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A Reflection.

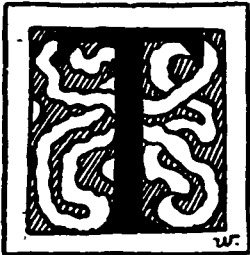
FRANCIS H. MCKEEVER, '03.

WHEN Nature garners up her yearly hoard
From nodding fields and from the bending trees;
When mighty rocks split open as they freeze,
As back again to earth earth's goods are poured;
Can man by whom she is so oft ignored
E'er hope that he may 'scape her stern decrees,
When he is sought against his earnest pleas,
That he, in time, may grace her sad, grim board?

And so, you too, at last must lose your sway,
Must yield your youth and beauty, wealth and wit,
Must break, perhaps ere long, life's short parole,
And mix forgotten with the yellow clay.
What then, O youth, to you shall profit it
If you should win the world but lose your soul?

The Drama and Modern Stagecraft.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, '03.



HE drama has ever been, and ever will be, a subject of human interest. Apart from the entertainment which it affords, it possesses in itself a peculiar faculty for the satisfaction of a popular craving, in that it appeases the common desire of men to see pictured before them their own life, with all the hopes and fears that go to make it up. The drama presents all this mirrored, as it were, in the life of another. This prying into the workings of human nature is open to all, its effectiveness varying on the receptive powers of those interested. It matters little in what form or aspect life chooses to clothe itself, it will ever be of infinite interest. And though we may see and feel the tragic side of things, with all the accompanying horrors,

this does not in the slightest measure lessen the enjoyment we experience when witnesses to the comedy of human existence.

The development of any art is one of slow gradation; so it was with the English drama from its early beginning till the golden age of the Elizabethan era. From the time that the Miracle Plays inspired the pious beholders with fear and reverence for things holy, the history of the drama has been reckoned in centuries. Not the fruit of one man's mind, or even of several, it has been born of a country's mind, and hence must bear, in some degree, the salient features of the country's character. Endowed with an epic nature by the Mysteries, which looked over the track of by-gone ages and brought to light the doings of man from the days of Adam, it was given an ethical depth by the advent of the stern Moralities. These latter were saved from the danger of becoming mere allegorical sketches by the timely introduction of historical persons and events. That the moral involved might not show forth too prominently, a stray passage of humor was now and then introduced, and likewise occasional gleams of pathos and tenderness, which did much to enhance the general make-up of the plays.

For a while this simple form of drama satisfied the people; but the feeling that art was advancing and must be kept pace with was not ignored. Hence it was that these old forms of the drama that had so long held the minds of men, gradually passed out of existence or evolved into the regular forms of comedy and tragedy as we possess them to-day. Of the ups and downs of the later drama, of its persecutions by the Church and state, or of the harsh treatment it received at the hands of those who in our day have been dubbed the ultra-fastidious, it is hardly our place to speak. Suffice it to say that it has safely passed over the sea of abuse, and now stands in the front ranks of popular arts.

Leaving out of consideration the pleasure that the drama imparts to the everyday theatre-goer, there is something that appeals more strongly to the mind of a critical bent, and that is its literary quality. In glancing over the work of the dramatists from Shakspeare's time till the present day, there is one fact that stands out quite boldly before us, namely, that from a literary view-point, the earliest English dramas are the best. It is easy to imagine how a mind imbued with the writings of an over-zealous admirer of the Elizabethan period might be led into making such a statement. It needs, however, but a mediocre power to perceive in what manner the dynasty of dramatists that held sway from about the year 1546 till 1650 eclipsed those of our time. Great as is the number that must have perished during the intervening years, we still possess as a heritage of that fruitful period one hundred dramas, of which at least one-half lay rightful claim to an excellence of literary quality.

The Elizabethan era was indeed the golden age of the dramatist. The very air seemed rife with lofty inspirations. The opportunity was grasped by the writers of that day and, as a result they have bequeathed to all generations a stage so human and a life so poetic and intense that history, past and present, vainly strives to offer a counterpart to their achievements.

There is no mistaking the disadvantages that a man has to contend with when contemporary with a genius of his own art, one who reaches far above him. It is but natural that the people should be attracted by the leader's brightness and almost neglect the lesser stars. But the contemporaries of Shakspeare instead of being hampered by his greatness seemed to imbibe into their own writings the strength of their master. Still, though we may be loud in our praise of the early English dramatists, it would hardly do for us to hold up the works of Shakspeare, and then ask if his age was not truly wonderful in its dramatic accomplishments. No, we shall be content to regard Shakspeare as a prodigy of the times, not as its rule; nor need we employ him to strengthen our abstract claim to the highly developed literary quality of the drama in his day.

It would be difficult to find an age so rich in intellect or more prolific in intellectual labors than the time famous in history as the age of Elizabeth. The dramatists, espe-

cially of this period, formed, as it were, a constellation of luminous bodies in whose midst the glaring light of Shakspeare moved about, adding greater lustre to those around him. Many scholars have asserted that there is more dramatic excellence to be found in this early period than can be gathered from all the intervening years. Though a trifle skeptical about this point we are still backward in placing any of to-day's dramatists on the same pedestal as the great men of Shakspeare's age. But, not to confine ourselves solely to the contemporaries of Shakspeare, what a mine of dramatic wealth do we not find among the writers who shortly followed him? It seemed as if the poetic tendency had grown on the age and could be got rid of only through time. We have Decker with his inimitable sweetness, the thoughtful words of Marston, Chapman with all his seriousness, the grace and wit of Fletcher, the proverbial learned sock of Johnson, the ease of Heywood, the touching speeches of Webster, and the deep pathos of Marlowe. The variety to be found in this galaxy fills us with wonder, and we are all but blinded with the "dusky splendor of names, sacred in their obscurity and gorgeous in their decay." Time has made this early period an unknown country to many; however, it but needs a careful exploration to unearth its beauties and chide us for our misplaced appreciation, now lavished on "newborn gawds, though they are made and moulded of things past."

Passing from the early English dramatists, a striking fact is brought to our attention. It would be going too far to say that the work of contemporary playwrights is altogether devoid of literary art; but honest critics are not backward in declaring that it figures but lightly in the majority of the plays that are now written. This claim is not disproved by the enormous "runs" that many of the plays experience, any more than the meagre attendance that often greets the production of some of Shakspeare's masterpieces would go to show that they are wanting in the matter we speak of. The average audience is not competent to pass true judgment on the merits of the play; and though newspaper critics may burst forth into rhapsodical utterances about the merits of this or that play, we have the testimony of learned students to offset their superficial criticisms. It has been said that "The drama's laws the drama's patrons give." But when the

question of literary excellence is the point at issue this maxim loses its force.

We can not altogether rely on the popular opinion as to what merits the true drama should possess. In nearly every case the stern hand of higher criticism is turned against their verdict, and as long as the play is to retain the name of drama, it must have that within it which brands it as a literary product. It is true that Stephen Phillips has done some work of a very high quality, but we can not take him for the rule of the age any more than the genius of Shakspeare might be said to represent the ordinary work of his time. Rightly has it been noted that two or three stars do not make a firmament. Hence in considering the present dramatic age we have reason for looking upon it as a sort of an interregnum in the creation of dramas possessed of a high literary worth. Rarely do we come in contact with a play which embodies the delicacy of thought or profundity of passion that immortalized many of the early works. Indeed, there seems to be little effort on the part of the playwrights to render their productions critic proof.

