Lent.

Lent's holy season to our mind recalls The fast of Him, our Model, who forebore For forty days the claims of flesh, with more Of mortal pain than ever us befals. Christ came on earth to rescue passion's thralls; And men awakened and beheld the door Now opened, that to them was closed before; And, just beyond, the light from heaven's halls. Forewarned, then, we should be forearmed with grace Against the greatest foe to human kind; For us a struggle now begins at heart. We should not falter in the hard-tried race. But watch and pray we linger not behind; And Thou, dear Lord, help us to bear our part.

W. C. H.

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

V.—Down South.

Travelling by rail, although pleasant enough for a few hours at a time, especially when one's route lies amid novel scenes and picturesque landscapes, is not a luxury that one is desirous of prolonging beyond a certain period. Personally I incline to the opinion that twelve hours on a train is quite long enough for pleasure; and so, on leaving Paris, I make up my mind to halt at Bordeaux, some three hundred and sixty-six miles away.

I choose a night express; and the first half of the trip is consequently uneventful from a sight-seeing standpoint. Not that it is uninteresting, however; for there are several varieties of the genus Frenchman in my compartment, and I derive considerable entertainment from a cursory study of their characteristics; and not a little amusement from the conversation of two or three of their number. Their discourse is somewhat more unrestrained than it would be, perhaps, were they aware that the American sitting opposite them, and apparently absorbed in a paper-covered volume, is unobsactly enjoying their animadversions on his personality, his probable destination, and his air of pronounced and thoroughly democratic independence.

Just why these gentlemen have taken it for granted that I do not understand French, it would be difficult to explain, unless on the general principle that, as a rule, tourists from beyond the Atlantic practically ignore the language. Perhaps, too, my few words of farewell, in English, to the Parisian friend who accompanied me to the train to "see me off" have had something to do with their impressions on the subject. In any case, they evidently believe me quite ignorant of the tenor of their remarks, and accordingly discuss me with a freedom that is absolutely refreshing. The better to enjoy the humor of the situation, I put away my book, pull my travelling cap over my eyes, fold my arms, and lie back on the cushioned seat as if courting slumber; but I am in reality very wide awake to the clever—and not extravagantly complimentary—word-portrait of myself that is being so graphically sketched.

For a full half-hour I listen to their free and easy criticism of my person, and to the various conjectures which they hazard as to my nation-
ality, my profession, my prejudices, my wealth (save the mark!), and my probable indignation, could I but understand what they are talking about. I have not intended to enlighten them as to my knowledge of their language; but the temptation to do so at this juncture becomes irresistible. I sit up, readjust my cap, and in my best French remark: "Excuse me, gentlemen, for presuming to rectify your error, but I have been amused rather than indignant at your conversation; and pardon me for adding that your individual opinions concerning my personality are not sufficiently weighty materially to retard the advent of the sleep which I now purpose to invite." A hearty burst of laughter from a Parisian doctor, who occupies the seat at my right, drowns the confused apologies of the loquacious trio opposite; and in a few minutes I successfully woo the slumber which hitherto I have merely feigned.

I sleep quite comfortably for five or six hours, and on awaking discover that my only companion in the compartment which last night was well filled, is the Paris doctor. He is stretched at full length on the seat opposite, and is snoring with a rhythmical vigor that speaks well for the soundness of his lungs. Consulting my watch and the time-table, I see that we have passed Orleans and Blois, and are due in a quarter of an hour at the famous old city of Tours. The day is dawning now, and a glance from the car-window discloses a level tract of country through which flows a noble stream. This is the Loire, the largest river in France; and here, on its south or left bank, rises the city whose name is so associated with that of the great St. Martin.

A few hours might be very agreeably spent in visiting the notable sights of Tours; but I cannot spare the time, and must perform content myself with a transient glimpse of its magnificent bridge, its Cathedral and Hotel-de-Ville. In the latter building my guide-book informs me there is a fine library, one of whose treasures is a rare copy of the Gospels, in gold letters on vellum. It is an eighth century MS., and upon it the kings of France took the oath as first canons of the church of St. Martin.

At Poitiers, two hundred miles from Paris, we are allowed twenty minutes for breakfast, and are served at the restaurant tables with a celerity that enables one really to enjoy the meal with no fear of hearing the conductor's "all aboard" before one has half finished his coffee or cutlets. Poitiers suggests nothing to me beyond the great victory won here in 1356 by the valiant young Black Prince, fighting an army at least four times as large as his own. They were doughty champions, those knights of the Middle Ages, and there must have been valorous deeds performed on that eventful September morning when King John the Good of France impetuously assaulted the lines of the stubborn English, only to see his host routed and himself captured by the intrepid warrior-son of Edward III. Peace to them all, vanquished and victors!

"Their bones are dust, and their good swords rust; their souls are with the saints, I trust."

Nothing especially notable presents itself to our view between Poitiers and Angoulême, but this latter city is an interesting locality. It is situated on a rocky eminence some two hundred feet above the level of the Charente river, and commands a beautiful prospect stretching away for miles on miles in every direction. From the station we see the several flights of steps by which the heights of the town are ascended, and conjecture that there is a less precipitous pathway for the horses and donkeys trudging along the adjoining street.

Passing La Couronne and Coutras, famous for the battle fought in 1587 between the army of the League and "the sovereign knight, King Henry of Navarre," we reach Libourne on the right bank of the Dordogne; and proceeding thence through endless vineyards and cornfields at length arrive at Bordeaux.

Not sorry to leave the train for a few hours, I betake myself to the Hotel de France, and after a refreshing bath and an excellent dinner proceed to look about the city. One of the largest and most opulent commercial centres of France, Bordeaux is agreeably situated on the left bank of the Garonne, about sixty miles from its mouth. The curve of the river at this point gives the city something of a crescent shape, and the spacious harbor relieves the commonplaceness of its site. Rising from the bosom of a vast plain, Bordeaux is absolutely devoid of any picturesque features of its own. The Bituriges Vivisci, the Celtic nation of southern Gaul, who, long before the Christian era, founded Burdigala, evidently looked more to the commercial advantages of their location than to its artistic demerits; and the modern Bordelais have clearly inherited the business spirit of their remote ancestors. They are a distinctively commercial people, not especially enthusiastic about any other art than the prosaic one of making money.
Yet there are in the city interesting monuments in sufficient number to satisfy the tourist who does not propose to tarry there longer than some dozen hours. The Cathedral of St. Andre, and the churches of Ste. Croix, St. Seurin (Severin) and St. Michel are all monuments of the Middle Ages; and although none of them are really completed, they contain much that is admirable in the matter of painted windows, handsome bas-reliefs, pictures by the old masters, and curiously wrought carving and sculptures.

