

Of the graduates of '91 our knowledge is very meagre. MAY FLYNN is Mrs. McLaughlin of Lincoln, Nebraska, and though AUGUSTA RICHARDSON and LOUISE CLAUSE are both married, we can find no record of their present names or places of residence.

Of the class of '94 MRS. TROASTLE (Sadie McKay) is the only representative living in Cheyenne. MISS PAULINE FLAHERTY, niece of Mrs. Hannifin, has been for some years with Lyon & Healy, the great music dealers, in Chicago. MISS KATE MCKAY is Sr. St. Veronica, S. H. C. J., and is at present in Philadelphia. MISS MARY CLAUSE we believe is married; but where? And to whom? Who can answer?

Mrs. Jacobson (ELIZABETH POWELL, '97) is in Denver. We have not seen her for years, and are inclined to wonder whether she ever visits Cheyenne. Mrs. S. Mohatt (GERTRUDE CALLAHAN, '97) is living within sight of her Alma Mater, and we often meet her happy children, who are still too young to cause much anxiety. Her sister, MISS ELIZABETH CALLAHAN, is also in Cheyenne, living in the northern part of the city.

MISS HANNAH HARRINGTON, '99, is now Sr. Mary Alexis of the Sisters of Notre Dame in California. She has sent us some beautiful views of the Academy in which she is teaching. If all California is as fairy-like it must be a veritable fairyland.

We have in the school the little son of Mrs. Jas. Horisky (MARGARET GUSHEE, '99) and we hope soon to find his little brother among our pupils, though we are inclined to doubt his being so tractable a pupil.

Mrs. Hern (VIOLET TREACY, '00) is now living in St. Paul. Though she has visited our Chicago Convent, she has not of late years been in Cheyenne. She would receive a hearty welcome, could she but visit her Alma Mater.

BESSIE TUHEY, '02, is in Denver and we do not know whether she intends ever returning to Cheyenne. Sr. Mary St. Dominic S. H. C. J. (FLORENCE TUHEY, '02) is teaching in New York City. ANNA KLETT, '02, had a civil service position in Washington for some years, but last August she was, at her own request, transferred to the Department of the West, whose headquarters are in Denver. Mrs. Mulcare (MARY HARRINGTON, '02) we believe is in California, having lately deserted the classroom to enter the school of life. ANNA GUSHEE, '02, is still a resident of Cheyenne, though Denver seems to present many attractions. Mrs. Hamilton (MARY MIHAN, '02) we are unable to locate. Mrs. Jas. Cooper (RITA CROWLEY, '02) is an active member of several clubs. (In looking over the old Records we find that Master James Cooper merited the Spelling Prize in '81!) MARGARET ADAIR, '02, is now Mrs. Don Miller of Laramie. ANNA DUNSTAN, '02, (Mrs. Thos. Keenan) is living at Pine Bluffs.

ROSE MARTIN, '03, may be seen any day at the Carnegie Library, and the school owes her much gratitude for her courtesy in looking up out-of-the-way though valuable books and information. ANNA ROBBINS '03, daily wends her way to the State Capitol.

Mrs. Goodwin (VIOLA DOUGHERTY, '04) was for some years connected with the musical department of Wyoming University. She is now in Portland, Oregon, studying music. IMELDA WARLAUMONT, '04, has passed beyond our human ken, and for her we breathe a fervent "Requiescat in Pace". ROSE MOHATT, '04, is now Mrs. Wilcoxon, but we are ignorant

of her present whereabouts. NELLIE McCARTENEY, '04, is Mrs. Bell of Colorado.

Mrs. Hugh Coffman (IRENE KEEFE, '05), Mrs. D. O'Connell (MARY DUNSTAN, '05), EILEEN SULLIVAN, '05, and BEATRICE BRESNAHEN, '05, are too well known in Cheyenne to require more personal mention. ELIZABETH THOMPSON, '05, of Denver, is now Sr. Mary Agatha S. H. C. J., and is teaching in Philadelphia. MARY WALSH, '05, is, we believe, in Denver, and we are uncertain whether or not ORA BLAKE, '05, still retains her maiden name, but we believe she is married.

NELLIE MARTIN, '06, is now a "lady of leisure", having some time since deserted the stenographer's desk. ELIZABETH KEEFE, '06, will be Mrs. Shank of Hillsdale before the printers' ink has dried on these pages. ROLLA MORSE, '06, is Mrs. Birch of Lander. ANNA KETCHAM, '06, is devoting her time to music and has lately completed a course of instruction in piano and 'cello playing at one of the Chicago Conservatories.

Of the class of '07, JULIA BROWN is Mrs. Gill. MARY KEOGH has proved a successful teacher, having for two years taught the primary grades in a school near Ft. Collins. This coming year she will supervise the grammar grades. HELEN KEEFE, also a member of this class, is stenographer in one of the mercantile houses. We are always glad to hear the sweet strains of her violin in our orchestra.

