The Blind Man.

R. O. P.

Do I not feel the sweep of Autumn's wind,  
And see the warm year changing though I'm blind?  
Are not the apples rosy-cheeked and plump?  
I heard them fall this morning with a thump.  
I thought I smelled a new-plowed field to-day  
And caught faint snatches of the plowboy's lay.  
I heard the children laughing by the mill  
Say: "All the grapes are purple on the hill!"  
And as I passed along my shady walk  
To listen to the mill stream's saucy talk  
The brown thrush rained no music on my ear,—  
I see with other eyes the changing year.

John Gilmary Shea  
Chronicler of Humble Heroes. *

BY MARTIN EMMET WALTER.

The sword has long been considered  
the greatest symbol of fame. Mankind  
instinctively venerates the hero of  
war. All ages and all peoples have  
shared the stubborn illusion that true  
heroism cannot be dissociated from militant  
glory and sanguinary strife. The world will  
ever forget Alexander the Great, or Attila  
or Napoleon. But the empires of earth they  
labored to create, have merged themselves with  
the colorless mists of memory. They were the  
exalted of their own generation, and the  
excruciated of succeeding ones. Their impress upon  
"the sands of time" lingers in the mind but  
not in the heart.

A majority of the historians of every age  
and degree of enlightenment, have shared the  
fallacious belief that the only genuine courage  
is the "valor of blood and iron." Yet occasionally,  
in the meagre minority, we find one  
with a fairer perspective who depicts in truer  
proportion the brilliant achievements of war  
and the less showy, but more substantial,  
accomplishments of peace. In the roster of  
American historians, such exceptions are distressingly few. But two, in fact, have distinguished themselves in this manner, and of these two, but one in marked degree.

Francis Parkman has invested the story of American exploration and development with the glamor of romance. But that other and greater exception, John Gilmary Shea, has stamped the history of the American missionaries with the seal of truth, and has woven into their unpretentious annals, a charm of incident and a beauty of unassuming fact, that sets them above and beyond the more numerous chronicles of war and conquest.

Because he possessed a more perfect discernment than his contemporaries, Shea marked not only the dissimilarities, but the likenesses of peaceful and martial activities. He has cleverly distinguished contrast and antithesis. To him the Jesuits and other Catholic missionaries were also warriors, struggling under the Standard of Eternal Truth; they were conquerors winning from ignorance and evil whole empires of land and countless nations of men; they were explorers and discoverers, pioneers, and educators. It was through recognition of them, as such, that John Gilmary Shea was first drawn to a thorough study of their part in the great drama of New World activity. It was by long, diligent, painfully exacting research, that he compiled the facts that enabled him at last to write his "History of the Catholic missions." This splendid, detailed account of the American Catholic missions is far from being his only contribution to the domain of historical knowledge. He has excelled in several similar lines of endeavor. But because he has chosen, in his "History of the Catholic Missions," a sadly neglected and maliciously misrepresented field, we must consider this work his greatest accomplishment. * The Meehan prize medal.
Prior to the publication of his "History of the Catholic Missions," what attention the Jesuits and other missionaries had received, was either scant and inaccurate, or deliberately and wantonly biased and derogatory. The Puritan spirit of intolerance has left its impress upon the pages of many historians of the New England school. Such treatment as these men have accorded the noble army of pioneer priests, bears the rancorous taint of a spirit that was later to culminate in that apotheosis of political folly, the "Know-Nothing" party. Elsewhere, also, influences were at work to obscure the nature and extent of missionary labors. The English colonists and their American decendants perpetuated in precept and prejudice their hatred of the French and Spanish. Hence the missionaries and martyrs who spread the gospel from the dreary wilds of the St. Lawrence to the land of the Aztecs, were doubly guilty in their eyes. They owed temporal allegiance to nations inimical to Great Britain, and they were loyal adherents to the Pope of Rome. The fact that they had struggled and starved and perished to regenerate the infidel Indian tribes was of small consequence beside the damning fact that they were "papists."

One more obscuring factor may be noted. The Indians themselves, the objects of their centuries of persevering zeal, were disappearing. The encroachments of the whites, with their culture and cruelty, their wondrous arts and vitiating vices, were driving the red men before them. Even early in the nineteenth century, the Indian, as far as the average American was concerned, was largely an entity of the past. The tribes were receding constantly westward, their numbers thinning before the onslaughts of disease and oppression. The seeds of the Faith were disappearing with the soil wherein they had been sown. The tendency, therefore, to ignore or minimize the importance of the part played by the Dominicans, Franciscans and Jesuits, was not entirely avoidable. But the contingent circumstances do not alter the salient fact that a very considerable portion of early American history was being lost to posterity, or preserved only in sadly distorted versions.

John Gilmary Shea, loyal Catholic and patriotic American, realized that only determined action could prevent the irreparable loss of much that is now esteemed priceless. And it is not the least part of his genius, that with the thought came the determination that was to be ultimately materialized in his "History of the Catholic Missions."

In his preface to this splendid work, Shea remarks: "A few years since, the labors of the Catholic missions were ignored or vilified; now, owing to the works of Bancroft, Sparks, O'Callaghan, Kip, and others, they occupy their merited place in our country's history." But though, as he has occasion to declare, "praise without stint" is lavished upon the early missionaries, it is commendation of a conventional and desultory nature. Even Parkman linked enthusiastic encomium with covert innuendo. More often do we encounter a reasonably impartial recital of the work of the several orders, which terminates with the casual assertion that after all their work is of little moment, inasmuch as the tribes they worked among have disappeared.

But Shea's astuteness readily detected, and his facile pen clearly exposed, the fallacy of this conclusion. With a discernment that saw behind the apparently innocuous remarks of these detractors he set about compiling a history of the missionaries which would reveal to a skeptical world the magnitude of their achievements. It was a task of colossal proportions. Ten years of indefatigable search for detail were necessary; a whole decade in which he must needs peruse with painstaking care volumes from France and Spain, Canada and Italy. Copies of manuscripts grown moldy in vaults in Mexico were called into use. The quaint relations of the Jesuits in hundreds of volumes had to be searched for relevant material. So, too, must he follow the narrations of the Franciscans and Dominicans, compiled in haphazard fashion in Mexico, Madrid and Havana. Paris furnished musty tomes replete with cogent fact. Quebec yielded up forgotten tales of privation and martyrdom. Even Rome contributed to the fund that finally became his "History of the Catholic Missions." His labors in the compilation of material merit the consideration of an entire volume. So also does the infinite toil expended in the actual writing of his history. But his services to history and literature receive their fullest and fairest appraisal, when one considers not the details of time and labor, but the book as a completed work. For it is a history which perpetuates his memory as
well as the fame of the men and missions he has so strikingly vindicated.