Beneath the detached belfry of St. Michel, and forming the crypt thereof, is a catacomb around which are arranged about fifty bodies in an astonishing state of preservation. The flesh of these mummies is dried and yellow, but intact; and the spectacle, seen by the flickering light of the sacristan's candle, is not conducive to pleasant dreams. I don't wonder that Theophile Gautier, after a visit to this cavern, wrote: "The imagination of poet or painter never conjured up a more horrible nightmare," and a minute or two in the catacomb more than satisfies my curiosity.

The public edifice of which the citizens are clearly proudest, and that in which their pride is quite intelligible, is the great Theatre. It is a really handsome building, though a modern one, as it dates only from 1780. The frieze of the facade is supported by twelve splendid Corinthian columns, and the balustrade above is adorned with the same number of colossal statues. The three other sides of the edifice present a succession of elegant arcades resting on pillars sufficiently numerous to afford a very pleasing perspective. My cab-driver—a man as wealthy as I was, last night, reputed to be may surely indulge in the luxury of a carriage—grows eloquent on the beauty of the Theatre; and energetically asseverates that it is an edifice without a peer in all Europe. I do not question the statement; but in fancy I hear a familiar voice replying: "It's my opinion, sir, that there are finer buildings in Chicago,—the Auditorium, for example, sir."

Bordeaux has not proved attractive enough to detain me as long as I had contemplated remaining there; and as I have still a day's leisure before the date fixed for my arrival at Lourdes, I determine to spend it among the Lower Pyrenees. I accordingly take a train for Pau, about one hundred and forty miles distant.

The first part of the journey is more than uninteresting; it is positively dreary. We are traversing the Landes, and the Landes are monotonous, sterile sand-plains with here and there a clump of pines, an occasional patch of heath, and more rarely an acre or two of barley or rye. We have got beyond the laughing vineyards and tasselled cornfields, and the prospect from the car-window is as desolate as that which depresses the traveller through the burnt-wood districts of northern Maine.

The scenery improves after we pass Morceux, some seventy miles from Bordeaux, and as we approach Dax, I forget the dreariness of the past few hours in the novelty of the view away off to the southwest. It is a beautiful day,—the atmosphere actually glowing with brilliant sunshine—and clearly visible against the distant horizon, stand out the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees. It is worth while crossing the Landes to enjoy this glorious spectacle. I have, of course, frequently read—and, for that matter, written—of mountain-summits clad with perpetual snow, but this is the first time I witness the phenomenon; and I am conscious of such genuine surprise at beholding those massive snowbanks in full midsummer that I begin to doubt whether I have hitherto really believed in their existence, or merely thought I believed.

Dax is celebrated for its hot springs, but I find the atmosphere of southern France quite hot enough for my comfort; and with no temptation to test the efficacy of the Dax waters, I proceed to Pau fifty miles away. And now we are in the very heart of the Lower Pyrenees district, and I give myself up to the blissful enjoyment of scenes more romantically beautiful than any I have ever beheld outside of dreamland. How these towering peaks, rearing their sentinel peaks on every side to guard them, sentinel peaks on every side to guard them, peep of hiding away in sequestered vales with their spray adown the verdant mountain-side! What peaceful, happy nooks we catch a glimpse of in the novelty of the view away off to the southwest. It is a beautiful day,—the atmosphere actually glowing with brilliant sunshine—and clearly visible against the distant horizon, stand out the snow-capped peaks of the Pyrenees. It is worth while crossing the Landes to enjoy this glorious spectacle. I have, of course, frequently read—and, for that matter, written—of mountain-summits clad with perpetual snow, but this is the first time I witness the phenomenon; and I am conscious of such genuine surprise at beholding those massive snowbanks in full midsummer that I begin to doubt whether I have hitherto really believed in their existence, or merely thought I believed.

What myriad diamonds flash upon the vision as we whirl by these bounding cascades showering their spray adown the verdant mountain-side! What peaceful, happy nooks we catch a peep of, hiding away in sequestered vales with sentinel peaks on every side to guard them from the world's intrusion! And what a descent to the prosaic routine of humdrum existence it is to hear yourself addressed, in a hopelessly nasal twang, with: "I say, friend, would you mind consultin' that there time-table of yours, and lettin' me know when we are to make this Paw, or Po, or whatever they call it, that is to be our next stop?"

It is a callow New England youth of some
nineteen or twenty summers that makes this inquiry, and when I supply the desired information he genially proceeds to enlighten me as to his name, native state, the reason why he is making this European voyage, and sundry other matters scarcely so interesting, perhaps, to a stranger as he fondly imagines they cannot help proving. He has just summarized his experience during the past two months in the expressive statement: "Oh! I've been havin' a first-class, bully old time, you bet," when the train stops at the Pau station, and he leaves me with a promise "to see me later."

Pau is delightfully situated on a precipitous height overlooking the valley of the Gave, and commands a prospect as thoroughly charming as can well be imagined. The city has a population of about twenty-five thousand, and for many years past has enjoyed an enviable reputation as a health resort. Its chief attraction in the line of architecture is the old castle of Henry IV., a fine statue of which monarch adorns the handsome Place Royale in the centre of the town. The old park attached to the castle is kept in excellent condition, and remains much the same, doubtless, as it was hundreds of years ago when valiant knights and ladies fair caracoled their prancing steeds through its winding avenues and sunny glades.

I spend some pleasant hours in this rendezvous for Pyrenees explorers, and never tire of feasting my eyes on the diversified panorama spread out at its base. There is an exhilaration in this mountain atmosphere that affects me much as did the Atlantic breezes, and I feel that it is eminently good to be here. Yet I depart without regret; for, only an hour's ride away is the greatest attraction that Europe holds for the Catholic tourist, the veritable wonder-spot of the whole world—the Grotto of Lourdes.

Some Possibilities of Engineering.

HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95.

Much has been written on what the future has in store for science, and often in our magazines and reviews have appeared articles on air-ships and the like, headed by that prophecy of the late Laureate which occurs in "Locksley Hall," and commences with the line: "And I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see."

