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## A Reverie.

BY M. A. QUINLAN, '93.

Clear the sky in all its splendor, and the earth begins to sleep;  
Fair Diana has not risen, but the stars their vigil keep.

All around me there is darkness; all above, a lighter gloom:  
There Apollo casts his arrows, though unto no mortal's doom.

All around me there is darkness, and upon the stilly air  
Floats strange music never sounded on man's instruments so rare:

Nature speaks; 'tis but her language; she converses with the mind:

Words are not the only symbols by which feelings are defined:

In the silent hour of midnight, in the clamors of the day,  
In the moaning of the forest, in the rippling of the bay,

In the wonder of the heavens, in the sparkling of a tear,  
In the range of human feelings is a voice the heart can hear.

Man who lives a life so varied speaks in varied strains of thought:

In the dreary hour of trouble he but feels the battles fought.

O'er him creeps a strange sensation as ideas are revolved;  
And the mind and heart are talking on the questions to be solved.

Who can fathom mankind's being, know the heart, and see the soul?

Who but He that made the spirit, who but He that views the whole?

Here we live a life's mutation mixed with cares and fleeting joys,  
And the heart is weighed with sorrow, or it yet remains a boy's.

Time reveals the dismal future; 'tis a picture of the past:  
Man is born, he lives, he suffers, and he withers in the blast.

Griefs and pleasures counterbalance, hand in hand they move along;  
This inheritance of ages is no ecstasy of song.

On the past the spirit lingers as upon a nation's tomb;  
Grasping, holding, hiding, closing, 'tis an universal doom.

Worldly thought, or worldly feeling, is no sin against my faith,  
But restraint may guard the limits: thus the soul within me saith.

Were it not for Heaven's promise of eternal life to come,  
Mortal years would be a burden, and the heart would wish 'twere dumb.

Joy is fleeting in its message, lighter thoughts will fly away,  
And they leave no mark behind them save the recollected day.

Grief steals o'er the spirit slowly, and we shudder at its weight;  
For it clings without compassion; every victim knows his fate:

It will rack his gentler feelings, 'tis the mother of despair,  
He must conquer, or he perish, he must flee the wild beast's lair.

This for mankind's disobedience, this the vengeance of a God!

Doomed to live a life's temptations, onward to the grave we plod.

And the heart that once was happy sobers down to deeper thought;

Views the present, past, and future; broods upon the lesson taught.

## The Theories of Marx and the Remedies of Socialism.

BY ALWIN AHLRICHS, '92.

The theories advanced by Marx have been so frequently and so thoroughly discussed that it seems well-nigh impossible to say anything new for or against them. Still, since the labor question is just now fiercely agitated, and many have wasted time and ink on this very subject, I hope to be excused for joining their company and repeating what perhaps has been often spoken and printed before.

The apparent disinterestedness of Marx's life and the exiles which he had to undergo because of his vigorous labors for bettering the condition of the lower classes have prejudiced a multitude of workingmen in his favor before they have even read his books. Others, again, Marx wins to his side by the generally irresistible strength of his logic. It is certain that Marx must be considered one of the most brilliant sophists of all times; he will force you to accept his conclusions, if you grant his premises.

On paper his projects present as enticing an appearance as Rousseau's "Natural State" or Fourier's "Phalanstere" and "Sea of Lemonade." Marx seems to forget that he is dealing with men full of passions and abounding in divers inclinations and desires. He fancies that all men, for the sake of humanity—as he and his friends called it,—will become industrious and peaceful. While, in fact, the abolition of private property would destroy every incentive to individual exertion, and open the gate for endless quarrels. Everybody would suspect that he himself did too much for the state and his neighbor too little; whereas the state conferred too much on his neighbor and not enough on him. What should induce anyone to labor as long as the state supplied all his needs? Not the pleasure of toil, but the hope of acquiring capital sufficient for his and his family's sustenance, when old age comes upon him, is the only spur which pushes even our best workingmen onward. Could anything besides brute force take the place of this spur in Marx's fantastic community? Who, however, would be willing to exchange our liberty for national slavery, which Marx himself pretended to abhor. Such was the plight of Sparta, where all intellectual vitality was stifled, progress deadened and man dragged below the beast.

If Marx did not wish the enslavement of man, the solitary place, where his plans could hope for realization, would be among a highly religious race which has hitherto not yet existed. But the worst feature of Marx's system—because he himself was an utter atheist—is the total absence of religion. All communistic institutions, with the exception of Catholic monasteries, have been failures. The communism of the Anabaptists resulted in the most wanton outrages and excesses, war and finally destruction. Cabet's Icarie ended in disputes and dissolution. The Brook Farm experiment of our own country, in which some of the wisest and best men were engaged, brought dissatisfaction and disgust to its inaugurators. Catholic convents and monasteries have been able to pass by the

obstacles on which other communistic societies have stranded, for manifold reasons. In the first place, they have been small, and their members, far from wishing more goods, like the socialists, have renounced all worldly possessions. Secondly, because they are not permitted to marry, and thus many complications are avoided which otherwise would be inevitable. Lastly, because monastic minds overlook those causes of discontent and strife which irreligious persons would never fail to notice and revenge.

Marx was shrewd enough not to found with his devotees a communistic fraternity by which he could exhibit to the world the practical test of his doctrines. Just as Marr, he believed that the masses ought to be gathered under the "flag of negation." He could admirably point out the faults of our present social and economic systems and propose cures whose application he feared to show, probably through an apprehension of failure.

So far I have touched merely on the impracticability of Marx's doctrines, without any reference to their morality. On this score, it would be more than useless to say anything against them, since they are on their face so unjust, "unchristian and unpatriotic." Hence, I shall leave this subject and go on to suggest some remedies of socialism.

Pope Leo XIII., it seems to me, has indicated to us the most natural and equitable solution of the labor problem. He counsels economy and patience on the part of the workingman; kindness and fairness on the part of the employer. There can be no doubt, however, to any one who has observed the doings of manufacturers, that, as a class, they will never be kind and fair to their employees, unless forced to be so. It is vain to expect relief from the rapacity of masters. Since the beginning of this century, the wealth of nations has gradually been collected into the coffers of a few. The middle and lower classes have steadily grown poorer. Statistics inform us that this absorption of wealth by the rich is still on the increase; while, of course, the condition of the masses is deteriorating. The workingman is just now looked upon by employers as a ware or commodity which ought to be bought in the lowest market. If this human merchandise cannot be obtained cheaply enough in America, it will be purchased in Italy and Hungary at starvation wages.

What must workingmen do to check the progress of poverty and free themselves from starvation? The only answer to this question is that they must form associations and use the power which they will possess when united.

This union can be easily effected since railroads and the telegraph enable workingmen to be in constant communication with one another. When all the toilers are banded together, they will be an irresistible force. Let them compel the employer to introduce a system of profit sharing or co-operation. Under such a system the laborer would work more diligently, take better care of the goods and tools of his master, cherish his task and, little by little, ameliorate his circumstances.

The greatest danger of a federation of workingmen would be the abuse of power. For, says Cairnes: "It would be futile to expect, on the part of the poorest and most ignorant of the population, self-denial and prudence greater than that actually practised by *the classes above them, the circumstances of whose life are much more favorable* than theirs for the cultivation of these virtues." Therefore the workingmen need true Christian friends, who will admonish them to be patient, to proceed gradually in their reforms, and to detest any but legitimate and rightful means. To christianize the masses will not be a very difficult matter for the proper men. The masses are not as godless as is commonly supposed. They have seemed so, because they have generally infidel leaders into whose hands despair has driven them. For there are as yet scarcely any religious workingmen's societies; but the workingmen feel that they must combine, and thus are frequently drawn into perilous relations. Let Christian socialists, like Ozanam, Cardinal Manning, or Von Ketteler, cast the infidel leader out of the laborers' club, take his place and improve the laborers' situation physically and morally by instilling into them sound religious and economic principles.