Shea carefully traces through three and a quarter centuries the history of the three great religious orders, whose activities are so closely welded with the early annals of America. His style has not the fiction-like fluidity of a Prescott or a Macaulay; neither is it characterized by the clever merging of great and small incident that contributes in such a large degree to the charm of Gibbons or Parkman. He narrates the facts simply and tersely. His nervous, concise sentences aim at nothing but the transmission of fact. He dismisses in a weighty paragraph, an incident that to another historian would have spelled a whole romance. We find mingled indiscriminately in his pages, stories of heroism, suffering and martyrdom, and dry details of camps, portages and inventories. Yet his apparently casual and phlegmatic treatment of the more stirring events, achieves a peculiarly satisfactory effect. We see in these brief records the practical unpretentiousness of the men whose lives and deaths are recorded. With them we are minded to declare: "far better than fulsome eulogy is the simple fact of a work well done." Reflected in his pages is the invincible spirit which made such heroism possible. Has a priest been frozen, drowned or murdered? Then let the ranks close up. Ours is a memory of a life well lived, and his the enduring merit of "the reward exceeding great." Shea himself well knew that he could but faintly mirror the richly eventful years which his history spans. From the Everglades to the Arctic circle is a mighty compass of miles, and from 1529 to 1854 makes up a wearying stretch of years. Yet Shea carefully covers this wilderness of space, and accurately chronicles the great events of three hundred and twenty years. He sought the truth, well knowing that it would require no garnishing of sentiment, no elaboration of literary artifice to make it appeal.

"The History of the Catholic Missions" is a chronicle of humble heroism. The world remembers De Soto, Balboa and Cortez, because they pillaged and murdered for gold. But it would have soon forgotten, if indeed it had ever remarked, the work of the brave Franciscans and noble Dominicans, whose duty it became to win the disillusioned and embittered natives over to the Faith their conquerors had so poorly illustrated. But Shea has pains-takingly gathered and arranged the records that must immortalize the memory of Father de Olmos, Bishop Las Casa, Father Diego, and the hundreds of others who gave their lives to the work of salvation.

We see many of them butchered and burned by the tribes to whom they had preached the Gospel. We follow scores of others over tortuous mountain paths, across burning deserts, through malarial morasses and miasmatic jungles. We see them preaching and praying, exhorting and baptizing. We watch them instructing the natives in the pursuits of husbandry and the rudiments of health and hygiene. We follow them through scores of years and among innumerable scenes and places to the humble hut or open plain, where their privation-wracked bodies are stilled in a final sleep. We see success alternated with failure; we witness a drama of blood and brutality on one side, and courage and kindness on the other. We follow the steady and triumphant march of the Faith from the coral reefs of Florida to the semi-tropical verdure of Southern California.

Up in the North another great body of men are preaching, exploring and educating. Their work has received far wider attention and more general acknowledgment. The monuments reared to honor their memory have never been obliterated. The "Characters of living light" that spell the records of their deeds have never been effaced. America can never forget the French Jesuits. No true historian of whatever creed, will ever fail of due recognition for Marquette, Hennepin or Menard. But even the most enthusiastic eulogy, if not accompanied by a clear chronicle of accomplishment, will fail of its purpose. Much merited praise has been bestowed upon the Jesuits; but no other writer, not excepting Parkman, has ever "seen with a clearer vision" the true extent and nature of their work. The distinction of having made critical estimate more successful than vague praise, goes to Shea and to him alone in this field. In the pages of his history, we find a correlated and sequential account of the missionaries work. Others have sought to depict their greatness with adjectives. Shea, and Shea only, reveals their lives with sufficient detail and accuracy to render adjectives unnecessary. He has obeyed literally the old and apt injunction, "Count greatness by deed, and the world's silent
appraisal will save you fulness of speech.” His praise, if he praises at all, is simple, brief and well bestowed. He never mars with sentimentality, nor cloys with effusive utterance. His chronicles of humble heroes are great with the strength of truth and dramatic with the stirring appeal of a heroism that never falters and a faith that never flags. Yet all is compression and succinctness. A short paragraph suffices for the death of the great Marquette. A few brief sentences depict the martyrdom of Brebouf. A word or two and Gravier has won a hundred converts, or Allouez is dead on the banks of the St. Joseph. John Gilmary Shea had much to tell, and that he succeeded well in telling is the verdict of all who have read his book.

Against the objection that little permanent good was effected by the missionaries, he opposes no frantic panegyric, no bitter denial. He tells us simply and plainly of the number instructed, of the thousands baptized, of the dying infants saved. When we know that the heroic Allouez himself exhorted over one hundred thousand red men, and baptized almost a tenth of that number, the assertion that no permanent results were achieved is dwarfed into paltry mockery. One soul in Paradise defeats the failure of years. And Shea has refuted the old calumny wisely and well, by showing that large numbers were won over to a sincere profession of the faith. Surely, as he points out, a redeemed soul is reasonably “permanent” even though the clay is gone. But in emulation of his own example, we prefer to point to the man and say, “Here is the man, these are his works, far surer is the appeal of the deed, than the fulsome flare of appreciation.”

In his “History of the Catholic Missions” Shea has done much that is of signal importance. He has covered with comprehensive thoroughness and rare accuracy a sorely neglected field of American history. He has elevated the hero of the Cross to a proper place beside the patriot of the sword; he has familiarized thousands of readers with the thrilling story of the priest explorers and discoverers. He has refuted calumny. He has vanquished bigotry. He has vindicated motives that the unscrupulous have sought to impugn. He has been the Stevenson of many Damiens; and has wrought confusion in many minds as warped and biased as that of the Reverend Doctor Hyde.

Shea was not a master of style; but we read his simple, homely annals because of the facts they relate, the lessons they teach and the examples they hold forth. He treats of a type of heroism as old as the human race. The teacher of religious truths has at all times sacrificed everything, even life itself, for his convictions. No greater heroes have lived than the men of the early Catholic missions. No finer fortitude, courage or perseverance, no more extreme suffering, privation or disappointment, has ever been recorded than that in which these men shared. Yet few voices have been lifted to chant their praises; fewer pens have been dipped to inscribe their deeds.

Because John Gilmary Shea has turned from the more popular themes of martial glory, political strife and romantic conquest to the sad and simple annals of the American missionaries, because he has recorded faithfully their undaunted courage and unflagging zeal, because he has elevated their memory from obscurity to honor, he may well be styled the Chronicler of Humble Heroes.

The Nigger and the Ghost.

BY WALTER L. CLEMENTS.

I sometimes think that Des Cartes taught correctly, when he postulated the theory of the disagreement between the corporeal and the spiritual. Especially is this thought strengthened when I consider how we conjure up in our imaginations pictures of spirits that walk the earth, and how the flesh creeps and the hair stands on end at such imaginings. There is no getting around the fact that the flesh has not much love for the spiritual. The closer to earth we cling, the more we dread those flights of the fancy in realms supersensible.

Now if anybody ever clung closely to the earth and its ways, it was John Allan. He was so black that his face seemed the essence of all dirtiness. His aspirations never rose higher than a chicken roost. In fact he knew no rule except the rule of “getting away with it.” If he could not loot chicken roosts and watermelon patches, he would take almost anything else that he could get his hands on. But chickens and watermelons were decidedly his favorites.

I used to tell him about the moral consequences of stealing: But if he had room in his head for such words, it was merely a free for all passage in one ear and out the other.
He would merely grin at the threat of sending him to jail or the penitentiary. The only thing about which John felt skiddish were ghosts. I believe he would stay away from the fullest chicken roost in the country, if he were told that it was haunted by the ghost of a bantam rooster. People in the neighborhood soon learned to play upon John’s superstition with advantage, for they would tell John stories of goblins, spooks, and sprites seen about their premises. And in this manner they kept him off their property when no one was around.

