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In Retrospect.

W. N. H.

AS we stand on the last step of the car
And watch the glistening lines of track
Converge to a point in the dusk afar,
We think how memory, harking back
In retrospect to the days of youth,
Reviewing deeds then paramount,
Blurs influences which, in truth,
Were, in their time, of like account.
The tracks seem widest where we stand,
And yet in truth they are parallel;
And the deeds of the past and those now at hand
Are of equal import—if we do them well.

The Negro.

FRED W. KASPER, '04.



MISTAKE commonly made in the examination of race problems is the sole investigation of existing conditions in order to anticipate the future status. But what system of government, what theory of any sort, can be understood if we fail to delve into its past, aye, to its very origin if necessary? So let it be with the negro. In order fully to understand the question in its phases—political, social, religious and economic—as it presents itself now, and in order to anticipate its future, let us look into the past. Psychologists will tell us that two elements go to make up character, namely, heredity and environment. While environment is changeable, heredity is a constant factor. Environment tones the blue-print of heredity. More or less toning will modulate the high-lights of heredity, but

the task is tedious and slovenly. So then, what has been the hereditary endowment of the American slave; what has been the endowment of the freedman, and what has been the endowment of the free citizen, the present descendant of the one-time African? The successive answers touched upon will aid to solve the future of the negro.

Africa is composed of a vast plateau, divided into two parts. The northern half, known as Soudan, is again reduced to West Central and East Soudan. Roughly, the basins of the Niger, the Chad and the Nile correspond respectively with these three divisions. Our interest is chiefly in West Soudan, since the three principal slave markets centred about the deltas of the Senegal and Niger and, farther south, the Kongo rivers. West Soudan lies entirely in the Torrid Zone. The ever-present malaria, stimulated by a nine-month rainy season, adds to the unpleasantness of a high temperature. There are many tribes in Africa, the principal of which are the Wolofs in Senegambia, the Telups below and the Timmi still farther to the south. The origin of the negro is not definite, but he is known to have inhabited Africa for thousands of years. During this enormous lapse of time there has been no noticeable economic advancement.

And so we shall find time has no value for the African, nor is labor economized. There are no draught animals and the agricultural implements are as embryonic and useless as the agriculture is crude. The plantain and manioc constitute the chief bread equivalents, while palm-wine serves as the universal drink. Fish is the principal flesh food. Any fallen animal, however, is pounced upon with avidity, even if dead for days, and monkeys and snakes all find entrée on the bill of fare. Bamboo huts afford satisfactory shelter against the rain. With polygamy as the universal institution, a poor man has two or three huts for his two or three wives,

whereas a king or rich man may have as many hundred. The cleanliness or extravagant furnishings of an African house is not to be envied. Fish and meat are lying about for days to putrify before eating, and the dead are buried in the earthen floor of the huts. The religion of the African is one of spirits. With him men, animals, objects and phenomena.—all have their spirits. When a king dies, many victims, including his wives, are slain to keep him company in "Deadland." It is related that on the death of king Kwamina, in the year 1800, two hundred slaves perished weekly for three months. A death is always ascribed to some spirit, the prevailing number of which are evil; and thereupon witchcraft claims many a victim. Over and above the common, wild, uproarious moonlight dances, births, marriages and funerals constitute the chief sources of congregation and celebration. Religious or respectful to the gods as the African may be, and as he is, this has nothing to do with his conduct toward his fellow-man. The gods take no hand, nor do they concern themselves about theft, murder or licentiousness.

External actions, as a rule, reveal the inner man. If the African is indolent, steals, lies, murders, sells his own family into slavery and is immoral, what must have been the psychical endowments of the American slave? This manifest lack of progress, political, social, moral and economic, was undoubtedly not solely due to lack of education and incentive, but rather, as I have intimated, to correspondence with ever similarly existing external conditions. The industrial development achieved by the negro under slavery through discipline and personal influence was remarkable. The worship of spirits, witchcraft and superstition were suspended with rigorous measures. The climate being agreeable in America, indolence was not stimulated by nature nor was disease encouraged. Food was more wholesome, cleanliness enforced and medical care applied. Yet although the innate passion was checked by discipline and fear, how could the old traditions, social and religious, impressed by generations of associations be so easily wiped off the mind of the adult transplanted African? As intelligence was thought bad for a slave, slave owners forbade literate education, and so emancipation found the negro—one-sixth of the population of the United States,—almost without exception, illiterate. Could he, does he, can he hold his

ground in competition with the white man?

There is likewise reason for an answer. As was stated, the negro inherited indolence; and as slave, though he made great industrial advance, he had no incentive other than force; so necessarily his labors failed to equal in efficiency those of his white brother. But now since new generations have, in a great measure, replaced the old slaves this incentive ought not be wanting. What do we find, however? We find the negro swiftly falling behind and replaced in competition with the white man. If this is so, how can the degeneration be justified? Only in that the incentive for self-attainment is off-set by the old indolence, extravagance, indifference and personal vanity now that discipline no longer controls the childlike negro. We learn that expensive pianos, organs, clocks, furniture, sewing machines, etc., gaudy and extravagant dress, are bought, when in many cases, economically speaking, the article is not a valuable good, because for him it has no use. Many liberal, broad-minded and no doubt competent negro sympathizers shout patronizingly: "Higher education for the negro!" But what does investigation demonstrate here? That the negro is sorely in need of elementary education and of training in mechanical and manual arts. Late statistics show that in 1900, one half of the negroes in the United States were illiterate. As in Africa religious service is the chief duty with the negro; and in his church are rehearsed with symbolical exactness the old traditions. Further statistics make known that the black race in America owns church property to the extent of 26,000,000 dollars, whereas only about 2,000,000 dollars cover the school valuation. What the negro needs is schools solely for negroes. The negro child can not keep up with his white cousin, and why is not part of this church fund judiciously reserved for schools? Or, as a side remark, why do not some of our American philanthropists endow a few negro preparatory and industrial schools in place of numberless libraries?

The negro is still superstitious, extravagant, thoughtless of the future. In a word, he retains all the traits of the African in a less marked degree, and we cannot get around the facts. As has been said, "scratch him and you find the savage." It is true, there are some exceptional negroes, but unless the race as a whole is unlike anything to which natural law applies, as matters are, without white help it cannot

ward off and overcome the tendencies which continually draw and drag.

Such is the position of the negro. He is in our midst, the white man's burden, and unless he is elevated American standards will decline with his degeneration. The racial troubles throughout the country of late show the hasty and thoughtless manner in which the white man views the problem. The negro was brought here, he cannot be annihilated; he cannot be transplanted, and the only remedy is to elevate him. The white man should not be impatient with the negro as he would with an equal. Of 76,303,387, the total population of the United States at the last census, 8,840,789 were negroes. The relative increase of white and black is proportionate. So there is no danger that the negro will ever outnumber the white man in America.

If after generations of obscurity under slavery the negro made his first and remarkable strides toward civilization, and if now, since slavery is no more, his old tendencies reassert themselves, what was it that led him in slavery, and now that he is free what is it that retrogrades him? Our answer is, discipline. On the advancement of the negro hinges more or less the future progress of this nation. It is evident the negro is in many respects as incapable of self-government as the Filipino. He has been the subject of the most remarkable passive evolution recorded in history. We observed him in Africa; we know his innate tendencies molded in his character. He has been transplanted to our midst after a rigorous physical selection. For a time he was a slave, after which period, with the illiterate education and civilization acquired during that transition, he was made a free citizen in what was to him a fairyland. Can we deny the inevitable reasserting of his old tendencies with a sudden let-up of discipline?