The Christian socialist who will be able to exert a strong influence over the masses must not only be a great theologian, but also a profound economist and a skilful agitator. The workingman will absolutely disregard those theologians who, instead of stirring him to struggle for his rights, strive to reconcile him to his misery; for he is painfully conscious that the cravings of his appetite cannot be appeased by faith alone. Besides, social dependence and too great inequality are almost as dangerous to morality and public welfare as slavery. Whoever has induced the sons of toil to lead religion in triumph from her exile, and at the same time has forced employers to equalize the distribution of wealth, this man has solved the social question, destroyed the last root of infidel socialism, and brought back contentment and happiness to the human race.

#### The Chariot-race of "Ben-Hur" and the Ride of Paulus Æmilius.

"Ben-Hur," by Wallace, and "Dion and the Sibyls," from the pen of Keon, are novels of the highest literary standard. Besides captivating stories, they contain much useful information anent the customs of antiquity. After reading these books, one finds that one particular description from each remains fixed in one's memory with golden nails. The one from "Ben-Hur" treats about a chariot-race, the other informs us of the daring way in which Paulus Æmilius, a young Roman knight, tamed the wild horse Sejanus.

If we undertake to compare the two, we say at first that both are good; that both are masterpieces of pure style and the productions of strong imaginations; that both are exciting, and that both keep us in suspense till the end. But a little deep thought will shift the balance, which at first showed equal merit, to one side, and we find that the description of the race is the better one. The picture in it is more vivid because we see the entertainment ourselves, while in the other we are told about it, a circumstance which naturally lessens the action. In the one we fly around the turning-point with the competitors, we urge on the horses of Ben-Hur to ensure the prize to their master, and our hearts beat loudly for fear of his defeat; in the other we guess at the youth's success by the quietness of the horse.

A feeble attempt at repeating the two chapters will prove that the description of the chariot-race is superior to that from "Dion and the Sibyls." In the latter the writer shows us as one of the spectators the future emperor Caligula, whom the wild horse has rendered blind on the day before. The prize for taming this horse is to be the freedom of a slave, named Claudius. As the youthful despot is deeply interested in the outcome, Claudius tells him what is going on, and it is only by overhearing their conversation that we learn the proceedings. The wild horse is brought into the arena, and the young knight who is to ride him, orders him to be turned towards the gate. He holds a torch in each hand to prevent the animal from biting him in the legs. With elastic step he leaps upon the horse, but soon alights as this one tries to throw him off. Paulus is again on the charger, and rides in amazing haste around the arena, then through the open portal and is soon lost sight of in the distance. After some time he returns with the horse, which is now as gentle

as a lamb. The magistrates and other dignitaries congratulate the gallant youth on his bravery, and Claudius is enlisted in the ranks of freedmen.

In the description from "Ben-Hur" the author leads us into the circus through throngs of bettors, who either rejoice in the success or curse the ill luck they had at the games which have just been finished, and acquaints us with some of the spectators who are particularly interested in the race. The rest of the entertainment we witness ourselves.

The preparations, such as drawing a chalked line across the arena and putting up the balls and dolphins for the counting of the turns, being completed, the gates are thrown open, and we behold the impatient steeds tearing up the ground with their hoofs, and the anxious drivers clutching the reins nervously. At a given signal the horses prance forward in a line amid the shouts and plaudits of the assembly. We hear the urging voices of those who have money at stake and their stifled cries of rage when their favorites lose the advantage.

But soon all attention is directed to the two foremost charioteers—Messala and Ben-Hur—who sweep over the sand-strewn ground at a desperate rate. Excitement banishes the silence of astonishment, which, for a little while, had spread its veil over the crowd, as the eyes of all follow the two rivals in their course. They reach the turning-point and, still abreast, fly around that column which history and the Latin authors have made known to every man of liberal education. The multitude augments its cries and urges the two adversaries on. But lo! Ben-Hur slackens his speed.

"Messala, Messala! five talents on Messala! Ha! the Jew is weary. See, he lingers behind! On, on, Messala!" cries the mass. But wiser heads say: "Ben-Hur is up to cunning. See, see, even now he hastens forward!" And ere the echoes of the mob's shouts have died away, Ben-Hur has, by cleverly handling the reins, overtaken Messala, and, through some well-executed artifice, overturned his chariot, flung him into the dust, and entangled his coursers in their trappings. The cheers of the spectators rend the air and shake the vast building; but above the noises of the race and the clamor of the populace we hear Ben-Hur calling upon his noble Arabs: "On, Atair! On, Rigel! What, Antares, dost thou delay? Good horse, Aldebaran! Ha! ha! the victory is ours! The proud enemy is conquered. Ha, ha!" A thunder of applause greets him, in which he rejoices the more as it would have been given to Messala had that mean Roman won.

JOSEPH JUST, '92.

### Venus and Jupiter.

Of all the floating islands which compose the celestial archipelago, the planets Venus and Jupiter are the grandest, most majestic and vastly most interesting to the world in general.

For the benefit of those who admire the beauty of the heavens, but have not studied astronomy, it is meet that I should explain what a planet is, and in what respect it differs from a star. As both appear to the eye of an ordinary observer, there seems to be no practical difference between them save in their brightness. With regard to this quality alone, but two of the planets, Venus and Jupiter, are brighter than the gem of the heavens, the grand star, Sirius. The other planets vary in their degree of brightness, some diffusing as much light as Altair, while others are invisible to the naked eye. The stars retain their relative configuration in the sky from age to age unchanged, though they do alter their positions from hour to hour. But the planets are continually changing their places, the lesser ones travelling with tremendous velocity. It was because of their unceasing motion that they were called, when first discovered by the Greeks, "planets," which means wanderers. Venus is represented in mythology to be the goddess of love and beauty. In astronomy she is one of the inferior planets, that is, her orbit is between the earth and the sun. She is the nearest to us of all the planets, and the brightest and most beautiful star in the heavens to the naked eye. Astronomers have given to her the proud title of "twin sister to the earth," because of the resemblance of the two in magnitude, density and general constitution. The diameter of Venus is almost the same as the earth's 7700 miles. Her surface area is about ninety-five per cent., and her density eighty-six per cent. of the earth's. Venus has no satellite, or if she has, it has not yet been discovered. Because of this fact her mass cannot be accurately obtained. By means of the perturbations she produces upon the earth, however, an approximate result has been obtained. It is that her mass is three-fourths of the mass of the earth.

Venus rotates on her axis once in every twenty-three hours and twenty-one minutes. At a velocity of twenty-two miles a second, she travels around the sun in five hundred and eighty-four days.

It is known with certainty that Venus has an atmosphere; but whether she is inhabited or capable of sustaining life is a doubtful question.

Astronomers in by-gone times did not agree, nor do those of to-day on the probability that men like or unlike us in physical constitution, color and moral advancement inhabit that celestial globe.

We know very little about the surface of Venus. Whether there are mountains, oceans and rivers on the planet our present instruments of research are not powerful enough to make out, so we must rest content to wait in wonder and ignorance till more powerful instruments are given us; for, "science moves but slowly, slowly creeping on from point to point."

"*Cynthia figuræ æmulatur mater amorum*" is the manner in which Galileo announced to the world the discovery of the phases of Venus. The ancients ascribed two names to her, "Phosphorus" when morning, and "Hesperus" when evening star.

## II.

The planet named from the earliest ages after Jupiter, the mythological king of gods and men, is the most immense and vastest of all the planets; and, of all the stars in the mighty dome of heaven, is second only to Venus in point of brightness. The colossal world of Jupiter has a mean diameter of 86,500 miles, which is nearly twelve times that of the earth. Could this immense globe be seen at a distance from us equal to our satellites, it would appear to us with a diameter forty times larger than that of the moon. This giant of the planetary world travels through space with a velocity of eight miles a second, accompanied by a retinue of four satellites. Its orbit is about 2,997,000,000 miles in circumference and through this it passes in 11.86 years. It is very probable that this globe, created as soon or before the earth, has retained its pristine heat much longer on account of its great volume and mass. But whether this characteristic heat is sufficient to prevent all manifestations of life is a question. Perhaps the conditions of temperature that the planet is now passing through, supports the same kind of life as was on the earth in the early periods of its geological history. If such is the case then we cannot suppose that there exists any of the higher forms of life on this planet. Neither have we the right to conclude that Jupiter, or Venus, or any of the planets are not inhabited. It would be the acme of conceit on our part to suppose that God, in creating all the stars, the planets, the asteroids and satellites, peopled the earth and the earth alone, or if He did put beings on any of the other worlds that He made them lower morally and intellectually than He made us. It is quite

possible, and not improbable, that the inhabitants of other planets than the earth have the same theories as regards our state of existence as we have of theirs.