MARY CROSS, '08, is at Beaver, Wyoming, and has passed several terms as a successful teacher. GERTRUDE GEDDES, '08, has her home at Centennial, Wyoming, but we have had no word from her for some months. RUBY LEE, '08, is Mrs. Height of Greeley, Colorado. ETHEL WARLAUMONT, '08, may be found industriously employed in the office of Drs. Barber and Bennett.

MARIE COYNE, '09, of Sheridan, has proved a successful music teacher and choir director. MARY BURY, '09, has just been graduated from the Normal Course at the Wyoming University. HAZEL MORAN, '09, is, we believe, still living at Glendo, Wyoming. CATHERINE McCABE, '09, is learning the doings of law through the medium of stenography. MARY SMITH, '09, when last heard from was in the employ of the Telephone Co.

Of the classes of '10 and '11 mention is made elsewhere.

THE ORATORIO.

On the evening of Wednesday, April fifth, an Oratorio entitled "The Seven Last Words of Christ" was sung in Keefe Hall by the pupils of the Acedemy.

In the centre of the stage was a large black Cross, upon which the typical "Winding Sheet" was draped. The base of the Cross was embedded in ferns and flowers. The choristers, attired in black, wore white surplices and black mortar-board caps, and were grouped on raised steps at each side of the Cross.

Readings were given between the singing of some of the Words that the choristers might rest their voices. All of the readings were in harmony with the theme of the Oratorio, and were as follows:—"The Raising of the Daughter of Jairus" by Miss Joyce Sullivan. "The Great Guest Comes" by Miss Catherine Walsh. "The Legend Beautiful" by Miss Bernice

Lewis, and "The Leper" by Miss Florence Collins. Miss Norma Sherlock was the Reader, and it fell to her lot to let the audience know the purport of the words about to be sung.

Rt. Rev. J. J. Keane, D. D., delivered an address at the close of the Oratorio. The children were specially pleased by the words of encouragement bestowed upon their efforts.

The grateful thanks of the pupils are tendered to all of the Alumnae who helped them in the rendering of the difficult music, and to Mrs. Cahill



SOME OF THE CHORISTERS

and Miss Buchanan, who devoted so many valuable hours to the required practice.

RUTH CORNELIUS, '11.

"MAY PROCESSION."

Right gladly did we all rise on the bright, sunny morn of May fifth, with hearts overflowing with joy and thankfulness for the glory of the day, for it was the one set aside for the May Procession.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, the appointed hour, boys and girls were seen hurrying from all directions towards the Academy, where preparation was to be made for the Procession.

There was much excitement and hurrying about, looking for partners, till at last all was in readiness, and the long lines of girls looked marvelously pure in their white robes, which showed to advantage against the green of the grass and trees.

The boys surrounded the banner of St. Aloysius, which was borne by Paul Linder. The other banners were carried by the members of Our Lady's Sodality, and their beauty caused many exclamations of pleasure and surprise from children and people alike. Central Park, through which the Procession passed, was well filled with spectators.

On entering the church, hymns appropriate to the occasion were sung

as the lines of children filed through the aisles. Our Lady's Statue, embowered in flowers, was carried at the end of the procession by four of the Children of Mary, and placed within the Sanctuary. The Statue was crowned by little Dorothy Hopkins. Then followed a sermon about Our Blessed Mother by Father Scott and the services ended with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Upon leaving the Church the Procession was formed again and once more passed through the Park. On reaching the Academy the happy children were dismissed and by way of reward "Points" were eliminated from the boarders' Sunday programme! L. D. S.

—LENA MULLIN, '12.

A WYOMING STEER.

A gentleman, while walking around the stock yards of South Omaha, was attracted by the low call of a handsome white-faced steer. He advanced a step or so nearer to the yard to listen, and the steer he had heard call was telling the story of his own life to another steer greatly resembling himself. The gentleman thought this would surely be quite interesting, so he decided to hear it to the end. This is what he heard:

"I came here from Wyoming;—just arrived this morning. My, how I wish I were back on those dear old prairies where I was free to run about and go wherever I wished! I was born on a beautiful warm morning in May, so my mother told me., on a grand, rolling prairie in northern Wyoming, where the grass was above my knees. Here I was happy for some time with the rest of the herd. There were a great many little calves like myself, and can I ever forget the jolly romps we used to have? One morning, early, I was much surprised to be awakened by the bellowing of the cattle and the yelling and whistling of five or six men who were riding around us, mounted on wiry little ponies that seemed to be everywhere. These men were the cowboys, and these ponies were the cowponies. Now came my first pain. They seemed to be crowding us in one direction. Soon the creek where we got our water was reached, but still we were crowded on. Thus we travelled across the country for several miles until we finally came in sight of something which my mother said was a ranch. She must have known what was coming, for she "bawled" all the way. At last the ranch was reached, and we calves were "cut out" and driven into a log enclosure, which was a corral. Soon the work began. A rope whirled from the hand of one of these active men; the looped end of it came right into our midst and was soon drawn out encircling a struggling, kicking calf. He bellowed piteously, and his mother became furious with rage and made many attempts to reach him, but of course she was utterly powerless with these men against her. In a moment that calf was being held down by a man on foot; for a second he lay quiet, but for no longer, for here came a man with a red-hot branding iron which he immediately pressed upon the calf's left hip. He certainly tried to get away from it, but was held fast. I was sure he would be all burned from the smoke that arose above him. This was not all yet, for a man with a sharp knife was now cutting a piece out of the poor calf's right ear. He was then released and at once found his mother. While I was watching this, the

rope was swinging about me faster than ever. I watched this same branding process take place about a dozen times, until finally there was a rope about my own hind legs and I felt it suddenly tighten, drawing my feet together. I kicked and plunged with all my might, but that sturdy little demon of a black horse was steadily drawing me backward to the fire. A man pounced upon me and I was held fast, branded, earmarked, and released before I could realize what had happened.