There was in the neighborhood one house of which John was especially afraid. He would ride a mile out of his way to avoid passing it after dark. The old home was tenantless. It was the relic of former days. Built in the old colonial style, its rooms were massive and many. There former generations had grown from infancy to youth and then departed along the devious ways of life, and the certain way of death. Tangled weeds and wild flowers were running in riot about the walks that were once well kept. About the whole place there was an air of abandonment and isolation. Within, the noises peculiar to empty houses seemed to be the only vestiges of former occupants. Every little gust of wind, every nibble of a mouse was magnified tenfold as it resounded along the empty halls and spacious corridors. The atmosphere about the place always made uncanny thrills play hide and seek up and down my spinal column. I could hardly blame John Allan for being shy of the place.

Along in the hot days of August I bought a wagon load of rare watermelons, and thinking where I could best put them out of the way and out of the reach of such greedy renegades as John Allan, I stored them in a cool room of the old forsaken manse. Thither I used to take some of my friends to enjoy the cool melons during hot afternoons. But the weird influence of the old place could not even then be always avoided. The conversation of my friends would naturally turn to ghost stories. So many wild stories did they tell that my dreams during the midsummer nights began to be rather unpleasant. Consequently I resolved to change the topic of conversation, as soon as any of my friends would broach a weird subject.

So earnestly did I try to carry out this resolve that my friends soon discovered that I was a little nervous on the subject of ghost stories. Thenceforth my peace was at an end. They joshed me whenever and wherever we met till I finally determined to demonstrate to them my disbelief in the preternatural. I boastfully announced my intention of doing what I knew none of the rest would do. I declared that I intended sleeping in the old manse all night, and set my date. My friends jollied me a lot more and did their best to get my nerves put on end for the occasion. But John Allan looked upon me as a man exceedingly daring: “Boss,” he said, “is you sho’nough gwin to stay in that house all night?”

“Yes,” I replied, “what of it?”

“I thinks you am putting yo’self in a dangerous place.”

Then he proceeded to ask me many particulars as to what room I intended to sleep in, etc.

I noticed that amid all his protestations of fear for my welfare, John wore a broad smile of expectation which was in strange discord with his words. He told me how “niggers” had seen ghosts or “hants,” as he called them, peeping through the doors or walking past the windows with lighted candles; how old man Dalton once swore that none other should live in that house after his last son had run away from home, joined the army and had been killed; and how the old man’s ghost day by day and night after night had assumed the business of tantalizing all who took their abode in the old manse. But amid all these stories I noticed that John was not so awe-inspired as he pretended to be. He still wore his watermelon smile.

The night of the climax arrived. By the flickering light of a candle I read some interesting love stories in order to forget the sounds which came echoing down the corridor ever and anon. At last my eyes grew heavy and I lapsed into slumber. But my sleep could not have been sound. It was disturbed by too many gruesome dreams. Now I fancied I saw white objects peeping at me through the doors. Next I thought I heard them counting the watermelons that were stored in the room across the corridor from mine. Again I seemed to see old man Dalton chasing his son out of the house, when all of a sudden my eyes were open. I was sure of being awake. The walls stood out prominently before me. Something or somebody was among the watermelons. I could hear their tipping tread. Once in a while I could hear the melons bumping against one another and then a noise as of cloth being.
rubbed against wood. I did not believe in ghosts even in my most frenzied moment. But somehow those tales which my friends had told, the stories of John Allan, and my own dreams had "got my goat." It seemed as if I had been awake full twenty minutes. But the noise continued and my agony increased. I knew I would be a nervous wreck, if something did not quickly happen. I resolved to catch the spook among the watermelons.

"What are you doing here?" I yelled, rushing upon the spook with a chunk of wood in my hand; my voice sounded harsh and unnaturally loud. I knew it would have seemed to any one like a call from the other world. The spook that I dreaded fell prostrate among the melons. At last I heard it mutter in a hoarse whisper: "Honest to de good Lawd, Mars Dalton, lemme go dis time and I'll never enter dis house again."

Immediately I realized the situation. It was John Allan. Emboldened by my presence in the house he had tried to steal the watermelons. Furthermore I knew if he discovered that it was I who had thus spoken, my friends would know how badly I had fallen for their talk. John Allan would have the laugh on me. "Boy," I said, trying to maintain my growseome tone of voice, "I am not Dalton. I am the 'hant' of him who lay in yonder couch a corpse. The shade of Dalton has just murdered me. He has torn my body and soul asunder. But with thee I shall not deal so harshly, if only thou fulfill est one condition. Depart from this place. Leave here to-night and never come within fifty miles of here again. For as sure as thou dost I shall take thee to the realms of death—cut thy throat from ear to ear. Now cover up thine eyes and go."

Needless to say, John went. Since then the light of many days has come and gone, but we have not seen the grinning countenance of John. Nor am I much grieved that he fell for my threat. For my reputation was saved.

The Frame Up.

BY ALBERT V. KING.

Four young men were seated at a little round table in one of those brilliantly lighted cafés on Fifth Avenue. The men were slightly away from the throng of well-dressed patrons. The clinking wine glasses, the merry laughter and the strains of popular music disturbed the air in a delightful manner. The four men watched with enthusiasm, turning their gaze first to the decorations, then to the patrons and finally to one another.

"You know," began Ed Nugent, "all we get out of life is what we bring to it."

"What do you mean, Ed?" the others asked becoming interested.

"This," replied Nugent, "we are seated in this café to-night and never a thought of our cares and troubles. We mingle with the splendor and gaiety and forget for the moment that there are more serious things in life. Now nothing is better to bring you back to a realization of life than death. If it is near—in the family—it catches you with a grasp and turns you face to face with cold realities. If it is distant—a friend or so—it is near enough to make you think less of these sensual pleasures."

"Getting pessimistic again," interrupted Jim Carter who always managed to avoid the seriousness of life.

"No, Jim,—not, pessimistic—but sensible, I think. I'm just beginning to realize what it is to get away from the ordinary run of life. I never thought much of it till I had occasion to be near the dead—a good many of them too—and then I began thinking."

"Be clear Ed—I don't get you," demanded Carter.

"Listen! I stayed in a morgue the other night, and as I saw the dead laid out before me I began to think. I wondered where all the great men had gone to. Surely this life isn't all—there must be some other place where the great receive their praise and the just and honest their reward, for surely they don't get it here. Anyway, in the cold, clammy, uncanny chamber of the dead I made resolutions to do better."

"Got your goat, hey?" laughed Jim.

"Yes, if you'll express it that way, but believe me it'll get yours too."

"Not mine."

Old Age.

The days of joy for us are almost o'er,
The dreams of youth will visit us no more.
Old age the final end of all our joys
Has come at last; no longer are we boys.
But bent and old we wonder how time's fled,
And think of all our boyhood friends long dead
And then at last we hold in all disdain.
The joys of life and long for peace in vain.

F. X. FINN.
Jim Carter was an impulsive youth and was not to be outdone by wagers. He jumped into things without thinking, and being too proud to retrace his steps he usually went through as a winner.

"I'll bet you fifty I will!" he answered excitedly, "and you name the morgue and I'll stay there to-night if you like."

"All right, it's a go," replied Ed, and both clasped hands in agreement and deposited their fifties in their friends' hands.

"You stay here Jim, and I'll run down to Robinson's morgue and explain our little bet. I know the manager and am sure he'll agree to let you stay to-night."

Ed was off in an instant and the three young men fell into a quiet conversation. They did not refer to the bet, but merely glanced about the café. Presently Ed returned and his face was radiant with a smile.

"It's all right, Jim," he began "you're to go there to-night at ten-thirty—it's only ten now, and remain till daylight. We'll come then to carry you out."