But however varied have been the subjects, there has never yet, to my knowledge, appeared any treating of that greatest branch of applied science—engineering. This may be because: all who have to do with it, consider it at its maximum; but more probably, it is because of the rapid strides it has been making, they have been compelled to exert all their faculties in order to keep up with the present. At any rate, it shall be my present endeavor to supply this deficit, and briefly indicate a few of the engineering feats which will soon change the aspect of the world.

Of course, these cannot be pointed out with any considerable degree of accuracy, and therefore, in this age, when everyone, often to his sorrow, possesses a judgment of his own, I cannot do any convincing. Even if I could, there would be nothing gained, for the people, at least those who have the power, are too cautious to do more than glance at what may, at first, appear to be fairy-tales. They are incredulous when the time for action arrives and are loath to set the example. With them facts count a great deal more than possibilities! They must see before they will believe. In the past decade, engineering has accomplished more than any other branch of science. It is hardly necessary for me to point to the many public edifices, bridges and monuments in support of this statement, so self-evident is it to all persons of ordinary knowledge.

"But," some may say, "is not engineering of to-day inferior to that of the ancients? Look at the pyramids; and later still see those massive towers and wide-span arches that the Middle Ages produced!" To these I answer "No. The pyramids and the stone bridges pale into insignificance beside such works as the bridge across the Mississippi at St. Louis, the Eiffel Tower, or the Forth Bridge." Yet with all this rapid and, I might add, marvellous development, engineering has not yet reached the summit of its perfection; indeed, if its past accomplishments are marvellous, its future achievements will be little short of miraculous.

Fancy my going up to an old traveller, a man who has seen everything worth seeing in the two hemispheres, and telling him that one hundred years from now trains of cars, similar to those which are now seen on every railroad, will daily pass from Liverpool to New York, or, that in two hundred years, one can dine in New Mexico and sleep that night on one of the pyramids. "Why," he would say, "you're crazy, man, you speak of impossibilities." But I do
not speak of impossibilities, for bridging the Atlantic is but a question of a century at most.

Is it not possible—nay, more, is it not probable—that, before many years have passed, some enterprising engineer, backed by capital, will have bound Europe and America together by a bridge of aluminum and steel? By the aid of pneumatic caissons he will have pierced the ocean's breast with thousands of mighty piers, extending down hundreds of feet to the solid bottom, and where this bottom cannot be reached, can he not build floating piers, and anchor them safe and strong in the very middle of the sea?

When the secret of working aluminum has been discovered, who then will say: "It is impossible; it cannot be done!" And when steam is a thing of the past, when electricity reigns supreme, it will be no unusual thing to go to the office of the New York Rapid Transit Co., in New York, pay your fare, enter a box, press a button and be—in London; or to board a monster bird, guided and made by the hand of man, and on the same day fulfil engagements at Chicago and Melbourne.

Another feat of the future, which will greatly facilitate commerce between the antipodes will be the tunnelling of the earth. Imagine a vast shaft sunk through the centre of the earth between two countries of commercial importance! What is easier than going from one mouth of the shaft to the other. The means may at first appear suicidal, but—listen! All one has to do is to jump into the middle of the shaft. He goes down, down, but is not injured; he hits no bottom—there is none to hit. As he approaches the centre of the earth his velocity increases, due to the accelerating influence of gravity, which continually decreases, till at the very centre it is zero. When the centre is reached, the acquired enormous velocity carries him on, and gravity, acting to hold him back, commences to increase whilst the velocity is thus decreased, and were it not for the friction of the air, the velocity would not become zero till the opposite side of the earth were reached; that is until he had gone over the same space on each side of the centre.

But air friction is acting against the body along its entire course, and it does not therefore quite reach the other side. A station would then have to be placed below the surface at either end of the shaft; and just below the point reached by a body from the opposite side, at which station can be placed men with patent nets, in which they catch the traveller by placing it under him after he has passed the station and is about to reverse; an elevator will then provide a means of reaching the surface.

With common freight the mode of procedure will be easier, dispensing with the use of the sub-station. The freight is placed above the shaft, and at the instant it is liberated to the action of gravity, it is given by mechanical means a velocity sufficient to overcome the atmospheric friction in the shaft; it will then reach the opposite surface, and by making this initial velocity slightly greater, it can be made to reverse a short distance above the shaft mouth, which, the instant the body has passed it, can be closed by an immense sliding platform bearing railroad tracks,—a freight car runs upon it, and the freight, descending, loads itself, and the way bill is then the only thing to be bothered with, whilst roustabouts looking for jobs must seek them elsewhere.

But can such a tunnel be built? Undoubtedly! Why should it not be possible? With the means at our service it is altogether impracticable; but what cannot a century bring forth? May not a stra7 comet some day do it for us, by coming too near our terrestrial sphere and falling through it? Or cannot an ordinary shaft be sunk, as in mines, and each generation contributing its share of work, will it not be eventually accomplished? It is true, it will soon get too warm, but then the work can be prosecuted in the winter time. By an ordinary shaft, I mean those that go down a few thousand feet. They would of course have to be of iron or steel, fire-proof and sufficiently strong to stand the lateral thrust of—who knows what?

Prominent among the future engineering works in the building line will be the astronomical observatories of the twenty-first century; it seems that at present, our big telescopes are ordinarily rendered useless by the motion of the atmosphere, which gives the astronomer the idea that either he or the "man in the moon" has been out all night. To remedy this he will have to be placed about fifty miles from the earth, and this may be accomplished in many ways by the application of the principles of aeronautics, or by revised and enlarged editions of the Eiffel Tower.

I will forbear speculating on the means our successors will have for communicating with Mars, when it has been proven that Marticipi are real beings and not myths, and will be satisfied with having stated a few of the exploits which will show the world that engineering is the most powerful of all sciences.
When I was almost eighteen I went with my cousin Cordelia, of about the same age as myself, and my uncle Lawrence, to attend the Commencement of the college from which my brother William was to be graduated. Mother had expected to go, but at the last moment she was compelled to give up the trip and remain at home. We had been looking forward to this as one of the events of our lives, as young girls will sometimes do when the prospect of meeting young men—college boys, at that—were most flattering, and to be disappointed on the very eve of our journey was almost unendurable. To be chaperoned without a chaperon was an impossibility, and as we could not go without one we had finally given up in despair, when my uncle, moved by our distress, offered to take us. You can imagine our joy as well as the many foolish things we were capable of doing under the circumstances; but lest you might think that we were silly I refuse absolutely to tell you of them.