America has made many a mistake regarding the negro. It is high time to understand the problem properly. Let us repeat, he is here to stay and he is here to be civilized. With white men in control of his schools, churches, etc., advancement would be fostered. Education in mechanics and agriculture must be his acquirements to merit employment; for higher education is not what the average negro needs, not to say that it is not within reach of the exceptional specimen. Not knowledge but feeling governs the actions of individuals. The most dastardly criminals

are often so with advantage owing to their culture. Knowledge is not necessarily an element of a good character, and a good character is more important than knowledge. The future of the nation depends on the character of its citizens. So let us try to develop and change the character of the negro and attend to knowledge as a concomitant. Feeling is what counts in conduct. As a remark, who has not observed this fact in Topsy in "Uncle Tom's Cabin?" Why should we spurn and disdain an unfortunate people who have never had the opportunities our race enjoyed as long as they were denied it? By white control of negro institutions, aided by discipline and human sympathy rather than hatred, steadiness will be inculcated in the negro and emotionalism overcome. If this is done, as it shall be and must be to further the interests of these free United States as well as to elevate the unfortunate negro, we can have little doubt that after several generations have passed, the negro will stand as one more type of American liberty, justice and integrity.

A Victim of Circumstance.

MAURICE GRIFFIN, '04.

We were in a lonely fisherman's shanty on the shore of an inland lake. Chance had brought me to this sequestered spot, and charmed by its quiet, I had remained there for many days. My sole companion was the owner of the hut; a man about sixty years old, of ordinary appearance: such a man as one would meet a hundred times in a crowd without taking a second look at him. Nevertheless, if you observed him closely, you could perceive in him a peculiar furtive nervousness. In his eye, there was a strange, restless gleam, and the lines of his face were deeply drawn. Somehow when I first saw him amid such surroundings, I was convinced that here was a man with a past.

It was clear that my coming had made some impression on him. This was explained afterwards by his saying that I was his only visitor in the half year he had been there. It was true, I had simply stumbled upon the place, and my manifest lack of motive alone had warranted his taking me in. But the barriers were broken down when I ate of his board and slept at his hearth. We fished

together in the early morning and sat around the fire in the dusk. Little by little his reticence disappeared, and the story I had longed for was told. In his own words it is as follows:

"My boy, you'll think me strange when you hear my story. Yet you will not wonder that I am strange. For years I have been an outcast from society, in fear of my fellowman. I have wandered over the wide world, in foreign lands, among hostile tribes, over uncertain trails and dangerous ways. But nowhere among men did I feel safe, and only when I found this out-of-the-way place did I rest in peace. By fishing and hunting I managed to live and began to think life worth living." He paused and trembled. "But now you have found me, my hiding is in vain. Before another sun shall rise I will be far away, and you will never again see nor hear anything more of the hermit whose story you are anxious to hear."

Then for a while he was silent, and I thought the prize which I so eagerly expected was lost, yet I dared not utter a word to break the spell. The embers of our evening fire lit up his face with a red glow, and from his pipe the white smoke curling upwards mingled with the darkness overhead. No sound broke the stillness of the place, save the labored breathing of my companion. For a long while we sat thus blankly gazing into the fire, then he resumed:

"You see, I'm a victim of circumstance. When a boy I was happy as the day is long, knowing no care, nor even the shadow of sorrow. My home was pleasant as a home could be: I went to school and received a good education. I was one of those popular boys and the pride of my mother's heart, but in an evil hour I was seized with a desire to roam. I was 'touched with the curse of the wandering foot,' and home, parents,—everything brightest and best—was forgotten in my all-absorbing craving to 'see the country.'

"And here my story is just beginning. For months I wandered about, now in the heart of a great city, now on the rolling prairie, now in the lumber camps of the north, now in the great cotton belt, on either sea-coast and through the great central valley. I was no longer such a man as my people had hoped me to be, but a confirmed vagrant. Yet occasionally would come longings for the life they had planned for me; now and then, my better

self would conquer, and I would go to work.

"So it happened that ten years ago this summer I was working on a farm in the Mahoning Valley. A few weeks earlier I had written my mother promising to reform. I had worked hard all through the harvest; and when the threshing was finished and we had just received our summer's wages, I was given a letter from home. I remember well, it was brought me late in the evening: all the rest had been paid and gone. It was short, but it went to my heart:

"May God bless and strengthen you, John, for your mother never needed you as much as she does this day. Your father lies dead and the homestead will be auctioned next month.'

"My story must diverge at this point in order to include another narrative—that of my employer. He was a man of considerable wealth, quiet, unassuming and attentive to business. People said he had been a captain in the army and had come West after the war. Few knew him intimately, but all respected him, and recognized his ability as a successful farmer. He had gradually extended the limits of his farm. And even now it was rumored he was about to close a large purchase of adjoining land.

We were talking together when my letter came. I went to my room immediately to read it. Then I sat for a long time thinking. Finally rousing myself, I started down to the office to tell him I must go. As I approached the hall I saw a stranger before me. He looked neither to the right nor the left, and in the dim light seemed to move as silently and rapidly as a spirit, drawing me after him, though not aware of my presence. As he opened the door, the stream of light fell full upon him. He stood in that frame a picture of resolute daring. He was tall and powerfully built, and his angular face, with its dark flashing eyes, spoke an intense hatred. He paused but a moment, then as a famished tiger springing upon his prey, he attacked my employer. He had found him sitting at the desk facing the door, and in a single bound had reached his throat; with a grip of steel, he choked him and raised him up. In a voice like the hissing of a serpent, he cried:

"At last I have found you! For twenty years you have escaped me, but now I have my revenge. Die, you cringing viper, for the home you burned over my head, for the

wife and darling child you shot as they knelt at my bedside. Little did you think that the pale, sick man who had received your bullets whom you left bleeding, dying in that burning mansion, would one day meet you man to man and avenge your savage raiding—"Wrath choked his words and he trembled in every limb, but each fibre was like a taut bow-string about to send its shaft on a message of death.

The hissing of his voice re-echoed in the hall; the pallor of deadly fear spread over the face of the victim, and his large form lay limp in the hands of the avenger. That terrible grip had tightened on his throat, and the strength of that arm of iron had turned the head to the side. Then the assassin hesitated; but for a moment only did he stay the blow, and like coiled steel his free arm shot out, landing a deadly blow back of the ear. At once he loosened his grip and the body fell lifeless at his feet. He raised his eyes to God, as if seeking forgiveness—or justification. Then he turned and met me in the doorway; he pushed me aside, and, shadow-like, he was gone in the night.

"Oh, how I have wished and prayed a thousand times for that meeting again, and a thousand times have I cursed my inaction. But paralyzed with horror at this savage attack, I know not how long I stood gazing at the lifeless form before me. Finally, I turned to the door for pursuit, and met the pale face of my employer's wife. While I had been standing there dumb she had been watching me. At my first move, she uttered a single, heart-rending shriek and fell back from me. In a moment the household came rushing in, and with a dreadful expression of scorn on her face she cried: 'He has killed my husband.'

