Consolation.

The twilight silver-footed steals along
The garden paths, and softly draws away
The colours from the flowers, and like a song
On breaths of evening borne, comes clothed in gray.
A gentle gray on fields and wood and hill,
A gray that bids all bitter warings cease
The weary strife and be at rest and still
Within the shadow's element of peace.

Art freed, my heart, at length of pressing pain?
Does life indeed seem now to be of good?
And are these endless yearnings but a gain
To make the calm of heaven understood?
And is it that we can through deep'ning night
See with the soul's wide eyes the perfect light?

ALEXANDRE LATTIMORE.

American Painting.

SEDGWICK HIGHSTONE, 1901.

"In framing an artist art has thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed."

MERICA is viewed by many people as a land of commercial enterprise alone; as a country whose inhabitants aim chiefly at the acquisition of wealth. True it is that Americans are an active and ingenious race; but it is wrong to say that their sole ambition in life is the attainment and hoarding of wealth. We have but to look around us to view the works of art that America has produced in the past century to find a ready refutation for this contention. We know that all our people have not been engaged in business enterprises, otherwise, our American painters would have never secured the permanent place on the scroll of fame which they now hold.

In speaking of art in this paper I shall confine myself to painting, and I shall give an outline of American painting from its beginning down to the present day. Many people scoff and sneer at the expression American art, and say there is no such thing. I think, however, when I have finished this article, you will agree with me that we have a perfect right to claim a school of our own. Mr. John C. Van Dyke says: "There are many excellent artists in America, and I should not advise anyone to sneer at them. They are not sneered at in Paris, and if you will read the leading art periodicals of Europe, you may conceive a new and lofty respect for your fellow-countrymen."

If we look back to review the history of other nations, we learn that it was only when rebellions were overthrown and peace reigned for a time in the land that the muse of art worked and the countries became famous for their masterpieces. When our forefathers came to this uncivilized land, they had hardships to endure; starvation often seemed inevitable, so we do not wonder that attention was not paid to art. After the country became settled all was not peaceful, and the people did not live in harmony, for they felt the yoke of the oppressor bearing down upon them, and the Revolutionary War was the result. After this was ended, and independence given to the people, the country was quiet for a time, but then came the war of 1812, and later the Mexican and Civil Wars again summoned our men to arms. So we might say that it was not until the latter part of the century just drawn to a close, that the American people had a chance to throw down the gun and sword to take up the pallet and brush.

Of course, I do not mean you to infer that American artists remained idle all during the time from the landing of the Pilgrims until the last gun of the Civil War had been silenced. During this period some lasting
and remarkable work was done, but the real
American art dates from the later years of
the past century.
Perhaps, the first painters in America were
Smibert and Watson, two Scotchmen who
worked about the latter part of the seven-
teenth century; but the first men of any note
were Copley and West. Next came Trumbell,
who was somewhat of a painter of feminine
beauty, but he is better known as a historical
artist. He showed considerable talent in his
work, far more so than any of his precursors.
His historical paintings show a correct feeling
for colour, and a deal of force of expression,
but his representations of women, in which a
more delicate touch is required, are, for the
most part, failures. Here his colouring became
unnatural, and he seemed entirely to forget
the laws of harmony. Still, he has preserved
for us scenes from the Revolutionary period,
which, if not famous from an artistic point
of view, are, nevertheless, valuable for their
historical connections. His leading paintings
were the “Declaration of Independence,”
“Siege of Gibraltar,” and the immortal paint-
ings representing the Death of Montgomery,
and the Battle of Bunker Hill.
Following Trumbell, we have Gilbert Stuart,
famous for his portraits of our immortal
Washington. He might be said to be the first
American that truly deserved the name of artist.
His chief works were portrait-paintings, and,
doubtless, his best creation was the familiar
full-length painting of Washington, which
represented him in the beauty of old age
when crowned with all the honours which
the American people were able to bestow.
The unfinished picture of Washington, which
hangs in the Boston Museum, is another
excellent work, and shows artistic sense of
dignity and repose in the sitter. We might
also mention Vanderlyn, Washington Allston,
Peale, Jarvis and Sully.
The next division in American art is often
called the Middle Period, and dates from
1825 to 1878. It is famous for its landscape
painters as well as for its portrait, history and
genre artists.
Elliott was a clever portrait artist of this
age, and was equal to Stuart in the wonderful
faculty of gleaning the character of his sub-
ject. He portrayed more than the superficial
man; he seemed to read his innermost
thoughts and feelings and give us the likeness
of the real man. Baker, another portrait artist,
excelling in depicting the naive and loveli-
ness of childhood with a most delicate touch
and display of colour. William Page was also
renowned as a colourist as well as for departing
from the fixed rules of painting and following
a method of his own. One composition by
this man which has received much attention
is his “Venus Arising from the Sea.” Daniel
Huntington is best known as a portrait-painter,
but he first did some very good work in genre,
historical, religious and allegorical art. He
won a permanent place in this branch of art
by such work as “Mercy’s Dream,” “The
Sibyl,” and “Queen Mary Signing the Death-
warrant of Lady Jane Grey.” This period is
noted for the introduction of genre-painting,
and its first follower was Inman, an artist of
no mean ability; but he was afterward sur-
passed by Sidney Mount, a humble peasant
lad. Mount started out to paint signs, but was
too much of a genius to remain long at this
work. He did not rank very high as a colourist,
but was very clever in painting scenery, and
also in portraying the humorous side of rustic
life. His works breathe an air of joy and
contentment, and he does not deal with the
sorrowful side of life. His “Long Story” and
“Bargaining for a Horse” are clever examples
of his rustic work. We might call attention
to such men as Robert Weir, who is known for
his originality of style and cleverness, as seen
in his “Sailing of the Pilgrims,” Red Jacket
and Taking the Veil; Leutze, who has given
to us the popular painting of Washington
Crossing the Delaware, and lastly W. M. Hunt
who taught that art should exist in the artist
rather than in the subject. In his painting,
“The Lute Player,” we see much to admire in
the taste, truth and sincerity of the work.
This was also the age that brought forth
Thomas Cole, a person of powerful imagina-
tion and a very accurate draughtsman. The
best of his landscapes were scenes from the
Hudson River, but he was likewise famous for
his beautiful autumn scenes. The colouring
in the latter seems to be better, and the
panoramic effect of the former is absent. He
is, perhaps, heard of most as the painter of
a series of compositions called the Course of
the Empire. The last of the series, Desolation,
is a wonderful production of American art,
for here we are charmed with the sombreness
of colour, the grey tone and poetic feeling.
It shows a silent grey waste with here and
there a crumbling column reflecting itself in
the silent water of the foreground, surrounded
on one side by a deserted marble pier. The
picture is so suggestive that we can not help but imagine a lonely feeling creeping over us. By tone here is meant the grades of different colours used, and their proportionate relationship to one another, and so it is not the same as harmony, which tends to the blending of colours; in other words, harmony is the relation of colour-qualities, tone that of colour-quantities.