"I soon found my mother and freely expressed my opinion of those men and their ponies to her. She told me not to be so angry, that all cattle had to undergo the same treatment. I couldn't see why, and she told me that if we were not thus branded and earmarked we would be mavericks and any one might claim us.

"When the work was completed we were allowed to go back to our range, where we lived in peace through the long summer months. At last time for the beef round-up came, and we were again gathered in and a number of large, fat steers were selected from among us to be shipped east for beef. I was looked at, but I suppose I was considered too small, though I must confess I thought myself pretty big. So I stayed at home on the range all winter. I noticed the weather changing and growing colder but my coat was also changing and getting long and thick, and it protected me so well that I did not notice the cold unless it was out of the ordinary; then we sought the shelter of the hills. Nevertheless, we were all glad to see spring come again. But with it came the spring round-up, and again we were driven to the corrals by the cowboys on their nimble mounts.



"The same performances were carried out as in the previous year, and as soon as they were over we went back to the range. We had only been there a few weeks when two cowboys appeared upon the scene and escorted five of us to the ranch corral. We were given hay and here we stayed all night. In the morning they again appeared and drove us from the corral for miles and miles along a hot, dusty road, until we came in sight of a great many buildings, all of them larger and closer together than those at the ranch. This was a town. We were driven into it and down a street, each of us sharing the others' fright and trying our best to turn back, but whenever we turned there were the horses and their riders, and so we were crowded on until we reached a corral. It contained some other cattle, and in we rushed. We had plenty of feed and water, and by morning we were thoroughly rested.

"In the afternoon some cowboys came and cut me out from the rest. I was soon headed down a street and the next thing I saw was a crowd of people and a grandstand. I tried to avoid them, but no—they were determined to drive me to the people, so on I went. I saw an opening ahead

of me, as the people formed a quarter circle on my left and the grandstand was on my right. I made a run for the opening, and soon felt the hot breath of a cowpony that was being ridden by a tall cowboy. I could hear the rope singing over my back and in another second it came down in front of me and settled around my neck, then the pony halted and his four tiny legs firmly braced. This of course caused a sudden tightening of the rope, which in turn made me lose my balance and I fell heavily with my head under me. I was unable to rise until the cowboy had arrived and hog-tied me. Then I was down for good. The cowboy stood for a minute with his foot on my neck and his hands held straight in the air, while the immense crowd cheered. I was left lying there tied, and in a few minutes I saw one of my companions running at full speed in my direction, followed closely by another cowboy mounted on a pinto pony. He passed me with the rope whirling and in another second I heard my companion fall. It was not long now until the cheering was repeated. After all of my companions had been chased and tied down, we were released and in a short time were back on our old range. I had taken part in a steer-roping contest in Thermopolis. The man who tied me won first prize, having done the work the quickest, the time being fifty-four seconds. His pony is to be thanked, though, for I fear me he never could have caught me on foot the way I ran.

"Well, another year elapsed and I was gathered up in the beef roundup and shipped here. Now I suppose my life will soon end. We had a long, weary drive to the railroad, and my! how frightened we all were when we saw the trains for the first time, and I shall not forget the feeling I had when I was loaded with the rest and the train began to move off with us."

The gentleman had listened attentively and now walked away whistling, wondering whether the lives of Wyoming steers are as wild and free as they are represented.

—NELLIE A. KINNEY, '10.

THE CONCERT GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE VETERANS.

One of the most enjoyable afternoons of this school year was spent Friday, May 28, when a concert was given in the School Hall for the veterans.

Many of the veterans and their friends were greeted by the pupils, and they delivered several patriotic speeches to the assembled children.

The hall was very prettily decorated with large and small flags. Many ferns and other plants helped to beautify the stage.

The programme commenced at 2:30 p. m. The first number was "The Stars and Stripes Forever", played by the orchestra, which made everybody feel very enthusiastic and patriotic. Then followed patriotic songs, readings, speeches, and other numbers.

The Hon. Frank L. Houx, Secretary of State, who represented Governor Carey, gave a very pleasing address. The Governor was absent in Philadelphia at the christening of the battleship *Wyoming*.

Mr. Hills in his brief address gave us some valuable statistical information about the Civil War. The speakers were introduced by Mr. W. E. Mullen. Mrs. Knight spoke a few words on behalf of the Women's Relief Corps, but we all missed the looked-for address by Miss Fisher and