"Why tarry longer on the weeks and months that followed. I was accused of the murder. The wife in the room overhead had heard the sounds of voices in the office. She had come down to see who it was. She found her husband dead on the floor before me, the finger marks on his throat.

"Circumstantial evidence had me in its strongest clutches; link by link the chain was woven around me. My past life, my position—everything was against me. The motive was easily decided upon: My mother's appeal for help was said to be the incentive; the money known to be in the safe, the object of the assault. Details were carefully

filled in; the chain was completed. The lawyers made sport of the story of the Southerner's revenge. With the fervor of only the just I pled my cause, and they mocked me. Calling God to witness, I proclaimed my innocence, nevertheless, they condemned me and sentenced me for life.

"Could I now be content to submit to the punishment I had never deserved? Not for an instant was my busy brain quiet. I was ever forming plans of escape. At last I succeeded, but only partly, for, by a fatal miscalculation, I met the guard on the wall. It had to be death to him or me, and frenzied by the taste of freedom, I felt that I must live. Summoning all my strength I hurled him to the ground. I heard the dull thud as he struck the pavement—I knew he was fatally hurt.

"From that day to this I have been a fugitive; they called me a murderer. They followed me night and day; they hounded my tracks for weeks. Necessity pressed her heavy hand on me, and I knew no law but the point of the gun. Wild rumors spread the story of my blood-red deeds. Finally, the active pursuit was abandoned, yet I was shadowed for months. I continued to fly from my pursuers, but at length only to wander. Whenever I felt safest a peering eye would find me; whenever I slept in peace, a warning voice would rouse me. Among strange people the finger of suspicion was pointed toward me; in the smile of the innocent babe, I saw the glance that accused me. On my brow was the felon's mark; the weight of my crimes has bent my back, and the shadow of guilt has darkened my way."

These last words were spoken slowly and in a tone scarcely audible. When he stopped I looked up, and saw him a picture of woe; the animation which had thrilled him during parts of the narrative had gone, and now there was but a shattered, trembling old man. He scarcely breathed as he swayed to and fro, and in the dim light of the dying embers I could see he was very pale. He seemed entirely unconscious of me, so I hesitated to disturb him. I sat there perfectly motionless for a long time: when I awoke I was alone. True to his word the wanderer was gone. But now his journey of life was over: the weight of woe was lifted from his weary shoulders, and again he was to plead his cause, but this time in that court where truth is judge, and where no chain of fiction binds a man for life.

Varsity Verse.

O FONS BANDUSIÆ.

(Horace, Odes III., 13.)

BANDUSIA, fountain crystal clear,
I crown with bloom and mellow wine
Thy stream; to-morrow morn be thine
A frisking kid of half a year,

Whose passion sprouting horns foretell,—
Vain presage; for thy limpid wave
Shall cool the fiery blood it gave
The flock that gambol in the dell.

By blistering breezes never stirred,
Constant and cool, each summer day
Thy water glads the homeward way
Of weary ox and roving herd.

Of famous fountains, men will keep
Thy memory dear; while I alone
Sing by the hollow oak-arched stone
From which thy laughing ripples leap.

C. L. O'D.

A LULLABY.

Listen, my babe, the raindrops' falling,
Falling on the lea;
Hark, how the wind's loud voice is calling,
Calling Dad to sea.

Yes, mother knows the storm is nearing;
Nearing from the West;
Let your heart be little fearing,
Hoping for the best.

Soon o'er the hill will the sun be shining,
Shining for my boy;
Dad is coming, cease your pining,
Yield your grief to joy.

C.

WHO SAYS "OO!"

I's wondered an' wondered s' long,
I's 'fraid dat m' brain's gone wrong;
De owles dey say "oo!"
O yes, dat am true,
I'm sure I don't know where I b'long.

Las' night I was out wi' de moon,
An' chicken I spied putty soon,
I bagged one or two,
An' heard a loud "oo!"
Dat straighten de ha'rs o' dis coon.

O' cou'se now it's 'culiah to you,
Fo' me t' be 'fraid of a "oo!"
But mabbie you men
Neber found an ol' hen,
An' heard de ol' owl 'cusin' you.

T. W.

THE MOSQUITO.

He sails about with thread-like legs spread out,
With ghst'ning eye and blood-extracting snout.
He lands; we greet him—as advised by "Mac."
With friendship's hearty slap upon the back.

D.

Solved at Last.

L. C. DUNN.

For Johnnie Parker, the most amusing characters in the *matinée farce* were those of the lunatic French Count and his Irish servant. Of the many queer doings of the insane count and the comical antics of his sane attendant, there was one trick in particular that amused and puzzled Johnnie. Every time the pompous lunatic rang the bell, the Irish servant would obediently trot in, and, without bowing or scraping, make straight for the side of his master where he would stand motionless and expectant. The harmless Count would turn to his man-servant, with wild eyes regard him for a moment, then suddenly and invariably he would thrust the long forefinger of his right hand into the open left eye of his attendant. While the finger was in his eye the Irishman would wriggle and twist with his whole body, while over his face would pass with lightning rapidity mock-painful expressions, so comical in effect that the theatre rang with laughter and applause.

Johnnie enjoyed the trick, but it puzzled him; he was only seven, but he was a dreamer, imaginative and fond of performing novel experiments. It was his great delight, after he and a number of his boy friends had been present at a *matinée*, to reproduce the play the next afternoon in the loft of his father's barn. No wonder, then, that after having his interest aroused and his imagination stimulated by this new trick, he was impatient till he himself should perform the act in his own private theatre. Accordingly, the next day, Timmie Mulligan was instructed how to fill the office of man-servant in the miniature play, while Johnnie installed himself in the rôle of insane Count. He pressed an imaginary button on a tin can; Timmie bobbed in correctly enough and went up to his side; a pause,—Johnnie turned on his valet a piercing glance, then raised his hand and with unerring aim planted his finger in the left eye of his innocent servant. Then came the first miscarriage of the entertainment—howls from the unfortunate victim, and words of rage from the disappointed mock tragedian. The play necessarily came to an end, and Johnnie disgustedly discharged his man.

This was but the beginning. At first, Johnnie

thought the failure of the trick was due entirely to the stupidity of his fellow-actor. Not discouraged, he made out another cast and re-staged the play; the result, as far as the finger-and-the-eye trick was concerned, was much the same, except that Johnnie was soundly thrashed by his outraged servant. Johnnie's determination to succeed in performing the trick, however, was only strengthened by the opposition set in his path. Before the month was up a number of his companions were going around with their left eye, figuratively speaking, in a sling, and Johnnie was still wondering why his efforts failed of success.

Being of a brooding disposition, he pondered much over the trick as he had seen it performed. He tried it on dogs and was bitten; he tried it on cats and had his own eyes nearly scratched out, but his patience did not flag nor his determination weaken. When his parents found out through the complaints of other parents in the neighborhood of the damage he had done to the optic apparatus of the growing generation, Johnnie was severely punished. Besides this humiliation, he had the additional disgrace of being taunted and laughed at by his companions who now called him "The Eye-Opener." The name stuck, and till he was graduated in the public school, a dozen times a day he was reminded by his nick-name of that wonderful trick he had seen at the *matinée*, that puzzle which for him was still unsolved.