"You'll never carry me out rest assured of that. I'll be at Robinson's at ten-thirty." With that he jumped up and hurried away. The others laughed when they saw him slip out the door.

"He'll be scared to death," said one.

"He'll not show up," said the other.

"Yes," replied Ed, "he'll be there all right, but I'll bet he will wish he hadn't before the night is over."

"Why?" the other two asked.

"I've framed up on him."

"A fake?" asked the two.

"Yes, I got a bunch of dead that are pretty much alive. It'll be some joke on him." They all dropped into thought and when ten-thirty came departed for the morgue.

They found Jim when they arrived, and after a few instructions as to keeping the lights lowered and no smoking they watched him open the door of the dead chamber and walk calmly in.

"Now we'll listen to the fun," Ed put in as they laughed.

Jim heard the lock cick behind him, and he felt that he was alone. A dim light flickered at the opposite end of the room, and a row of tables stood before him. Beneath the white sheets he could distinguish the forms of bodies. A creepy feeling came over him. There was a weird, clammy and uncanny atmosphere about the room and the jumping shadows from the flickering light created a nervous feeling. Jim was somewhat of a coward, but he must be brave now. He was in a peculiar situation. He seated himself in a chair and gazed about with wide open eyes. His heart beat fast, and his limbs trembled with fear. He began to breathe faster and faster and the perspiration stood out in large cold beads on his forehead.

He took out his watch and put it into his pocket again, played with and twisted the chain, bit his finger nails, rolled his thumbs, coughed, sighed and gasped. A nervous mysterious feeling was creeping over him. He tried to swallow but he could not—he tried to do everything and anything but he had lost control of himself.

He peered suddenly at one of the tables—he thought a corpse had moved. He looked closely—but no, it must have been the wind. An uneasiness stole over him, and he began wishing that he had not made the bet. Suddenly he saw another movement. Plain as day, the corpse moved. Jim's heart was in his mouth. He stood up, he ran to the door. It was locked, so were the windows. He could not get out. Another corpse sat up. Jim was terrified. Another and another sat up. Jim pinched himself to see if it was not a dream. No, he was fully awake. He ran to the door; he pounded and hammered. He cried "Let me out, let me out, there are ghosts in here—let me out for God's sake." He clenched his fist and beat harder on the door. He kicked with his feet. He ran to the window and smashed a pane of glass. He yelled and screamed but no one came. His nerves weakened, his mind became distracted. He fell to the floor and kicked and screamed. He was hysterical. Presently all was still, Jim had fainted. The door opened quickly, and Ed came running in.

"What's the matter, Jim," he cried, but Jim made no answer.

"Tell me, Jim," he turned to one of the would-be corpses and commanded, "Go get a doctor, quick! this man's dying!" The doctor came in an instant.

"What's the trouble?—ah—hysterical—very bad case," he said as he felt Jim's wrists,
"must have been frightened?"
"Yes, it was a joke—we didn’t mean—"
"He’s going to die," said the doctor.
"Honestly?"
"Yes, not a chance to live—too far gone—if he does he’ll be insane—you fellows are liable, you know."
"Speak to me, Jim," pleaded Ed. "Jim, I didn’t mean it; I let you go too far, that’s all. Speak, Jim, speak."
Jim couldn’t speak. The doctor suddenly dropped his wrists. He turned to Ed.
"He’s dead."
"Ah—how—do you mean it?"
"Yes."
"Oh, Jim—Jim—I’m a murderer, and you’re my vic—oh, Jim, speak to me—speak just a word."

He was also becoming hysterical. The doctor tried to comfort him, but it was of no use. He was a murderer—his joke killed his friend—The clock struck six.

"Six o’clock," the doctor said, "the coroner will soon be—"

"Six o’clock!" Jim jumped from his cot.
"Why, I win the bet!"
Ed jumped to his feet, he couldn’t believe— he was dumfounded—"You’re not dead?" he asked.

"No—I’m only returning the joke I thought you’d play on me—I knew you were going to frame up on me—this man’s no more a doctor than you’re corpses are dead."

The two shook hands and after Ed recovered from his shock—he had a good laugh.

Absence.

When I did stand upon the lowest stair
Firm, determined lest the escaping tear
Grow to a tempest in my heart and bear
Me from the inveterate duty of the year.

I boasted ’twas a moment’s mimic-strife
Of my firm will with all the clamorous host
Gathered within my heart—love joy and life
Craving more life; but idle was my boast.

For when the ocean with its regular swell
Counted the distances ’tween thee and me
I faltered, trembled—oh, what lip can tell
How my swift spirit took the narrowing sea.

And knelt a captive, yea, a bird come home
Unto the leafy shadow of thy love.
There I found rest soft, silent as the foam
That nestles ocean’s mid-most wave above.

P. D. Q.

The New Version.

If Sherman were alive to-day
When everything is changed,
He’d have to have his strongest words
Subdued and rearranged.

He’d tell of troops in Europe that
Were into battle hurled,
And then he’d pause and whisper low
“War is the under-world.”

Shakespeare’s Pericles.

BY M. E. W.

This play deals with the life of Pericles, the Prince of Tyre. The play opens with Pericles in the court of Antiochus, King of Antioch, whose daughter he has come to woo. This king gives Pericles a riddle to solve under the condition that if he succeeds he shall have the girl, but if he fails he shall forfeit his life. The prince solves the riddle, but in so doing he learns that Antiochus has been living shamefully with his daughter. Pericles fearing that the king in order to keep his secret will injure him, flees. Even in his own kingdom the prince is not safe, so he continues his flight to Tarsus. After stopping there a while, Pericles takes ship and is cast up by a storm on the shore of Pentapolis. Here he wins Thaisa, the daughter of the king. A few months later news reaches him that his enemy Antiochus is dead, so Pericles with Thaisa his wife leaves for Tyre. On the way a fierce storm takes place, during which Thaisa gives birth to a daughter. The mother is unconscious and is believed to be dead. The sailors fear that the dead body is responsible for their plight, so she is buried at sea. The coffin is washed up on the shore of Ephesus and is found and opened by a native physician. Under his ministrations she is revived, and thinking that Pericles has perished, becomes a priestess of Diana. In the meantime Pericles has reached land. He named his daughter Marina in memory of her birth at sea and placed her in the hands of the ruler of Tarsus, whom he had aided by relieving a famine on the occasion of his first visit to that place. Here Marina lived for fourteen years, but owing to her beauty and accomplishments, her guardians became jealous, for she surpassed their own daughter. Cleon’s wife
orders Marina to be slain, but before the order can be carried out she is captured by pirates and carried to Mytilene. She is sold by them into a life of shame, but in spite of all temptations preserves her own innocence. Cleon and his wife now send word to Pericles that his daughter has died. A third shipwreck casts Pericles up on the shore of Mytilene where he comes across his daughter. A dream now tells him to go to the shrine of Diana at Ephesus. Pericles does so and meets his lost wife, Thaisa. The play ends with Pericles giving his consent to the marriage of Marina and Lysimachus, the Governor of Mytilene.

This in brief is the story of the play, and in spite of many objectionable features it holds the attention of the reader from beginning to end. Whether Shakespeare ever wrote the play will never be known. Many critics claim that he only wrote parts of it, while the remainder was written by other authors of the period. There seem to be good grounds for their contention as the editors of the first folio saw fit to exclude it from their volume.