The noticeable lack of simplicity, delicacy and fervor in many of the plays that are nightly drawing crowded houses would lead one to believe that Mr. Hazlitt was right when he said that the present drama was nothing more than the drama in masquerade. Well it is for the play-maker of to-day that three centuries separate him from such a man as Sidney Phillips. What a field would there not be for the working of that stern old critic's pen, if he were a witness to "the three hours' traffic" of some of our most popular plays. There is nothing strange in the fact that after a spasmodical success our plays die a violent and premature death. That which tends to give and preserve their lives is wanting; the nourishment derived from literary excellence is not at hand to sustain them, and they must of necessity perish.

That there has been a decline in the literary quality of the drama, most everyone will admit. But when it comes to pointing out the cause of this falling off the reasons given are far from being unanimous. In fact, no one circumstance could of itself bring about the change, but the combined effects of several causes have succeeded in making the alteration. Prominent among these causes we would place the development of modern stage setting.

The miracles wrought in the way of modern mounting and stage management must certainly affect the quality of the drama in some way. At present no man can write a play, fit to be acted, unless in the forming of his characters and the arrangement of his scenes he is ever, as it were, holding a consultation with his stage carpenter and actor manager. Curtailed in the development of his subject, the playwright strives to fit himself to the gloss and novelty of the modern mechanical equipments. Thus the part played by the baubles of scenery, together with the marvels accomplished by the "border" and "bunch" lights are placed on the same footing as the literary efforts, and the former is ever ready to cover a multitude of the latter's defects. In this way the texts and characters are often ruthlessly slaughtered in order to make them rest easily in the groove of the stage setting.

The present elaborate mountings, called by some one the "millinery" of the stage, can not but detract from the true literary quality of the plays. The art of the dramatist is swamped, and in his haste to pander to popular tastes, what we should expect to be a living recital of plot, passion and characterization, takes on the form of a mere photographic representation. Perhaps the playwright is capable of better work, but the play-house and manager go a long ways towards deciding the degree of excellence in his work. He knows that to stage some of Shakspeare's plays would cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000, and that if he himself should now present a play entailing such an outlay the manager would feel it necessary to protect himself by diminishing the playwright's stipend in a proportional ratio. Looking at the question in this light, the dramatist prefers to write something that will better serve the manager's taste and at the same time bring himself a higher remuneration, even at the expense of literary beauty.

The wonderful advance made in the way of stage mechanism and setting has rendered us almost deaf to the spoken word. With unsensitive ears we are intent only on the elaborate spectacle spread out before us, and in this way the perfection of the stage appointments makes us blind to the glaring literary discrepancies that are found in most of the modern plays. There is no doubt that the drama, as we have it to-day, is enjoying an immense popularity, but it no longer reigns supreme as a literary production.

Despite the lack of literary worth its popularity seems ever on the increase, since the unthinking theatre-goers are content to cock their ears at irrelevant enticements and to surfeit their eyes on the sparkle and glare of a brilliant stage setting. Can such a condition be otherwise than hostile to the literary standing of the drama? The literary quality may not be altogether lost sight of by the audience, but the magnificent scenery, with its costly accessories, is first looked for. The stage setting has come to form a sort of picture frame for the drama, where beauties are lost sight of in the attractiveness of the border which surrounds them. As "Romeo and Juliet" is staged to-day, how many give any sort of attention to the words of the principal actors during the ball scene that takes place in the first act? In the bustle and splendor of the scene we almost forget to listen to what is being said, and what holds our attention is the beautiful sight before us. Likewise in the opening scene of "The Tempest." We close our ears to the cries of the distressed sailors. They do not exist for us. We see only the ship with its torn sails lurching in a sea that is lighted up by flashes of lightning, and hear the rolls of the thunder as the nimble form of Ariel descends from the clouds to light for a moment on the bow of the dismantled boat.

Although the drama in the time of Shakspeare was highly suggestive, this was not effected by the quality of the scenery and stage decorations in vogue at that time. In proportion as the stage equipments failed to suggest the picture to the imagination, their pens were called upon to supply the deficiency, and in some cases there were enormous gaps to be filled in. As far as external mechanical effects were concerned, the stage was comparatively rude. It boasted of numerous attempts at scenery, such as rocks and stairs, but the scheme of painting scenes and moving them about had not yet been perfected. In the front of the stage was a rude curtain which could be drawn back or forth as the occasion required. The "traverses," which were something similar to the front curtain, hung in the rear of the stage in the place of our modern scenery. If a tragedy were to be acted, the spectators received additional stimulation from the dark draperies that were hung about. Towards the rear of the stage was a platform, and various indeed were the offices that this second stage served. The wall of a besieged city, a balcony, the side of a hill, an inner

room, all found representation in this little elevation. Following three flourishes of a trumpet, which announced the opening of the play, an actor would step forward and deliver the prologue. Then the play proceeded, while the band, occupying a space below the stage and to one side, filled in the time between the acts with an attempt at appropriate music.

Once the play was on, wondrous indeed were the devices employed to assist the dramatist in portraying scenes and characters. A blue canopy over the roof of the stage, labelled "The Heavens," represented the atmospheric surroundings in a manner that suited even the most exacting. This artifice was helped a little by the means they had for showing the change from night to day and *vice versa*. If a blue flag hung from the roof it was day; a darker one showed that it was night. If a table with pen and ink were introduced on the stage it at once became an accountant's office. Have a few chairs in place of the table and you were in the presence of an inn. Push a bed forward and the scene was transformed into a sleeping apartment. Gods and goddesses were let down from or hoisted up to the heavens in chairs whose pulley and tackle attachments squeaked and grated in a manner to surpass anything that we can offer in the way of modern realism.

Perhaps the best notion of the stage appliances of this time can be gathered from the well-known lines of Sir Philip Sidney in his criticism of "Gordobuc," a play quite popular in his time: "Now you have three ladies walk to gather flowers, and then we must believe the stage to be a garden; by and by we have news of a shipwreck in the same place, then we are to blame if we accept it not for a rock; upon the back of that comes out a hideous monster with fire and smoke, and then the miserable holders are bound to take it for a cave; while in the meantime two armies fly in, represented with four swords and bucklers, and then what hard heart will not take it for the field of battle."

It is quite evident that the playwright had very little assistance in the matter of picture making. Hence it is that the lines of the Elizabethan drama, unlike those of the present time, are rich in imageries of every description. Further, such an arrangement, bereft of scene painters and mechanisms, tended more to arouse the imaginations of

the spectators, and by its simplicity to exact from the dramatist works of a high literary standard.

Passing from the stage equipments of the Elizabethan epoch to those of the present day, what a change confronts us! We are blinded by the complexities of to-day's productions, so that the drama has come to be for us a delusion rather than an illusion. Wonderful as has been the progress in the manner of representing pictures, especially things in nature; we can not but notice that the onward movement has manifested itself in the externals rather than in the internals of the drama. The literary part of the drama has stepped back to make room for lightning flashes, rolls of thunder, stormy seas, and a thousand other devices that have secured a permanent place in the drama. We no longer have to content ourselves with signs indicating the places before us, for the ever-ready stage carpenter can shortly rear up before us castles or cathedrals with wondrous rapidity.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK)

The Capture of Clancy.

WALTER M. DALY, '04.

Dinner was over and a number of riders on the Pike ranch were gathered in the shade of the shack discussing a new plan by which they might capture Clancy, the Texan outlaw and cattle rustler. Clancy had very recently led a big raid in the neighborhood of the Pike, but had escaped into Mexico out of range of the United States' officers. Five thousand dollars was now offered for his body, dead or alive, but he must be caught in the United States, to keep on terms with the Mexican government.