We began immediately to make all the necessary preparations for our departure; but just how we packed that trunk has always been a mystery to me. I have a faint recollection of piling in things by the armful; and looking back now, as I often do, I wonder how I happened to remember anything at all. The trunk was packed in a very short time and sent to the station, and it was not long until the three of us were on our way to Centre college. I had never been inside a boys' school in my life, and all that I knew about it had been gathered from the marvellous stories told me by my brother, in whom I had implicit confidence. So, while riding along, I tried to imagine what the college would look like, but could form no definite idea.

I know the people on the train must have thought us very giddy, but their thoughts, as long as they kept them to themselves, did not annoy us in the least. To tell the truth, in the exuberance of our spirits we were capable of doing under the circumstances; but lest you might think that we were silly I refuse absolutely to tell you of them.

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We arrived in Danville at about four o'clock in the afternoon, and Will and several of his friends were waiting to receive us. While we were making our toilets in our room at the hotel, I remarked to Cordelia how handsome Mr. Grey—one of our escorts from the depot—was, and upon her reply in the affirmative we proceeded to discourse at great length on the young men whom we had met and our plans for the evening.

It was well we had our party dresses; for that very evening Will had made arrangements to have us attend a ball given by the members of the graduating class. At about nine our escorts came, and finding us ready we went directly to the Armory where the dancing was to be. The ladies' waiting-room was full of strange faces, for I am quite sure I did not know a single person besides Cordelia, but as there was any number of them in the same condition as ourselves we were not greatly embarrassed. While waiting, we did make the acquaintance of a young lady who seemed to be as much a stranger to the place as either of us. I remember distinctly that something was the matter with her dress and on offering my assistance she received it with a smile, thanked me and then introduced herself as Maud Amsby.

One of the negro maids called out our names, and going to the door of the dressing-room we found our escorts waiting for us to form the grand march. Before I was fairly accustomed to the glare of the lights the music began and the ball had commenced. I found the room to be a large and spacious one beautifully decorated a la militaire, and above all, with a splendid floor for dancing. Whether imagination or not, it was, nevertheless, a fact that on rising the next morning I did not feel as languid as had been my experience before under similar circumstances. There must have been at least four or five hundred persons, and, as a consequence, I came away remembering scarcely anyone.
Why should I bother myself about remembering strange people when there were so many more delightful things to think of! Not much time, however, was given to thinking, because on such occasions the mind should never be taxed, and then one is not supposed to make epigrams on a ball-room floor, for it would seem almost a contradiction.

Men, as a rule, under these circumstances imagine that they must say complimentary things, and young ladies are supposed to smile and believe them, or at least appear to do so. The men paid me a great number of compliments that night, perhaps because I was young and unsophisticated, and they naturally concluded that I was very susceptible. But their compliments were wasted on me, and I went away cherishing a few simple and delicate things, which Mr. Grey had found an opportunity of whispering in my ear during the course of the evening. I had danced with so many men and had been in such a constant state of excitement that it came in the nature of a surprise to me when I had recalled the fact that Mr. Grey had been my partner an unusual number of times during the evening.

Next morning our escorts called upon us at the hotel, and in the afternoon we left for home regretting that our happiness was at an end. It was true that my escort had been unusually attentive; but to me this seemed natural in view of the friendship existing between my brother and him. In fact, anyone would have done the same thing under similar circumstances.

Then I was not aware of the fact that young men, as a rule, do very little that is disagreeable, but, on the contrary, seek their own pleasure generally in everything. After my return home I looked upon everything in connection with our visit as a thing of the past, nothing more than a pleasant memory. I had met many persons who came there for their own pleasure just as we had done. We had become acquainted, enjoyed ourselves for the time being, and then parted without much desire, if any at all, of meeting again in after life. People came there in search of pleasure, and if others made themselves agreeable, they used them as a means to an end and stopped there. I remembered Robert Grey with pleasure, because he had contributed to my enjoyment, and I supposed that he had preferred me for the same reason. You can imagine my surprise when one morning I received a letter from him. I remembered then his asking me if he could write, but had never thought of it afterwards. At Will’s request, mother allowed me to answer his letter, and this was the beginning of our correspondence. In the fall Mr. Grey came ostensibly to visit Will, but he also managed to see a great deal of me. During the following winter our letters were more frequent and longer, and early in the spring he came again—this time to see me. Two more visits were made before the first of June, and then, one evening, while we were all sitting on the veranda, watching the moon come up over the hills in the distance, Rob said to father: “I am going to Virginia this fall, and I went to take Katharine with me.” In November I went to live in the Old Dominion and, of course, you know the rest. But as long as I live I shall never forget that memorable evening on the front porch, and the joy that filled my heart when father put my hand in Rob’s and mother smiled on us through her tears.

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Some Experiences with the Ballade.

BY A QUARTETTE OF AMATEURS.

What an awful thing it is to write a poem without an inspiration! For hours I sit and wander back through all the plains of my past joys and experiences, recalling to mind scenes that would tempt to mirth old Melancholia herself, but still my muse sits sullen and disconsolate. I even, as a last resort, bring out my diary of the Christmas vacation, and read over its pages as the time flies on towards the hour when my work must be finished; but all that results is the visionary form of a ballade that is still forthcoming.

Hope, fear, despair—these are the successive feelings that have passed through my mind since I seated myself at my desk. Hope, when I first took my pen in hand two hours since to dash off one of those beautiful little gems which Villon so temptingly holds up to our view,—despair now that two hours have gone by, and the only product of my pen is a lone and useless blot upon my pen-wiper.

Then do I realize the truth, the awful truth, of the proverb, poeta nascitur, non fit, and, as a recreation, I read the “Ballade of Dead Ladies.” I brought face to face with my inability, but resolve to make another attempt, and, be it good or bad, to recognize in it my last effort.
By hard labor I succeed in completing the first stanza. Before I am fairly started on the second, I find that rhymes are becoming very scarce, and I succumb to the inevitable, tear up the paper on which is written my latest and start out anew. Experience teaches that a good rhyme is the first requisite for a ballade.

I once saw an old Rhyming Dictionary, and remember thinking how little occasion I would ever have to use it. But that was before I had ever encountered the ballade and like many others I thought that if it ever became my lot to write verse, it would gush forth unbidden and I would never need to employ such a utilitarian or unpoetical object as a rhyming dictionary. Perhaps this is true; but very often, were it near, I would have gladly accepted its kind assistance.