Jupiter is accompanied through space by four satellites—Io, Europa, Ganymede and Callisto, whose diameters are, respectively, 2400, 2200, 3600 and 3000 miles. Thus Jupiter has four moons, each larger than ours. Each satellite has its special years, its days and its seasons doubtless, and have not the inhabitants of each and all of them, if they are inhabited, the same right to suppose that they themselves are at the centre of the universe as those who dwell on our little earth, who for centuries have dreamed the same dream? The superior volume and mass of this supposed to be self-luminous planet, as it moves on in space attended by its four satellites, is a reproduction of the sun itself as it is in the centre of the four inferior planets—Mercury, Venus, the Earth and Mars.

Jupiter is the preponderant globe of the whole solar family, the vastest in surface, the most important as regards mass, the most uniform in its course, rich in the possession of four satellites, and throned like a chief amid the planetary orbits.

W. O'BRIEN, '95.

—The SCHOLASTIC is not a political paper—this is said advisedly, in view of the varied and complicated political affiliations of the "Staff." But if one prominent member may venture to get a word in edgewise, it is to commend the reply of the editor of the Watertown *Gazette* to his democratic friend of the *Oconomowoc Free Press*. We would like to reprint the reply in full, but he expresses everything in a nutshell for the whole party in this little extract:

"Yes, we are a Hill man; but should that grand statesman, whom *The Free Press* so ardently supported at the last presidential election, Governor Cleveland, be again nominated, the *Free Press* would find that the editor of *The Gazette* would be just as good a Cleveland man as he is now a Hill man."

A party is governed by principles, not by men. The *Gazette* expresses this truth tersely and, indeed, with more effect. We hope that it will carry its influence to all the representatives of the leading American party.

—The class of *Belles-Lettres* has just finished a comparison of the great Elizabethan dramatist surrounding Shakspeare. It is the general conclusion that Shakspeare must have been at heart a Catholic, since he avoids the vulgar bigotry of Webster and Ben Jonson.

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## The Unveiling of the Monument to Professor Joseph A. Lyons.

At ten o'clock on Monday solemn High Mass was celebrated in the Sacred Heart Church for the repose of the soul of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. Very Rev. Father Corby was celebrant, with the Rev. Fathers Morrissey and Maloney as deacon and subdeacon. After Mass a procession was formed outside of the church, composed of the University Brass Band, the Military companies "A" and "B," under the command of Captains Louis P. and Fred B. Chute, the students of the University, the members of the Alumni and visitors. Among the many distinguished visitors and old students present we noticed the Rev. Father O'Sullivan, '59, Cummings, Ill.; the Hon. F. Scales, '65, Judge of Cook County; the Hon. J. J. Fitzgibbon, '62, President of Calumet Bank, Chicago; the Rev. Dennis A. Tighe, '70, Holy Angels' Church, Chicago; the Hon. Hugh L. Mason, Chicago; Captain J. J. Healey, Clerk of the Circuit Court, Chicago; Rev. G. A. Rhatz, South Chicago; Hon. P. T. Barry, Chicago; Mr. Humphrey Moinayhan, Ass't Clerk of the County Court; George Sugg, '78, City Attorney; J. Rehm, Mayor of Blue Island; Wm. L. Hutchings, Chicago; Hon. Dennis Hogan, '74, Mayor of Geneva, Ill.; the Hon. John Donnelly, Woodstock, Ill.; James Murray, J. B. Crummey, J. Murray, I. Thome, Chicago; M. O'Malley, Rock Island Road, South Chicago; Hon. L. G. Tong, '62, South Bend; Hon. W. P. Breen, '81, Fort Wayne. When the procession reached the cemetery Col. Wm. Hoynes, Dean of the Law Faculty, mounted a temporary platform erected near the veiled monument, and opened the ceremonies in an impromptu speech worthy the man and the occasion. Col. Hoynes is very fluent and always eloquent. He has the gift, which very few possess, of being able to rise

on the spur of the moment, and with pathos, energy and eloquence of diction, make his auditors feel that the speaker is an orator in the true sense of the word. Col. Hoynes, on his introducing Judge Scales, Father Tighe and closing the ceremonies made speeches. In the course of his first speech, he said:

"REV. FATHERS AND STUDENTS:—We have met on an occasion most solemn. We have come here to pay our last solemn tribute to the memory of one whom many of you knew and loved; a man who for forty years was associated with the University of Notre Dame; a man whose life was interwoven with its history. For all that period it could not be said that the memory of Prof. Joseph A. Lyons and his work and his labor could be dissociated from the progress and building up of this great University. Hence you, and I, and all of us, feel a certain sense of sorrowful pleasure in meeting here under these circumstances. We meet here to dedicate to his memory this monument, erected by the old students as a tribute of respect and love. This noble shaft fittingly symbolizes and illustrates the affection for him of the old students of Notre Dame. There it stands, modest and plain, like the man whose character it typifies.

"It is my duty to present to you the gentleman who is to make the first address on behalf of the old students. The gentleman to whom I refer is one who studied under Prof. Lyons—one who knew him well, one who for years met him on the occasions of his visits to Chicago, one who learned to know the gentleness of his nature, and his kindness and geniality. This gentleman is the Hon. Frank Scales, Judge of the County Court, Chicago, whom I have the honor and the pleasure now to introduce."

## THE HON. FRANK SCALES

then mounted the platform and with that dignified, easy gracefulness delivered the following address which speaks for itself. The Judge said:

"FATHERS, STUDENTS, AND FRIENDS:—Prof. Hoynes has intimated to you that I am here to-day, specially prepared to entertain you with a lengthy eulogy on the life and character of our deceased friend, whereas, on the contrary, I want to assure you that I only expect to say a very few words on behalf of the Notre Dame University club of Chicago, who have contributed to the erection of this monument to the memory of the late Prof. Joseph A. Lyons. It is not pretentious in itself, but plain, as were the ways of the man whose memory it is designed to commemorate. It is but a cold granite shaft warmed by the letters of affection willed by loving hearts. It will withstand the storms of winter and the suns of summer long after many generations will have passed away. Preserved from the vandalism of man, it will speak in silent tones the language of our esteem, when

we who leave it warm from our hands shall be known on earth no more.

"But yesterday the deceased was in the flesh with us, while now he sleeps in peace in the blessed bosom of the grand hereafter. Though loved by all, yet no one of us would reach down through the cold, damp earth, take our brother by the hand and lead him back to life. He has run his race, and in the face of troubles and trials pursued the even tenor of his way; manifesting the truth of the poet's words:

"The bravest are the tenderest,  
The loving are the daring."

"At a tender age he became the ward of this renowned University. His entire life was linked with its growth. Not great in the sense that genius stamps fame upon the brow of men, but truly great as nature voices greatness.

"His life was gentle; and the elements  
So mixed in him that nature might stand up  
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"

"His life was like the star that always shines, but wants the death of day to show the beauty of its lustre, the constancy and purity of its light. When the shadows lengthened into night, he turned his peaceful, willing face and whispered into the ear of eternity: 'I am ready!'"

"My feet are wearied and my hands are tired,  
My soul oppressed;  
And I desire what I have long desired—  
Rest, only rest.  
The burden of my years is hard to bear,  
But God knows best;  
And I have prayed, but vain has been my prayer  
For rest, sweet rest.  
'Tis hard to plant in spring and never reap  
The autumn yield;  
'Tis hard to till, and 'tis tilled to weep  
O'er fruitless field.  
My way has wound across the desert years,  
And cares infest  
My path, and through the flowing of hot tears  
I pine for rest.  
We build a tomb of roses around the  
Tomb of death."

"The grief we feel in the presence of death is tempered by time; so we to-day can truthfully say, 'Tis a willing duty we perform in dedicating this simple shaft to the worth of our dead friend. Speaking for all, I can say:

"Green be the grass above thee,  
Friend of my better days;  
None knew thee but to love thee,  
None named thee but to praise."