Doughty was another artist that received a deal of attention at this time, and it is remarkable what he accomplished when we consider his limited experience. He received recognition in England at a time when landscape art in that country was at its highest. His soft, poetic traits and tender, silvery tones gave him a style peculiarly his own.

Asher B. Durand did not possess the imaginative quality nor inspiration of Cole, still he developed into a landscape painter of power. His style was very simple and realistic. He did not draw inspiration from foreign sources, but merely painted things as they seemed to him; and yet it is strange how much there is to his work. His trees seem to have a humanity like that which the ancient Greeks gave to their forests when they made them the abode of dryads. His most brilliant work, and one that will cause his name to endure as long as art lasts, is "The Edge of the Forest."

Next in time was John J. Kensett whose smaller scenes are very good, such as "Noon by the Seashore." He seemed to grasp the very modern question of values before it was recognized in the ateliers of Europe. Louis Mignot was a good colourist and one of the most skilled of early painters in handling the brush. He had a mind of diverse sympathies, and was successful in rendering all views of nature, whether it be the torrents of Niagara, or the sublimity of the new-fallen snow.

The third period in art dates from the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia in 1876, and at this time a great impetus seemed to be given to art in this country. It was in this year that the Society of American artists was organized.

George Inness, who died a few years ago, was, at his best, one of our leading landscape artists. His earlier work is marked by the sentiment of nature's light, air and colour. His simple scenes are filled with more than an ordinary depth of thought and feeling. Homer Dodge Martin is one of our greatest artists. His works, for the most part, are rather small subjects, nevertheless, they are excellent in colour and suggestiveness, and also display an extraordinary amount of poetic feeling. The smallest diamond is full of brilliancy, and the pale violet is often more admired than the large sunflower, so too with Martin's scenes; they are often filled with more depth of feeling and real sentiment than canvases of some artists ten times as large. His "Sand Dunes" on Lake Ontario is an example of the wonderful display of atmosphere that the artist can put in a picture.

But the artists of this period that are most familiar to us, and interest us most, are Whistler, Sargent, Chase, and, we might also name Bridgman. These men follow the rule—which should be the cardinal principle of all great artists—to render what they see and conceive as they see and conceive it. Then, if they have the requisites of great artists in them their work will be great, otherwise their results will be failures.

Frederick Arthur Bridgman finds the atmosphere of Paris more favorable for his work than that of his native land. He has the most beautiful atelier in Paris; it is a temple of fame, where gather at times many of the leading artists of the French metropolis. Indeed it is a great honor to visit Bridgman's atelier on visitors' day and be ushered into his Egyptian room, the artist's holy of holies. Here for a time you quite forget yourself, and imagine you are in some far-off Eastern land until you are welcomed by the artist, dressed in the costume of an Assyrian king. Bridgman has painted some good scenes, such as the "Funeral of a Mummy" and the "Procession of the Bull Apis." Three of his paintings, "On the Terrace," "A Summer's Evening," and "In a Country Villa," show his skill as a draughtsman and colourist.

William M. Chase is a genuine American who has gained a wide reputation by the excellence of his portrait paintings, although in his genre pictures and landscapes we find a display of brilliant colour and good technique which make his work popular. Chase's portrait of his mother is his masterpiece. It displays a great depth of feeling and love; and as we glance at the painting we can not understand how the result could be otherwise, when the subject herself was one of so much character and beauty. His picture entitled "A Lady in a White Shawl" shows with what cleverness the artist understands the value of low tones instead of the flaring and blazing colours so conspicuous in the works of many artists of the present day.
Among his later pictures are: "Ring Toss," a representation of three pretty girls at play; "Busy Hours," one of those clever scenes of light and shadow which the artist handles so deftly, and "Diendonné," a likeness of his little daughter. "Alice" is one of his most recent works which now hangs in the Art Institute at Chicago. It is simply a picture of a young girl playing with a streamer of ribbon, but it is remarkable for its brilliancy of colour.

Next to Whistler, Sargent is our greatest artist. We can best understand the manner in which his work is appreciated by quoting a few lines taken from an article on the exhibition of paintings in London in 1895, which was written by a prominent English critic. He says: "It must be owned, and some of us may not particularly relish having to own it, that Mr. John Sargent towers at the Academy a head and shoulders above his colleagues and contemporaries of the younger generation. It is physically impossible to pass over his pictures or treat them with indifference."

Besides Whistler, Sargent is the only great American artist, who, trained in France, has not been influenced by French art, nor imbibed any of their notions. His alertness, vitality, and rather ironical view with which he looks on human nature seem to show qualities characteristic of our own country more than those of either France or England. His style shows a great individuality, and it is one that belongs to Sargent and to Sargent alone. Sargent seems to be endowed with most of the requisites that go to make a great painter: we find him a good draughtsman, a colourist, a brushman and a man of great emotion and imagination. He is peculiarly one of imagination; a man who possesses the lazy activity of day-dreaming interspersed with fancy and belief. This is clearly shown in his painting of Astarte in her blue veil. It is a picture of a strange, weird style so characteristic of the painter, and displays a great deal of poetic feeling. This is clearly shown in his portrait of Mr. Chamberlain, famous for its breadth of style, as well as for its naturalness. His likeness of Mr. Coventry Patmore is a simple work, which seems to remind us of the naturalness and truth of a Velasquez. The portrait of Henschel, the musician, is another picture which again displays the intense individuality of the man and the perfect idea of his sitter; but I think his portrait of W. Graham Robertson is his greatest attempt in this line of art. Some one has said that this is one of the wonderful portraits of our day, which will live, and, perhaps a century later, will be pointed to as among the things which most strongly characterize this particular moment in the end of the nineteenth century.

Last but not least comes James McNeil Whistler, the most gifted artist in America, if not in the world. And why should we not claim him as an American artist? We acknowledge that he has spent part of his time in France and England as well as in America, but there is nothing in his work to show the influence of these countries had on him. He is truly cosmopolitan in his art, and such as he produces is his own, unless we credit a few traits in it to Velasquez and the Japanese. He is very skilful as a brushman, and an adept in the use of colour; so thin, in fact, that it might be described to the placing of skin upon skin. His works all show that simplicity and suggestiveness which mark all great masterpieces, and also an extraordinary display of poetic feeling.

But what is this poetic feeling which enters so deeply into the work of an artist? When an artist has something in him beyond the usual feeling of his fellow-painters, which allows him to see beauties in nature that we do not, he becomes an interpreter of hidden beauty; he reveals unknown truths to us; and then we say such a man has actual poetic feeling. Like the poet he delves deeper and gets more into, the truth of subjects than the ordinary man, and there is a subjective element in the artist that gives him the ability of showing these things to his fellowmen.