Five thousand dollars meant a big time to a dozen riders, so every possible means was used to get him over the river. Many plans had been tried, but Clancy openly laughed at their failure. In fact, his very presence in Caney was a defiance to get him into the United States.

One rider on the ranch would have nothing to do with the plot to capture Clancy. He had come to the ranch recently, but from where no one knew, except that he had been seen several times in Caney, the town over the line. On this afternoon Jackson was sitting alone by the corral, smoking. He had been

asked to join the crowd but declined; said it was cooler by the corral. He knew it was not true, but it served as an excuse. The men watched him as he sat there.

"I believe that Jackson is a friend of Clancy's," spoke up Ryan, one of the riders.

"What makes you think so?" asked Long John.

"Why, he is throwing away an easy chance to make some money, and besides I have seen him with Clancy's girl over in Caney—"

"Yes, but the girl has quit Clancy," put in the captain of the gang.

"She may have quit him, but he still claims her," answered Ryan. "He'll do anything she tells him to do."

The crowd now rose in answer to the call that the mail was coming. It was read out by the captain. Several bulky letters were given to those eagerly awaiting; and the last one, a small envelope, addressed in neat feminine handwriting, was for Mr. Henry Jackson. Jackson had not moved from his place by the corral, so the letter was passed to him. Several had noticed the post-mark, and as Jackson opened it they watched his every move to see if they might get some indication of the contents. Without a change of feature he read and re-read the note.

"DEAREST:—Meet me at the line bridge to-night at nine o'clock. I have something important to tell you.—ALMA."

"I wonder what's up," said Ryan to Long John. "I don't like this connection between him and Clancy and the girl."

"Perhaps he is fixing up a plan of his own to get Clancy," was the reply.

"What!—he fix a plan,—alone," interrupted Ryan. "Why, he hasn't nerve enough to kill an antelope."

About three o'clock that afternoon Jackson asked the captain of the gang for leave until the next morning. He didn't offer any excuse; for none was demanded. The permission being granted he saddled his pony and started down the path toward Caney. A slight wind was blowing, but it was an intensely hot day. The dust rose in clouds and followed the pony as he slowly cantered across the prairie.

"I wonder what she wants to tell me," muttered Jackson; "if I could only tell her what I would like to." Then his mind began to wander back to former times. "Poor father—had he not failed—just enough to get a shack and a small herd of cattle—a start is all I need, and then—" He took the note

from his pocket, read it, and put it back. Suddenly he stopped his pony, his face grew thoughtful, pale, determined; he trembled and clenched his fists.

"No, it isn't the square thing," he said aloud, "but he would do it, so would the others, if they got a chance, and why not I?" He looked at his watch. It was five o'clock, and Caney but eight miles away. Jackson pulled his sombrero over his eyes, mechanically began to fix his cartridge belt and pistols, then spurred his pony into a fast canter. The ride to the bridge was not so suffocating as the first part had been. The speed created some breeze, and it seemed but a few minutes before he crossed the bridge into Caney.

The town was quiet. He sat around the little hotel till 8:30, then set out for the bridge. He took the long road which on both sides was enclosed by high, thick trees. The sun had already set, and, as the glowing traces left behind began to fade, he rode on in semi-darkness. When close to the bridge he stopped and listened; no sound could be heard except the roar of the river. He watched the bridge; a form moved. He strained his eyes, it moved again. He crawled from his pony and started stealthily to meet his engagement.

It was about eleven o'clock. The same gang of rangers were lying on their saddles near the shack. Most of them had gone to sleep, but some were smoking and telling their experiences of the late round-up. In the distance they heard the clatter of hoofs, but concluded it was Jackson, so went on with their stories. As he rode up he called to them:

"Well, the five thousand is mine."

"What's yours?" they called. "What do you mean?"

"Why, I caught Clancy. There he is at the end of the rope."

Yes, there in the dust lay the mangled and bleeding body of the once notorious desperado. His clothes were torn and his body frightfully cut up. They turned him over, and sticking from his coat pocket was a small, soiled piece of paper. They pulled it out and by the dim light of a lantern read:

"DEAREST:—Meet me at the line bridge to-night at nine o'clock. I have something important to tell you.—ALMA."

With disgust they all looked at Jackson.

"You think I forged it, I know, but I did not—I—I—just let him read my mail."

Varsity Verse.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

[(Horace, Odes II., 10.)]

LICINIUS be not too brave
To face the dangers of the deep;
Nor, frightened by the stormy wave,
Allow thy ship o'er cliffs to creep.

Whoever seeks the golden mean
Is not content with pauper's roof,
Nor aims at honors too serene,
Because from these he keeps aloof.

Huge trees attract the angry wind;
O'er lofty hills the lightning leaps,
And gorgeous towers are more inclined
When dreadful storm around them sweeps.

Courageous souls are brave in grief
And fear a change in times of mirth;
Our God has power to bring relief
From winter winds which shroud the earth.

If cruel trials distress thee now,
'Twill not be always thus, we pray;
Apollo's wrath will lose its glow
And silent muse make glad thy day.

Hold firm thy helm against the gale:
If thou art wise thou'lt ne'er despair;
When gentle winds swell every sail,
Then draw them in with greatest care.

W. O'B.

TO M.

A foolish little pen of glass
We took for our first souvenir;
A fragile thing which soon must pass
Back into shapeless, worthless mass
And be forgot, I fear.

But though it break at a slight blow
And then be shortly cast aside,
Yet from it flowers of thought may grow,
And words of cheer and comfort flow,
With us forever to abide.

And so, I hope that festal night,
To which this souvenir we owed,
May serve to make our pathways bright
With a new friendship's steady light,—
Getreu bis an den Tod.

W. N. H.

A LIMERICK.

There once was a boy with a gun,
Who thought he would start up some fun;
In the bore some nice dough
He did ram, and, oho!
He shot out a fancy, fresh bun.

C.

OBLIGING.

There once was a maiden named Carrie,
The sweetheart of honest Tim Carey;

"Oh, were I a fairy,"
Thus sighed Mr. Carey,
"I'd carry my Carrie to Kerry."

F. G. M.

"Jim Taylor."

GEORGE J. MACNAMARA, '04.

"No, sah!" was often heard at the country store, "The deputy ain't born yet what's goin' ter tuck Jim Taylor."

Jim's name had often graced a warrant, but Jim's face had never peered over the railing in court since he had been found guilty of killing Tom Comners, the circuit-rider. His house was loop-holed; a window commanded a view of the whole town and at home he was like a lord shut up in a mediæval castle. A strong, square, one-storied cabin, it was impregnable from all sides. Admittance had once been gained by strategy but the bird had flown by some secret egress. All efforts to retake him had so far proved fruitless.

The leaves were just beginning to turn and, perhaps it was only the first squirrel that hurried across the fields that September, when I was detailed to make one more effort toward carrying out the law and bringing Jim to justice.

Unknown to all in that neighborhood—for I had spent most of my life in the mountains—I strolled lazily down the road to Lebanon, a tramp in every sense of the word. Heavily I dragged myself through the field to a spring where my man must come for water and fell beneath a tree close by. I was playing my part well. The sick tramp is my favorite character when working through a country where hospitality puts precaution aside, and now, as I had often done before, I was ready to play on the feelings of this man to take him at a disadvantage.

I lay there a sick, broken-down outcast with not enough vitality to follow the shadow around the tree. I had played the part so often that it was really my second nature. As I was musing over the past, and the men I had taken in that disguise, a small, bare-footed girl came skipping down the lane. She stopped singing when she saw me and, with the innocence and simplicity found at her age alone, tried to ease me.