The next speaker was the

REV. DENNIS A. TIGHE,

of Chicago, an old and devoted student of Notre Dame University. Father Tighe needs no eulogy. His rich and resonant voice gave a charm to the touching tribute he paid to the memory of his departed friend. He spoke, in substance, as follows:

"FELLOW-STUDENTS AND FRIENDS OF NOTRE DAME:—After the eloquent discourses that have been spoken, it might, perhaps, appear superfluous for me to say anything complimentary

to the departed friend whom we had learned to love so well. Sometime ago Prof. Hoynes was good enough to consider me worthy of the honor of representing on this occasion the ecclesiastical students of Prof. Lyons. Whilst I appreciate this mark of distinction, I regret that another more able and eloquent was not selected to do justice to the departed friend around whose grave we are gathered.

"We have come to honor the memory of a man whom many of us here learned to love in the class-room and esteem because of his many virtues and kindly traits of character. There are in most men certain qualities of mind and heart which endear them to us and call forth our respect and esteem for them. Some we admire for their learning and ability; others for their justice, their straightforwardness, integrity and honesty; others win, not only our esteem, but also our affection, by their unselfishness, their gentleness, their loyalty to friends and their charity. Whilst Professor Lyons possessed all of these traits in a general way, still, as far as my recollection and knowledge of him goes, he possessed the latter qualities in particular, and they appear more or less to have been part and parcel of him. He was remarkable for kindness to his pupils, for his suavity of manner, for loyalty to friends, for gentleness of disposition, for his charity—for I think no one ever heard him speak disparagingly of any one—and he was particularly conspicuous for his unselfishness. It was the possession of these qualities that secured for him so many friends, and, I would venture to state, that it is owing to them that so many of us are to-day assembled to do honor to his memory.

"In the class-room Prof. Lyons was noted for the enthusiasm with which he entered on his duties, and he seldom failed to infuse it into his pupils. He was gentle and patient with all, never wounding the susceptibilities of the most sensitive. He had the faculty of gaining the unbounded confidence and affection of the students whom he taught. To all he was courteous and gracious, and his sunny disposition made him a welcome visitor wherever he went. His loyalty to the great University, which claimed him as her own, was most pronounced. She trained him, moulded him from his earliest boyhood. She trusted him, and frequently delegated him as her representative in his manhood, and when he died she realized her loss, and wept over him tears of true sorrow, as she laid him away to sleep the sleep that knows no wakening. And well she might, for Notre Dame had no truer son than Joseph Lyons; he gloried in her wonderful growth and development; he rejoiced in her fame, and he was always the uncompromising champion of her reputation. And he was never tired of extolling her greatness to those who sought information of her. Hence it was that he deserved to be her trusted confidant and adviser in her councils, for none were more loyal to her than he.

"Professor Lyons was faithful to his friends, and who could say that he ever deceived them? The schoolboy in his class-room learned to trust him, and when he left his *Alma Mater*, and went forth to take part in the great strife of life, he remembered Prof. Lyons, and as he grew older this attachment only became stronger. It was there our bonds of friendship for him were woven, and they will be more lasting than the marble column which has been unveiled to-day to perpetuate his memory. It is only such men as he who live in the hearts of their friends long after they have disappeared from the stage of life. The lessons of piety, honesty, and charity taught him in his youth were not forgotten. These same lessons he in turn inculcated into the young boys who came here to be educated. He taught them not only by word but by example. And as we, his old students, went forth to fall into our respective avocations of life we remembered these lessons and the kindly disposition of the man who taught them. We have been benefited by them whether engaged in the counting room at the bar, in mercantile pursuits, or whether as doctors we are binding up the wounds or alleviating the sufferings of poor humanity, or, conscious of our unworthiness, we stand at the altar making intercession with God for man, praying that the Lamb whom we offer to the Eternal Father in the great Sacrifice of the Mass may take away the sins of the world.

"The lessons of youth make an impress on our lives for good or evil. How important, then, is the position of teacher of the young! Notre Dame recognized this, and hence it is that she numbered among the members of her Faculty from the beginning, men not only conspicuous for their learning, but also remarkable for their virtues and their sterling qualities of both heart and mind. It is a quarter of a century since I, as a student, first entered the University of Notre Dame. And I can recall to-day as vividly as I could then the impressions left on my mind by the appearance of the members of the Faculty of Notre Dame. It is said that first impressions are lasting. And I think there is a good deal of truth in the saying. My impressions were of such a nature that I would not remove them if I could. They form some of the most pleasing of my life. The venerable Founder stands out in the front. I remember with what awe and respect he inspired me. What pleasant recollections I, and I am sure all who were contemporary with me, have of Father Granger, our beloved and holy chaplain, Father Corby, our esteemed President, dear Father Lemonnier, Vice-President, Father Gillespie, Father Spillard, Prefect of Discipline, and I must not forget my true and good friend, Brother Benoit, our kind Prefects, Bros. Urban, Alban and Charles. When we recall all these, whose lives are interwoven with the history of Notre Dame, we have mingled feelings of joy and sadness: joy that many are yet with us, sadness that

many of them are called away from our midst. We have also most pleasant recollections of the old Professors, many of whom have also gone to their reward. We love to think of Professors Girac, Howard, Corby, Tong, Stace, Ivers, Baasen, of not one of whom I, and I am sure all my contemporaries, have not the most pleasant recollections. And for all of whom we, the old students, have entertained the greatest respect and esteem. For Notre Dame and her inmates we have had the warmest feelings, and always will regard her as affectionate sons do a beloved Mother. Whilst the ceremony of unveiling the monument brings vividly to our minds him whom it is intended to honor, it also recalls his co-laborers, his friends and our friends, who have passed away before him. For them an invisible monument is erected in our hearts more lasting than brass or stone. When we, old students, think of Professor Lyons to-day it is but natural that we should think also of others who were contemporary with him and who were equally dear to many of us. They have had a hand also in the fitting and shaping of our lives. We honor them to-day also, and shed a silent tear over their tombs. We can recall their presence without an effort. To me their appearance, with the kindly smile and encouraging word, is as vivid and well remembered as if it were only yesterday we met.

"In conclusion, I will say that each of us may learn a lesson from the ceremony in which we take part to-day. We are engaged in honoring the memory of a man, not on account of the wealth he possessed—he was a poor man—but on account of his modest, unassuming, unselfish and self-sacrificing life, on account of his loyalty to friends, on account of his fidelity to the trust reposed in him by the great institution of learning to which he was attached, on account of the zeal he manifested in educating the minds and hearts of the youth intrusted to him, on account of his Christian, noble life spent in the service of his fellows without ever a thought of self. This is why we honor him, and this is why we esteem him. This is why we have erected here this grand monument to perpetuate his memory; to tell succeeding generations of students, who will come from all parts of this great land to drink at the fountains of learning at Notre Dame, that their predecessors, the students who were pupils of him whose name is inscribed on this tablet of stone, knew and recognized a man of worth when they met him; and when he passed away from this life to receive his reward for duty well and nobly done, they knew how to manifest their regret by solidifying their sympathies in a substantial way, and unveil them to the gaze of all, crystallizing in this pure marble, emblematic of the pure, honest spirit of Professor Joseph A. Lyons, to honor whom we have gathered to-day from the east and the west, from the north and the south. May his gentle, kindly spirit be at rest and enjoy that peace which surpasseth understanding.

HON. P. W. BREEN,  
of Fort Wayne, Ind., spoke as follows:

"Twenty years ago I came to Notre Dame for enrolment as a student, and crossed the threshold of the old University building which, with all its wealth of fond attractions and exquisite associations, stands now only in the memory. The hand of improvement, put in motion by a propitious fire, and quickened by the sting of an apparently appalling calamity, razed that worthy, sightly old structure to the ground and put, in its place, yonder magnificent pile, the monumental tribute of the Congregation of Holy Cross to the cause of education.

"But the obliteration of the old college building could not carry with it the friendships of which its walls were vocal, nor the tender ties of affectionate association with which every nook and corner was suggestive.