But again I am wandering away into dreamland. I give a shuddering glance at the clock, and secure a substantial rhyme—then start out, for the third time, with renewed vigor. But of what little avail is will-power against that defiant little piece of verse. Practice, it is true, may perfect us in the art of writing it, but hard work fails when the mood is lacking. We view it from a distance, and more than once admire the exquisite little gem so artfully finished. We praise the thought, and gladly give the author credit for making immortal some pleasant little fancies that passed through his mind one summer's evening when he went forth without a thought of trouble to "hold communion with nature."

What a pity that those evenings never come to us! What beautiful thoughts, what pleasant memories, that volume of "Ballades" must store away within its pages! So I used to think; but now I add—"perhaps." But if human nature does not change, and we are told it does not, the very volume which I have been reading is but a monument of the woes and worries of its author.

Richard S. Slevin, '96.

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I think that there is no better proof of a man's being sane than his ability to write a ballade. He pounds his mind; he squeezes it into all shapes; he kneads it, until hardly anything of it is left. When he does finish, his patience is almost, if not quite, exhausted. I suppose that most people never try more than two or three lines before they give it up. It is better so. I do not wish to see senseless creatures wandering about on this earth; and patience is rare enough already without any more being lost. I do not wonder at my haggard looks; I have tried three ballades.

After I have decided upon a refrain—an easy matter, compared with the whole of the work—I take up the first stanza. But, to warn everyone, I feel obliged to say that I first take up three easy rhymes, and make out a long list of each sort. If the list is not long, I discard it. Then I take up the first stanza, and work.

The first line is composed without any trouble; the second is also easy; the third takes a little more time, for the form must be looked to. In the fourth line, after a quarter of an hour of thought, I find I must sacrifice my idea to the form. My patience is tested for the first time. I almost have an inspiration, but I cannot quite grasp the thought. Then, as most others do, I get mad—raving mad.

This, however, passes away, and I once more steer my hopeful boat into the whirlpools of that ballade. I find that I must have a monosyllabic proper name to rhyme with brain. The lists of emperors, warriors and philosophers are searched in vain. Starting with Adam I go down the line—Adam, Abel, Cain—Eureka! "Cain" it is.

As my rhymes give out, the work becomes harder. In one stanza Caesar has a bloody stain on his toga, and becoming desperate, I prop him up with a cane.

At length it is finished—all but the envoy. When I read the first stanza I feel that I am foolish; when I read the second I make up my mind to see a doctor the next day; when I read the third, I realize that I am insane. Insane! I have a little sense left, and that is just the word for the envoy. Accordingly I write:

"Poor old fools! you're all insane."

Then I go back and cut out both Cain the man, and cane the stick, and fill up the gaps in some inexplicable way. In the second stanza I have nine lines. There is proof that a ballade is an admirable cause of insanity. It is all over now, and, strange to say, I have almost forgotten my firm resolution never to try to write another ballade.

Elmer J. Murphy, '97.

**

The practice required to write a technically correct ballade, and one that appears to be the mere outflow of an active fancy, shows that the writing of this form of verse is as much of a mechanical as a literary art. If is something of a sleight-of-hand performance, only mastered
after hours of hard work. No other form of verse taxes the patience of a beginner so much as the ballade does. He must apply himself diligently, and though he should fail time and again, he should not be discouraged. It is in the difficulties that must be overcome in order to write one that the value of the ballade lies. It requires such concentration of thought and such a wealth of rhymes that very few have been successful in making a ballade as it should be made.

At first sight a ballade may seem easy to write, but when one attempts it numberless difficulties present themselves. First he must find a refrain that is applicable and capable of being repeated with effect. An outline of the meaning it is to convey must be made, and then comes the greatest difficulty—that of finding a sufficient number of rhymes. Dictionaries of rhymes may be very good things, but I have yet to see one which has the rhymes I need. And even with rhymes ad nauseam those who are masters of the other forms of light verse find it no easy task to make a good ballade.

What then could a person expect to see should he conceal himself in the room of an apprentice in this work? He would find the student in a state of mind scarcely definable. Trampling the floor in mental anguish, it is easily seen that he has none of the cheerfulness his ballade is supposed to possess. Had he not known the cause, the intruder would be inclined to think he was suffering from some physical pain. Reading again and again what he has already written, and repeating for the hundredth time the rhymes, he can find no use for, he at last takes his "Missouri meerschaum," throws his feet on top of his desk, and gazes out of the window waiting for an inspiration. But he gets no help from all he sees; buried in a cloud of smoke he wonders how any one ever wrote a ballade, and clearly sees why Dante and Shakspere took to blank verse. He starts in again with fresh vigor, for he has found a rhyme, and by the impulse that this has given him he has succeeded in completing the third stanza, but the envoy is yet to be had. Tired and sick at heart he goes to bed, but can find no rest; haunted by visions of his failure, he wakes to find the eternal useless rhymes surging in his brain. But sleep comes at last; the morning air invigorates him, and once again he begins, and this time he finishes. In class he shows it to the Professor, and, horrors! he is told that several lines must be changed before it is "decent." And deep down in his heart he takes a solemn oath never again to be tempted to begin the most elusive of exotic verse-forms. Such at least was the experience of one amateur ballade writer.

JAMES A. MURRAY.

**

My experience with the ballade has not been a pleasant one. My first attempt at writing one was made a couple of years ago. At that time I was filled with enthusiasm over it, and I determined to write a ballade that would leave "The Ballade of Dead Ladies" of François Villon far in the rear. I progressed in fine style till, suddenly, I ran out of rhymes. Then the trouble began. In vain I searched again and again through my vocabulary. I couldn't find the word I wanted. I drove my friends almost wild by continually asking them for a word to rhyme with time. It was impossible for me to study. My Greek roots and Latin verbs were all the time getting mixed up with time, sime, kime, bime. It was ever the same old refrain; I would wake up in the middle of the night and find myself repeating time, sime, kime, bime, over and over again. I was in agony for a week, but finally gave up in despair. I tore that embryo ballade into a thousand pieces and scattered it to the four winds of heaven. Since that time the ballade and I have not been on good terms.