The leading character in the play is Marina. Her virtue, innocence and beauty make her one of the finest female characters Shakespeare has drawn. She gives a picture of her rare character at the time when Leonine is about to murder her, when she says:

*Now as I can remember by my troth
I never did her hurt in all my life:
I never spoke a bad word nor did ill turn
To any living creature.*

Although subjected to the severest test the imagination could picture Marina preserves her spotless innocence.

Pericles is only of secondary importance in the play. He is a man of high character and patience, although he settles into a state of gloom after being notified of the death of his daughter. In the end when he is once more united to his lost wife and daughter we cannot but rejoice, for we feel that his nobility of character and patience in adversity deserve a reward.

The play in plot and treatment reminds the reader of many Greek plays. Gower as the Chorus gives before each act a summary of what is to take place. This is almost necessary in view of the frequent shifting of scene and the loose connection of the plot. The grave fault of the play lies in the fact that events follow one another with no apparent reason. Thus for example we see the wife of Cleon giving orders for the murder of Marina without being shown the cause for her hatred. Then, too, the reconciliation of Pericles and Thaisa through the instrument of a dream is rather forced. Also in the brothel the effect of Marina’s few words on the frequenters of the place seems unnatural and almost unbelievable.

The characters with the exception of the two principal ones, Pericles and Marina, are very vague and not at all comparable with the well-drawn characters in Shakespeare’s other plays. Another defect is the fact that the minor characters drift into the action and are dropped out of it entirely with no word of explanation.

It is regrettable that a play with some passages of such rare excellence should be marred by a coarse sensuality that disgusts the average reader. It is because of this fact that some critics would believe that the coarse parts are not the work of Shakespeare. Their contention seems to us, however, rather far-fetched, for, these scenes, whatever else may be said of them, have a reality and vigor that betrays a master’s hand. The times were coarse and sensual, and what was more natural, then, than the poet catering to the popular taste?

---

**Memories.**

*O memories of other days
So full of laughter and of tears,
That steal by sudden, unknown ways
Across the vastness of the years.*

*O souls of innocence and love,
O faces beaming with God’s light,
O hearts as simple as the dove,
O words of truthfulness and right.*

*How golden were the fields to you?
You saw no cockle ‘midst the grain.
God blessed you in the sifting dew.
In summer sunshine and in rain.*

*Unshod you trod the pastures wide
And laughing plashed in running streams,
Or stretched in slumber by the side
Of some green hillock lost in dreams.*

*God spread the heavens for your tent.
The bob-white gave your bugle call.
The daisies all in honor bent,
And you were monarch of them all.*
Howdy.

—It matters not on what rugged strand of dismal frontier or eddy of heedless civilization the traveller may be cast, there comes at last a ray of hope and revivification. It is a hearty, blithesome "Howdy." Somebody's eyes soften with sympathy or glint with warm good-will, and there is a sunrise in life. Few things are so chilling, perhaps, as a plunge from the fervent caresses of home life into the indifferentism of a strange boarding school. Existence seems suddenly naught but cheerless self-reliance. Too often we who have become acclimated, fail to realize the heartache of the inexperienced youth, too often we are selfish enough to jibe at his verdancy. Nevertheless, we are glad because of all these new faces, this renewed variety and vitality that has been distilled into our being. Here are our future athletes, orators, scholars and friends, here are those we shall learn to love. So here's to them, after old cronies have completed, their handshakes, and with all our hearts a ringing, lusty "Howdy."

—One of the most gratifying experiences of the summer vacation was the news of the elevation of the Reverend Luke J. Evers (A. B. '79, A. M. '86) to the dignity of domestic prelate with the title of Monsignor. This gracious act of the Holy Father is a fitting recognition of the extraordinary zeal and success that have marked the work of Father Evers since his ordination. Prominent as a student during his college days here, he has been much in the public eye, particularly for the last seventeen years since he was made pastor of St. Andrew's Church, New York City. This venerable church is in the heart of the newspaper section of New York, and it was a consideration of the needs of the newspaper men which led Father Evers to establish the "Midnight Mass" every Sunday, which has been imitated in nearly all the large cities of America. He also insti-tuted the noonday Mass during Lent and Advent with results that have amazed even his own enthusiasm. For many years he has been Chaplain of the Tombs, the most impressive and important prison in America. He also founded the Mission of the Holy Name in the Bowery, which he served as Chaplain for four years.

It is a notable record and joy rather than surprise is the emotion we feel on hearing that the Father of the Faithful has marked his appreciation of such superb priestly work with the dignity of purple.

Long life to Monsignor Luke Evers! The royal purple sits nobly on a royal soul!

The Death of Brother Marcellinus.

Brother Marcellinus, C. S. C., one of the best loved and best known members of the Congregation of Holy Cross, passed away at Notre Dame on the morning of July twenty-ninth after an illness of about two months. He was born in St. Joseph, Iowa, in 1847 and entered the Community in 1869.

Gifted with unusual talent, he had a distinguished career, both as teacher and as director of schools. At St. Columbkill's, Chicago, he left behind him, not only golden memories, but a superb company of young men, many of them priests, to cherish his name. At Fort Wayne he established most creditably the new Central High School and saw its first class graduated. At Watertown, Wisconsin, and Austin, Texas, he did notable work as a teacher. For many years he was a favorite professor at Notre Dame, to which he returned last year for a second career all too short.

Apart from his general scholastic equipment, Brother Marcellinus had a special gift of fluent and distinguished speech, which, united to his exquisite sense and faculty of humor, made him a special favorite at alumni meetings and indeed wherever men foregathered. He was, as Father Carroll said in his strong and sympathetic sermon, in every way a manly man.

The Requiem was celebrated in the College Church by the Reverend Father Provincial, a lifelong friend of the deceased. The ministers of the Mass were Reverend Fathers Walsh and Burke, old pupils of Brother Marcellinus. Altogether, the funeral was an appropriate tribute to a singularly good and lovable religious.

May he rest in peace!
A Great University.

We copy the following from the Southwestern Electrician published in Houston, Texas:—

There is one great university in the United States which can be absolutely dependent upon to care for the moral training of the student with equal, to say the least, tenacity to that shown for his intellectual and physical uplift. The majority of the universities of the land depend for the moral tone upon the rules of conduct laid down and upon the honor of students in, observing them. This is magnificent where it will apply; but who will say that 100 per cent of the boys who go to college are sustained by desires to secure an equal percentage for good conduct. Our boys are full of the pleasures of life, and it needs a far stronger hand to guide them when turned loose upon a university campus than that of the earlier days at home. Here is in too many cases where the rubicon is passed. Here it is that the restraints of home are abandoned, and the first freedom is entered into. It comes at the callow age, the receptive period in a youth’s life. It is the danger point. It therefore appeals to the mind of the writer that fathers seeking where to place their boys after they have passed from the sphere of the high school and the smaller academies, should think deeply upon the pit that is about to be opened in the boy’s path, and then try to minimize it as far as possible by the selection of a school where moral restraint is obligatory and the habits of the pupil not optional.