After graduation, as if in fulfilment of the prophecies of his early barn-storming days, he went on the stage. For several years he played the *rôle* of villain who ended his days by going mad. So vividly did Parker conceive the villain's character, and so intensely did he enter into it, that after a time the great strain began to tell upon his nerves, and at periods his mind was unsettled. One night, in the last act, just as he, in the *rôle* of the mad villain, was supposed to be dying, he violently started up, wildly stared at the nurse who was at his bedside, then of a sudden thrust his forefinger into her wide-open left eye. There was a shriek of pain from the attendant; the curtain was dropped, and Parker was taken to the asylum, violently insane.

For three years he lived there. At certain times his mind became lucid, and he was allowed to enjoy the freedom of a walk in the asylum gardens. One day, however, on one of these promenades the spell suddenly

came upon him, and before anyone could prevent, he had blinded two or three of the inmates whom he met on the walk. He was taken to his cell, and as the attack was very severe, the house-physician was sent for. The latter was away, but his assistant came, a middle-aged man, who had recently been engaged at the asylum. After a brief examination, he informed the nurse it was his opinion the patient had had an aneurism, and that death was close at hand.

The attack had now spent itself and the poor lunatic lay limp and quivering in his narrow iron bed. Suddenly across his face there flashed a look of intelligence and he signalled to the doctor. When the doctor had come over to his side he began in a low, weak voice, to tell the story of his life, speaking particularly about the incident of the *matinée* which had exercised so baneful an influence on his entire career. He finished and sank back upon his bed exhausted. The doctor, who had listened attentively to the whole story, now with considerable show of interest, asked:

"My poor man, where was it that you saw that play, and in what year did you see it?"

"In Bardstown, Ky., in '79," was the dying man's feeble response.

"In that case," said the doctor, "I believe I can solve the riddle that has puzzled you so long.

The man in the bed tried to raise himself up on one elbow, his eyes wide, his lips apart with interest, and his thin, wasted frame trembling with excitement.

"Do you see this left eye of mine?" the doctor continued in a light voice, "well, it is glass," and he gave a slight laugh as though there were some joke.

The dying man shivered; his head fell back on the pillow; his eyes gleamed for an instant, their light then vanished like a spark burnt out.

At Evening on the Neapolitan Shore.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.

Evening is by far the most delightful time in the dirty metropolis. Perhaps it is because the approach of night always brings with it a certain awe and impressiveness, adding enchantment to scenes at other times uninteresting, and enhancing those always beautiful. Perhaps it is because under the veil of dusk

those characteristics that at other times mar the tourist's pleasure are hidden from view.

How vividly the scene is present to me! The sun has just dropped behind the hills of Posilippo. Capri, with its rugged cliffs, is flushed with golden radiance, and Sorrento, nestled on the side of a vine-clad ridge under the mellow rays, never looked so picturesque. A little to the south, Ischia, the "Island of Tranquil Delights," famous for its mineral springs, whose natural waters, by the way, are conscientiously manufactured by the natives out of the unruffled sea. Epomeo, its boasted pride, extending three thousand feet into the sky, looks doubly high in its splendid solitude. Away to the east Vesuvius, partly golden and partly dark, sends forth its columns of thin smoke.

Not a cloud soars overhead, and the atmosphere is so clear that distant objects at other times invisible gleam with remarkable distinctness. The bay is smooth as a mirror, and its shimmering surface is dotted with innumerable little craft, mostly "fishers" drifting in from sea with their scaly burdens. Their owners, merry after the day's siestas, fill the air with song as they mend their tangled nets. The ripple of laughter and the splash of oars accompany many little pleasure boats that dart up and down the bay.

Bathers in costumes of every description, some adorned only with nature's covering, line the shore, and their continuous clamour falls upon the ear in any but musical tones. The Neapolitans seem always bathing, yet always in need of a bath.

It is now dusk, and everywhere along the noisy shore myriads of flickering lights begin to appear. The fruit-booths hanging over the water are literally festooned with lanterns of various colors, and thousands of tiny lamps are reflected from the baths at Santa Lucia far out on the mirror-like bay. The fishing boats are preparing to land. The women and donkey-carts have come down to the water's edge to help their masters home with their hauls. Then follows a series of inarticulate yells as wife and husband endeavor to get the little craft into its moorings. The cargo is loaded, and the faithful donkey starts for home amid the crack of the whip and the impatient urgings of the family, of whom as many as can possibly stay on weigh down the cart, each in eager expectation of his savory supper of dried fish and stringy macaroni.

His First Case.

STEPHEN F. RIORDAN, '04.

Every man in Readville took a kindly interest in Geoffrey Clayton. Everyone knew that Jeff had gone to Harvard to study law, and when after his graduation and admittance to the bar he was nominated for district attorney, the young candidate was enthusiastically supported. The election was over, and Geoffrey Clayton being duly chosen district attorney, Readville settled back into its wonted listlessness.

Early on the morning of the 16th of Sept. the town was startled by the news that Franklin Storm, a man of light and leading in the town, had been foully murdered, his body found lying on the road outside the town. The intention was plainly robbery. He had been shot presumably from ambush and his pockets were emptied of their contents. Suspicion settled upon a stranger who appeared in Readville the same morning, and he was promptly arrested. On being searched a revolver with two of its chambers empty was found in his possession. At the inquest the following afternoon the two bullets extracted from the body were found to be of exactly the same calibre as those contained in the revolver of the prisoner. When questioned the man could give no accurate account of where he had been the previous night, but he denied any knowledge of the shooting, and he was promptly indicted for the murder of Franklin Storm.

The town was busy discussing the affair for days before the trial took place. If the outcome of the trial greatly concerned the prisoner he did not show it, for he was visibly calm and collected up to the very day when he was to be tried. But there was one other to whom the trial was, if possible, of greater importance. This was the young district attorney, who was to make his initial effort as prosecutor for the State.

At last the day of the trial arrived. It was a hot, sultry afternoon, and the court-room was crowded long before the time set for the trial. There had been no difficulty experienced in selecting twelve men for the jury; none were prejudiced, for none knew or had even seen the prisoner before. Interest in the trial was lost in the general eagerness to hear Jeff Clayton speak, and more than one "corner

store politician" predicted that Jeff would be the next congressman if he made a good speech. The judge called the court to order and the trial began. No witnesses were examined, for there were none. The testimony of the coroner was read and the prisoner's counsel arose to speak. He showed that no one had seen his client do the deed and therefore it could not be proved that he shot Franklin Storm, and furthermore no man should be pronounced guilty on such flimsy circumstantial evidence alone. When the attorney for the defendant concluded his statement, there was an expectant hush as the State prosecutor, Clayton, arose.

No one doubted the conviction of the prisoner and the interest of all centred upon the kind of speech Jeff would make. The young attorney paused for a moment as he looked at the crowd, and in the front row he caught the eye of his aged father gazing proudly at his son. Yes, he would make his father still prouder of that son, he thought, as in a strong, clear voice he began the final address to the jury. At first he was calm, but as he progressed with his speech, his eyes brightened and his face glowed with earnestness as he eloquently arraigned the prisoner. He pointed out to the jury that this man had disturbed the peace of the community by robbing the town of one of its most valuable citizens, and taking from that man what was most dear to him, his life; that the prisoner could not and had not proved his innocence; that whatever evidence there was pointed to him and he should therefore suffer death. "And this is the man," he said, pointing dramatically at the silent figure in the dock—But why does he pause? What is there in the prisoner's appearance to cause such a change in the district attorney? But who saw the picture that passed before the young man's mind at that moment?—a bar-room crowded with boisterous tipplers; a sudden taunt; a muttered curse and two scuffling men; another springs forward to part them; a knife is raised on high, and the intruder is about to pay for his interference, when a quick shot from the bystander shatters the uplifted arm,—and in the prisoner at the bar Jeff recognized the man who by that sudden shot had saved his life the night he had so rashly interfered.