Like a rifle-ball the child leapt towards the house, quick as the return of an echo she came running back leading a large, sinewy man. The prominent features, the gray hair, the flashing eye, the deep chest and broad shoulders I knew belonged to none but the man whose picture was pressing my heart.

His time had come. He was caught by the snare.

Three days he nursed me in his house, and was completely off his guard. One night as I was beginning recovery, we sat late and, little by little, I brought forth my history. That was the hardest task of all, for as long as you are a Kentuckian's guest he asks neither who, what, when or how concerning you. I had escaped from jail having been found guilty of murder. I made my facts refer to his case that I might move him.

"Look hyar!" he said, after a few moment's silence, "bein's its how I mought give yer er bit of advice. You'd better go back an' give yerself up. Thar's nothin' ter be respected so much as yer Uncle Sammy's sayins; an' thar's nothin' that makes er man a man lest its ter bow hes head an' take the law as she comes. Fer the las' ten years I's been er dawg, er skunk an' er pesky varmint 'cause I caint hol' m' head erloft an breathe the pure air like the rest of men. Ef it warn't fer the 'pendance on me I'd er gived m'self up long ergo. Thet leetle tute-dove what found yer is the cause of it all. Ten years ago while the jedge bowed me out a court an' tellin' the good Lord to have amercy on m' soul, thet er gal was born. Her mammy never left her sick bed.

"Jim," says she ter me, when I comes sneakin' in out'n the rain, the night I 'scaped, 'Jim, see hyar what I's got fer yer. Jim,' says she, and the big teas drapped out'n the corners of her eyes, 'take her an' make a lady of her. The good Lord's callin' me an' I's got ter go.'

"She put the leetle mite, hardly bigger'n er jack-rabbit, in m' arms, an' pal, when that leetle thing tangled her chubby fingers in m' beard I swore thar warn't no man could take her ol' dad erway from her. When her mammy died the law war awatchin' me an' I couldn't bury her m'self. I wrapped m' chile in an ol' blanket and went fer Tad Hunit, up the road thar, an' he burried mammy down nigh the weepin' wille, tother side the spring. Me an m' gal was up under the roof awatchin an' aprayin'

"The leetle gal's growed up now, but she's seen some hard times. Once, when her ol' dad was aholdin' her in one arm an' pluggin' at the deputies with tother, a minnie ball nigh fetched her. Good thing she wasn't tetched though 'cause I'd agone and wiped out whole tarnation 'fore I'd had revenge. 'Nother

time she was down with fever. I couldn't get no help 'cause the sheriffs war on m' trail 'an I tried ter doctah her m'self. I couldn't take her out 'cause it was col' an' I couldn't leave her 'cause—tell the truth, strangah, m' whole hyart beat with every breath she drew.

"Jes' erbout the time she knowed me ergin and I was daft from loss of sleep, they tried ter take me. I got erlong alright until one of their bullets smashed the lamp an' m' pet 'gan ter cry fer her daddy. I jes' drapped m' wippens, grabbed her up an' broke fer the woods.

"That's the las' time I's been pestered. Soon's I make a lady of her I'll give m'self up, but she aint agoin' ter know her daddy aint like the rest of daddies. She aint agoin' ter see the only one she ever had to care fer her swinging from a rope. No, sah! Ef them courts is mean ernough to tote me erway from a gal what can't care for herself, I'm mean ernough ter waller over the body of any one they send ter fetch me. I don't ask no favors. They want's ter hang me, an' they can; but not 'fore she gits married an' has troubles ernough ter make her fergit her ol' dad:

"Now Pal, you go back and some day you'll be a man like the rest of them. You ain't got nobody ter feed an' guard, so take yer bitters like a man, an' when m' day comes—well, Ill go back too; but the only freedom I'll get'll be beyond the great ridge. The good Lord ain't goin' ter be too hard on me whut's tryin' ter train m' gal what ain't had no mammy. Thar she's callin' her dad now."

Off he went up the ladder and slowly I turned from the falling ashes and watched my shadow slip softly towards the door. I too had failed.

Some day an old, bent, nervous man—for his life is telling on him—will walk into court and declare himself, to the surprise of all, to be the same Jim Taylor who was convicted years ago. The law may glory in its execution, but when his body swings between the earth and sky I'll wander back to the night of my first failure and to the child of the mountains.

A FRIEND whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.—*Saadi*.

The Gigantic Graft.

LOUIS J. CAREY, '04.

The inhabitants of small country towns, or, more properly, those whose dramatic tastes are easily satisfied, hail the approach of a medicine company with fully as much enthusiasm as do the theatre lovers of a metropolis, a Mansfield or an Irving.

Blackwell's Medicine Company during their week's stay at Greenfield were enjoying a tremendous sale of tickets. The aged tottered along to buy some of the liniment that Dr. Blackwell himself, mind you, guaranteed would make their old joints lose their stiffness; the strong, the middle aged and the young merely sought enjoyment from the comedians.

No matter how large the audience was, or how loudly they cheered each performer, the manager in his checkered suit would come forward on the stage immediately before the last "turn" to thank the people for their "kind attention," and to assure them that the famous Jerry Sisters, who had yet failed to arrive, would certainly be present the following evening. Their beauty would captivate everybody, he promised; their songs would thrill every breast, and their comic sketches might even cause death from laughter.

The Thursday evening performance was in progress, but everybody looked for the Jerry Sisters in vain. Bill Riley, the village boss, feeling certain that there wasn't a grain of sincerity in any of the manager's promises, met him behind the tent.

"See here, Mr. Manager, do you really intend to have those famous sisters here before you leave town?"

The manager drawing near remarked:

"What business is it of yours? Didn't I say they would be here?"

"Well, I hope for your sake that they do come, for I am going to tell the people of this town from your own stage that you shall refund every cent you've taken in here or—well if you leave we'll keep the show here."

The manager grew nervous, for he saw this village boss meant every word.

"Yes," he finally promised, "they will be here."

Now Bill realizing his position as president of the village, constable, game warden, and boss, conceived a plan for "working a graft," which if it didn't actually turn over

thousands to him, its principles were, at any rate, worthy of a more gigantic scheme.

That the Jerry Sisters were sent for, Bill was certain, and if they arrived all his friends would laugh at him for the rest of the summer for making a fool of himself, for even doubting the sincerity of the manager's promises; but if they didn't—well, here's where the money lay.

As there were no railroads running within several miles of Greenfield, hacks conveyed travellers to and from the hamlet.

Bill had found out that the manager had given Ike Johnson orders to meet the "sisters" at Blissdale and drive them over. He had barely heard these facts before he saw Ike's cab in front of Hogan's place where Ike invariably dropped in for a few moments' reflection before each trip.

Bill walked up to the bar beckoning to Ike to come over.

"See here," asked Bill, "how much do you get for hauling those sisters over?"

"Five," replied Ike, holding an immense glass of beer in one hand and the other up emphasizing the five.

"Well, here's fifteen to do as I tell you," answered Bill; "for doing as I say—do you understand?"

Johnson listened quietly as Bill gave directions:

"Tear Jone's little bridge to pieces on your way over, understand? Get the actor girls and when you're on your way back, be all put out that you can't make Greenfield because the bridge is busted. I'll tell you the reason later. Here's five more to keep your mouth shut."

Ike and Bill after another drink left the saloon, the one whipping up his horses toward the outskirts of the town, the other walking to the village post-office smiling contentedly at each note.

The Jerry Sisters hadn't yet arrived. In fifteen minutes the curtain would rise. Old Dr. Blackwell was wringing his hands in horror; the manager was cursing everything he saw; the actors had refused to go on the stage unless they received their full pay up to date. At five minutes of eight Bill went behind the scenes. As he entered an outburst of curses met his ear. The manager like a demon approached him.