"Admire as I do the present massive main building I never enter its portals without the experience of a pang of regret that the loved old college building in which I passed five years, as a student, has ceased to be a reality. I cannot find my old seat in the study-hall; I cannot find the old dormitory; I cannot find the old class-rooms; I cannot find the old St. Cecilian room, and I cannot find the room of Professor Lyons, where many choice hours were spent.

"In one of the Columbian groups upon the walls of the corridors of the University Gregori has faithfully sketched the never-to-be-forgotten face of Joseph A. Lyons; in the groups of the pictures of the old students, in the room of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association, his photograph may be found, but the only other outward sign of that great life about this institution is this little mound of earth, the doom and end of us all. Time upon time have I ambled through this little cemetery, oft have I passed it by, oblivious of its prophecies, gay and light-hearted in my college days, but never did I dream that I should stand above the ashes of Joseph A. Lyons, nor that the melancholy honor of voicing my tribute to him over his grave should be accorded me. I had scarcely placed my name upon the list of students, before I became acquainted with Professor Lyons as the preceptor of a Latin class, and there I began to admire him. Of course, I was a member of his elocution class and, in time, became a Philomathean, thus I became intimately acquainted with and warmly attached to him. When for the moment I became tired or dejected, when the trend of my thoughts made me yearn for home, when some disappointment had temporarily superinduced an attack of ennui, whenever I was ill at ease—because of some imaginary cause—with myself, the haven of rest for me, the consolatory shrine for me, was the room of Joseph A. Lyons, where the sun ever shone and where his congenial presence soon dissipated my misgivings, and his cordial conversation gave me new inspiration, new courage and new heart.

"As the head of the St. Cecilia Philomathean Association he wrought great things for the students and the University—the literary and dramatic society gives polish and strength and application to the education afforded in the class-room—Professor Lyons at the headship of this society outlined for it a course and destiny of an elevated order which has piled mountain high a debt of gratitude which the old students of this University can never pay.

"Frequently have I regretted my false modesty when he—knowing the incalculable value of such exercises to him who would become a public speaker—would assign me for a declamation or a recitation, but I would evade the assignment and read an essay. My diffidence in making a speech has always carried me back to him with the profound regret that I did not follow his advice. He was always genial, always kind always frank, always affable, always liberal—his heart knowing no bounds but the full satisfaction of his friends' demands.

"Whatever misunderstandings might inspire a boy to speak ill of other members of the Faculty, no voice ever murmured at him, nor was raised in his dispraise. There was about him a natural dignity full of the needful restraining power which others could not wield save by strong words. He had no harsh word, nor indelicate phrase, with which to smite others; he never gave utterance to a syllable that could offend the most fastidious; neither his character nor his manner had rough edges; his disposition was ever the same; his manner ever urbane; in fine, he was, in the fullest measure, a high-bred gentleman. The tie of his friendship was indissoluble; the fire of his big, warm heart never died down.

"Upon our returns at Commencement times which one of us, passing from the struggle and toil of everyday life to the pleasure of a meeting here, has not felt all the past—the rich and grateful past of our college days—flash quick and delicious before our eyes, when the round, honest, ruddy, manly face of Joseph A. Lyons came into view, and his cordial hand—the undeniable type of a thousand welcomes—was stretched forth in greeting?

"Who could forget him as an unique and indispensable figure at the meetings of the Alumni, as he sat in our midst, the favorite personage. Every lineament of his countenance bespeaking his pride in growing Notre Dame; every movement redolent with his anxiety for the perpetuity of our association, and his every glance an earnest of his devotion to his calling and his love for his college friends. Will you ever forget the picture of him, with book in hand, as he arose to make his report as an officer of that association, and then the earnest dignified tones, with which we could not accord, unfolded the never-varying financial condition of the association which always disclosed a deficit which he had made good? I am unable to grasp adequate expression with which to

portray this splendid type of man and friend; those of you who knew him can find him fashioned on the register of memory in the fulness of that magnificent manhood of which he was so conspicuous an example. As a Professor, whether of the classics or of elocution, he was scholarly and earnest; as a teacher and instructor in dramatic and literary lines he was *facile princeps* in a learned and distinguished faculty; as a friend he was the perfect exponent of every grace and of every quality that a refined, cultured mind and a large, noble heart could lavishly present; as a man honesty, probity, honor and moral rectitude were but a few of the adornments of his character: neither envy nor malice nor selfishness nor avarice ever entered his soul; in him there was no guile, and to all the world nature could hold him forth as a man.

"Opportune and fitting is it that, on this sacred day, when the oration pays its tribute of honor and respect to its dead heroes, we should be here gathered to extol a hero, not of war but of altruism; a hero who devoted his life to the mental advancement of his fellows—the hero of our friendship and of our love.

"This plain, modest shaft is the feeble tribute of our admiration for genuine worth, unalloyed honesty of purpose, unmixed integrity of character, friendship, loyal and undying, a heart formed in manhood's best mould; a heart that pulsated never for self, but for the betterment and happiness of others."

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Music was rendered by the University brass band under the able leadership of the Rev. Father Mohun. The University Quartette, consisting of Messrs. F. Harris, F. Chute, E. Schaack and H. Murphy rendered numbers in excellent style at the opening and closing of the ceremonies. Dr. Liscombe presided at the organ during the day. It may be said that the whole affair was a great occasion worthy of a good man.

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#### Exchanges.

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—In the April number of the *Otterbein Aegis* we find two or three practical articles. "Dental Surgery," "Astronomy," and "The Origin and Methods of University Extension," though these subjects may not attract the attention of the generality of readers, are very good in their way. "The Man up a Tree," as usual, talks about a variety of things, and manages to do so in a very entertaining manner. He is sometimes flippant, it is true; but his good-natured common-sense helps him out wonderfully and saves him from being objectionable. If he would descend from his perch for a time and learn how to be

humorous without being too familiar, he would, no doubt, be better appreciated by his readers.

—The most interesting department of *The University Cynic* is that devoted to "Cynic Verse." We have several times, and in the most unequivocal manner, expressed our opinions about college poetry. It is, in general, of the pale, sickly type which indicates a weak imagination in the writer. The verses, too, are feeble—afflicted with all sorts of disorders. "Cynic Verse" is, however, an exception, and we are glad to call attention to it. Some of the little poems in *The Cynic* have not, it is true, any special value; but they offend neither good taste nor a cultured ear—no small recommendation when we consider the torrent of cacophony and mawkish sentiment which enters our sanctum with every batch of exchanges. "Joe Kerr" is a frequent contributor to "Cynic Verse," and possesses an eminently appropriate name. His epigrammatic jokes are always worth a smile, sometimes a good broad one.

—To appreciate *The Young Eagle* one must understand that it is devoted to the interests of reading circles and literary associations. It contains, undoubtedly, many articles which can not fail to prove interesting to all readers; but a great portion of its space is occupied by papers whose special design is to aid students of English classics, and to suggest lines of thought to young people in pursuit of the various branches of knowledge. "A Study of Milton's *Comus*," "Analysis of Catholic Historical Novels," "A Study of Logic for Leisure Hours," "A Study of Dryden's Ode for St. Cecilia's Day," and "A Study of Selections from Pope" are some of the subjects treated in the April number. One must not suppose that these papers are exhaustive critical reviews. Quite the contrary. They consist of questions and suggestions which, though not over-interesting to the ripe scholar of literature and philosophy, are admirably adapted to arouse in young readers an enthusiastic study of English masterpieces. We assure *The Young Eagle* that it is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum, winning our admiration not only by its handsome exterior, but also by its sensible and instructive table of contents.

—*The University Review*, from Kansas State University, contains amongst other articles, an interesting paper on Lowell by B. W. Woodward, Lawrence, Kansas. Under the title, "One of the Failures," the author discourses in a chatty way of Lowell's gifts as a poet and rhymster; and, while expressing the highest

appreciation of the latter's gifts of mind, points out "his failures,"—poems which he never acknowledged, and on which he would not care to rest his fame. Another article which well repays one's reading is "Education Values of the Humanities and the Physical Sciences," by S. B. Todd, Sterling, Kansas. The author concludes that scientific studies have the greater practical value, while the study of the humanities excels in disciplining the mind. One can readily see that Mr. Todd is an ardent student of *belles-lettres*, and is opposed to introducing pupils, at too early an age, to a course of study in which preponderance is given to scientific training. Though all readers may not agree with Mr. Todd in his conclusions, it is safe to say that few can read his paper without deep interest and admiration. We recommend it to the editor of the *Indiana Student*, who, in the April number of that paper, stoutly supports specialization, and condemns the time-honored four years' course which compels students to move "in a certain fixed groove."