The University of Notre Dame is a Catholic college. It is presided over by priests and by brothers educated especially to lead and teach youth. While it is strictly a Catholic school, it is in the very broadest sense a school at which the creeds of its students are not only respected and not tampered with, but a school where these students are compelled to observe their early religious instruction. Notre Dame is conceded by the great teachers of the country to be one of the foremost seats of advanced learning in the country. Nevertheless, it is more essentially a boarding school than a modern and open college. The plan of the institution is to keep its men together. To this end it allows no open living in adjoining cities. Its students live in great halls built upon modern plans, and each presided over by a prefect, who watches his flock unceasingly. No place on earth where there is greater liberty, but it is not the home of license in any sense: evil and hateful influences are held at a distance as a plague. The University of Notre Dame makes up to its students for curtailing their visits to town and to cheap shows and cheaper saloons by offering them the greatest advantages known in college life in this country from an athletic standpoint. Notre Dame is known all over the world for its devotion to the upbuilding of the physical body and for the production of the best average athletes. In football, baseball, track, basketball, tennis and every other healthy sport, the university students have distinguished themselves every year without interruption. It is not so much that all the champions of the country have been produced thereat, for such is not the case. It is in the average of the institution, an average which includes every boy, that its pre-eminence is had. All through the long winter months the boys are kept in perfect physical condition by the events constantly going on in the great gymnasium, a play hall so large that track meets are held and baseball games are played therein when the snow outside is three foot deep. The interest of youth lies largely in athletics, and feats of activity and strength will always consume the superabundant energy which he possesses. In this way the student body is held together and is ready for the lectures and the plays and every other form of instructive amusement which is accepted as a relief from hard work and therefore a pleasure rather than a bore.

The writer of this article has reason for knowing whereof he writes. It is his intention to call the attention of his friends in the Southwest to some of the advantages of an institution of this kind. The moral side has to be looked after. We attend to this in the lower schools, we must not falter at the university. Talk to your boys about it and they will tell you all about Notre Dame.

Book Reviews.


Opie Read, strong, clever, clean novelist, is at his best in this book. Originally cast as a play, it is dramatic in every page. Thrills and climaxes abound. Philosophy, reflection, criticism, give a flavor of scholarship. The theme is the redemption of a Socialist through the love of a little child and the opportunity it brought to see the other side.

Opie Read is always wholesome, as well as entertaining. This notable book is, in our judgment, the finest thing he has done.

"THE BLACK CARDINAL." By John Talbot Smith, 8 mo. The Champlain Press, N. Y.

As a story this is decidedly the best work of Dr. Smith. To the interest of a well known romance it adds the charm of historical setting, the action of such great figures as Consalvi and Napoleon, the color of courts, the pomp of pageantry, the dullness and duplicity of diplomatists, and even a glimpse of Pius VII.

The theme is the famous Baltimore marriage which made Betty Patterson the wife of Jerome Bonaparte. The action travels over seas and centers chiefly in the court of the great Napoleon. The hero, as the title would suggest, is Cardinal Consalvi, whose portrait is limned with sympathy, depth and knowledge. Jerome makes a rather decent figure in the beginning, but of course shows up pitifully afterwards, while Betty so transparently foolish in the first chapters, makes a curiously attractive character in the end.

Books like this would soon solve the problem of Catholic reading for the young. The "Black Cardinal" has all the grip and punch of the "best sellers" without the banality. It stimulates rather than chloroforms. It is in fact, a mild form of spiritual reading and at the same time a story of graceful structure and entrancing interest.
Obituary.

FRANCIS DUPEN.

We regret to announce the sudden death of Mr. Francis Dupen (Student) of Superior, Wisconsin, who will be remembered as a friendly and familiar figure in the Students' Office some years ago. As an engineer, Frank was charged with the direction of some important developments in a mining shaft and met his death by a fall of over three hundred feet in the shaft. We bespeak prayers for the repose of his soul. R. I. P.

DR. J. J. CRESWELL.

Word comes to us of the death of Dr. J. J. Creswell of Galena, Illinois, who passed away early in July in Minneapolis. Dr. Creswell was a student of Notre Dame in the early days of the University and was afterwards a favorite instructor. His death elicited many striking proofs of the high admiration in which he was held by his neighbors.

CHARLES T. CAVANAUGH.

With sorrow we learned of the death of Mr. Charles T. Cavanaugh (A. B. '91-A. M. '95), who passed away at his home in St. Louis, on June 28. To his bereaved sister, Mrs. Joseph Diggles, and to his brother, Mr. Thomas T. Cavanaugh (A. B. '97), we offer sincere condolence and the promise of many prayers.

T. DART WALKER.

We regret to announce the death of T. Dart Walker, well known to magazine readers as a favorite illustrator and especially dear to the graduates of '06 and '07. Dart was a Goshen boy whose marked talent secured for him a careful education under such masters as Jerome and Bougereau in Paris. Returning to America he made a specialty of large illustrations such as are affected particularly by Leslie's and Harper's Weekly. At Notre Dame he rendered great service to the editorial staff of the "Dome" by whom his talent and cheerful good-will were thoroughly appreciated.

RILEY-S. DICKENS.

The sincerest sympathy of many friends at Notre Dame went out to Mr. Earl S. Dickens on the death of his father, who passed away at his home in Wausau, Wisconsin, on June 12. Mr. Riley S. Dickens was a prominent business man, universally respected in his community and admired by all for his personal integrity and his fine Christian character. R. I. P.

Personals.

—Francis W. Durbin (LL.B. '13) has formed a partnership with D. C. Henderson with offices at 607 Savings Building, Lima, Ohio.

—The first contribution to the new Alumni Hall was a gift of one hundred dollars from the Rev. Francis J. Van Antwerp (LL. D. '14) of Detroit.

—William C. Daly (Student '84-'85) is practicing law at 128 Broadway, New York City. The University has recently had special proof of his loyal devotion.

—Dr. E. H. Waite (LL. B., '10) and P. J. Donovan (LL. B., '10), announce the opening of an office for the general practice of law under the firm name of Waite & Donovan, at Woodstock, Illinois.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Irene Harshman to Mr. Robert F. Ohmer (old student) of Dayton, Ohio. The ceremony was performed July 1st at Harshman, Ohio. Congratulations and good wishes!

—The first of the Law men of '14 to send us his business card is Mr. Two mey' M. B. Clifford, Attorney at Law, Room 701 Law Building, Indianapolis, Indiana. He writes: "Jim Nolan and myself share the same office."

—Bernard Lange having completed the first year of his novitiate at Notre Dame, has gone to the house of studies of the Congregation of Holy Cross in Washington, D. C., where he will begin his Theology immediately.

—The marriage is announced of Mr. George W. Philbrook (old student) to Miss Roxie Ferryman at Portland, Oregon, July 30. "Phil" is one of the greatest athletes of modern times. Cordial felicitations to Mr. and Mrs. Philbrook.

—Mr. H. George McCarthy (Student '06-'09) and Miss Olive Mae Kinnear were united in matrimony July 11 in Cleveland, Ohio. Dr. and Mrs. McCarthy will be at home after September 1 at 9014 Union Avenue, Cleveland.

—The Reverend Charles H. Thiele, pastor of Saint Peter's Church, Fort Wayne, is receiving congratulations on the beautiful new parochial school now building under his direction. The corner-stone was laid by Bishop Alerding in the presence of a large assemblage of clergy and laity on August 2. We add our congratulations and good wishes to those of other friends of Father Thiele.
—G. H. Coney & Company of Chicago have consolidated with C. C. Mitchell & Company and will do business under the latter name at 69 West Washington Street (Title & Trust Building), Chicago. This consolidation represents a great step forward. We congratulate Clem!

