 1. Time—2:00. Umpire—Outcault.

### Indiana was Easy.

NOTRE DAME WINS—14 TO 3.

(Special to the South Bend *Tribune*.)

Bloomington, Ind., May 2.—Indiana University lost to the crack Notre Dame baseball team yesterday afternoon by a score of 14 to 3. The South Bend collegians won as they pleased, hitting the ball with regularity, and playing an almost perfect game in the field.

At no stage of the contest did Indiana have a chance to win out; Notre Dame starting in with a rush, and clinched the game in the first four innings by scoring eight runs. Porter, Indiana's much-talked about twirler, started in to pitch for his *Alma Mater*. Notre Dame's players landed on him so hard and so often that he retired at the end of the fourth in favor of Bracken. The latter did well for one inning, but in the sixth, seventh and eighth, Notre Dame treated his delivery with contempt, and the result was the scoring of six more runs.

Notre Dame secured 17 hits on the two Indiana pitchers; of these one was a triple by Lynch and one a home run by Donahoe. Notre Dame's men also stole bases as they pleased—Daly, Morgan, Donahoe, Farley, Lynch and Fleming having credit for eight, the extra going to Fleming. Only one Indiana man succeeded in eluding O'Neill's strong arm.

Keeley for Notre Dame pitched a fine game, striking out six men and keeping Indiana's few hits well scattered. Following is the score by innings:

Indiana	0	0	1	0	2	0	0	0	0=3
Notre Dame	2	1	1	4	0	2	3	1	0=14

Struck out—By Keeley, 6; by Porter, 4; by Bracken, 2. Bases on balls—Off Keeley, 4; off Bracken, 1.

### De Pauw is Defeated.

VICTORY FOR NOTRE DAME.

(Special to The South Bend *Tribune*.)

Greencastle, Ind., May 3.—De Pauw lost her first game of the season to Notre Dame yesterday afternoon, the South Benders winning by a score of 9 to 1. As De Pauw defeated Purdue by a score of 9 to 8 and vanquished Rose Polytechnic, of Terre Haute, with ease, the rooters were confident of victory, hence yesterday's defeat came as a great blow to De Pauw's supporters.

Notre Dame's team was known to be one of strength, and with Gibson in the box it was not expected that the locals would win by a large score; however, it was the general opinion that Captain Pulse would be able to keep the visitors down to a few scattered hits and hold its opponents to one or two runs, thus allowing De Pauw to cinch the State Championship. Such, however, was not to be the case, as Notre Dame proved to be even stronger than in 1899, the nine being very strong in batting and showing a superior quality of fielding than is usual in collegiate circles.

For three innings the day looked bright for De Pauw, Pulse proving a mystery to the heavy hitting men from South Bend. De Pauw, aided by an error scored in the first inning, but from then on twirler Gibson pitched a game seldom seen in this section of the country. He handled the ball in a masterful style, his control being perfect and his delivery so peculiar that De Pauw secured only six hits. From the lines it did not appear as if Gibson was exerting himself, but the opposing batsmen found it impossible to keep the ball from twisting off the bat when they did manage to land on it.

Until the fourth the score favored De Pauw 1 to 0, but Notre Dame tied it in that inning. In the fifth the visitors forged into the lead and in the seventh they landed on Pulse with a vengeance, scored two runs and then after filling the bases scored four more on a home run drive by Fleming. Notre Dame finished up matters in the ninth by adding one more to the score. By innings the score was as follows:

Notre Dame	0	0	0	1	1	0	6	0	1=9
De Pauw	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=1

Batteries—De Pauw, Pulse and Price; Notre Dame, Gibson and O'Neill.



### Tables Turned on Purdue.

Before the largest crowd that has ever looked on at any kind of athletic contests on the Purdue campus the Notre Dame baseball team showed beyond all possibility of a doubt that they are the best team in Indiana. They compelled Purdue in a hard fought game of the hair-raising kind to lower the colors she had waved so triumphantly when she defeated them last Friday and they went off the Purdue grounds with their Gold and Blue raised aloft while the few Notre Dame supporters gave them a parting cheer. To Purdue's credit we must say that she fought bravely. They lost because they were not of our steel.