You can imagine my feelings then when I was recently asked to write one. It took me a long time to choose a subject. After I had found a theme I worked for hours on the first stanza. I made every other line in different metre, but I was in such a poetic frenzy that I couldn't correct it. I handed that one stanza in the next day. When that was read I was asked if I were a drinking man. It seems that in the first four lines there were two false rhymes. Then I did get desperate. I sat down at my desk and wrote out the whole three stanzas and the envoy in a hurry. I handed it in after class a couple of days ago and made my escape before it was read. I am waiting now in deadly fear for the storm to burst. For, sad to relate, I have a presentiment that I repeated the same rhyme twice. No, I am not in love with the ballade.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.
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—To-morrow is St. Patrick's Day, but the Columbians have wisely postponed the celebration until Tuesday next. They are doing wonderfully well for the short time they have had for practice, and we wish them the success they deserve.

—A recent visitor from abroad, who is thoroughly acquainted with the methods of discipline in the schools of France and England, was especially appreciative of the effects of the system followed by our sympathetic and tactful Prefect of Discipline, the Rev. Martin J. Regan, who certainly deserves much of the credit of its success. Mr. Marjoriebanks, who is a brother of Lady Aberdeen, was delighted, too, with the site and environment of the University.

—The Cosmopolitan for March contains a notable article on the Vatican Observatory by our Reverend Prof. of Physics. Dr. Zahm had rare opportunities of studying the workings of the Observatory, and his readers will find that he made good use of them. His paper is popular in the true sense of the word, profusely illustrated with half-tones, of some of them views never before photographed, and is one of the best of answers to the old claim that the Church is hostile to Science.

Our Catholic Colleges.

The Catholic has a passion for reforming abuses, and if its ability to suggest remedies were equal to its genius for finding flaws, it would be a power in the land. Its latest achievement is a philippic against Catholic colleges in general, and it begins with the unanswerable question: "Why is there no Catholic college in the whole United States conducted by laymen?"

If the Catholic had given a moment's thought to the subject before it evolved that query, the answer would have come unbidden. The Catholic colleges of America are in the hands of the clergy—and more especially the priests and brothers of our religious congregations—simply because without these teaching orders our schools would be impossible. There is scarcely a Catholic college in the land which has more than a nominal endowment. The great majority have none at all, while all of the secular institutions, from the Catholic's beloved Johns Hopkins, with its fund of three millions of dollars, to Columbia, with thrice as much, are supported largely by the incomes derived from gifts and bequests. Our Catholic colleges, on the contrary, if we except the University at Washington, are dependent wholly upon the tuition paid by their students and the lump sum received by each from this source would hardly pay the salaries of a dozen of Johns Hopkins' or Columbia's lay professors.

The Faculty, too, of each of our schools is much larger, in proportion to the number of students, than at any of the great secular institutions. The preparatory department enrolls, as a rule, quite as many students as the collegiate, and teachers must be provided for all. With Notre Dame's staff of more than sixty, if each professor were a layman, having, as the Catholic naively puts it, "a wife and children dependent upon the success of his exertions," where would the money come from for their salaries? It was to meet just such conditions that wise and far-seeing men, filled with the love of God and their fellows, founded the religious orders and congregations to which American Catholics owe whatever of culture and refinement is theirs. The Catholic has
curious idea of the motives which prompt men to embrace the religious state; and its assumption that they do so in order that "their bread may be secure, their beds made," is an insult to every Catholic—monk, or layman. Love of God and obedience to His will are factors entirely ignored by the Catholic in its scheme of monastic life.

The function of the Catholic college is not to make specialists in the physical and mathematical sciences; but rather to give its students a point of view—the true point of view—of history, philosophy and religion. This is the real purpose and end of education; the instruction in mathematics, the physical sciences and the rest are matters of course. An infidel may not question the axioms of geometry, or the laws of gravitation, and a Catholic might listen to his lectures on chemistry or philology with perfect safety. But it would hardly do to trust to him for guidance in spiritual or moral matters; we look to the Church for that. We have no pressing need of "Catholic" technical schools or universities while we have Columbia and Johns Hopkins and a half-dozen more to supplement the education our Catholic colleges give. It would be folly for us to attempt to rival them, even in twenty years' time, or to neglect, now, the advantages they offer for postgraduate and special work. But, just here, we cannot help wondering whether, the writer of the Catholic's editorials, "when he deserved to pass through a thoroughly equipped, advanced course of English study," went to Harvard or Yale or Johns Hopkins? The italics are ours, but the Catholic is responsible for the English of the phrase as we quote it.

The religious orders, the Catholic says, are not progressive. Their teachers are back numbers in pedagogics; trained in their own colleges, they never "make the master's tour to learn what other schools are doing." And almost in the same paragraph it admits that there are ten priests at Johns Hopkins, but says nothing of Harvard or Yale. We know that the names of at least three of Notre Dame's professors can be found in Harvard catalogues of recent years, and Fribourg and Berlin and Louvain have known others, of our Faculty. There is a new movement in education; Americans are beginning to realize, that our "crack" Eastern colleges are training-schools beside the great Continental universities. Berlin puts all American institutions on a level with the German gymnasia, and eight hundred of her students are Americans. And it may interest the Catholic to know that in Europe, not Johns Hopkins, but the University of Virginia ranks highest of American colleges. Why then do we need a Catholic college, "conducted by laymen" when we have Berlin for philology, Louvain for the social sciences, and Vienna and Fribourg with their double faculties—Catholic and Protestant—for history and philosophy?

D. V. C.

The University Stock Company.

The Stock Company, which has been in the process of formation for some time, will soon become a reality. It has been the aim of the managers to embody in it the best talent that could be secured in the University. Of course, not knowing the capabilities and fitness of all those who may have been eligible, some excellent names may have been passed over. It is with this idea in mind that the management has not chosen the full strength of the company, leaving one or two places open to be filled by the best available men.

There can be no doubt that the Stock Company, if conducted on right lines, will prove a welcome addition to the many attractions of our University. The success of the enterprise rests then with the company itself; for there is every reason to believe that the college public will heartily welcome and support an effort which is capable of giving it productions of merit both from the artistic point of view and that of entertainment. Of course, too much must not be expected in the beginning, for there are bound to be many and great difficulties to overcome. Moreover, perfection is only approached by experience, and a finished performance can only be the result of earnest and conscientious work.

If when the time comes, the company's public will but show a kindly and encouraging face, then the actors will have received their reward—the knowledge of having succeeded—and renewed efforts will be the result.

The present organization, it is to be hoped, is but the embryo of one more perfect and fraught with possibilities, which will result from the growth and development of the original. If such a thing is realized the men of the present company will have the satisfaction of knowing that it was they who made possible such results.