Duty and gratitude had a brief struggle and gratitude proved the stronger. Clayton turned and faced the crowd, and if before he had been simply eloquent, he was now

admirably so, as he told the story and pleaded for the life of the accused. His eloquence won the day, for without leaving the room the jury acquitted the prisoner, and thus it came about that Geoffrey Clayton both lost and won his first case.

That day at dinner, as his father was telling Jeff how proud he was of him, a knock came to the door. The visitor proved to be the man whom Jeff's eloquence had acquitted that morning. He had come to tell the story of Franklin Storm's death. Early on the morning of the 16th of September he was travelling through the fields outside Readville to reach the road that led into the town. In his passage he startled a rabbit, and having a loaded revolver in his pocket—it being a custom with him, as he said—he drew it, and fired twice at the frightened animal which fled into the bushes that skirted the road. The quarry having escaped he continued on his way into town. On his arrest he told the constable the story about shooting at the rabbit, but that officer laughed at him. After his acquittal he had asked the policeman to the place where he claimed he shot at the rabbit, and there, on searching the bushes, they discovered a large, flat stone on which undoubtedly the bullets had struck, and glancing off, killed Franklin Storm. Some tramp passing along the road that morning had robbed the body of anything of value.

Geoffrey Clayton has creditably served two terms in Congress, and the "corner-store politicians" declare his next step will be to the governor's "chair."

A Rooter's Reverie.

When the leaves turn to gold
And the winds blow cold
And "football" is in the air,
Our hearts go out,
And loudly we shout
Our greetings to every player.

For we think of the past,
And we know that the last
Man that fights for the Gold and Blue,
Will e'er do his best,
Whate'er be the test,
With a heart that's brave and true.

So here's to the team,
And here's to a dream
That surely must come to be:
Indiana will bow,
Purdue will avow,
We're the "Champions of nineteen-three." C.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Notre Dame, Indiana.

—The classes are now fully organized and work is satisfactorily begun. The young men that make up these classes are fully aware of the importance of conscientious daily work. The student that prepares his work each day need not fear the time for examination. To slight one day's work looks to be a small offence, but it is a self-indulgence that will grow. Shortly, the habit of irregularity will be formed; and when that is a reality there is grave matter for regret, as some students by an unpleasant experience can attest. The young man who starts out his collegiate year in right earnest is not a "lucky" man on examination days. No, he is an honest, conscientious worker and knows full well whence his success comes. Take the hint *you* and be lucky in this sense of the term.

—The season noted for strenuousness in college life is here. The football team has been training for some time, and last Saturday gave an exhibition, which, if not of a very high standard, was at least sufficient to bring us victory. The players are making praiseworthy efforts, but what are we doing to encourage them?—we who dawdle at the sidelines and seldom have a charitable word for any member unfortunate enough to make a blunder. At the last game on Cartier Field many of the students were absent, and applause from those present was fainthearted. This was more evident on that occasion than at any other game of past years which we recall. Is it going to be repeated to-day or at future contests at which the student body will be spectators? We hope not. The management has arranged for an interesting series of games, many of which will be played on the home-ground, and we are lacking in appreciation and college enthusiasm if we do not give the needed support. Let us attend the football contests and cheer our men to victory.

—Some magazine articles signed by millionaires and written for the guidance of youth lay great stress on the advantage of being born poor. Mr. Carnegie has been repeating for the benefit of his cousins in Scotland that "the finest heritage for a young man is poverty," and he seeks to strengthen this assertion by saying that President Garfield held the same belief. The fallacy of this doctrine is pretty well exposed by a writer in the London *Daily News*.

Admitting the general correctness of the dictum, the correspondent says that perhaps Mr. Carnegie and President Garfield are not unprejudiced witnesses. They were both born poor, and by the native force they possessed rose to high distinction; but, he asks, does it follow that since the early climate of poverty and struggle was the best for them it should be the best for all?

When men like these two have won success they almost invariably conclude that what proved an invigorating discipline to them must be the same to everyone. Facts do not support this generalization. Plants of different species do not always flourish in the same climate and human peculiarities of gifts of genius and innate possibilities of "deeds of high emprise" may similarly differ. The conditions beneficial to one may prove disastrous to another.

Mr. John Morley had none of the trying conditions to meet that confronted either Mr. Carnegie or President Garfield. He obtained the quiet culture of Oxford, where his mind grew and "flourished in a grove" of academic learning; and is it likely that he could ever have climbed his way up mountains of pig-iron or of steel ingots to wave the gold flag of a multi-millionaire at the top? or from a log cabin have forced his way into the White House? Even admitting that Mr. Carnegie's and President Garfield's great qualities were of a kind which early hardship developed, may it not be true that the development would not have led to success unless the conditions of American life had been of a character which made success possible?

The factors seem to have been three, the absence of any one of which might have been fatal. First, nature produced a Carnegie; then planted him in bracing poverty, but not in sordid squalor; and surrounded him with peculiarly favorable conditions and opportunities. This explanation throws a little light on Mr. Carnegie's favorite tenet.

Parliamentary Law Classes.

Some very important changes have been made this year in the manner of conducting the junior and senior classes in parliamentary law. The members will no longer meet in Washington Hall but in the more comfortable apartments known as the St. Cecilia Rooms in the Main Building. A system that combines literary, debating, and parliamentary work has been substituted for the formal debates to which the work of this department was for the most part confined, and the divisions will be taken up in rotation. An hour each week will be spent in the class-room.

The programme for the first division will include select readings, declamations and other oratorical exercise. Occasionally members will be called upon for extemporaneous speeches. The various items on the programme will be arranged by a permanent committee, consisting of the professor and two members of the class.

To obtain a better knowledge of legislature practice and to acquire ease in public speaking it is proposed to form a senate with its various committees and sub-committees. At stated times a committee consisting of four members will introduce a report with its accompanying resolutions. Two of these members will defend the report in prepared speeches and the other two will bring in a minority report and oppose the main question. This will be followed by a general discussion and by a vote on the main question.

The application of the rules of parliamentary law will receive special attention. Members will be called upon in turn to act as chairman, and each will retain the position at the discretion of the professor. To test the chairman's knowledge and fitness, a question will be moved for debate; and conflicting motions will be put by the audience. Any mistakes made by the chairman in the performance of the duties of his office will be pointed out by the professor.

Thus profiting by their own experience and that of others, the members will be drilled in parliamentary tactics, so that in after-life they may more readily adapt themselves to the work of society, lodge, or legislature. The new system has been warmly received by the students and will, it is expected, prove more productive of good results than did the old.

University Courts.