"You, you have ruined us—you'll pay for it yet though—"

"See here a minute," interrupted Bill hold-

ing him so firmly by the two arms that the manager couldn't move. "I'm here to help you out, now."

"What?" was the reply as he relaxed and looked up into Bill's eyes almost appealingly, help us?"

"Why, yes, step one side here with me." Bill began: "I have found out that you really did send for those sisters; Ike, the hack driver went after them and if they don't come it's not your fault. I'll tell the people all about it."

The manager was patting Bill on the back.

"But," continued Bill, "do you think I work for nothing?"

The town clock struck eight, the people were calling for "The Jerry Sisters or our money." Louder and louder rose the noises outside."

"How much," implored the manager, "to save us?"

"One hundred," was the reply. Willingly the manager handed over the amount; the curtain rose, and instead of the venerable doctor on the stage stood "Bill Riley, boss of Greenfield."

The noise subsided as that wonderful personage raised his two hands for silence.

"Friends," he began, "we ought to be charitable—remember the golden rule. These people are up against hard luck. Ike, the hack driver must have run into a ditch with the Jerry Sisters, for he went after 'em and there's no trace of any of the three of 'em anywhere. I don't think you'd persecute strangers in your own town, nor would you down there, Parson Jones," he continued pointing his finger at the venerable clergyman.

The old man's heart was touched at the thought. So overcome was he with pity that after he had arisen, as a champion of every one's rights, so he remarked, and after he had with the greatest difficulty managed to get "return good for evil" past the lump in his throat, the audience blushed as one person that they could ever have been so unchristian.

The play went on, never before had there been so many paid admissions, nor has Bill Riley to this day any more than chuckled to himself over his "gigantic graft."

If little wealth, little care; if few favors, few to oblige; if no office, few to please. If the lot is lowly let thy heart be light.

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—Solemn High Mass, attended by the student body, marked the formal opening of the scholastic year at Notre Dame last Sunday. Father French, assisted by Fathers Regan and Ready, offered up the Holy Sacrifice and an appropriate sermon was delivered by the Very Reverend President Morrissey. He reminded the students of the work in which they were about to engage, advising them to keep ever a worthy end in view, and suggested the best means of attaining it. They had come to Notre Dame to be *educated*, and it would be well for them to get a clear idea of what true education means. Nowadays, education is more a necessity than it ever was, but mere mental culture should not be our only aim. We should strengthen ourselves physically as well as mentally, cultivate polished manners, and above all, train our moral nature to conform to the will of our Creator. Our obligations to God and to society must be taken into account. It is not so much the purpose of Notre Dame to send out great scholars or scientists as to develop men who would exercise an influence for good in the world. To be a virtuous man, a man of character, is far nobler than to be a mere scholar. Every worthy effort of the students would meet with the willing co-operation of the Faculty, but they should realize at the outset that much depends on themselves. Attention to study, to religious duties and to the discipline which is specially designed for the students' benefit would ensure success. History and experience show that talent without industry is doomed to hopeless failure, that it is not the merely brilliant student but the one of untiring perseverance who succeeds. Concluding, he exhorted the listeners to have recourse to prayer in all their undertakings, to keep ever before them worthy examples, and thus, while increasing their store of knowledge, they would develop into purer, better, nobler men. The advisability of following such advice must be apparent to all.

—The selection of staff members is deferred for good reasons for a few weeks. It has been the custom to make this selection early in September, but those who have a thorough acquaintance with our sanctum will remember how listlessly some who were honored with a place among the scribes fell back on their oars,—yea, seldom had a good word for the more willing, more conscientious workers. If the delay seems somewhat unjust to the few who have never shirked their assignments we will be forgiven for the postponement, for we know these few will reflect, and reflection will show the wisdom of our action. It is quite evident that we mean by this course to force applicants for staff positions to furnish undoubted proof of their merit. Their attempts in prose and verse may be conveniently submitted to any of the senior instructors. The essays and other contributions appearing in this paper serve as a criterion by which the water-mark of the literary ability here is noted, and it ought to be the aim of the loyal to send that mark as high as possible. A place on the board, moreover, means no little help to the student in intellectual growth. The advantage reaped by constant, punctual writing is so obvious as to need no special comment here. Let it be well understood that this opportunity of gaining a place is open to all, not only for the present but also throughout the scholastic year. Let us hear from all—not necessarily profound geniuses, but students who have some talent and are anxious to improve the same by the means this paper affords.

—History seldom reveals a more interesting figure than the Irish patriot, Robert Emmet, whose execution was so widely commemorated last Sunday. The observance was not only kept by his own countrymen at home and abroad, but by an ever-increasing number of sympathizers of other nationalities. Few, indeed, can read the story of his life without admiring him. He had all the qualities of the ideal hero,—youth, for he was only twenty-three at his death, talent of a high order, lofty patriotism, a splendid daring, and in addition there was in his too brief life an element of tragic romance which people dearly love. "He had lived for his love, for his country he died"—so Moore tells us. If he had lived for his country could he have served Ireland better?

The Cartoon and the Cartoonist.

When the children of Adam sat beneath the tree of Good and Evil and sketched in the sands of paradise unsymmetrical, grotesque representations of Adam or Eve for the greatest congress of animals ever gathered beneath a single tree, one boy stood watch lest the ridiculed parents unexpectedly approach the birthplace of the cartoon.

Down through the ages, past the deluge, the migration of Sem, Ham and Japhet, through various stages of barbarity, into the halls of ancient Greece and Rome, caricatures are scratched along the wall showing that the spirit of ridicule merely slumbered.

Satires were the chief lampoons of the ancients, because the bards could sing them and poets recite their sarcastic compositions. There was no means, however, of extending a few drawn lines over a field so vast. The cartoon could not be circulated by the voice, and so could not be cultivated as we find it when we come over the hills to the valley of the near past, where caricature was nourished and developed soon after the introduction of printing, with a zeal hitherto unknown. Thence on down through medieval and early modern letters, even, I might say, in the time of Hogarth and other celebrated English cartoonists of his day, vulgarity, coarseness and harsh personalities were rampant, standing in direct contrast to the cartoon in its highest development to-day.

The school of cartooning has at length reached a stage in pictorial evolution, made possible by the vast circulation of illustrated papers, where vulgarity and gross insult give way to the spirit of humor and pleasing exaggeration. All that remains of those receding schools of caricature are the stereotyped symbols that have become pressed upon the mind of the paper-reading public; so impressed, in fact, that the intrusion of a new symbol would be universally misconstrued. Uncle Sam, John Bull, Columbia, Time, Place and countless others, are the same now as when our grandfathers read the heated war notes of half a century ago. Cartoonists dare not change them, though they be inappropriate from a realistic view-point.

Perhaps the most widely circulated and influential school of caricature is that whose object is to lampoon the regulators of political undertakings. Politics offer a vast field for

cartoon. Men, measures and outcomes are so congruous, each with some prominent characteristic, that when all other fields are closed, the cartoonist may knock at politic's door and draw forth ideas, timely and interesting. Politicians all have some mark that invite ridiculous exaggeration.

The glasses and teeth introduce Roosevelt; a corpulent fisher can be no other than Cleveland, just as the military mustaches fit no man but Kaiser Wilhelm.