A stock company should first of all possess as perfect a balance as it is possible to attain. There are, of course, no stars; each man should, as far as is possible, be given a certain line of work to do, and his duty then is to make the most of it. The most insignificant rôle may be lifted into prominence by the right person. The first requisite for the success of an undertaking of this nature, is that all concerned work in harmony and with earnestness. Wonders can be accomplished if all arouse themselves to an
interest in their work and go about it with intelligence. The pleasure and profit which success will bring will be ample return for the time and energy spent in this manner.

After the company, the selection of a play is of the utmost importance. The aim will be to secure a répertoire which will embrace as great a variety as possible. Much attention will likely be paid to works in one act, which are often extremely effective and can be made very popular. They stand in much the same relation to the five-act drama as does the short story to the long and often tiresome serial. The manager is always on the alert for something new and good, and would be glad to secure any work which may be done by a writer at Notre Dame. Any ambitious author who can write a bright, clear sketch of local interest will certainly have the satisfaction of seeing his work produced under as favorable circumstances as can possibly be secured.

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A Successful Concert.

Ten o'clock in the morning is a very unconventional hour to listen to a concert. In most cases it would be more—it would be absurd; but here we are happily not bound by all the rules of conventionality. We do not keep Sybarite's hours, and at ten o'clock we are, no doubt, just as wide awake as will be the case at any time during the day. Moreover, when we enter our cozy theatre, the drawn curtains and brilliant lights leave us free to imagine it to be any hour of the day or night we may choose. Those who are not blessed with a healthy imagination will find no joy there at any rate, so after all one time is as good as another for the purpose.

To the quintette of musicians from the Gottschalk Lyric School belongs the honor of having given, very likely, the most satisfactory concert of the season. This is no empty statement, for some very excellent singers and players have performed on our stage. The selections were modern, melodious and, for the loss of a better term, romantic, while the encores took the form of the old favorites, like “Annie Laurie,” which seem to possess some sort of an elixir of eternal youth.

The musicians themselves are all charming people whom it is a pleasure to know. Mrs. Robb, the soprano, is by no means a stranger at Notre Dame. Some two years ago she made a very favorable impression by her singing at an impromptu concert which was filled out by local talent, and since then she has often visited the University.

The first number on the programme brought forth the violinist, Mr. Earl Drake. Mr. Sol Marcossion has until now been the favorite player of this instrument at Notre Dame. But Mr. Drake’s masterly playing has brought him into equal popularity, if, indeed, it has not made him the favorite. He does not use his bow with such exquisite grace and dexterity as Marcossion, nor has he the stage presence of the latter, yet there is a something about his performance which brought him very much in touch with his hearers. A Polish dance, with characteristic passion and melancholy, and a slumber song were probably the best of his selections, although the opening concerto found many admirers.

Mr. Henry Sheffield, the tenor, and Mr. Gottschalk, the baritone, were the next to appear. They sang the always pleasing duett of Lionel and Plunkett from “Martha.” The tenor’s voice has a clear, rich tone, but is very light in quality. As a rule, however, he used it very judiciously, especially in his duett with the soprano and in the final trio. He has a pleasing presence and altogether created a very favorable impression.

To attempt a criticism of the person and singing of Mr. Gottschalk would be a rather infantile sort of affair; for that has been done many times by the most experienced of critics. It is enough to say that for many years he sang with great success in all the great operas. But this, too, is most likely well known. The three delightful little French airs which he sang seemed like the choicest bits taken from some great work with all the accompanying dulness removed. They belong to that class which sing themselves over and over in the mind—or wherever the seat of melody is located—but are too exquisite to hum aloud. For an encore Mr. Gottschalk sang the famous “Toreador’s Song” from “Carmen.” The singer did full justice to the fiery, impassioned Southern melody which from the first bar seemed to infuse some of its rhythm into the listeners.

Mrs. Robb sings well and evenly and always fulfils one’s expectations. Her voice, although not powerful, is smooth and effective, nor does she mar her performance by the exaggerated
facial gestures which some sopranos consider necessary. For her solo she sang the beautiful “Ave Maria” from Mascagni’s opera. The aria is founded on the melody of the wonderful intermezzo from the same opera.

The accompanist of any concert is usually a much overlooked person, and Mrs. Carrie R. Crane, who performed that office, did herself much credit. Although she had no particular opportunity of receiving the recognition which her performance deserved, her ability and the importance of her position must have been realized.

We hope that we may again have the pleasure of hearing some, if not all, of these musicians at Notre Dame.

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Local Items.

—Green will be the prevailing color to­mor­row.
—The Brownson Hall Glee Club is in a very flourishing condition.
—The Modern History Class is now making a complete study of the Crusades.
—The Crescent Club will hold its regular Carnival immediately after Easter.
—Our Young People had an increased sale this month all on account of Boreas.
—The Criticism class has been learning how to write notes and letters during the past week.
—The subjects for the second series of essays in the Literature class were given out Monday.
—Some of the boys are talking of taking in the Grand Opera during its engagement in Chicago.
—Lost.—A “V.” Finder will please return to Mr. T—g, of Carroll Hall and receive a suitable reward.
—Another star has been added to the baseball galaxy of Brownson Hall. He hails from the Hawkeye State.
—The Criticism Class commenced the discussion of Newman’s essay on the “Poetics of Aristotle” last Friday.
—The new treasurer of the Athletic Association is doing remarkably well. The treasury has now more money in it than at any time last session.
—Several anglers have been fishing through holes in the ice on St. Joseph’s lake during the past week, and have caught several strings of fine bass.
—During the past week the Modern History class has been considering the result of the Crusade and the dissolution of the Knights of the Order of St. John.
—During the last few days the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been listening to interesting lectures on Cardinal Newman and the Tractarian Movement.
—The Carroll Special Baseball team will organize soon and will be on the lookout for a game. Those who are willing to be sacrificed may apply to the manager.
—Music hall is to be provided with a neat brass railing to separate the orchestra from the auditorium. This will improve the appearance of things in front of the stage.
—The List of Excellence, which appears at the end of the Local columns, contains the names of those students who ranked highest in the last competitions. It is an evidence that they stand first in their classes.
—Great interest was displayed by the students in the total eclipse of the moon last Mon—
We remember several such cases where this has happened during the last few years, especially in professional baseball or football player has arrived. Each selection deserved praise, for the participants did exceedingly well. The music, particularly, was enjoyed by all. The rest of the evening was spent in the telling of stories, declamations and musical selections.