The several courts conducted in connection with the exercises of the Law Department have been organized, and exceptional interest is manifested in their prospective work. Their proceedings follow as closely as practicable, like proceedings in the ordinary courts of justice. The Moot-Court, which is the leading one in point of business volume, corresponds to the circuit or trial courts in the different states. The distinction between actions at law and suits in equity is still maintained, and hence we have a separate Court of Chancery. The process of taking cases on appeal to the court of last resort is interesting and instructive, and therefore a Supreme Court has been established. Cases involving infractions of the Federal laws are tried in the United States District Court. Following is a list of the different courts and their officers:

MOOT-COURT.

Judge, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, Joseph J. Meyers; Assistant Clerk, Edward H. Schwab; Prosecuting Attorney, R. E. Proctor; Assistant Prosecuting Attorney, Patrick J. MacDonough; Referee, Frank F. Dukette; Sheriff, Francis J. Conboy; Deputy Sheriff, John J. O'Connor; Coroner, John I. O'Phelan; Deputy Coroner, Earl F. Gruber; Jury Commissioners, John Farragher and Michael L. Fansler; Notary Public, Thomas A. Toner; Recorder, Nicholas R. Furlong.

COURT OF CHANCERY.

Chancellor, Hon. William Hoynes; Clerk, Frank J. Lonergan; Assistant Clerk, Thomas J. Welch; Master in Chancery, T. B. Quinlan, jr.; Deputy Sheriff, Daniel L. Murphy.

SUPREME COURT.

Judge, Hon. Timothy E. Howard; Clerk, Harry G. Hogan; Assistant Clerk, Fred. J. Kasper; Reporter, Francis H. McKeever.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT COURT.

Judge, Hon. Lucius Hubbard; Clerk, George L. Nyere; Assistant Clerk, Frank J. Laughren; District Attorney, Frank Barry; Assistant District Attorney, Thomas D. Lyons; United States Marshal, W. J. Mahoney; Assistant United States Marshal, Henry J. McGlew.

JURORS.

Dallas G. Alderman, Raymond J. Daschbach, Richard W. Donovan, Garland Roe Eaton,

James P. Fehan, Frank J. Houszch, T. F. Healy, Roscoe P. Hurst, Charles J. Kane, Robert A. Kasper, Daniel L. Madden, Ralph Madden, Frank A. McCarthy, J. W. McInerny, Lawrence McNurnen, William E. Perce, Philip P. Sharkey, John W. Sheehan, Louis E. Wagner, George C. Ziebold.

Athletic Notes.

From a Memphis daily paper of recent date, we quote the following:—

Little Bobbie Lynch is a man of many professions. His assortment is rather incongruous. Theology, law and baseball make up his category. As a divinity student in Indiana's celebrated Catholic school of learning, Notre Dame, he studied for several years. There he formed the friendship of a young Texan, now a priest. Last Sunday the Texan was in Memphis and looked up little Lynch. On Sunday priests must celebrate Mass wherever they are. The young Texan had arranged to conduct the celebration at St. Peter's at the nine o'clock service. He asked the young Frankfurter to officiate with him.

And so it came about that the diminutive infielder donned the robes of an altar boy and assisted his friend from Texas. It was not generally known among the congregation that a member of the pennant winning Memphis team was swinging the censer while the priest was chanting the Latin service. Queer things happen in this world, even in Memphis, but this is decidedly the strangest event that has occurred in this city in many a day.

Lynch was Captain of the Varsity team two years ago, and last year acted as Coach, proving very successful in both capacities. During his four years on the Varsity he earned the reputation of being one of the fastest College infielders in the West.

Lake Forest to-day. Watch for a vast improvement in the work of our men over last Saturday's exhibition.

Pat. Beacom will prove a tower of strength to the line this season. His clever defensive work in last Saturday's game was very encouraging. When Pat "gets on" to the fine points of the game, few men in the West can cope with him.

Shaughnessy's forty-yard for a touchdown, Silver's interference work, Neyere's end runs, and McGlew's splendid help-along tactics, were chief features of the game.

McInerny's defensive work reminded one

strongly of "Jim" Doar's playing. "Jim" had but few equals at this game. McInerny also made good gains whenever called upon.

The reappearance of little "Happy" Steiner in a suit was the source of much gratification.

A very exciting game was played last Sunday between the teams of Capt. Heyler and Capt. Symonds, the contest resulting in a tie, 5 to 5.

The Commercial Team of South Bend failed to show up last Sunday for their scheduled game with Brownson Hall. The latter team is practising daily to get into shape for the Inter-Hall contests. Their chances of being in the final reckoning are brightening every day, and with McGlew's coaching they will be able to give any of the Halls a hard run. The Brownsonites play Nile's High School team to-day at Niles.

The ex-Juniors won a spirited game from the Corby Hall candidates last Sunday by a score of 5 to 0. The general all-around playing of the ex-Juniors was the feature of the game.

Reports from the training camps of both the Minims and Annexationists are of the brightest. The two teams are on edge now and eager for the fray. Left end Shields, of the Annexationists, strained a muscle in his right ear while listening to the signals in practice the other day, but it is not thought to be very serious. The Annex men have evolved a new trick play with which they expect to fool the Minims. It is called the "Houtenany" double shuffle mass on left half-back. Watch for it.

Tuesday, the Big Open Handicap Meet takes place. Coach Holland announces the following events to be run off:

100-yard dash.

220-yard dash.

440-yard dash.

880-yard run.

Mile run.

120-yard high hurdles.

220-yard low hurdles.

Running high jump.

Running broad jump.

Pole vault.

Discus throw.

Hammer throw.

Shot-put.

NOTRE DAME, 12; M. A. C., 0.

The first game of the season with the Michigan Agricultural men last Saturday was a keen disappointment to Capt. Salmon, the rooters and everyone interested in the welfare of the team. The "Aggies" not only held our men to two touchdowns, but even outplayed them at several stages of the game. The Varsity men played a miserable game on the defense, while on the offense, team-work was lost sight of entirely. Only once or twice was there any interference formed for the ends and backs, and then by but three men. The linemen charged slowly; in fact, the working of the whole team was dull and listless. If one were to judge from last Saturday's game, we are afraid Notre Dame would be rated way down in the list, but fortunately a very marked change has been noticeable in the practice scrimmages during the past week—The men get into the scrimmages with more vim and dash, and as a result their playing shows considerable improvement. We may look for a better exhibition in to-day's game with Lake Forest.

Salmon and McGlew got into the game in the second half, and their presence added a great deal of dash to the men, but the half was too short for much scoring to be done. The features of the game were Shaughnessy's forty-yard run to a touchdown, Nyere's clever dodging, and the work of Lonergan and Beacom. One touchdown was scored in each half.

Michigan Agricultural		Notre Dame	
Miller	L E	McInerny,	Nyere
Bell	L T		Fansler
Case	L G		Beacom
Decker	C		Sheehan
Peck	R G	Donovan,	O'Phelan
Kratz	R T		Steiner
Ashley	R E		Shaughnessy
Small	Q	McGlew,	Silver
Huhn	L H		Lonergan
McKenna	R H		Draper
Doty	F B	Salmon,	Funk

Touchdowns—Nyere, Shaughnessy. Goals, Nyere and Salmon. Time of halves, 15 minutes. Umpire, Houtenany. Referee, McInerny.