Our men had many handicaps in this trying game that interfered with them somewhat, but they showed the old Notre Dame grit and overcame them all. Dreuss pitched remarkably well at times especially in the eighth inning when he struck out the three men. He had a total number of ten strike-outs. Bronson for Purdue pitched a very steady game and should have won against almost any other team.

The game was uncomfortably close until the seventh inning when Notre Dame made two runs giving them a lead of one. In the ninth we scored three more on three clean hits, one of them a two base hit by Lynch, coupled with an error and two put outs. This lead Purdue could never make up, and although she made things look somewhat, dangerous in her half of the ninth, her spurt was weak and she fell short two runs. Notre Dame had won a splendid game against odds.

Score by innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Purdue	0	1	2	0	0	1	0	0	2=6
Notre Dame	1	0	0	0	2	0	2	0	3=8

Struck out—by Dreuss, 10; by Bronson 5.

Bases on balls—off Dreuss 2; off Bronson 3.

Umpire, Nelson.

### Local Items.

—Brownson vs. Corby to-morrow afternoon on Cartier Field.

—Before the next SCHOLASTIC appears the preliminaries in the Oratorical Contest will have taken place.

—The man that "swiped" the Varsity's hoodoo should be captured and presented with a leather badge and a legion of honors.

—NOTICE.—Band rehearsals will begin again to-morrow morning at nine a. m. Every member is requested to be present as the band

must get in shape to play at the opening of Cartier Field.

—For the accounts of the games played at Bloomington and Greencastle the SCHOLASTIC has reproduced the "specials" from the South Bend *Tribune*.

—Mr. Archie W. Kegler of Bellevue, Iowa, an old student of the University has the sympathy of all at Notre Dame in the loss of his beloved wife whose death occurred last Saturday morning.

—The rooters are together now, and let us hope they will continue to cheer like they did when the team came back. Whoever says that we have no college spirit now can be properly designated a "knocker."

—The trials of the Carroll track team will take place soon. The events will be held on different days so as not to tax some boys' strength who may want to enter several events. The meet with South Bend takes place on the 17th.

—The Brownson Hall baseball team easily defeated a team from South Bend last Sunday in the first game of the season, by a score of 21 to 7. Vurpillat's home run and his clever work at first base were the chief features of the game.

—NOTICE.—The manuscript of one of the debater's speeches was carried from the table on Washington Hall stage immediately after the debate last Wednesday. Anyone knowing of its whereabouts will confer a favor on the team by reporting at room 28, main building.

—A few more days and the cry of "Swimming, swimming," will be heard howled by a hundred Carrollites. The skating this year was very scarce and the boys will make up for it by swimming. Lovely walks are enjoyed every "rec" night through the kindness of the prefects.

—In the near future the University will be supplied with the right quality of water. Mr. Wilson of Chicago has entered into a contract with the officials to sink an artesian well six hundred, or perhaps a thousand feet deep. It will be located, perhaps, near the shops. Work on it will commence Monday.

—The Anti-Specials defeated the team owned by Marquis of Scott in a close and exciting game by the score 16 to 13. Had it not been for the poor support Scott received in the first inning this item would tell a different tale. With a little more experience Scott's team will probably claim the title of Specials.

—Very Reverend President Morrissey was present at the formal presentation of the Lætare Medal to Count John Creighton, at Omaha, Nebraska, last Tuesday night. A full account of the presentation exercises will be given in next week's SCHOLASTIC. From Omaha Father Morrissey went to Anderson,



Indiana, to attend and deliver an address before the meeting of the college presidents of Indiana.

—Last Tuesday Holy Cross and the "Preps" met in a one-sided game of ball, the "Preps" winning easily at the rate of 20 to 6. The game was played in the wilderness and many errors were attributed to this fact. At no time were the Preps in danger as they had their batting clothes on and not even John's decision could "faze" them. The Preps meet St. Joseph's Hall to-morrow. A good game is expected, but it will most likely terminate in favor of the Purple and White.

—General Shafter is getting his colts in form. His first game will be next New Year's against the "Never-Sweats." The following is his line up: Godfrey will pitch; Baackus will catch; the General will cover the initial bag; General Shafter will play second; General Godfrey Shafter will play third with General Godfrey Baackus Shafter at short. The outfield, which is not yet chosen, will be filled by such distinguished fielders as "Fat," "Fatty," and "Fattest," Baackus.