The cartoon in politics reaches more people than does the editorial and far from combating its spread, although Governor Pennypacker has made a lasting show of himself in this regard, politicians find no cheaper way of keeping themselves before the public eye. It can not be doubted, moreover, that more than a few political defeats are directly traceable to the influence of the cartoon, for the better class of cartoons have a higher end than merely mirroring events: they point out the channels that carry the current of public opinion. The enmity between labor and capital, between the people and the corporation, is due to none other than the exaggerated caricature of their respective positions. Political cartoons do not appeal to all, for the science of government is an intricate labyrinth to those untutored in the game of kings. No special effort should be demanded of the understanding by the cartoonist; and it is not everyone who can grasp the inferences of political exaggerations.

Society is, perhaps, the vastest field for merely humorous ridicule. Its subjects are eccentric and a source of delight to the under classes when caricatured. Society, likewise, offers a field that must be entered with discrimination. To the honor of the American cartoonist—and the American cartoonist is so far the superior of all others that he stands for the developed cartoon—be it said that American women and American privacy have never been made the sport of the biting pencil.

Society too has its selected scholars, and the paper whose cartoons reflected none but social doings would soon grow a lean subscription roll. The business man, the laborer, and even the social maiden, grow tired of the lampoon directed at no particular one but a class in itself, and to satisfy these we have a third school, a golden mean interspersed between the business and recreative side of the country's pillars.

Everyone can see the intent of the humorous, or, as I should say, the cartoon whose sole object is to delight the eye; for not every cartoon is humorous. This latter school is apt, in the long run, to convey a more lasting lesson than all the others combined. The American people like a little humor in their instructions. They must be interested, not in the flow of the instruction, not in the depth of thought, but in the way the instruction is put together. This leads us to the man, or rather the development of the man, whose influence on things industrial, political and social is felt when the orators and litterateurs dwindle into insignificance.

The cartoonist, unlike the members of other professions, does not start at the bottom rung of school training, and it is not always the best drawer who makes the best cartoonist.

Mr. McCutcheon, one of the foremost cartoonists of the day, writing for *The Saturday Evening Post*, says: "The work of a cartoonist differs essentially from that of other workers in art in that he must have several qualifications besides the ability to draw. First, he should be able to draw well enough to express his ideas; secondly, he should have a sense of humour; thirdly, he should have a fairly clear idea of what is happening in the world of politics, society and finance; fourthly, he should know something of the Bible, of history, of mythology, and, fifthly, he should have the ability to grasp the importance of a news item when he sees it, so that he may draw from it a logical idea that may be expressed clearly in drawing. These various requirements are lost sight of by most beginners, who seem to feel that the ability to draw a man with a turned-up nose constitutes the chief requisite of a cartoonist. . . . The mere ability to draw has about as much to do with making a successful cartoonist as the choice of stationery has to make a strong editorial."

A man to make a conscientious success of caricature truly must be a man of tact, for he holds the fire that boils the feelings of the people. Why is it that the common people have such a dread of corporations? Why is it that political measures that are really good in themselves cannot succeed? Why is it that a people are sometimes so speedy in declaring wars? Because of the caricature. Because the cartoonist depicts capital as a people-devouring monster; because the cartoonist abnormally distorts the real issue; because

the cartoonist exaggerates the cause and inflames the warlike passions of a people by imaginary atrocities. Still, taking all in all, his influence is for the better, and when all the professions are balanced, the laughter a cartoonist may bring to a worried face, the schemings of politics he has held in place, will add mightily to those unartistic, unshaded and unproportional lines.

Easy? Yes it looks as if all the cartoons are the product of some out of the way idea that comes at random through the head of an idle person and are set on paper in one of the drawer's many leisure moments. This is the cartoonist of fiction. The one of hard fact is the hardest worked man in the newspaper corps. His drawings are of a day and must be timely and of universal interest. They must be inoffensive and amusing. Early each morning, with fresh pencils and pad, he starts in unceasing search for ideas that may appeal to the cartoon-loving readers. Most cartoonists get their ideas by perusing the morning papers. If in these there is no item of any importance he must fall back on those time-honored questions: "What is the President doing? What is Congress doing? What are men of prominence doing? What is going on in social circles or in the circles of the world?" The echo of an answer may never be heard and he must fall back again on his own creative imagination. The people must be supplied, and, though late in the day, some idea for caricature will present itself to the hard-working, hard-thinking and quickly-growing nervous cartoonist.

G. J. MACNAMARA. '04.

Athletic Notes.

The squad now numbers twenty-five men.

* * *

Edward McDermott, right half-back on last year's famous team, reported for practice and showed up in fine form.

* * *

The training tables were started last Thursday morning.

* * *

The Brownson Hallers are as enthusiastic over athletics as ever before, and are determined to make as creditable a showing this season as they have done in the past. M. J. Kenefick has been elected Manager; W.

Heiney Opfergelt, captain of football, and B. Medley captain of track. The football squad is a very promising one, numbering twenty-five men. The track candidates, under Captain Medley, have begun active training for the Big Handicap Meet on, Oct. 13.

Steiner, guard and tackle on last year's eleven, has returned to the University and is expected to don his uniform in a few days. O'Phalen, the crack tackle of the Inter-Hall team is also expected out soon.

The entire squad was supplied with new jerseys, moleskins, nose guards, shin guards and other paraphernalia, during the past week.

All items of interest in the athletic line in Corby and Carroll Halls should be handed in to L. J. Wagner and E. Rousseau not later than Thursday.

Medals will be given to the winners of each event in the October meet.

Those desiring to compete in the meet should hand in their names to Coach Holland at once so as to enable him to decide on the handicaps.

The Corby Hallers held an enthusiastic meeting the other day and elected H. Geoghegan, manager, and J. Patterson, captain of the football team for the coming season. They have a large crowd of candidates out for practice every day, and from present indications promise to give any of the Hall teams a hard fight for the championship.

"Happy" Lonergan.

Managers and captains have been elected in all the Halls. It's up to these gentlemen to get together at once and arrange a schedule to decide the championship.

Captain Draper of the track team has returned. He is out with the football candidates trying for a half-back position. His speed and endurance should make him a valuable man.

Funk of last year's second eleven is out.

The scrimmage work on Thursday was fast and furious. Several of the new men showed up well, especially Donovan at half. Dillon, the Inter-Hall star, did very creditable work, and should make some one hustle for a position. Captain Salmon and quarter-back McGlew directed the work from the side lines.

No marked improvement has been noticed in the work of the men the past week, and unless a decided brace is taken soon, Notre Dame's stock will commence to drop. The most serious problem now confronting the Captain and those in charge, is to develop a tackle and guard. Of half-backs and ends, there is an unusually strong squad, but in the matter of good heavy timber for the line we are lamentably weak. There are heavy men out, but they are inexperienced and thus far have not been able to grasp the points of the game. This weakness in the line has been especially noticeable during the scrimmage work, which, except last Thursday, has been very discouraging. Realizing this difficulty, Salmon has been giving his whole attention to the development of speed. Speed was a very important factor in Michigan's success last season, and perhaps it may make up for the lack of weight on the Varsity.

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Trees at Notre Dame.

The following is a partial list of the trees found on the University grounds. It has been compiled by Brother Philip, the landscape gardener at Notre Dame, and may be of interest to many SCHOLASTIC readers. The common name of the tree, its Latin name, the region to which it is indigenous and its location at Notre Dame appear in the order mentioned.

White Pine, *Pinus strobus*, United States, Near Calvary.

Yellow Pine, *Pinus ponderosa*, Pacific Coast, United States, South of Community House.

Austrian Pine, *Pinus austriaca*, Europe, Near Post-office.

Scotch Pine, *Pinus sylvestris*, Central Europe, Southeast of Sorin Hall.