Whistler's greatest work is the portrait of his mother. "Pages" might be written in criticism of this picture alone, and days might be spent in studying its beauty. We all regret that the American people have allowed this wonderful creation of art to be sold to France,
for it shows a lack of spirit we have in not honouring our greatest artist. This is a picture that we can never forget, and the absence of high colour pleases us, and shows what may be achieved by other beauties of the painter's art. There is an air of tranquility about the picture so marked by the change from grey tints to white and from the highest light to the deepest shadow.

The picture is simply that of a kind old lady in a long black gown, sitting in a chair with her hands crossed, and her feet resting on a footstool. It is said that the first necessary quality in portrait painting is absorption in the model, and surely Whistler possessed this; for what other subject could impress one more than the love and sublimity of a mother? He has depicted here the story of his soul, so akin to the subject portrayed, in the softness and delicacy of the old Puritan lady. When we study the faint, subtle outline of the mother's face, however wrinkled and worn with care, we readily see how superior and more beautiful it is than the profile of some pretty artist's model. This picture is full of character, whereas those faces which artists usually portray are only skin deep and devoid of character and strength. The portrait of Carlyle was painted in a style somewhat like that of his mother, but in this the artist did not reach the excellence of his former work, for he could not put the life in it which he depicted so strongly in that of his mother. The blacks of the Carlyle portrait are not nearly so good as those in the first picture, but the greys in the chin, beard and hair are very well done.

Some say that Whistler's "Comte Robert a Montesquion Fézensac," in days to come, is destined to rank with the portrait of his mother. In design and treatment it shows traits which mark the noble simplicity of the last-mentioned painting. It is that of a tall, handsome man in evening dress, standing against a dark background, with a grey-lined coat thrown over his arm, while in the other hand a cane is held gracefully and negligently. This forms the picture; there is no unnecessary detail, no gorgeous furniture to set off the figure, but simply the man himself. The colours range from silver to black, and are so harmoniously contrasted that beauty is the result. Other excellent paintings are those of Lady Archibald Campbell, Miss Rose Condon and the "Lady in the Leis Jacket."

We often hear the expression: "Were Whistler six inches taller and his bulk proportionately increased he would have been the greatest artist in the world of painting." This means that if he had possessed more strength he would have been able to devote more time to his work, and not be compelled to cease work for a short rest after having painted one of his masterpieces. But if this had been so we should never have had his beautiful nocturnes to charm our eyes.

In this kind of art Mr. Whistler stands pre-eminently alone, for no one else has ever been able to paint the darkness of the night with the realism he does. His are not the nights of desolation and sombreness, but nights of life—the night of a great city, with its glittering of lights, its shadows and grey mists. His great nocturne in the shape of a T is full of dramatic force, while his "Cremona Lights" is a beautiful representation of a pale night, and his "Night on the Sea," with the waves disappearing in the darkness, the dream-like objects in the distance, the glow from the low-burning lights, all display an indescribable vagueness and magic. We might mention many other scenes of night which need only be seen to be praised and admired.

After recalling to mind the wonderful masterpieces which have been wrought by American artists, I think you will agree with me in saying that America may proudly boast a school of great artists. If we judge by the past we may prophesy a great future for American art. We admit that we have not the beautiful skies of Italy, nor the warm and mystic atmosphere of eastern lands, which are so adapted for day-dreaming. Perhaps there is something better in our climate, temperamento and in the mixture of the American race itself, practically a union of all great nationalities, which will produce a strong, vigorous class of art, characteristic of this country. In respect to environment, we are placed in a world of beauty here, with our great lakes, rushing rivers and snow-topped mountains. Think of the beauties of Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley. Ralph Waldo Emerson once said that we might claim the Yosemite the wonder, not alone of California but of our entire land. He remarks it is the only place he ever saw that came up to the brag. There one is absolutely in the penetration of nature, communing with her innermost soul. Thus in closing I think we may predict that in days not far distant New York will vie with either Paris or London as a great art centre.
Varsity Verse.

TO AN EARLY ROBIN.

DID the coaxing South wind thus lure you on,
     Back to our woods ere the snows have gone?
From out the crystals of the gleaming tree
I can hear faint chimes of your melody.

Do you chirp for mem'ries of your mate at home,
Or hopeful sing for bright days to come,
Or swell your throat in defiance to show
You do not heed our bleak March and snow?

Brave little warbler to me impart
The secret swell of your fearless heart;
For like you I'd learn to seem strong and bright
Though my life flood's running on dark as night.

A. B.

WAITING AT THE GATE.

The wished-for shadows of the tardy night,
     In mantle gray, creep over vale and hill.
The linnets in their hedge-homes sweetly trill,
     The blackbird whistles in the waning light.
Listening I wait; the rose on my cheek grows bright
     As the blush unbidden starts with furtive thrill.
For now's the trysting time when love doth fill
     My heart with tender throbbings of delight.

Pale mistress of the sky, resplendent moon,
     Illume the path that brings my loved one here;
And star of eve low twinkling in the West
     Shine bright, thou lamp of God, as he draws near,
A painful, joyous longing fills my breast;
     O hasten night, and bring my lover soon!

W. H. T.

SPRING SONG.

Away with the gloom, of the long winter hours.
Away with the gloom and the care.
For April is coming and so are his showers.
The songsters are coming and so are the flowers—
     Then away with the gloom and the care.
Away with the gloom for the bee is now humming
     Up in the elm tree there.
Out from the bare limbs the pearl buds are springing;
     Why springtime is here, for the bluebird is singing!
     Then away with the gloom and the care.

J. L. C.

BLUE EYES.

'Tis sweet to stand and gaze above
     When skies are blue;
'Tis sweet to dream of friends we love
     When they are true;
But sweeter still when at her feet
     And looking up her eyes you meet—
A love is told, a love complete,
     By blue eyes true.

J. T. McG.

Resurrection.

OH! I am so happy to get out of that hot
     and stuffy ball-room," said Eleanor as she
walked out on the veranda, hanging closely
     on a young gentleman's arm. "Thank you
     very much for rescuing me, Dick—I mean Mr. Percell."

"You appeared so bored sitting in there
     with the Count I thought I should try to
relieve you; but why will you persist in calling
     me Mr. Percell when Dick comes so natural
to you?" he asked smiling.

"Do you know," said she, "that I have only
     known you for four days? It would not be
proper to call you by your Christian name."

"I have known you for the same length of
time and I have been calling you Eleanor."

"That shows you are very rude," she said,
a smile playing about her dark blue eyes.

"On the contrary, it shows that you are
     very dear to me."

"Indeed!" she ejaculated.

"Do you know," he began as they seated
     themselves in a cozy corner hidden by palms
and ferns, "that when Jack wrote to me and
     asked me to be best man at his wedding I
wondered what sort of a girl this Miss Banner
     was who was to be bridesmaid? I was very
much interested in her, but Jack would not
     enlighten me. He said I must wait until I
should see her."