#### Local Items.

- Decoration Day!
- They are men of muscle!
- All right, Muldoon! First come, first served.
- The Philopatrians had a very enjoyable picnic on Thursday last.
- Many local items have been unavoidably crowded out of this number.
- Prof. Maurice Francis Egan has been invited to deliver a course of lectures at the Catholic Summer School.
- On Sunday afternoon the Columbians were the guests of their esteemed director, Rev. Father Regan, who had tendered them a grand banquet.
- On Sunday evening the members of the St. Joseph's T. A. B. Society of the M. L. S. gave a reception and banquet in honor of their esteemed Director, Mr. J. De Groot, C. S. C.
- All the Lake Shore trains, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, brought old students from the East and West to attend the unveiling of the Lyons' Monument, Mr. Hagerty, the gentlemanly and efficient agent of the road at South Bend, and Mr. Wilbur, the Western Passenger Agent at Chicago, are always ready and willing to provide for the accommodation of passengers.
- Mr. H. B. Darling, press correspondent, Valparaiso, attended the memorial services in honor of Prof. Lyons on Monday as the representative of the *Chicago News*, *The Chicago Times*, *The Indianapolis Sentinel*, *The New York World*, *The St. Louis Republican*, and four or five

other leading papers. For some time he was editor of *The Laporte Plaindealer*. Mr. Darling is a promising young man, with the true journalistic spirit. He is sure to make his mark. We wish him great success.

—PRIZE WINNERS IN CARROLL FIELD SPORTS: *L. Gibson*—1st in 100 yds. dash; 1st in throwing ball; 1st in batting.—*T. Curran*, 2d in 1st 100 yds. run; 2d in batting.—*C. Pope*, 3d in hop, step and jump.—*P. Dion*, 1st in 2d 100 yds. run.—*W. Sullivan*, 2d in 2d 100 yds. run; 2d in broad jump; 1st in hop, step and jump.—*R. Kinneavy*, 1st in 3d 100 yds. run.—*C. Fitzgerald*, 1st in mile run.—*J. Girsch*, 2d in mile run.—*G. Lovrey*, 3d in mile run.—*E. Smith*, 1st in broad jump; 2d in hop, step and jump.—*N. Luther*, 3d in broad jump; 2d in bicycle race.—*C. Falk*, 3d in throwing ball.—*G. Sweet*, 1st in bicycle race.—*G. Gilbert* and *F. Rogers*, 1st in three-legged race.

—MILITARY RECEPTION.—The final event of Decoration Day was the military reception given by the Rev. Father Regan in honor of Company "A." It was a very gay and successful affair, and was fully enjoyed by all present, who consisted of Company "A," the members of the Faculty, the Graduating Class and invited guests from South Bend and elsewhere. It was held in the new gymnasium, which had previously, by the artistic skill of Mr. A. B. Chidester, been very tastefully decorated with bunting, geraniums and lilacs. At seven o'clock it began with a grand march led by Mr. Peak, master of dancing in South Bend, and to the music of the harp, furnished by Mr. Peak (Sr.). Soon after this the visitors—ladies and gentlemen—began to arrive, and were received by Col. Wm. Hoynes and Captain L. P. Chute.

The principal features were music, vocal and instrumental, and dancing. The first number was given by Mrs. James Crummy, of Chicago, accompanied on the piano by Prof. F. J. Liscombe. Her selection was "Non e' Ver," and was happily chosen, not only for the beauty of the piece itself, but in that it was well adapted to the singer. Mrs. Crummey has a very sweet and pleasing soprano voice, well cultivated and under control, and marked by a graceful expression. In the course of the evening, in the duet "Home to our Mountain," her voice blended admirably with that of Prof. Liscombe. Here it was that the two voices were shown with excellent effect. As to Prof. Liscombe's voice and his skill as an accompanist, there is no need for comment, for they are well known. The other vocal selections were given by Mrs. N. H. Duey in a solo, "Then Forget me not," and a duet, "Good-Bye," by Mr. and Mrs. Duey, accompanied by Mr. R. Elbel. Mrs. Duey is not a stranger at Notre Dame, and her voice has before this been recognized as one of superior quality. It is a rich, clear and attractive soprano which immediately captivates her hearers; and, when united with the powerful baritone of Mr. Duey, there is lent a peculiar charm to the effect. Master Lewis Elbel played the

piano solo "Tarantelle," by Nicote. His execution, touch and power of expression, clearly show a promise of a brilliant future as a pianist.

The members of Co. "A" render thanks to Rev. Father Regan for the time and care devoted by him in furnishing them with a very enjoyable evening. The guests present were: Dr. and Mrs. Berteling, Mr. and Mrs. P. O'Brien, Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie, Prof. and Mrs. Egan, Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Duey, Senator and Mrs. Howard, Mr. and Mrs. Tong, Mrs. Weaver, Mrs. Sparks, the Misses Toban, Van Fleet, M. Sullivan, H. Byerley, H. O'Brien, Vanderhoof and Dillon, Messrs. G. and S. O'Brien, South Bend; Hon. W. P. Breen, Fort Wayne; Mr. and Mrs. J. Crummey, Mayor and Mrs. D. Hogan, Galena, Ill.

#### Field Day.

Monday, May 30, will long be remembered by the students of this year as one of the pleasantest occasions of their college life. The afternoon was devoted to field sports under the auspices of the Athletic Association. A departure from the time-honored custom of having but one athletic meeting was made for the first time this year, and the success which attended the games of Monday warrants our statement that Notre Dame will in the future have two meetings. B. Paul, the friend of every Notre Dame boy, had labored hard in the interest of the meeting. He had brought Harry Jewett, '90, many hundred miles to take part in the sports, and when "our Hal" is entered in an athletic contest, the "fur must fly." Many of the new students who had never seen Jewett, but who had heard of his wonderful work against the crack short distance runners all over the country, were anxious to see him run, and if his record had awakened any great expectations in their minds they were certainly not disappointed. Jewett was in fine form, and his great work surprised and delighted all.

At two o'clock the campus was the centre of attraction for fully twelve hundred eager spectators. We have read in Grecian history of the Olympian games which attracted immense numbers from far and near. We may believe that their eagerness and anxiety before the games was equalled by the crowd of Monday. Groups large and small dotted the campus here and there, denoting the presence of some contestant for athletic honors surrounded by faithful and admiring friends. The race between Jewett and Flynn, of South Bend, was the first event, but it proved a fake. Flynn had come to the College heralded by the most flattering reports of his abilities as a runner. The spectators looked for a close race, but, alas! their hopes were blasted. Jewett cut out a pace from the start that filled the would-be champion with dismay, and finished twenty feet ahead. The time was fast,  $10\frac{1}{4}$  secs.

Fitzgibbon and Sinnott next faced the starter,

and the crowd strained their eyes for this race. Much depended on the result, for the title of Champion of the University and the fine gold medal went with the race. At the sound of the pistol Fitz jumped out to make the running, closely followed by Sinnott. The race was close for eighty yards, but after that it was clearly seen that Fitz would win, which he did in  $10\frac{1}{4}$  secs.

Jewett, Fitzgibbon and Sinnott were entered for the next event, and this proved to be the most exciting race of the day. Jewett won, but only after making it in ten seconds. Fitzgibbon was a close second, with Sinnott third. The 220 yards run was won by Jewett, Sinnott running second. This race was a pretty one. All admired the easy, graceful and yet strong running of Jewett. The record for the 220 yards on a "turn" track is held by Jewett, and his effort on our track, which is not the best, was very creditable.