—The Executive Committee has completed the baseball schedule, and all arrangements have been made for the following games on the home grounds:

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<td>April 22</td>
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—The Dramatic Stock Company has been all but formed, and will make its initial bow about Easter. It will be composed of the best high comedy talent in the University. Fifteen will be the highest number admitted, but all will not be on the roll-call until after the first performance. Only: superior light comedies will be presented. The play to be given first has been chosen, and active rehearsals will begin after the Columbians’ appearance. The Dramatic Stock Company will be a success.

—It is something wonderful how a story started by some wag goes the rounds in such a short space of time. A new student enters the University, and before he is here an hour it has started by some wag goes the rounds in such a short space of time. A new student enters the University, and before he is here an hour it has happened during the last few years, especially this year; and nine times out of ten it turns out that the object of so many remarks has never taken part in a baseball or football game.

—The Reverend James A. Burns, Rector of Sorin Hall, has contributed to the current number of the Reading Circle Review an article captioned, “The Truth about Pontius Pilate.” The author has settled beyond all question the real character of the Roman procurator, and has made clear the motives of his conduct in the condemnation of our Lord. To verify his statements he quotes largely from contemporary historians. The article is a mine of research and information, and will repay careful reading.

—A double set of doors is needed for the Music hall. This was made plain at the concert Wednesday. It is just a bit exasperating to have the attention of the audience distracted from the performance on the stage by the entrance of those who will persist in coming late for concerts. It would be an easy matter to place the present doors at the entrance of the vestibule and to put in their place a set of swinging doors heavily padded; these could easily be operated without noise. They will also serve to keep out the cold. Music hall is so well equipped in other particulars that the neglect of this improvement is all the more evident.

—The disturbance at the concert last Wednesday morning came from Brownson Hall. Notwithstanding the presence of ladies, that element of Brownson Hall which seeks notoriety by ungentlemanly conduct endeavored to attract attention by its noisy and measured applause; and, when these undergraduates in babydom had disgusted everybody in the hall, including their more manly companions, they grinned idiotically at the notice they had secured. These are the ones who are responsible for the cutting of the tennis nets last fall—who wish to be regarded as gentlemen, but act as hoodlums. The only argument for such is a sharp boot well administered.

—News from baseball quarters is encouraging. It is well understood that the men have been assigned to positions, though the captain has not made any announcements. So sharp has been the competition for place that there are two substitutes for every position—and all are good players. It is regarded an honor to be on the substitute list; while the prospective members of the team are congratulating themselves and smiling huge smiles. The weather has been unfavorable for outdoor practice, so the candidates were forced to the gym. As soon as possible Captain Schmidt will bring out his men for real practice. He has shown good judgment in arranging for several games with the substitute nine before meeting Ann Arbor.

—The Philopatrians met in their room last Wednesday evening. Despite the absence of several members, the meeting was an interesting one. Messrs. E. Moran and A. Harding rendered a dialect dialogue, A. Druecker read a paper on the “Midway Plaisance,” and Messrs. L. Thompson and W. Monahan for the affirmative, and T. Watterson and T. Goldstein for the negative, debated the question: “Resolved, that reading is more beneficial to the mind than travel.” The affirmative side had the best of the argument in the minds of the judges, and the debate was so decided. A varied programme has been arranged for the next meeting, including recitations, readings, a paper on “A Day in a French Village,” and a debate: “Resolved, that the bite of a dog is more unpleasant than a charge of pepper and salt.” The members will advance personal experiences in support of their arguments.
The regular meeting of the Law Debating Society was held in the Law room last Saturday evening with Colonel Hoynes in the chair. After the usual preliminary business, the society proceeded to listen to a very interesting and heated debate on the question: "Resolved, that the public welfare would be promoted by the enactment of prohibitory liquor laws." Many masterly and conclusive arguments were advanced by Messrs. Hennebry and White for the affirmative, and Messrs. Herr and Hennessy for the negative. The debate was not only instructive, but at times it was rather humorous, and some of the disputants showed that they were well acquainted with all that pertained to the subject. The debate was thoroughly prepared and well-handled. The decision was in favor of the negative, after which many of the members spoke on the question.

At the concert last Wednesday morning, the following programme was presented by members of the Gottschalk Lyric School of Chicago:

**Violin—"Concerto"**
Mr. Earl R. Drake, Mrs. Carrie R. Crane.

**Duet—"Martha,"**

**Vocal—"Ave Maria,"**
Mascagni.

**Violin—a Cavatina, b Polish Dance**
**Raff, Drake**
Mr. Earl R. Drake.

**Vocal—a Murmuring Zephyrs,**
**Jansen**
Mr. Hezby Sheffield.

**Vocal, a Aubade, b Ritournelle, c Rosemonde, Chaminade**
**Mr. L. G, Gottschalk.**

**Duet—"Night in Venice,"**
**Arditi**
Mr. Ada Markland Robb, Mr. Henry Sheffield.

**Violin—a Slumber Song, b Hungarian Dance... Brahms, Joachim.**
Mr. Earl R. Drake.

**Trio—"The Rival Lovers,"**
**Novara**
Mrs. Ada Markland Robb, Messrs. Sheffield, Gottschalk.

The Philodemics held their regular meeting in the Law room last Wednesday evening. After some preliminary business, Mr. John Shannon read a short, but very amusing selection. Then came the debate of the evening on the question: "Resolved, that the United States government should own, control and maintain all inter-state railroad and telegraph lines." The subject was thoroughly handled by Messrs. John Gallagher and Michael Ryan for the affirmative, and Messrs. Kennedy and Arthur Stace for the negative side. Many logical arguments were made by the disputants, and honors were so evenly divided that it took the judges a long time to decide which side deserved the victory. At last their decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative. The speeches for the debate were well prepared; in fact, they were far better than they usually are, and more than one of the contestants showed that he possessed a rare oratorical ability.

The following is the programme to be given by the Columbian Literary Society next Tuesday (postponed from the 17th). The performance will begin at p.m.

CARROLL HALL.


ST. EDWARD'S HALL.


List of Excellence.

COLLEGIATE COURSE.


COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.


ST. EDWARD'S HALL.


COMMERCIAL AND PREPARATORY COURSES.


ST. EDWARD'S HALL.