—Miss Maye Maville Miller and Mr. Fred Steers were united in marriage in Chicago on July 8. Fred is well known to the students of the present time as well as to the boys of his own day. He was among our best athletes and is at present connected with the I. A. C. Athletic Club.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Ruth Angela Gordon to Mr. Maxey J. Kelley (old student). The ceremony took place in the Academy of the Holy Names Chapel, Albany, New York, on June 25. Mr. and Mrs. Kelley have the cordial good wishes of all at the University.

—The thanks of the University are extended to Mrs. H. Sterner of Lincoln, Neb., for the gift to our museum of a curious communion pyx looted from the church in Ballan, Island of Samar, in 1901, by Soldiers of the U. S. Army. An interesting commentary of the way we brought civilization to the islands!

—Professor Thomas J. Dehey of the '90s is now Doctor Thomas J. Dehey with office and residence at 207 South Scott Street, South Bend, Indiana. The qualities which made Dr. Dehey a favorite professor will attract friends to him in his new work. We congratulate him, and bespeak for him a large measure of success.

—We have pleasure in announcing the marriage of Miss Ella V. Strauss to Mr. Harry A. Curtis (LL.B., '08), a well-known student and later on the Varsity baseball coach and manager of athletics. The ceremony was performed at the Church of St. Mary of the Lake, Chicago, on September 15. Congratulations and hearty good wishes!

—The Reverend Dr. Matthew Schumacher, C. S. C., Director of Studies in the University, was elected president of the college department of the Catholic Educational Association at Atlantic City, New Jersey, July 2nd. The opening address of this numerously attended and very successful convention was by the Reverend James A. Burns, C. S. C. (A. B. '88, A. M., '93), President of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. We congratulate the Association on the election of Dr. Schumacher and we felicitate our Director of Studies on this recognition of his superb devotion to Catholic education.

—We announce with pleasure that the Honorable James E. Deery (LL.B., '09), Municipal Judge of Indianapolis, was elected State President of the Ancient Order of Hibernians at their recent convention in Gary. This high honor is a creditable recognition of the superb character of Mr. Deery as well as his mental powers. We congratulate the Judge as well as the noble organization which has chosen him for its leader.

—Joseph S. Webster, an old student, is connected with the engineering department of the Consolidated Gas Company of New York City. He is a loyal Notre Dame man and looks forward with enthusiasm to a visit to the University. He writes:

Notre Dame has a place in my heart that will always be, and a dream, either forced or natural of the old N. D. days, acts as a tonic on me that is very soothing when I most need it.

His address is 130 East 15th Street, New York City.

—The Golden Wedding of Professor Timothy E. and Mrs. Julia Redmond Howard occurred July 14. With characteristic modesty and simplicity the event was celebrated in a spirit of thankfulness to Almighty God for His favors of half a century of domestic happiness, and by a little wedding journey into the Professor's native State of Michigan.

An army of devoted friends wish the Judge and Mrs. Howard, Heaven's choicest blessings and especially many happy years of life and service.

—A recent note from Mr. John O'Hara, C. S. C. (Ph. B. '11), contains the following reference to some honored alumni:

Father Burns (Rev. James A. Burns C. S. C., A.B. '88 A.M. '93) was down at the War College yesterday studying strategy with Colonel O'Neill an old Notre Dame man Captain of the Hoyes Light Guards in the Carroll Hall of other days. He was interested in finding that the plan of campaign adopted by himself and the Colonel (the Honorable William Hoyes F.S.G. A.M. '77 LL.D. '88) was precisely the one adopted by the board of strategy at the College and of course he now has more respect than ever for the board of strategy.

Mr. O'Hara made his profession as a member of the Congregation of Holy Cross September 14.
—At the Golden Jubilee of St. Joseph's University, Memramcook, New Brunswick, June 16, the alumni orator, W. O. McInerney, paid tribute to some of the best remembered of the old professors. Among them we find this beautiful reminiscence of Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C.:

As we look over this roll there comes naturally to mind—if he indeed could ever be forgotten for the moment by the old students who have come back—a personage very deep in our affections. Many of us lads came to St. Joseph's, with the assurance that he would be a sort of a godfather to us or rather a bigger brother. And he was. True friend, considerate teacher, wise counsellor, a fighter for you whether you were right or wrong—and after it was all over heaven help you if you were wrong—I wish to offer him here my humble testimonial. His fame has gone far, as it should; he ranks among the very first Catholic writers of America and among other writers as well. Still in the prime of his life, which, we pray, may be prolonged far into the days of a golden autumn, his influence for good will leave its mark that shall bear its own witness to his career. But far as he may go and great as he may become he will ever remain the idol of the boys who were won to him with the instinct of youth that infallibly knows a friend—Arthur Barry O'Neill—God bless him.

—The Lead Daily Call announcing the selection of Fred Gushurst (LL. B., '14) for the Fourth of July orator for Lead's big celebration, makes the following comment which we heartily endorse:

This is a happy choice. Fred is not only a native son of Lead and an accomplished orator but is one of the rarest characters, possessing every manly attribute, combined with wonderful modesty and gentle manner. He is a football player of national reputation, and while playing right-end for Notre Dame went through the Army line composed of West Point's best men as if it were made of paper; yet so great is his modesty that his only comment on his battles is to admit that his team won the game.

After the football season was over Fred demonstrated that he possessed an athletic head as well as an athletic body and won a place on the Notre Dame debating team, one of the strongest in the country, and made good on the platform as he did on the field.

He graduated this year from the Notre Dame law school and will become a member of the South Dakota bar should he decide to remain in Lead.

—The following interesting bit of news is from the Washington Post of June 16—:

To come out defeated in a sensational trial, but in so doing—to achieve a national reputation and incidentally, perhaps a seat in the next Congress, may be the fortune of Pat Malloy, county attorney of Tulsa, Okla.,” said J. A. Phelan of Muskogee, Okla., at the Occidental. Mr. Phelan has just returned from an extensive tour of the Southwest; and is conversant with political conditions in Oklahoma.

—Mr. Malloy, in addition to being one of the most efficient attorneys in Oklahoma,” said Mr. Phelan, “is a gifted orator, and it is his power of speech that has extended his reputation beyond the confines of Oklahoma. His recent prosecution of a woman who was indicted for conspiring to kill her husband is considered his greatest victory, although in the second trial of the case, at which Judge R. C. Allen, who is now in Washington, presided, the woman was acquitted of the charge.

“In the first trial the jury returned a verdict of guilty, but the trial judge granted a new trial on the ground that Malloy's address to the jury was so strong that the twelve men went beyond the weight of the evidence. In passing, he said that Malloy's address was the best argument of its kind he had ever listened to.

“The second trial was more sensational than the first, and the woman was brought into court daily on a stretcher. Bartlesville, Okla., where the trial was conducted, became a resort for the fashionable during the two months of the hearing. In the closing hours of the trial the jury was warned against being swayed by counsel for the state, and the trial judge repeated this warning. The woman was acquitted, but the court and jurors congratulated the county attorney on his great effort. Malloy and Representative James A. Davenport are now running a neck-and-neck race for the congressional nomination, and if the Irishman wins out, the lower house in Washington is certain to hear from the American Edmund Burke.”

Local News.

—Back again with an entirely new program.

—A familiar face is at the news-stand this year. It's Joe Smith's—for Joe comes back to earn another degree, this time an LL. B.

—The Students' Retreat, the most important religious experience of the year, begins on October 27 and concludes on the Feast of All Saints, November 1.