"Well, did you find her interesting?" she
     asked looking up into his eyes.

"Very! In fact, I feel lonely when she is
     not with me."

Eleanor was conscious of a deep flush rising
     to her cheeks, but luckily the corner was dark
where they were sitting.

"Eleanor," he said, as his hand closed gently
     over hers, "it seems to me as if I have known
you for a lifetime."

"Perhaps you—" she checked herself.

"There is something in you that appeals
to me. You always appear so happy and
     contented that whenever you are around you
make me feel happy too, and when you are
gone I long for your return. Eleanor," he
     said after a pause, "do you think you could
ever come to love me?"

She hesitated.

"Before I answer you," she said, finally, "I
want you to tell me upon your honour whether you ever loved another girl?"

"That is rather hard on a fellow, isn't it, Eleanor?"

"No. I don't mean petty love. I mean did you ever love a girl truly?"

"If you insist,— I did. I will tell you who she was. Her name was Ella. She and I were brought up together in Cloverdale, a little village near Buffalo. Our homes were rather near to each other, but the closest neighbors we had were at least a mile away. So Ella and I, having no other playmates, sought each other in companionship. We grew up like brother and sister.

"I remember one summer day we were strolling along the creek near our house when suddenly Ella slipped and fell into the water. I stooped over the embankment, but the only thing I could reach was her curly hair that floated above the surface. Clutching it with both hands I pulled her out bodily. She was not unconscious, but very much frightened. She was about to cry, but she suppressed her tears when I told her she was a brave little girl. Then we both laughed and she went home to change her frock.

"One day I overheard our coachman remark that Ella was an adopted daughter and that her mother and father were still living, but had not been heard of for years. I thought this was one of the servant's fairy-tales, so I didn't believe the story.

"When I was fourteen years of age my spirits were suddenly dampened by the news that I had to go away to a preparatory school for college. No one can imagine how difficult it was to part from my life-long little companion. I still remember the look on her face as the train pulled out of the station and how she turned away and wept. My college days were made happy, however, by letters from her, and my vacations still more happy by seeing her again. She was growing more beautiful each year.

"Two years after my entrance into Yale I received a letter from her that made me gloomy for many months. She wrote that her family was about to move from Cloverdale and that she thought it was a good opportunity to break off the relations between us. She acknowledged that she loved me, but owing to the existing conditions of our families—hers being poor and mine rich—she said she was not worthy of me, and that I deserved a girl of higher standing in life.

'God knows, I love you, Dick,' she wrote, 'but it is all for the best,' and God only knows how dearly I loved her. For the last eight years I have searched for her, but in vain."

When Dick had finished he was unconscious of everything about him, even of the fact that Eleanor was now holding his hand.

"And you still love this girl?" she asked.

"Yes," he whispered as if still unconscious of his surroundings.

"Then I can never come to love you because—"

"But, Eleanor," he exclaimed just realizing what he had said, "I don't—O I've made a fool of myself! I love you."

"Then you still love that girl," she repeated.

"No, no, Eleanor, it is you I love; can't you see? That was merely a boyish fancy of mine that has died out within the last eight years?"

"But I insist that you still love this girl."

"Don't be foolish, Eleanor."

"But, my dear, you just said you loved her?"

"O nonsense! Eleanor, are you trying to trifle with me?"

"No, stupid! Don't you understand. You—still—love—this—same—girl," she said emphasizing each word.

"Miss Banner, I don't like to be made a fool of!" he exclaimed angrily.

"Eleanor laughed so heartily that he could not help but laugh at the absurdity of it himself.

"Oh! here you are," said a voice over the palms and ferns, "we have been looking all over for you. Jack wants you to lead the cotillion."

"All right, Helen, we will be there in a minute," said Eleanor.

"Eleanor," said Dick persuasively, "will you please explain yourself?"

"Such stupidity!" said she looking up into his eyes. "Dick, do you remember how I kissed you when you pulled me out of the creek?"

---

Memories.

What though the robin pipes his lay,
When south winds bring the bright spring day
Of budding flower and tree;
And bluebells nod by rill and lake
And thrush and linnet fill the brake
With their soft melody;

What though the saddest heart will thrill
When orioles with song will fill
The locust scented air;
But oh! they'll only speak to me
Of days that I have shared with thee
And joys we can not share.  J. L.
To Saint Joseph.*

Our Saviour once was forced to flee
Into an exile land,
And Joseph kept the Infant Child
Beneath his guiding hand.

And Joseph kept the Infant Child!
What care did Joseph hold
That he might keep the Infant God
Within his family fold?

That Infant God could check the wind,
Or move the ocean's calm,
Or hold the world of wandering stars
Within His Infant palm!

And yet, when still had grown the night
And Herod's watch had slept,
Across the rim of Judea's hills
The Holy Family crept.

St. Joseph was the faithful guide,
While angels watched the pass
Of Jesus there in Mary's arms
Upon a creeping ass!

And when God's angel bade the Saint
Return, their exile o'er,
'Twas he, St. Joseph, led the Child,
As he had done before.

The Infant God had placed Himself
Beneath St. Joseph's care.
And well may we, since Christ above
Has found a refuge there!

Drunk?—No, indeed! He'd fight the man
that dared say it. One of his proudest and
most repeated boasts was: "I's ne'v' drunk 'n
my life. 'Cos why? Well, when a man drunk
he's out o' his natooral state. Um! Well, this
is my natooral state." And then he'd puff out
his cheeks, and blink his eyes in a foolish
thoughtful way, and watch the effect of his
joke. If his audience laughed, he would join
in with a shaking, boisterous roar, which was
sure to end with, "C'm on, boys! Le's have
'nother."

And there was some truth in Levi's joke
about himself. In the three years that our
little town had known him, his life had pre­
sented but three phases,—either he was just
going drunk or he was just getting undrunk
or, as was most frequent, he was drunk. It is
a wonder he lived as long as he did under the
terrible strain, for he was never really sober
in all of those three years.

He came into town on foot one day in July
and immediately proceeded to "load up," and
was soon landed in jail. When his case came
up next morning, he paid his fine without a
murmur, taking off one bill from a "roll" that
made the loungers stare. He then made a
leisurely survey of our modest little village,
and apparently was well satisfied, for he rented
a small isolated shanty in the poorest neigh­
borhood and settled down as a regular member
of the community, and was soon a familiar
figure in the bar-rooms and loafing places.

He was supposed to carry a large amount
of money on his person, but after one disas­
trous attempt to "hold him up," he was never
troubled; for on that occasion he had calmly
pulled out a large army pistol and speedily shot
a hole in the leg of each of his assailants. And
then, when the three wretches were brought
up for trial, Levi refused to prosecute, thereby
gaining the everlasting gratitude and good­
will of the entire "tough-gang."