* * *

The crack ex-Junior team won an exciting game from the Michigan City High School team at Michigan City last Thursday. The city boys were heavier than our lads, and for a while their advantage in weight threatened to prove too much for the ex-Juniors, but the plucky youngsters put up a great fight, and by superior team-work and clever all-around

playing finally won out by a score of 16 to 5. The playing of W. Winters, Fleming, Brennan and A. Dwan were the features of the game.

* * *

Dillon, the ex-Inter-Hall man, created a good impression at half-back.

* * *

Last Thursday for the third time this season the Minims by the decisive score of 16 to 0 defeated Captain Coleman's strong team from Carroll Hall.

Minims		Carroll Hall	
Von Phul	R E		Ohmer
J. Brennan	R T		Powell
Roberts	R G		Darst
Frosart	C		Morrison
J. Yrissari	L G		Hauser
Halloran	L T	E. Robinson	
L. Robinson	L E	W. Kasper	
H. Symonds	Q B		Baude
Cornell (Capt)	R H		McGrath
E. Connelly	L H		G. Rempé
McFadden	F B	E. Coleman (Capt)	

JOSEPH P. O'REILLY.

Michigan Invaded.

At ten by the village clock on the morning of Thursday, October first, the inhabitants of the town of Niles, Mich., were rudely awakened from their peaceful slumbers by the continuous din and noise of a SOMETHING, which, though yet at a distance, was slowly but surely approaching. One man, who was of courageous heart, boldly raised the window and peered hard in the direction whence came the noise. His example was instantly followed by the people occupying the houses on the opposite side of the street, and from them it was zig-zagged down the length of the street, until almost every window had its peering occupant, who, face blanched with fear, was looking anxiously in the direction of that awful, pernicious, oncoming thing. Several of the more-determined natives took down their old "Springfields" and awaited with nervous finger for the worst. That "worst" to some of the oldest inhabitants was, possibly, dread imagination of the ghosts of former enemies, the Indians, again in insurrection; to others that "worst" may have been the idea that old Father Time's Elgin Movement told him that it was up to him to sound the final "taps." But while this conjecturing was going on, and the noise was now growing more furious, above the din was heard the inspiring yell, in gridiron metre:

RAH! RAH! RAH!—RAH! RAH! RAH!
 PENN—SYL—VANI—AH,
 and a few seconds later a "special" on the Indiana and Michigan Southern Railway swung into the principal street and speeded down to the terminal amid the murmured thanksgivings of the natives,—thankful that it was no worse than the Pennsylvania Club of Notre Dame, under the chaperonage of Rev. Father Corbett and Brother Cyprian, on a social visit to their happy little town.

Immediately on dismounting from their "special" they arranged with the executive committee to have dinner at twelve o'clock at the Michigan Inn. Then occurred a disappearing process much like the fading of the stars. In five minutes the visitors were gone, and scattered in every direction. And how they "done" that old town! One old man declared that he "never heerd sich racket since the troops went by in sixty-one." The town policeman—he holds all positions from chief down to cornet soloist in the band,—offered them the freedom of the place. He made his offer to one of the members named John McCaffrey. It was immediately accepted, and the chief and Mr. "Mac" became close friends. It is said that "Mac" spent two hours drilling the chief and showing him how the "copper" does it in Pittsburg. No doubt this is true, for he promised to get the chief a job on the "Smoky City" force, and he would hardly send his protege there without first tipping off the "moves" to him.

At twelve sharp, thirty-four stalwart "Sons of Penn" were seated at the tables in the Michigan Inn dining-room. Dinner over, they found recreation at billiards and pool for an hour or more, after which they again commenced the "doing" of the town. This time they formed into two groups, and the main one headed by Harry Geoghegan (familarly known as "Giggles"), Tom Kenny, Charlie Winter and Ray Burns, visited all the millinery establishments, "took in" the department store and then wended their way to the High School. After introductions all around they arranged with the manager for a game of football to be played with the Corby Hall eleven in the near future. During the visit of this group it is said that the girls were very listless in their studies. They held a contest among themselves to decide upon the handsomest fellow. A tally of the votes cast showed Messrs. Lally, Cullinan and Sharkey to have, each, received five votes.

Thereupon the question was left with the teacher; but she, not agreeing with the girls, could not decide whether it was the physique of Edward Schwab or Harry Patterson's classic features that appealed to her the stronger. This suspense was becoming tiresome, so the opinion of the female principal was requested. She declared emphatically that Albert A. Munsch was the winner; although she was considerate enough to mention McCaffrey as a close second on "points." Mr. Munsch, in a neat little speech, thanked her, and said that he was happy to agree with her on the question involved. Harry Geoghegan, who got two votes (Austin Page says that one of them was cast by "Giggles" himself) made protest that Munsch was ineligible on account of being from Allegheny, whereupon Munsch replied that there were clean spots in Allegheny, and cited as instance, Heinz's—the home of the fifty-seven varieties.

Farewells having been repeated and the girls and school left behind, the main group consolidated with the second one, which was headed by Raymond Dashbach, and moved around to all the remaining points of interest. They paid respects to Oo-Long, the only Chinese shirt destroyer in the town. He seemed very pleasant; he stopped working; pushed away his small irons, then reached for the large ones—*exeunt* consolidated group headed by *Dash-back*. Now the gossips have it that Ray Burns is wearing collars of the latest peculiar style and quality. If this be true, some Beau Brummel of Niles will go back to blue flannel shirts or else have to reinvest in new collars; and Ray Burns has violated the first principle of Confucius namely, no checkee, no washee.

At three o'clock they went aboard the "special" and began the return journey, enlivening it while passing through the town with the old familiar

SKY-ROCKETS—S-I-S-S—BOOM—A H
 N-O-T-R-E—D-A-M-E—NOTRE—DAME,
 and varying it occasionally with—

Mr. Casey—yes, Mr. Casey,

The finest man that Niles town ever knew;
 So many—

But what's the use! After leaving Niles they rode to South Bend, stirred it up with songs and yells, and returned to the University about 5:30 p. m., a tired but happy lot of students, each considering himself fortunate in being a member of the Pennsylvania Club of Notre Dame.

CHARLES KANE, '06.

Personals.

—Victor M. Arana, M. E. E. E. '03, is assistant instructor in electrical engineering at the University of Maine. Success and congratulations, Victor.

—Miss Kate Quinn of New York city, accompanied by her nephew, Mr. Mortimer Redmond, also of New York, was recently a welcome visitor at Notre Dame.

—Mrs. Rose Marr, mother of Rev. William Marr, C. S. C., and of Mr. George Marr, C. S. C., died at her home, Denver, Col., Oct. 1. The members of her bereaved family have our sincere sympathy.

—The following visitors registered at the University during the week:—Mrs. Anna B. and Miss Katharine B. Darst and Mr. Harry Hughes, Dayton, Ohio; Mr. Joseph Gaffney, Philadelphia, Penn.; Mrs. Rosie Herhenstein, Mr. M. B. Schiff and Miss Mary Manning Nelson, Chicago.

—Mr. Julius Arce, C. E. '97, will soon return to Peru. He has lately visited the United States with the view of securing American capitalists to develop electrical industries in his native country. He has been successful in the undertaking and will, we hope, be amply rewarded for his enterprise. We wish him a safe voyage to the land of the Incas.

—Dr. Francis W. Barton, class of '96 becomes a Benedick on the 21st of October. Frank is remembered by the Faculty as one of the most satisfactory students of his time, and the success that has come to him as a physician has been no surprise at all. The bride-to-be is Miss Agnes Ryan, one of the most charming and accomplished of St. Mary's alumnæ.