—What a liberal, free-handed fellow this man, Smith of Purdue, is? He paid all his expenses of transportation, etc. from Toledo to Milwaukee, played some games with Connie Mack's team, then paid his expenses back home again without even accepting a cent for his services. What a true example he has given of sport for sport's sake. In regard to those testimonials, however, they are not the first ones sprung on us. We have heard this tale of paying expenses, etc., before.

—The University debating team wishes to thank the orchestra for the music rendered during the debate. It was a pleasure for the students to see Professor McLaughlin back in his place leading the musicians. During the Professor's three weeks' illness he has been greatly missed from the band, the orchestra and the choir, and the musical clubs scarcely touched an instrument. The team also thanks Messrs. Sullivan, Kuppler Brogan, and H. P. Barry who formed a team to debate against them during their work in preparing their arguments. Many valuable suggestions were received from them, and to them in some measure as well as to the team itself belongs credit for our splendid victory.

—Bassi in great form.—The Minims' special baseball team came off victorious in a closely contested and exciting game Thursday afternoon with the Mexican baseball team of Carroll Hall as opponents. The score was 19 to 17. It was a pitchers battle, Bassi of the M. Specials receiving the better support keeping his team in the lead. Great enthusiasm was displayed by the Minims at the close of the game over the great stick work of Catcher Schaus. Considerable credit was due the Minims for defeating the Mexi-

cans who are considered one of the strongest organization among the Junior students. McNamee at second and Taylor at first played a good clean game, accepting everything that came into their territory. Butler, Hart, McMahon and Ervin helped their team to victory by timely batting. Schaus, who was injured in the latter part of the game was relieved by Sweeny who acquitted himself very creditably.

—If the ball players were somewhat wearied after their trip and their three games away from home, they must have felt fully repaid for their fatigue and their labors when they rolled into South Bend yesterday and heard the old Varsity band playing some of its choice selections. And a guard of honor of fifty or more lusty rooters shaking hands with them, placed them in the coach, all decorated with Gold and Blue. Then off down the street they went, the band tearing off one tune after another, and the rooters yelling one yell after another, until they came to a building where Hon. William J. Bryan was located. Here the band stopped and serenaded the silver champion and made him come out to the coach and shake hands with the champion team. Then the procession moved on to Colfax Avenue, down Main to Washington, then over to Michigan and out to the college. At Hill Street about 300 rooters from Sorin and Corby Halls fell into line and marched four abreast to Notre Dame Avenue. Here the rest of the student body was met, and the horses were taken from the carriage. Six hundred or more howling rooters following the band brought the victorious team into the grounds. Capt. Macdonald was immediately called on for a speech then Gibson. Finally Dr. O'Malley and Prof. Carmody were made to address the crowd, and then the players were hustled away to dinner in the dining room all draped with Gold and Blue.

#### BIOGRAPHY OF THE BICYCLE RIDERS.

George W. Gaffney, born April 11, 1874, champion quarter-miler of the West, is a great grand nephew of Peter the Third son of a gun, who formed a trust in the manufacture of eggshells. He has been riding for the past twelve years and was a member of the original Rough-rider's brigade that rode with Col. Jack Gilpin. He lowered the Western record last spring at the Chicago meet. Since then he has been introduced to Eddie Bald, helped to rub down Jemmy Michaels, and saw Tom Cooper twice. He is proud of his wide acquaintance with these celebrities and says he will make them all know of Corby Hall before the next season is over.

Nat McDougall, born at Drumtochty, April 12, 1874, is a bonnie Scotch laddie, and can "hit up" an ice wagon with the best of them. His first experience was with the Andersbræ Ice Company that used to supply the Edinburgh aristocracy with iced champagne. He rode

from Dundee to Liverpool, carrying four cakes of ice on his back, and covered the ground in such hot time that the ice melted and ran in cold streams down to his ankles. This caused rheumatism of the meta-tarsal bones and disabled him for three weeks. He is back to his old form again, and will be seen next June riding with the Notre Dame cold storage team.