Respectful and humble in the presence of
his superiors, in most respects a law-abiding
though worthless citizen, seldom drunk enough
to be disorderly, Levi lived his own peculiar
life, humored by the old folk and idolized by
the young. That was his best trait, his love
of children. Whenever undrunk enough, he
delighted in joining in their sports and excurs­
sions, and always found a hearty welcome.
For he was always the first to tell them when
the ice was safe; he could always lead them
to the best fishing pools and to the nests in
the woods and the cozy caves in the hills; and
he could teach them every trick worth knowing connected with their games and exercises. And yet, through these loved children finally came his downfall and tragic end.

It was all on account of that fool boy who came on a visit from the East. He immediately recognized Levi as an old acquaintance, but he by no means had the liking for him that all our youngsters had. When he first saw the old man he turned white, a scared look appeared on his face, and he turned and ran at top-speed, looking back over his shoulder from time to time as if he feared pursuit. Next day he sent all the children home from school scared and excited by the breathless account of this same Levi's life,— "Zip," was the name he gave him.

With all the childish exaggerations boiled out of it, his tale was about as follows,—and it certainly did not speak well for the past life of the town vagabond:

"Old Levi had come into this boy's town in the East in much the same way as he came to us—no one knew from where he came or who he was. He had plenty of money, and in their town he had lived much the same life as he was now leading among us—tolerated by the old folk and idolized by the young. And then came the unlucky day when one of the boys, using a nickname that was commonly applied in that neighborhood to wandering tramps, mockingly called him 'Zip.' For a minute the old man had seemed dazed, and then, whirling on the boy with a fierce cry of rage and hate, he had thrown him down on the ground and choked and pounded him into unconsciousness. Of course, the attack aroused great excitement in the town, and a posse of citizens started out to wreak vengeance on the brute. His house was visited and found to be absolutely bare, and though the pursuit was taken up at once and carried on for several days, no trace of the fugitive was ever found. The boy attacked had soon recovered, and the matter had gradually died out of the memory of all."

Such was the lad's story, and in our small town where life presented few of its exciting incidents, such a tale of bloodshed was enough to arouse a storm of indignation, especially when the loving fathers and mothers remembered that for the past three years their children had been time after time in the company and power of this seemingly harmless old man. A message was sent to the police of the town in the East, asking if they wanted Levi for trial, but the answer came back that as the boy had completely recovered from the attack, the parents had withdrawn the charge and refused to prosecute. An indignation meeting was held, however, that very evening at which a motion was passed to send a committee to warn Levi to leave the town before the next day.

The committee found the unsuspecting Levi in his favorite bar-room, and was immediately hailed with the old familiar and jovial, "C'mon, boys! Le's have 'nother." But there was no drinking for them that night. Briefly as possible,—for they feared they would break down under the old man's entreatings, hunted look—they told him that he had been found out, and that he must leave the town before morning. Then they left him.

For a full minute after they had gone the old man sat on the bench where they had left him, staring straight ahead of him with unseeing eyes. Then he drew a deep breath, and rose slowly and painfully to his feet. He glanced longingly round the room, and with the ghost of his former jovial smile, and with a note of entreaty and hope in his voice he said: "C'm on, boys! Le's have 'nother?" No one moved. "Just one more, to say good-bye, boys," he begged; but no answer came, and the smile gradually faded. For a minute he stood looking at them, beseechingly, regretfully; and then passing his hand wearily over his forehead, he turned and groped his way out the front door, muttering sorrowfully to himself: "'A' right! I'll go! I'll go! Old Levi'll leave town 'fore mornin'.'"

When the citizen's committee made their way to the little shanty next morning, they found old Levi stretched on the long box that had served him as table and bed, with his old army pistol still clutched in his cold fingers, and a round black blot on his forehead showing where the bullet which ended his life had lodged. Instinctively every man of them uncovered, and with moist eyes they stood gazing at the lifeless body of the man they had forced to take his own life.

At last the leader, loudly clearing his throat, gave voice to the sentiments of all: "Well, boys! I don't know what crime old Levi may have committed that he should so fear the name of 'Zip,' but whatever he may have done, he was a square man while I knew him, and I'm sorry to see him end up like this. We don't know why he killed himself, and it's my opinion we never shall."
An Anniversary Mass for Father Tighe, who died a year ago, will be celebrated on Wednesday, the 27th inst., at Holy Angels' Church, Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago. The Right Rev. Bishop Bourke, D. D., who was a student here in '66, will officiate pontifically. Our Very Rev. President, Father Morrissey, will preach the sermon. Father Tighe was a graduate of Notre Dame, and a life-long friend of the University, and it is very fitting that our Very Rev. President is the one chosen to preach at his first Anniversary Mass.

We take pleasure in being able to announce that the Rt. Rev. John Shanley, Bishop of Fargo, South Dakota, will deliver the Commencement Address here in June. From what we know of Bishop Shanley his talk will be something to look forward to.

Our readers will, no doubt, be glad to learn that the Baccalaureate Sermon will most likely be preached by the Very Reverend Nathaniel J. Mooney, Rector of St. Columbkille's Church, Chicago. This announcement will be a source of satisfaction to the students who have heard him speak here before. He was graduated at Notre Dame in 1877.

When students successfully stage a play they deserve credit; but when they successfully render a difficult one they are worthy of general approval. The time they give to rehearsals must be taken from duties more imperative, and very few can enter the undertaking wholly free of other cares. Hence we should not be stingy in our praise of them, nor too exacting. The players in Hamlet, given last Saturday afternoon at Washington Hall in observance of St. Patrick's Day, did not get our applause or approval as a matter of charity or conventionality; they won it.

As the weather was fine many visitors were present; Washington Hall being filled beyond its large seating capacity. The presence of so large an audience evidently put the players on their mettle, for each one of them proved equal to the occasion.

An excellent overture by the University Orchestra composed the minds of the hearers for the play. From the opening to the very end—about three hours and a half—there was not a dull scene. It is a pleasure now to recall it, and speak a word of appreciation to the young men who gave so much pleasure.

It is trite to say that the best critics differ as to the interpretation of Hamlet. A young man assuming the part is liable to be deemed temerous, since he undertakes a task that is most difficult of performance. If he successfully carries through his work we are willing to admit his merit is great. Now, whatever the preconceived opinions of Mr. John Lane O'Connor in his undertaking to interpret the character of Hamlet may have been, the universal declaration after the play is that he is an artist of more than common ability.

Nature has fitted him well to interpret Hamlet as he did: a young man of keen intellect and sparkling wit, Mr. O'Connor's clear-cut features and vivacious eyes made it possible for him to give expression to the various moods that harrowed the soul of Hamlet. His voice is clear and musical, and his enunciation was very distinct in the most remote parts of the house. The clearness and softness of his voice gave a charm to the soliloquies that other actors are unable to produce, for in the long speeches of Hamlet a little harshness in delivery becomes intolerable.
to the audience. His gestures were in keeping with the intellectual and refined character of the prince. His interpretation of the difficult character was entirely satisfactory to his audience. It was very natural, therefore, that he should be the cause of numerous outbursts of applause and more than once receive encores.