Dwarf Mugho Pine, *Pinus mugho*, Switzerland, South of Main Building.

White Spruce, *Picea alba*, Northern part of United States, Near Grotto.

Norway Spruce, *Picea excelsa*, Europe, West of Science Hall.

Blue Spruce, *Picea pungens*, Colorado, Near Grotto.

Nordmann's Silver Fir, *Abies Nordmanniana*, Crimean Mountains, St. Edward's Park.

Eastern Spruce, *Abies orientalis*, Shores of Black Sea, Behind Grotto.

Douglas Spruce, *Abies douglasii*, Colorado, South of Grotto.

White Fir, *Abies concolor*, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Behind Presbytery.

Balsam Fir, *Abies balsamea*, United States, South of Corby Hall.

European Larch, *Larix Europæa*, Southern Europe, Near Sacred Heart Statue.

Bald Cypress, *Taxodium Distichum*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Arbor-Vitæ, *Thuja occidentalis*, United States, Near Presbytery.

Eastern Arbor-Vitæ, *Thuja orientalis*, China, Sacred Heart Avenue.

Siberian Arbor-Vitæ, *Thuja o. var. siberica*, Northern Europe, East of Sorin Hall.

Golden Retinospora, *Retinispora plumosa aurea*, Japan, Near Grotto.

Common Juniper, *Juniperus communis*, United States, East of Sorin Hall.

Red Cedar, *Juniperus virginiana*, United States, Near Farm House.

Irish Yew, *Taxus baccata*, Europe, Behind Grotto.

Common Hemlock, *Tsuga canadensis*, North America, St. Edward's Park.

Ginkgo-tree, *Ginkgo biloba*, Japan, West of Music Hall.

White Oak, *Quercus alba*, United States, Near Calvary.

Red Oak, *Quercus rubra*, United States, Near Holy Cross Hall.

Black Oak, *Quercus nigra*, United States, Near Holy Cross Hall.

Bur Oak, *Quercus macrocarpa*, United States, South-East of Science Hall.

Chestnut Oak, *Quercus prinus*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Scarlet Oak, *Quercus coccinea*, United States, West of Sorin Hall.

Laurel Oak, *Quercus imbricaria*, United States, Southwest of Science Hall.

Pin Oak, *Quercus palustris*, United States, North of Notre Dame Railroad.

Swamp White Oak, *Quercus bicolor*, United States, Near St. Joseph's River.

Bear Oak, *Quercus ilicifolia*, United States, Woods south of Cartier Field.

Turkey Oak, *Quercus cerris*, Southern Europe, Southeast of Church.

Chestnut, *Castanea sativa*, United States, South of Corby Hall.

Horse Chestnut, *Æsculus hippocastanum*, Europe, St. Edward's Park.

Dwarf Horse Chestnut, *Pavia macrostachya*, Europe, West of Science Hall.

American Beech, *Fagus ferruginea*, United States, Northwest of Music Hall.

European Beech, *Fagus sylvatica*, Europe, East of Church.

Varnish Tree, *Koelreuteria paniculata*, China, South of Brownson Hall.

Silver Maple, *Acer dasycarpum*, United States, Near Grotto.

Red Maple, *Acer rubrum*, U. S., Bank of St. Joe river.

Sugar Maple, *Acer saccharinum*, United States, Notre Dame Avenue.

Sycamore Maple, *Acer pseudoplatanus*, Europe, South of Carroll Hall.

Norway Maple, *Acer platanoides*, Europe, Saint Edward's Park.

Schwedler's Maple, *Acer p. var. Schwedlerii*, Europe, South of Brownson Hall.

Blood-leaved Maple, *Acer sanguineum*, Japan, East of Church.

Box-elder, *Negundo aceroides*, United States, Carroll Hall Campus.

Cucumber Tree, *Magnolia acuminata*, United States, Near Calvary.

Umbrella Tree, *Magnolia tripetala*, United States, South of Corby Hall.

Soulange's Mag., *M. Soulangeana*, — — —, North of Church.

Tulip tree, *Liriodendron tulipifera*, United States, St. Edward's Park.

Papaw, *Asimina triloba*, United States, Near St. Joseph River.

French Tamarisk, *Tamarix Gallica*, Europe, St. Edward's Park.

Althæa, *Hibiscus Syriacus*, Syria, Near Music Hall.

Basswood, *Tilia Americana*, United States, Near Presbytery.

European Linden, *Tilia Europæa*, Europe, St. Edward's Park.

White Basswood, *Tilia heterophylla*, United States, St. Edward's Park.

Hop-tree, *Ptelea trifoliata*, United States, Northwest of Grotto.

Tree of Heaven, *Ailanthus glandulosus*, China, West of Science Hall.

Burning Bush, *Euonymus*, United States, East of church.

Staghorn Sumac, *Rhus typhina*, United States, Southeast of Sorin Hall.

Dwarf Sumac, *Rhus copallina*, United States, Near Railroad.

Smooth Sumac, *Rhus glabra*, United States, Near Notre Dame Railroad.

Smoke-Tree, *Rhus cotinus*, Europe, Northeast of Presbytery.

Golden Chain, *Laburnum vulgare*, Switzerland, West of Science Hall.

Common Locust, *Robinia Pseudacacia*, United States, Near Farm House.

Honey Locust, *Gleditsia triacanthos*, United States, North of Corby Hall.

Yellow-Wood, *Cladrastis tinctoria*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Judas Tree, *Cercis Canadensis*, United States, Southwest of Science Hall.

Ky. Coffee-Tree, *Gymnocladus Canadensis*, United States, West of Church.

Purple-leaved Plum, *Prunus Pissardi*, Persia, South of Carroll Hall.

Wild Black cherry, *Prunus serotina*, United States, Near Lake.

Choke-cherry, *Prunus Virginiana*, United States, West of Science Hall.

American Mountain-Ash, *Pyrus Americana*, United States, St. Edward's Park.

Oak-leaved Mountain Ash, *Pyrus pinnatifida*, Europe, Southeast of Brownson Hall.

European Mountain Ash, *Pyrus aucuparia*, Europe, East of Church.

Service Berry, *Amelanchier Canadensis*, United States, Near St. Joseph River.

Witch-Hazel, *Hamamelis Virginiana*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Sweet Gum, *Liquidambar styraciflua*, United States, Near Post Office.

Angelica-Tree, *Aralia spinosa*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Flowering Dogwood, *Cornus florida*, United States, Near St. Joseph River.

Pepperidge, *Nyssa biflora*, United States, Johnson's Woods.

Buckthorn, *Bumelia lanuginosa*, United States, Near Grotto.

White Ash, *Fraxinus Americana*, United States, Road to St. Mary's.

Fringe Tree, *Chionanthus Virginica*, United States, Near Grotto.

Imperial Paulownia, *Paulownia imperialis*, Japan, West of Sorin Hall.

Catalpa, *Catalpa speciosa*, United States, South of Sorin Hall.

Sassafras, *Sassafras officinale*, United States, Near St. Joseph Lake.

Buffalo Berry, *Shepherdia argentea*, United States, West of Grotto.

White Elm, *Ulmus Americana*, United States, Near Fountain.

Slippery Elm, *Ulmus fulva*, United States, Near St. Joseph's River.

Camperdown Elm, *Ulmus Montana*, Europe, South of Church.

Hackberry, *Celtis occidentalis*, United States, West of Science Hall.

Osage Orange, *Maclura aurantiaca*, United States, Along Roads.

Red Mulberry, *Morus rubra*, United States, Near Drying Ground.

American Sycamore, *Platanus occidentalis*, United States, Below Grotto.