—It is certainly a pleasure to bump into old faces during these opening days. Such faces as Willie Cases' (excuse the rhyme) recall so much of the year that is gone.

—New shower baths have been installed in the dressing room of the Carroll Hall Gym to save the Carrollites a trip to the bath house after their games on the campus.

—”The Lilacs” formerly Professor Peterson's residence, on Notre Dame Avenue, is occupied this year by a number of the professors and post-graduate students.

—Old College has undergone marked improvements during the past summer, and its interior is so much more inviting. It is the most comfortable building on the campus.
—The baseball team at Notre Dame's summer school, San José Park, Lawton, Mich., was the fastest aggregation that had played on the Park diamond for several years. Games were played each week with the various teams in the country and the championship went to Notre Dame.

—The tennis courts on the Carroll and Brownson campuses are in constant use by followers of that sport. Now that the courts have been fixed up it might be well to suggest that the game is not to be played by people wearing boots or spiked shoes. Tennis shoes should be worn so as not to tear up the court.

—For the benefit of those who have sojourned for a time at the summer home of the University, we republish the following. The particular color referred to in the eighth stanza is still paramount at San José Park:

A LAMENT.
I often often wish again
That I were up in Michigan
Where I could hunt and fish again
On dear old Bankson Lake.
I often often sigh again
For days that have gone by again
And wish that I were nigh again
To dear old Bankson Lake.
I often often pray again
That there will come a day again
When I will find my way again
To dear old Bankson Lake.
I often often see again
That cottage and that tree again
And wish that I were free again
To visit Bankson Lake.
I often dream at night again,
I feel the fishes bite again.
And I'm in my delight again,
On dear old Bankson Lake.
I often dream again,
That old Bankson Lake again.
Will be on Bankson Lake.

The Season's Outlook.

With Assistant Coach Rockne in command, the football season started in with a rush early in the month. Realizing that Notre Dame is facing the hardest schedule, not only in her own history, but in the whole country this year, all the veterans of last year's Varsity, Freshman and all inter-hall teams, were back early, and ready for work.

Just four weeks from Saturday, the Gold and Blue will be put to a crucial test on the Yale gridiron, and the hardest kind of work is necessary to get the men into shape by that time. So far, the men have been going through strenuous daily work-outs in scrimmaging, blocking, tackling, and kicking, and their condition is away ahead of what it was at the same time last year.

With seven of last season's champions on the team, Coach Harper has a splendid nucleus to build on. At centre, Fitzgerald has been playing regularly, and his passing shows that the position will be more than well cared for. Fitz's ability in the other ways needs no explanation. Daly, the former Corby centre, and Hugh O'Donnell of last season's Varsity squad, are also being used in the pivot position.

The guard stations will be easily filled from the wealth of line material. Keefe, of the last year's team is sure of a place, while Bachman, O'Donnell and Miller, of the 1913 Freshman, Munger of the Varsity squad, and Rousch and Beh, are fighting it out for the hole left by Fitzgerald's shift. The first two are showing up particularly well in practice.

In Captain Jones and Lathrop, Notre Dame has about the best pair of veteran tackles in the country. Deak has put on ten pounds of extra muscle and sinew the past summer, and should make a strong bid for an All-American position, nor will Lathrop be far from it. Besides these, Ward, Holmes, Welch and King are working well in the same positions.

The wing places are affording a great deal of trouble this year, Rockne and Gushurst being men hard to equal. However, 'Neal Edward's one hundred and forty-five pounds of pure grit and speed affords a strong hope that one place may be filled. Last year, though handicapped by lack of weight, 'Neal' played a wonderfully clever and plucky game against South Dakota, and should prove a whirl-
wind this year. Mills, too, with his great height, reach, and speed, ought to develop into a first-class end. Harry Baujan, for four years the greatest end in inter-hall, will undoubtedly come into the front rank of competitors, while King and Voelkers are playing a strong, fast, game. Bill Kelleher may also be used at an end. The stocky Portland Irishman, though one of the best men on the squad, has been the victim of repeated accidents the past two years; but those who saw Bill perform in the back-field three years ago, know what he can do. With the hard luck "jinx" shaken off, he should make a regular berth this year.

It is doubtful if there is a single coach in the country whose heart has been gladdened by so much tried veteran back-field material as has reported to Coach Harper this fall. In Finegan, Pliska, Berger, Kelleher, Bergman, and Larkin, he has a half dozen half-backs whose names are well known, men of three years' experience, and all ranking among the best in the country. Then, too, Kowalski, of the Freshman team, and the champion Walsh Hall aggregation, should prove a star with a little more experience.

At full-back the redoubtable Eichenlaub, All-Western and All-American star, is again displaying his old-time form. Eddie Duggan, but little less powerful than Eich, and Grady, the All-hall full-back, are working hard to help Eich bear the brunt of attack.

The quarter-back position, where Dorais, of the All-American eleven, shone last year, is giving the Coach little worry, for Coffall, of the Freshman team, is displaying wonderful ability. Thorpe is playing in capital form, and likewise Bush and Gargan, while Bergman is available if necessary. It looks as though Notre Dame will have at least three complete sets of back-field men of unusual ability with substitutes, and a wonderfully speedy, aggressive attack may be looked for. This, along with a powerful heavy line of veterans, ought to put our men in the very first place among the exponents of football.

If coaching counts for a great deal, as it undoubtedly does, this claim is all the more sure. Coach Harper displayed his powers last fall and immediately assumed an equal place with Yost, Stagg, Daly, Houghton and other leading coaches of the day. As an able assistant, we are safe in saying that no better man could have been picked than Rockne. "Rock" was one of the best ends that ever handled a ball, and his expert manipulation of the forward pass forced Walter Camp to give him an All-American position. Rock is admired and respected, not only as a coach but as a gentleman. As Mr. Harper puts it, "Notre Dame is very fortunate in having Rockne." Besides assisting in football, Rock will have full charge of the track-team.

***

New steel combination lockers have been ordered for the gym and will be ready about Monday.

***

On Thursday, the Freshman team is asked to report to the Coach for practice. Notre Dame expects every Freshman to try his best, for the success of the Varsity depends above all on the men graduating from the Freshman ranks each year. So all you men of spirit who want to see—and help—Notre Dame beat Yale and West Point and other teams in future years, get out and report.

***

At last Walter Camp has seen fit to acknowledge that we had a football team last year. He even goes so far as to admit that we "swept West Point off its feet," but he knew nothing whatever about our team when he picked his All-American. We quote his comment as given in the Chicago Examiner of last Sunday and ask our readers to forget the article written by him last December when he chose his so-called All-American team.

Another meeting that will bring the West and East together while almost too early to see the real caliber of the teams will be the Yale-Notre Dame contest at New Haven on October 17. Notre Dame had a wonderful team last year which simply swept West Point off its feet and wound up with a splendid exhibition down in Texas. It is understood that they have lost their quarterback Dorais one of the best little men of 1913. That however should not militate seriously against them as the team was individually well equipped and of great initiative as well as self-reliant. Yale having lost most of its line through graduation will find it very hard sledding against these veterans and will have to rely upon back-field work. Here man for man the Notre Dame team should well equal them and it looks as if the New Haven eleven would have to get down to business the latter part of September if they propose to hold these Middle Westerners on that date.

George E. Phair in the Chicago Examiner: The Notre Dame football team has reported for work. He has resumed his old position at full-back.