The students Mr. O’Connor had selected from his classes and trained, supported him remarkably well for amateurs. Mr. Highstone as Horatio did not presume too much as the friend of Hamlet, but appeared reserved as the thoughtful Horatio might be. His work was praiseworthy.

Mr. Sczelewski as Claudius was always a king: calm and deliberate. His acting in the scene where Hamlet finds Claudius in prayer, won hearty applause. The part of the youthful and fiery Laertes was well taken by Mr. F. Schoonover. Mr. Leo Heiser’s deep voice rendered the ghost scenes weird and impressive. Mr. Harry V. Crumley as First player strengthened the general opinion held by those who have seen him in various roles: that he can creditably fill any part assigned him. He has a natural aptitude for theatrical work, and an amazing versatility that enables him to successfully interpret characters utterly opposed to each other.

The character of the old and garrulous Polonius was well set forth by William M. Wimberg. He brought out every trait of the officious old courtier that any amateur could be expected to reproduce. The audience were delighted to see that he had been resurrected to take the part of the first Gravedigger. His quaint rendition of this cavilling character begot much applause and laughter.

The roles most praised and commended among the students are those of Gertrude and Ophelia, assumed by Orrin White and Louis Wagner respectively. Orrin White, as the Queen, in the stormy scene between Hamlet and his mother, simulated the passion of the guilty woman in excellent fashion. He helped to make the scene one of the most striking parts of the play. But he was just as good throughout.

A competent critic, and one who has taken a keen interest in the drama for the past twenty-five years, remarked after the play that Louis Wagner as Ophelia excelled many professional actresses he had seen. This is the best praise we can give the youthful player. He has great possibilities, for as yet he is only a mere boy. But anyone who saw him act will agree with the critic that by voice and gesture he gave a fair notion of what one might conceive the beautiful and unfortunate Ophelia.
FENCING SCENE BETWEEN HAMLET AND LAERTES, ACT V.

fact that many of them were never before on the stage show his efficiency for such work.

The play is a credit to all concerned, for it was staged without any of those hitches or incongruities that mortify an audience and disconcert the actors. The Rev. President, Fr. Morrissey, and members of the faculty gave the performance their hearty approval, and during the play they were just as enthusiastic as the students in applauding.

Between the acts the Notre Dame Orchestra, under the leadership of Prof. Roche, delighted

to be. It might be of interest to add that while young Wagner was delighting the audience with smile and song he was far from being well; often making an effort to resume his part.

The minor parts were well taken: J. L. Putnam, E. J. Freidel, P. O'Grady, Leo J. Kelly and Louis Best deserve credit and praise for their work. The cast of characters and the music for the entertainment will be found elsewhere in these pages.

Mr. J. Lane O'Connor trained the student performers. Their excellent playing and the
the audience with the following musical

PROGRAMME:
Overture—“Morning, Noon and Night” ................. Suppe
“Dance from Henry VIII” ............................. C. Gerwan
Intermezzo—“Evening Song” ............................ Beyer
Mazurka—“Aus Lieb zu ihr” .............................. Katsch
Gavotte—“Dolce far niente” .............................. Mittelstedeit

It is needless to say all the selections were
well rendered. We might also add that Prof.
Roche showed an excellent spirit by getting
his band out last Sunday, St. Patrick’s Day,
and visiting the different halls.

HAMLET.

Cast of Characters.
Claudius, King of Denmark.................. M. F. Sceiewski
Hamlet, Prince of Denmark, nephew to Claudius
............................................. J. L. O’Connor
Ghost of King Hamlet, Father to the Prince...
............................................. Leo J. Heiser
Polonius, the Lord Chamberlain... Wm. M. Wimberg
Laertes, son to Polonius .................................. F. Schoonover
Horatio, friend to Hamlet ................................ S. Highstone
Roscencrantz ............................................. J. L. Putnam
Guildenstern ............................................. E. J. Fredell
Osric .................................................. Leo Kelly
Marcellus ............................................. P. J. O’Grady
Bernardo ............................................... J. W. Kenny
Francisco, a soldier .................................... E. J. Elfredd
First Player ........................................... H. V. Crumley
Second Player .......................................... L. Leky
Player Queen ........................................... L. Best
First Gravedigger ...................................... W. J. Berwin
Second Gravedigger .................................... Louis Best
Priest .................................................... L. J. Riser
Gertrude, Queen of Denmark, Mother to Hamlet
....................................................... Orrin White
Ophelia, daughter to Polonius ......................... Louis E. Wagner
Lords, Officers, Soldiers, Pages, etc.

**

An account of how St. Patrick’s Day was
observed at the University would not be com­plete unless some note were taken of the
sermon preached by Father Crumley on that
day. The preacher did not tire his hearers
by trying to summarize in an hour’s talk the
history of an ancient people and land. Instead
his sermon was rational, concrete, and deliv­ered in a lucid, forcible manner. It was
rational, for he gave a cause why the Irish as
a race embraced Christianity as readily as
they did. The reason he set forth was that
they possessed a high degree of culture at the
time of St. Patrick’s coming. This made it
possible for them to easily grasp the truth;
and when it had grown into their hearts, to
cling to it tenaciously. Father Crumley in
closing appealed to the sons of those men,
who in ages past have suffered for the Chris­tian faith, to be as their fathers and hold to the
truth now no matter what the material cost.

He said in the descendants of those who
had done so much for it was the hope of pre­serving Christianity. Of old our enemies were
the fire and sword, starvation and the lash; but
to-day we must contend with the subtle philos­ophies contrived by keen intellects. But when
the struggle comes the Gael will scarcely be
the one to give up a sympathetic, hopeful
religion for a doctrine that promises naught
beside gloom and despair. Father Crumley’s
sermon was certainly an intellectual treat, and
withal one that touched the heart.

Baseball Prospects.

With all due credit to the persevering base­ball candidates for their many hours of train­ing in the gym, with all due credit to Mat
Donahoe, captain and coach, for his excellent
work in drilling the men into form, we may,
with all humility predict that Notre Dame
will turn out a fast set of ball-players this
spring. The number of candidates for the
team this year has been unusually large, and
the men have worked steadily and with a
characteristic cheerfulness and good-fellow­ship. Of course, we may not be able to repeat
last year’s performance in winning champion­ship honors; but from present indications we
feel safe in predicting that Notre Dame’s
percentage of victories will again rank among
the highest in the West.