"Columbia" Wathen, born April 3, 1874, is an old-time Kentucky flyer, that learned to ride by running down the mountains on a hoop-snake. He was in the United States government moonshiners suppressors' association for four years, and in that time killed more Old Crow than any other man in the force. He rides a chainless wheel and wears a gold and blue sweater.

Woodbury Magie, born April 14, 1874, is an old tandem racer, and rides with George Gaffney. Magie takes the back seat and lets his feet dangle by the side of the wheel while Gaffney does the pumping. He is an authority on bicycle pumps, and can say with absolute certainty whether a tire is punctured or not. He is a valuable addition to the team on that account, and will see that the chains are all well greased and the tires well filled during the season.

—In the Museum, A. D. 2002.—Now, Ladies and Gentlemen, we have here in this lobster can something very valuable and interesting. "Lobster Can!" you say, "why, how ridiculous." Yes, but my dear friends, you must bear in mind the fact that all great men have a weakness for one thing more than another. This great man's weakness was his love for lobsters. Explain? Why, certainly. This small unassuming can with a life-sized photo cut down a yard, of a lobster on the wrapper, and just below it the words—"Packed and prepared by John J. Cooney, Gent., Woodstock, U. S. A.," contains the highly treasured fuzz of the renowned scientist and rabbit chaser, Nicki Domino O'Malley at one time a student of the University, but since dead. Ah! friends, I notice you sob. Well, sob on. When you get over it I'll give an abbreviated history of his life. (They blubber two bucketsful which the attendants carefully bottle and label.) I'll first quote from his biographer, Peter the Great Drachbar. In his second spasm of Hunky Dunk (For sale at all reputable Feed Stores.) line 13, he says: "Nicki was born just after sunset in July, two miles west of the first farm on the outskirts of the city. When he was young he did not do as other boys, he was far different. While they played he sat and watched them. When he was seven years and eight minutes old, he was appointed Water Commissioner and Cattle Pounder on his father's farm. It was while filling these responsible positions of trust, that his great mind first began to grapple with scientific

problems. Often the cows would come home at night without him, and on such occasions, a search for him would almost invariably result in finding him sitting beneath a blade of grass, pondering on that all important question—"what difference is there between an automobile and a P. U. S., and H. Hand Car?"—(For answer to this, read O'Malley's "Uninterrupted Perambulations or "The effects of an onion on a Tea Party during an Eclipse.") Thus the lad employed his time.

At an early age he entered a school-room, where he remained until he was but one week and two days less than twenty years old. Then he put on long pants, packed his trunk and hoofed it to Notre Dame, arriving with Col. Blaaze, Champion Crap-Shooter and Contortionist of his block. At this point, my dear friends, Drachbar switches off into the German, and as there is no interpreter present, you will have to content yourselves from this on with my account. Because of his scientific knowledge he immediately received an appointment on the Varsity football team as blanket holder, sixteen blankets the limit. He held this job and the blankets until the end of the season, when he resigned. During his stay at Notre Dame he performed many interesting experiments. The most notable was fuzz the experiment. He grew a beard of vast dimensions, the very thing which we have in this lobster can, and one dark stormy night while the wind was blowing and all the world slept, he hiked out to the pump, tied the tip of his beard to the handle, and let the wind blow through it. It is from this we derive that perforated expression, "And the wind blew through his whiskers." By this experiment he proved to the world that fuzz was not water-proof.

Soon after this he cut off his beard and presented it to the Museum with the request that it be preserved in soap suds and banana skins and enclosed in a lobster can. By this, my friends, you may perceive our reason for keeping the can. He evacuated from the University at 10 o'clock, June 14, 1900, but for many years thereafter continued to astonish himself by performing astonishing experiments. The most astonishing of all (to himself) happened the very day of his death. How the two events took place on the same day can not be explained, but Drachbar says that the axiom "when it rains it pours," would probably account for it. In order to determine how high a mule could kick without disturbing his equilibrium, Nicki tickled his father's mule with a straw. The mule was a repeater, and Nicki soon found his own equilibrium disturbed with fatal results. His last words were: "It was so sudden." This my dear friends, closes our investigation of the lobster can, and we will now proceed to the Art Gallery and admire some of John Angelo Svensden's paintings.