—F. L. Baer and F. J. Petritz, M. E. E. E. '03, entered the service of the Automatic Electric Company of Chicago immediately after graduation, and have since been promoted to positions more in keeping with their ability. They are now in charge of the Telephone Exchange, Dayton, Ohio. We shall not be surprised to learn of their further advancement in the near future.

—Mr. F. P. Burke, a graduate of last year's Law class, has lately added new laurels to those already won by the students of this department at Notre Dame. At the recent examination for the Wisconsin Bar he succeeded in passing very creditably, equalling the highest per centum obtained. The list of candidates included graduates of such law schools as Michigan, Columbia, Harvard, Minnesota and Valparaiso. About sixty per centum of those that took the examination were successful. Mr. Burke's many friends at Notre Dame take pleasure in his success, and join with him in congratulating Col. Hoynes on the latest proof of his efficiency as an instructor.

Card of Sympathy.

WHEREAS, God in His infinite goodness and mercy has called to his reward the father of our hall-mate, Mr. Clarence Reitz of Brownson Hall, be it

RESOLVED, that on behalf of the students of the University we tender Mr. Clarence Reitz our heartfelt sympathy,

And also that a copy of these resolutions be printed in the SCHOLASTIC.

EDWARD OFFERGELT

J. P. O'REILLY

H. MCGLEW

P. BEACOM—*Committee.*

The deceased, for whose soul the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass was offered up Thursday morning in the Church of the Sacred Heart, was a student at Notre Dame from '65 to '68. We condole with his sorrowing family.

Local Items.

—Lost: A ring with small gold medals and medalion attached. Finder, please return to Students' Office.

—Contributions for the SCHOLASTIC should be written legibly. If you have the ague don't send us anything until you recover.

—Students who wish to interview Very Rev. President Morrissey should call at Room 32, Main Building, between 9.30 a. m. and 12 o'clock noon.

—A partial list of the SCHOLASTIC Staff will appear in the next issue. Members are selected on the merit of the contributions submitted. We hope many candidates will try for the vacancies still left.

—The clock in the church tower strikes much faster than it formerly did. A short visit from the machinist completely overcame the seeming reluctance of the venerable horologue to record the hours as they passed.

—A great improvement has been made in the University refectory. The walls have been renovated entirely, and new floors have been laid, making the appearance much more cheerful for all. New and expensive table-ware has also been added.

—The members of the New York State Club are requested to meet in the Columbian room this evening at 7:30. Officers for the ensuing year will be elected and new members initiated. All students from New York State are expected to be present.

—Students attending Notre Dame whose homes are in Wyoming, Montana, Utah, Oregon, Washington, California, Nevada, Col-

orado, Texas, Arizona, New Mexico or Indian Territory will please meet at 7.30 to-night in the Philopatric Room (Main Building).

—In the account of the junior class meeting, given in a former issue, the name of L. J. Salmon, who was elected President, was omitted. The following is a correct list of the officers: President, L. J. Salmon; Vice-President, J. Voight; Secretary-Treasurer, W. J. Stevens; Poet, H. M. Kemper; Orator, J. R. Record; Historian, B. S. Fahey.

—Of the many trees mentioned in one of the last numbers of the SCHOLASTIC, none are better known by the students than the numerous apple trees in and around the novitiate grounds. Many visits have been paid to the orchard not only by Minims and juniors but also by the dignified seniors, and hoards have been laid by in lockers and rooms to while away the long wintry hours.

—Everyone is glad to see Mike Hastings looking so hale and hearty at the beginning of the school year. Notwithstanding his strenuous habits, Time has written few wrinkles on his brow since we saw him last June. Mike sheds a ray of sunshine wherever he goes, and unconsciously teaches many a lesson in good homely philosophy. He is a striking exception to the saying that "the good die young."

—A meeting was held last Saturday for the purpose of electing officers for the St. Joseph Hall football team, "The Specials." J. P. O'Shea was elected Captain and Thos. Toner, Manager. Captain O'Shea has fifteen candidates out who are making a fine showing. J. W. Sheehan, D. Callicrate, W. Perce, and P. Malloy have splendid records on the grid-iron. E. C. McDermott and C. Bagby are the most promising among the new candidates.

—To the gratification and comfort of the students, the plumbers have completed their work of renovating the heating system of Corby Hall. In past years, Corby had a separate steam plant, but now the steam is supplied from the general power-house which heats the administration building, the church and Sorin Hall. When the electric lights are turned on in the rooms, Corby will easily be the most comfortable of the student buildings at the University.

—The Corby Hall Reading-Room Association has again been organized. Many applications for membership were made. In fact, the association includes the majority of the students in the hall. The benefits are many and of that nature which make membership especially enjoyable during the long winter months. At all reasonable hours members have access to the association rooms in which are located the pool and billiard tables, card tables and above all the reading tables, where all the current numbers of the periodicals and magazines can be had.

—Friday evening the members of the Engineering class of '06 met in Corby Hall to form a permanent organization. The proceedings were marked by much enthusiasm and class spirit. The class has been considerably increased by the entrance of students from other institutions. Mr. Roberts, the temporary chairman, called the meeting to order, and immediately the election of officers began. Mr. J. T. Lantry of Evanston, Ill., was elected President; M. P. Ulrich, Spokane, Washington, Secretary; and J. A. Dubbs, Mendota, Ill., Treasurer. Meetings will be held fortnightly.

—Last Monday evening the class of 1904 called its first meeting of the year in the Sorin Hall reading-room. Of the thirty-three members who responded to roll-call, fourteen are classical, four English, three History and Economics, eight Engineers, two Biological, one Architecture and one General Science. The officers chosen last year will continue throughout the ensuing year. They are: Byron V. Kanaley (Classic.), President; Anton C. Stephan (Eng.), Vice-President; Gallitzen A. Farabaugh (Class.), Secretary and Treasurer; Thomas D. Lyons (Eng.) Orator; Walter M. Daly (Eng.), Historian; Ernest Hammer (Class.), Poet. The meeting adjourned till October 13.

—Last Wednesday evening a very interesting programme was carried out by the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society. The first number was a debate: "Resolved, That the railroads in the United States should be owned and operated by the Federal Government." A. O'Connell and P. Malloy used clever and convincing arguments on the affirmative side, while J. W. Sheehan and J. J. Cunningham supported the negative. The Judges, R. Donovan, E. Rush and G. Sullivan decided in favor of the negative. E. O'Flynn, R. Donovan and D. Madden delivered pleasing speeches, and W. F. Robinson ably recited Robert Ingersoll's "Napoleon." After a general discussion the meeting adjourned.

—Thursday afternoon Brownson campus was practically deserted. That morning a large number of the "Seniors" went to the football game in Michigan City. After dinner nearly all those that remained behind went to see the dam, now being constructed across St. Joseph river at Hen Island, Mishawaka. A special trolley car brought the boys from St. Mary's to within a short distance of the dam. This dam, a remarkable engineering feat, is one of the largest in the country. Through the kindness of the officials some time was spent in examining the massive machinery and labor-saving devices in use. The boys were keenly interested in the working of the enormous sluices. The party, which was accompanied by Father Regan, Bros. Hugh and Aidan reached home at five p. m.