This year we are trying the dangerous
experiment of entrusting the entire care of the
team to one man, and on Mat Donahoe has
fallen the task of guiding the men as both
captain and coach. With a less efficient man
the result might be disastrous; but Donahoe
has performed the duties of his double office
with the greatest energy, and has had the
hearty support of the men throughout. The
Captain is playing his fourth year on the team,
and it is safe to say that he can show the
fellows all the points of the game that won
the championship for Notre Dame last year.
Besides the Captain, there are five of last
year’s men trying for positions; and several
of the new men are doing excellent work for
this time of the year.

O’Neill will be behind the bat again with his
big yellow glove and his big mellow smile, to
cheer up the rooters with his jolly “Peaches!
old hoss!” O’Neill is playing the same steady
game, and his arm has lost none of its force
and accuracy. Our catcher ranked well among
the batters last year, and his work so far this year shows marked improvement.

Morgan, Varsity third baseman last year, has shifted over to first. Well, "Red," you have a big handicap to overcome in the excellent record left by last year's lanky Captain first-baseman, but we'll trust you to hold down the initial bag with the best of them.

"Jepers" Lynch has his old, place at short-stop. Lynch did some marvellous work last year. This season he appears to better advantage, for added to his lightning-like rapidity at getting grounders and his vim in returning them, he has a steadiness that bespeaks a new confidence in himself. If the improvement he shows continues, Lynch will be an interesting performer for Western colleges to watch.

Walsh, at second base, is the best of the new men. He is quick on his feet and has a good arm, and his work in stopping the bouncers has so far been very creditable. He would make a good man for second base, and will be quite an acquisition in the batting department.

Bergen, another freshman, is playing third. He goes at his work earnestly, and makes clever stops; but his playing is somewhat erratic. A little more confidence in himself would improve his work. He sends the ball across the diamond with good speed and accuracy, and is doing good work at bat.

In the outfield Captain Donahoe and Farley will be at their old posts, centre field and right field. For the other field position there are a number of candidates; Hanley, Duggan, and Salmon being the most promising.

Campbell, who did sub back-stop work last year, is again seconding O'Neill, and is playing a much steadier game than he did last year. The receiving end of the battery this season will be as strong as we could wish.

The problem, however, will be to find a man to take pitcher Gibson's place. There are five men working hard for the position, but there will have to be a wonderful improvement during the next month if we are to come anywhere near last year's standard. From present indications it looks as if Notre Dame is to be weakest this year in this position, in which she has heretofore been strongest. The infield work is far above the average; and the outfielders are catching flies without an error, but the work in the box is by no means what it should be.

The men began outdoor work this week, and on Tuesday the Regulars met the Reserves in the first practice game. The fielding on both sides was brilliant, but the batting was poor. The men have done much better batting in the gym than they did on the field Tuesday. Higgins and Walsh did the honours for the Reserves, and Hogan and O'Neill for the Regulars. The game was called at the end of the ninth inning with the score standing 7-7.

And now, you rooters, a word for yourselves. We are going to have good games here this year, and lots of them. Now, you don't want to get it into your heads that you have done your duty by the team by merely paying your way in to see the games. Any fellow that has the least spark of college spirit in him will do that much. You have to root. You, old men, know well enough the spirit of the rooting that has cheered Notre Dame's players in the past, and it is your place to set a good example for the new fellows. And don't do all your rooting when the team is winning, and then stop when they strike a snag. When the fellows get into a hard box, help them out. Let them know that you will support them no matter what happens.

And one last word: Do your rooting in a gentlemanly and sportsmanlike manner. You know the difference between the two kinds of rooting, and let Notre Dame have the best kind. Root for all you are worth, and root right straight along, but do it with a good spirit.

Manager Eggeman has arranged an excellent schedule for this year. Satisfactory dates could not be arranged for games with Michigan and Illinois, but we meet all the rest of the big colleges. We will have seven good games here, and there should be a good crowd at everyone of them. The schedule was given in a former issue of the SCHOLASTIC, but we print it again for the benefit of the fans:

Apr. 19—Purdue at Notre Dame.
Apr. 26—University of Iowa at Notre Dame.
May 1—Indiana at Bloomington.
May 2—DePauw at Greencastle.
May 3—Purdue at Lafayette.
May 4—Chicago at Chicago.
May 8—Nebraska at Notre Dame.
May 11—Beloit at Notre Dame.
May 14—Northwestern at Notre Dame.
May 16—Indiana at Notre Dame.
May 22—Wisconsin at Madison.
May 23—Beloit at Beloit.
May 24—Northwestern at Evanston.
May 30—Open.
June 3—Wisconsin at Notre Dame.
A game with Minnesota may be included in the trip to the Northwest.
A Card of Sympathy.

The announcement of the recent death of Mr. Eugene T. Ahern of Cardiff, Ill., was received with the deepest sorrow and regret at Notre Dame. "Gene" was a student here for the past three years, and in that time always exhibited the high and ennobling qualities that bespeak the genuine man. He was above all a devoted and untiring student, until failing health compelled him to give up his studies a few months ago. Possessed of true and enthusiastic college spirit, he gained many friends and won the respect and admiration of all. The Scholastic joins with the Faculty and student body in their expressions of sincere sympathy toward the members of the bereaved family.

Personals.

The Rev. Alexander Certelli of Portland, Oregon, was a guest of the University during the past week.

Mrs. E. J. Burke of Chicago, Ill., accompanied by her daughter, spent a few days here recently on a visit to her sons of Holy Cross Hall.

Mrs. W. A. Washburn of Hancock, Mich., paid a brief visit lately to her brother, John J. Wertin, of Carroll Hall. Mrs. Washburn was accompanied by her sister, Miss Mary Wertin of St. Mary's.

We have learned that Mr. C. A. Paquette (C. E. '99) has been promoted to the position of superintendent of the Peoria and Eastern Illinois railroad. While here, Mr. Paquette showed that he possessed talent, and his advancement, though not unexpected, is a source of pleasure to his many friends.

A recent Indianapolis paper contains an account of the promotion of Mr. Maurice Neville (C. E. '99) to the position of chief engineer on the Wabash division of the Big Four. The marked success of Maurice since his graduation is not surprising, when we consider that he was always a self-reliant and hard-working student. The Scholastic congratulates him on his recent promotion and wishes him all possible success for the future.

Local Items.

The "Breezy Time" given by the "Fleur de Tragedy Company" of New York and Paris, was a howling success. Mr. O'Shea's sweet tenor and Gormley's soft baritone were extremely pleasing, in the principal parts: especially where the "egg scene" comes in.

Tennis Association has reorganized. The following officers were elected: E. D. Collins, President and Manager; W. F. Dinnen, Vice-President; R. F. Wilson, Secretary; G. H. Bohner, Treasurer. Association voted to hold a handicap tournament for its members on May 12. Suitable prizes to be given. All wishing to become members will send in their names to Room 95, Sorin Hall.