Black Walnut, *Juglans nigra*, United States, Near Lakes.

Butternut, *Juglans cinerea*, United States, East of Community House.

Hickory, four species, *Carya*, United States, Near Sacred Heart Statue.

Birch, *Betula alba*, Europe, South of Sorin Hall.

Nettle-leaved Birch, *B. a. var. urticifolia*, Europe, South of Corby Hall.

Ironwood, *Ostrya Virginica*, United States, East of Community House.

Hornbeam, *Carpinus Caroliniana*, United States, West of Grotto.

Willow, four species *Salix*, United States, Near Lakes.

White Poplar, *Populus alba*, Europe, Northeast of Shops.

Am. Aspen, *Populus tremuloides*, United States, Near Calvary.

Lombardy Poplar, *Populus dilatata*, Europe, West of Sorin Hall.

Cottonwood, *Populus monilifera*, United States, St. Mary's road.

Balm of Gilead, *Populus balsamifera*, United States, St. Mary's Road.

Bolley's Poplar, *P. alba, var. Bolleana*, Russia, South of Grotto.

Personals.

—Everett Graves, '76, is civil engineer at San Antonio, Texas.

—Joseph Cusack, '89, is captain in the regular army at Fort Clark, Texas.

—Jaek Combe, '88, is now assistant surgeon U. S. A., Brownsville, Texas, his home.

—L. N. Davis, '85-'89, is cashier of the Second National Bank at Ashland, Ky.

—James A. Browne, '76, is one of the most prominent citizens of Brownsville, Texas.

—Mr. James Ryan Hayden, student '90-'96, is editing a new monthly, *Modern Times*, published in Milwaukee.

—John J. Kleiber, '87, has filled the office of District Attorney for many years and is prosperous in his profession at Brownsville, Texas.

—The Rev. Hugh Gallagher, C. S. C., of the class of 1900, was raised to the diaconate at Washington, September 18, by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Curtis.

—The Rev. Andrew J. Sammon, C. S. C., of the class of 1900, was ordained to the holy priesthood at Washington, D. C., on September 18. His first Mass was celebrated at his home, Osceola, Canada, on last Sunday. The new priest has the best wishes of all at Notre Dame.

—Mr. William A. Peterson, the eminent horticulturist, who is at present engaged in beautifying the grounds at St. Mary's Academy, called at Notre Dame during the week and had a talk with Brother Philip who acknowledges with thanks many valuable suggestions.

—Cards have been received announcing the marriage of Alfred Joseph DuPerier of Beaumont, Texas, to Miss Elayne Wortham. Mr. DuPerier graduated in the Law Class of 1900 and the same year won the Breen gold medal for oratory. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—Frederick J. Combe, '85, is a prominent physician at Brownsville, Texas. Fred was called to the front in our last war and achieved success by his valor. He was made major for his distinguished services in Cuba at San Juan battle, and later was in charge of the hospital supply at Manila, P. I.

—A member of the Faculty, who spent a day recently at the University of Ottawa, was much impressed, not only with the kindness of the Oblate Fathers, but with the extent, equipment and progressiveness of the famous Canadian University. The new Science Hall, to name only a single feature, is a department that would do credit to the oldest and best-endowed colleges in this country.

—We are pleased at the announcement lately published in the daily papers that the

Hon. Charles J. Bonaparte of Baltimore, Md., on whom Notre Dame recently conferred the Latere Medal, has been entrusted with the investigation of the charges affecting the administration of the Indian Territory. Some time previous he was retained by the President to prosecute the fraudulent government employees in the Post office. His selection for such an important work is the surest sign that it will be performed efficiently.

—It was a great pleasure for us to be able to entertain the distinguished Dean of the Law Department of Notre Dame University, Col. William Hoynes, who recently favored us with a visit. To know this distinguished hero, jurist and sincere Christian is a rare privilege. To have him for a friend is a treasure. He is ever kind, has his soul in his work, and is one of the central figures at the great University. He is popular with all classes. He is amiable, withal pious, a devoted Christian, whose example is a source of edification to the young men of the Law Department at the University, which has steadily increased in efficiency under his leadership until it is second to none in the country.—The Kalamazoo *Augustinian*.

Those who have the pleasure of knowing the Colonel will appreciate the truth of the preceding remarks.

Locals.

—Students indulging in rifle practice at the lakes are requested to discontinue the pastime. Several walking near Holy Cross Hall have narrowly escaped bullets during the past week.

—Professor Edwards acknowledges the following gifts to the library: From Mrs. M. Rhodius 30 odd volumes relating to the World's Fair in Chicago; from Father Fitte a collection of pamphlets, books and magazines on the subject of the Louisiana Purchase.

—Students submitting work for the SCHOLASTIC are requested to write only on one side of the paper. It is advisable too that the writing be legible. Locals, personals and athletic notes should be handed in Thursday, or, at the latest, Friday, otherwise insertion may be delayed.

—St. Joseph's Specials are corresponding with Niles High School for a series of football games. Though the Specials are good players individually, yet they should not forget that to be successful on the gridiron they must practise regularly. We hope to see them turn out daily hereafter.

—Last Wednesday evening the Juniors held a meeting to select their officers and perfect a permanent organization. It was unanimously decided to have the entire class appear in cap and gown October 13, and not,

as has frequently occurred before, have some with and others without them. A committee was appointed by the chair to secure class caps, after which the following officers were chosen: President, J. Voight; Sec.-Treasurer, W. Stevens; Class Poet, H. M. Kemper; Class Historian, B. S. Fahey; Orator, J. R. Record.

—Last Thursday evening the Philopatrian Society of Carroll Hall was reorganized by the Director, Bro. Cyprian. As soon as the meeting was called, the election of officers took place as follows: D. T. Kelly, President; G. Krees, Vice-President; C. H. Joy, Recording Secretary; J. Morrisson, Corresponding Sec.; W. McKenna, Treasurer; F. Kulner, Sergeant-at-Arms. The prospects of the society are exceedingly bright, the stage talent being even better than that of last year. An interesting program has been arranged for the next meeting.

—The Corby reading-room was thronged with eager students last Wednesday night in answer to an appeal of the football manager. Frank J. Lonergan in a talk that inspired great enthusiasm and one that convinced all present of the sincerity of the athletic committee, declared the purpose of the meeting. That the squad might have proper practice it was necessary to secure suits. Accordingly, the students were asked to subscribe to the fund, which all did cheerfully. The speaker furthermore urged that as many as possible report for daily practice. The meeting was a decided success in every particular, and Corby Hall has entered upon what promises to be a very successful year, both from an athletic as well as an intellectual point of view.

—Last Wednesday evening Messrs. T. R. Toner, J. Sheehan, D. Calliciate, E. O'Flynn, and J. Cunningham, acting as committee for the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society, submitted for approval a code of rules and regulations which are to govern the society throughout the year. Their work was so well done that it was accepted unanimously; then followed the election of critics, T. A. Toner and P. Malloy being appointed. Next came the program for the evening. The question for debate was: "Resolved, That woman suffrage should be adopted throughout the country." Messrs. R. Donovan and G. McGillis ably upheld the affirmative, while Messrs. A. O'Connell and Collier vigorously supported the negative. The judges, P. Malloy, W. Pierce and J. W. Sheehan, decided in favor of the affirmative. J. MacDonald followed with an oration on "Labor Unions." He ably put forth the objects and benefits of these unions. E. O'Flynn was easily the star of the evening. An impromptu speech was well delivered by G. Sullivan, and a short recitation completed the program. The President, J. I. O'Phelan, in a few choice words, complimented the members, after which the meeting adjourned.