Jennings is inclined to nocturnal love speaking. A few nights ago, as far as Jennings was concerned, the scene was in the backwoods of Wisconsin. The day was an ideal one in spring. The birds were singing, the springs bursting forth, the streams gliding, the trees casting their shadows, and "the only one on earth" was the recipient of the burstings of love phrases from a sincere and a true heart. The pupil of Cupid was happy, but he awoke to find it was a dream. How sad! Poor fellow!

The first three preliminary debates are now over. All of them were well contested, especially the second one. Those who won places in the first preliminary were Mitchell, Barry, Kenealey and Cameron; on the second, Kenny, Kelleher, Schwab, Corley and Tierney; in the last, Cleary, Kuppler and Whaley. More than half a dozen of the competitors showed excellent ability; they were strong enough, in fact, to represent their University. No doubt, the fight among these for places in the finals will be a close one. It might be well to remind them that a tangible and substantial reward in the shape of seventy-five dollars will be distributed among the debaters who will represent the University.

At a meeting of the Faculty Board of Athletics, held on Thursday, the 21st, it was decided that Notre Dame would stay in the W. I. A. A. This decision was reached after much discussion, and after examining all the evidence that could be brought forward. John Eggeman, manager of athletics, was instructed to make arrangements for Notre Dame to enter the meet to be held in Chicago next June by the W. I. A. A. "Dan" Murphy, who has represented Notre Dame during the last three years on the W. I. A. A. board, will continue to do so. The Faculty Board of Athletics by its decision protests against the action of the so-called "Big Nine," and stands by the old conference which is democratic in its constitution, and is willing to give recognition to any college that maintains clean athletics.

St. Patrick's Day was faithfully observed by the Gaels of Notre Dame. In the morning the new Clan-na-Gael Band, composed of Milo McAuley and sixteen pieces paraded around the campus to the tune of "Shin Lein." In the afternoon the Irish Track Team smothered the Cuban-Mexican Track Team to the tune of 58 to 28. The meet was the most sensational ever held in the new gym. Dorr won twenty points,
and established a new record for himself in the half mile and the hurdles. Larry Corbridge ran away from the bunch in the 40 yard dash and won the broad jump with his eyes shut. Milo gave a remarkable exhibition of speed and endurance in the mile run. His time was wonderful, but it is kept secret for various reasons. “Jim” Farragher sprung a surprise on himself and captured ten points. Experts who watched Jim perform say that with careful training he would make a good carpet beater. Leo Kelly won first, second, and third place in the pole vault. “Big Mike” and Davies, however, were the centres of attraction; their graceful movements, marvellous coolness, and genial looks winning many points for the Hibernians. Henrico’s brilliant burst of speed in the 220 won him a host of admirers, but failed to secure a place. The rest of the Cuban-Mexicans astonished themselves by their performances, but not enough to frighten the Hibernians.

The St. Joseph’s Debating Society gave its Annual entertainment Tuesday evening in honor of the Feast of Saint Joseph. The programme was well rendered and entertaining throughout. The entertainment was opened by the presentation, by Mr. Corley, of a painting of Saint Joseph, given to the study-room by the students of the Hall. The recitations given by Mr. Kenney and Mr. Rigney were very carefully written and well delivered. As usual, Mr. Dames was the life of the evening with his comic songs and recitations. At the close of the entertainment Mr. Montavon thanked the members of the hall for the present they had so thoughtfully given, and spoke a few words of congratulation and encouragement upon the success of the evening’s programme and the work of the Society. He had prepared a pleasant surprise for the boys and ended his remarks by saying they could close the pleasures of the evening with a “smoker.” The following was the Programme:

Presentation of painting of St. Joseph........ J. Corley
Hymn to St. Joseph........ J. Sypniewski, Rigney, Kenney
Essay to St. Joseph........ E. Davis, Poem to St. Joseph........ E. Brown
Recitation—“Toussaint L’Overture”.......J. Kenney
Comic song—“To-morrow”...........W. Dames
Recitation—“Retreat of American Indians”...J. Rigney
Recitation—“The Fate of Virginias”......N. K. Furlong
Essay—“Character and Reputation”......J. Corbett
Recitation—“Emett’s Vindication”.......J. Dubbs
Song—“I’d like to Hear that Song Again”...W. Dames

McAdam’s Cleaners and Emerson’s Awful Swipers met on the campus last Tuesday and engaged in one of the most terrific baseball games in the annals of history. Following is an account of the game by a bunch of correspondents who were on the field:

ROUND ONE:—After fifteen arguments with the captains and players and sixteen preliminary discussions with Joyce on the points of etiquette to be observed, the Umpire shouts: “Play ball!” Matteson steps up to plate with pale face and a two-by-six slugger in his hands. “Big Mike” immediately begins to tie himself in fourteen different kinds of knots, dances a Japanese two-step with his left foot, does the contortion act with his face, then slowly unravels himself, and shoots the ball with almost wonderful speed toward the plate. Matteson swats vacuum viciously. Ditto, ditto, McAdams does likewise, and Conway follows suit. Side retires. Julius Kaiser Walsh is first man up for the Awful Swipers. He punches big holes in the atmosphere about him. Ditto “Big Mike.” Amidst deafening applause Ritchie steps up to the plate. “Strike one,” says the Umpire, but Ritchie only winks at the crowd. “Strike two,” and Ritchie looks surprised. “You’re out,” and Ritchie’s friends set up the cry of robbery, but he modestly tells them to refrain. He will get revenge the next time. Side retires. End of first round. Score, zero. Casualties, none. Time, forty-five minutes. World’s Out-Door Record. Weather, perfect. Attendance, hundreds.

ROUND TWO:—This round is a repetition of the first. Mulligan, Blakeslee and Hauser chop off big chunks of air in rapid succession. For the Awful Swipers McGarrell and Keating beating the air. Church comes up to bat and is tendered an ovation. In a neat speech McGlew presents him with a small package containing a beautiful pair of shoelaces, an over-ripe banana skin and a puzzle, the gift of his many admirers on the side-lines. The famous player blushes a lovely purple three or two times, and in a voice trembling with emotion thanks his friends for their lop-sided generosity. Then with a merry twinkle in his eye he grabs up a bat and swings thrice. Side retires. Weather, dubious. Crowd, doubtful. Casualties, unmentionable. Score, unbeatable. Time, unknown. Umpire’s condition, nervous.

ROUND THREE:—Joyce steps up to plate with blood in his eye and a wise look on his face. He swats the ball an unmerciful swat for two bases. “Big Mike” is taken out of the box. Walsh goes in, Matteson connects, ditto the banana skin and a puzzle, the gift of his many admirers on the side-lines. The famous player blushes a lovely purple three or two times, and in a voice trembling with emotion thanks his friends for their lop-sided generosity. Then with a merry twinkle in his eye he grabs up a bat and swings thrice. Side retires. Weather, dubious. Crowd, doubtful. Casualties, unmentionable. Score, unbeatable. Time, unknown. Umpire’s condition, nervous.