The weather, which had been threatening up to this time, now became very bad. The black clouds burst and the rain fell in torrents. The young gentlemen, in immaculate spring suits and bonnets, presented a most bedraggled appearance in a very short space of time. From trim, sporty-looking gentlemen of ease they were transformed into uncouth men of the road. Surely the weather man has many sins to answer for. We all know that rain is a very good thing in its place. The place is not at ball games or at field sports, however. At such times rain is an objectionable feature not down on the programme, and unfortunate being sore tempted to cry: "Enough, ye gods, enough!"

Monday's rain did not dampen the ardor of the crowd, however, and the sports were continued even during the heaviest showers. The 120 yard hurdle-race was run in a driving storm, Jewett winning, Thayne second. The mile race was easily won by McErlain, who ran the distance in 5 min. 12 sec.—fast time for a muddy track. The results in the weight-throwing contests were satisfactory to all interested. The rain was now falling in torrents, and it was deemed advisable to postpone the remaining events until Thursday.

A large number of visitors and students now adjourned to the parlor, where W. P. Breen presented Jewett with the gold medal, donated by R. Connable & Sons, for the champion of the spring meeting. His address was short, but most appropriate. Mr. Jewett thanked the speaker for his complimentary remarks, and assured him that *his* love for his *Alma Mater* was strong within him, and that anything he could do for his College would be done cheerfully and willingly.

The generous gentleman who presented this beautiful medal and also the "all-around" medal, receives the thanks of all the students.

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On Thursday, June 2, the postponed events of Monday were decided. The jumps, bicycle

race and ball-throwing contests all had many entries, and the results in all were most satisfactory. M. Quinlan's throw of the base-ball broke the college record, and will compare favorably with the best records of the Eastern colleges—368 ft. 10 in., with no wind to carry the ball along, is a fine throw, and Mike should be proud of it.

The hop-step and jump of H. Olde was also very creditable. For a small man 40 feet 11 inches is no mean jump, and Olde deserves praise for his great work; Fitzgibbon came second with 40 ft. The five-mile bicycle race was the feature of the day. The entries, Heneghan, Cullen, DuBrul, Chidester and McErlaine are all fast riders, and each was confident of winning.

The fact that Rowe, a South Bend man, was to concede the others one lap, lent additional interest to the race. The knowing ones declared that Rowe would have a "snap," while the friends of the Notre Dame riders were calmly confident of success.

The race was most interesting; Heneghan took the lead at once and kept it until the end. Rowe gained half a lap on Heneghan in the first two miles, and before the third was pressing Chidester (second) hard; DuBrul and Cullen dropped out on the second mile hopelessly beaten.

The riding of Rowe up to the twelfth lap was fast, and he had just passed Chidester and was gaining on Heneghan when his wheel broke. Heneghan won, Chidester second, McErlaine third. This finished the programme, and Bro. Paul next presented the medals to the successful athletes. N. J. Sinnott received the Connable "all around" medal, a beautiful one.

J. R. Fitzgibbon, champion 100 yd. runner of the University, was given the 100 yd. gold medal. Being called on for a speech, "Fitz" addressed a few words to the boys and was cheered heartily. The other medals were given to W. Thayne, R. Sinnott, N. Sinnott, F. McErlaine, Heneghan and Chidester. The following is

#### THE SUMMARY:

(Exhibition) 100 Yds. Run—Jewett, 1st; Flynn, 2d. Time, 10¼ sec.

100 Yds. Run—Jewett, 1st; Fitzgibbon, 2d; N. Sinnott, 3d. Time, 10 sec.

100 Yds. Run—(to decide medal) Fitzgibbon, 1st; Sinnott, 2d. Time, 10 one-fifth.

2d Class 100 Yds.—R. Sinnott, 1st; Henrichs, 2d. Time, 11 secs.

Putting 16-lb. Shot—Jewett, 1st; Quinlan, 2d; DuBrul, 3d. 32 ft. 6 inches.

220 Yds. Run—Jewett, 1st; N. Sinnott, 2d; R. Sinnott, 3d; Time, 22¼ secs.

120 Yds. Hurdle—Jewett, 1st; Thayne, 2d; DuBrul, 3d. Time, 20 secs.

Throwing 18-lb. Hammer—Dunford, 1st; Scallan, 2d; N. Sinnott, 3d. 64 ft.

One Mile Run—McErlaine, 1st; Quinlan, 2d, Robey, 3d. Time, 5 min. 12 secs.

Pole Vault—E. Mitchell, 1st; Olde, 2d; Thayne, 3d. 9 ft. 2 in.

High Jump—Olde, 1st; 5 ft. 6 in. Mitchell, 2d; 5 ft.

Running Broad Jump—Fitzgibbon, 1st; N. Sinnott, 2d; Olde, 3d; 18 ft. 11 in.

Running Hop, Step and Jump—Olde, 1st; Fitzgibbon, 2d; R. Sinnott, 3d; 40 ft. 11 in.

Throwing Base-Ball—Quinlan, 1st; Scallan, 2d; 369 ft. 10 in.

Five Mile Bicycle Race—Heneghan, 1st; Chidester, 2d; McErlaine, 3d; Time, 17 min. 34 sec.

Judges D. Hogan, Mayor of Galena, Ill.; H. G. McErlaine, and Bro. Leander.

#### Roll of Honor.

##### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bachrach, Brady, Combe, Cartier, L. Chute, F. Chute, Coady, Dechant, Dacey, Fitzgibbon, Flannery, Hannin, Howard, Joslyn, Langan, Lancaster, P. Murphy, Monarch, Maurus, McAuliff, McGrath, McKee, Neef, O'Brien, Quinlan, Rothert, Schaack, C. Scherrer, Sullivan, E. Scherrer, N. Sinnott, R. Sinnott, F. Vurpillat, V. Vurpillat.

##### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Arts, Breen, Burns, Brennan, J. Brady, Baldwin, Corcoran, Corry, Crawley, Cassidy, Correll, Chilcote, W. Cummings, Crilly, Conroy, Cherhart, Colby, Chapeze, Dinkel, Devanny, Damsky, Flynn, Frizzelle, Fardy, Heneghan, Healy, Hesse, Holland, E. Harris, Houlihan, Hagan, Hoepe, Hennessy, Hartman, Herman, Jacobs, F. Kenny, Krost, Kleekamp, Kearney, W. M. Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Kintzele, W. A. Kennedy, Kearns, Kunert, Ludlow, Libert, S. Mitchell, McFadden, Monarch, D. Murphy, Magnus, McErlain, McKee, F. Murphy, Mattingly, McCarrick, McCullough, Murray, Marmon, Maisen, Newton Olde, O'Shea, O'Connor, Powers, Pulskamp, Phillips, Perry, Patier, Quinlan, M. Ryan, J. Ryan, G. Ryan, E. Roby, Sherman, Schillo, Stanton, Schopp, Stace, Thayne, Thome, Tinnin, Vinez, Welsh, Whitehead, Wilkin, Zeller, Zeitler.

##### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Ashford, Bauer, Baldauf, J. Brown, Byrnes, Brennan, Bates, Casey, Corry, Covert, Curran, Cullen, Conrad, Dion, DeLormier, Dillman, Delany, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dixon, Dorsey, Fitzgerald, Feehan, Falk, C. Ford, Grote, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Griffin, Gillam, Garfias, Garst, Gerner, Gerdes, Hill, Hagan, Hilger, Hoban, Hargrave, Hagus, Hittson, Hack, Harrington, Harding, Janssen, Johnson, Kreicker, Kraber, Kinneavy, W. Kessler, A. Kessler, Kerker, Levi, Lee, Lowrey, Lane, Lawlor, Leonard, Martin, Mitchell, J. Miller, W. Miller, Meyers, Marre, Marr, Miles, Mahon, Moss, McPhee, McDowell, McCarthy, MacLeod, Medalie, W. Nichols, H. Nichols, O'Connor, O'Brien, O'Rourke, Oliver, Peake, Pope, Rogers, Ratterman, Rumely, H. Reedy, C. Reedy, Rend, Reilly, Ryan, Sullivan, Strauss, Sparks, Sedwick, Shimp, Scholer, Sweet, Slevin, Smith, Thornton, Thome, O. Tong, Teeter, Thorn, Todd, J. Tong, Vorhang, Walker, Weaver, E. White, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Wagner, Warner, Winder, Yeager, Yingst.

##### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ayers, Ahern, L. Abraham, G. Abraham, R. Brown, Burns, Blumenthal, V. Berthelet, R. Berthelet, Ball, Bopp, Cornell, Corry, Christ, Curtin, Curry, Chapoton, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Crandall, Croke, Cross, H. Durand, B. Durand, Dugas, DuBrul, L. Donnell, S. Donnell, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fossick, J. Freeman, N. Freeman, B. Freemann, E. Furthmann, C. Furthmann, Girsch, Gregg, Gavin, Gilbert, Graf, Hoffman, Howard, Hilger, Healy, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Hathaway, Hartman, E. Jonquet, Jones, Kinney, Krollman, Kern, G. Keeler, King, Kuehl, E. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Londoner, Lawton, Langley, Langevin, Lonergan, Lowrey, Lysle, McPhee, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, McAlister, McGinley, McGushin, Maternes, Morrison, R. Morris, F. Morris, Ninneman, Nichols, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pieser, Pratt, Platts, Pursell, Peck, Ransome, Repscher, Rose, W. Scherrer, G. Scherrer, Swan, Stuckhart, L. Trankle, Trujillo, White, Wilson, Wilcox, Westover, Westheimer, Wolf.

## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—Most welcome visitors during the week were the Rev. D. A. Tighe, Miss Lizzie Tighe, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cummings, Mr. and Mrs. J. Smyth, of Chicago; Mr. Wile, of Laporte, and Mrs. Stuart, of Denver.

—Following the reading of the notes in lessons on Sunday last, a German selection was given, with ease and correctness of accent by Miss L. Dreyer, after which Miss Maude Patier recited the poem entitled "The Face in the Mirror" in a sweet and pleasing manner. Very Rev. Father Corby then spoke of the importance of grace and self-possession in one's deportment, supplementing his remarks by a humorous anecdote.

—During her visit to St. Mary's, Miss Starr honored the pupils by an informal talk upon that subject that lies so near her heart—higher education. How she scored the fashionable frivolities of the day, and their exhausting demand upon the time and physical force, and what an alluring picture she painted of the delights of literary and artistic pursuits, need hardly be said. Suffice it to mention that she charmed all by the lessons of wisdom thinly veiled by her quaint humor and delicate irony.

—The devotions of the month of May were appropriately closed on the afternoon of the 31st ult. by a procession composed of the members of the Community and the pupils, of which the Children of Mary formed a conspicuous part. As the lines moved along the banks of the river, or passed over the winding paths under the whispering pines, the sweet invocations of the Litany of Loreto floated upon the air, followed by the loving words of hymns to our Blessed Mother. On returning to the chapel, the crown was blessed and placed upon the statue of our Patroness by the President of the sodality, Miss J. Zahm, after which a short but earnest instruction was given by Rev. Father Corby, the ceremonies of the day closing with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

—"How to Read a Poem" was the subject of Prof. M. F. Egan's lecture for May, in which it was shown that to the right understanding of poetry one must bring wide reading, a cultivated taste and an appreciative mind. The Professor selected Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women" as a good illustration of his views, and, on reading the respective stanzas, pointed out the historical bases upon which they rest, above which rise the jewelled words of the poem like a structure made of precious stones. Under his critical analysis this exquisite poem seemed to reveal new beauties, as a gem held in the path of a truant sunbeam, catches the light, and discloses

its glowing heart. An ardent admirer of the Laureate himself, Mr. Egan has sought to impart some of his admiration to his hearers, nor have his efforts been in vain.

—In every Catholic heart is the First Communion day enshrined in loving memories, and at the mere sight of the first communicants these memories wake to life, and we live over again all the events of that happiest, holiest of days. But the feeling of sadness that stirs within us is of that kind "that is not akin to pain," and only fills us with a loving regret for the purity and charity then dwelling in our hearts before contact with the world robbed our devotion of its bloom. Such were the feelings awakened in the minds of all when on Ascension Thursday at the Solemn High Mass, celebrated by the Rev. chaplain, the children, who had been for weeks in preparation, for the first time welcomed into their hearts the Divine Guest. These happy ones were the Misses D. Davis, M. Higgins, E. Seeley, A. Seeley, C. Wheeler, E. Ryder, S. Forbes, E. McKenna and M. McCormack. The sermon by the Rev. Father Hudson was like a beautiful act of faith and love in behalf of those about to communicate, and the day was brought to a fitting close by the renewal of the baptismal vows at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. On the afternoon of the following day Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, of Nashville, Tenn., assisted by Rev. Fathers Scherer and French administered the Sacrament of Confirmation to a class of twelve. The instruction given on that occasion by the Rt. Rev. Bishop, relative to the sevenfold gifts of the Holy Spirit, was characterized by an earnestness that will not soon be forgotten.

### Dedication of St. Angela's Hall.

To the many interests centering around May 31 this year another was added, namely, the ceremonies attending the dedication of the handsome structure henceforth to be known as St. Angela's Hall. Much to the joy of all concerned, Very Rev. Father General not only honored the occasion with his venerable presence, but also officiated in the blessing of the hall, thus connecting himself with a structure hereafter to be devoted to the literary and musical entertainments of St. Mary's. Among the honored guests of the day were Very Rev. Fathers Granger and Corby, Rev. Fathers Walsh, Tighe, Zahm, Morrissey, Scherer, O'Neill and French, with Mr. J. Ewing and Miss Eliza Allen Starr. The blessing over, the rendition of the programme prepared for the dedication followed. The exultant notes of the "Jubilate Deo" had scarce died away when Miss R. Bero appeared, presenting to Very Rev.

Father General an address of welcome, with the ease and grace characteristic of that young lady. The brilliant instrumental solos, by the Misses Nester and Gibbons, gave a pleasing variety to the entertainment, while Miss Farwell's "Tribute of Gratitude," a poem in musical blank verse, touched upon the history of St. Angela of Merici by way of prelude to the recital of the life-work of her in whose honor the hall is named—the late beloved Mother Mary of St. Angela. As we listened to the sweetly-worded story, all memory's burial places seemed to "give up their dead," and again there flitted to and fro the agile form of her whose tireless feet, warm heart and busy brain made up that charming personality whom to know was to love. The musings thus evoked were pleasantly broken by the sweet strains of the "Ave Maria," rendered by ten young ladies of the vocal class, after which came the crowning feature of the day, namely, the eulogy pronounced by the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. The theme of the speaker—the lamented Mother Angela—was itself inspiring, and when to this was added a sincere admiration for the noble character of the gifted dead, the result was a tribute worthy of her whose name was synonymous with everything great and good. A parallel was instituted between Angela of Merici and her of the Holy Cross, in which was pointed out their identity of aims and also that the fire of zeal burning in the heart of each was kindled at the altar of divine love. The efficient aid rendered by Mother Angela to the Very Rev. Founder of Notre Dame and St. Mary's was adverted to, as well as the many schools, hospitals and homes for the destitute, in the founding of which hers was the moving force. The personal magnetism, so well known and felt by all who came within the charmed circle of her acquaintance, was not forgotten, nor the fact that difficulties in the attainment of noble ends were only so many incentives to renewed effort. Thus, whether she soothed the last hours of the dying soldier, or acted a mother's part to the orphaned, presided with a courtliness of manner all her own over the education of young ladies, or, in the literary world, wielded a fascinating pen, everywhere she was equally at home, investing piety itself with a charm not to be resisted.

As we mused on this tribute to the memory of her who in life was so beloved, we realized the nobility that lies in doing good, as well as the truth of the couplet that

"Only the actions of the just,  
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

### June.

See laughing June comes over hill and vale,  
Her face all glowing with the softest flush.  
Of beauty; 'neath her step the roses blush  
To life, and fling their perfume on each gale.  
The dancing rills, through mead and leafy dale,  
Break with sweet melody the forest's hush,  
As swift, on silver feet, they onward rush  
To bid the summer's queen a glad "all hail!"

And now night's sable mantle softly falls  
Down from the blue and star-bespangled skies;  
While to his mate the brown thrush sweetly calls,  
As in the arms of June asleep earth lies;  
Then moonlight floods the gray and cloistered halls  
With radiance born of sinless Paradise.

STELLA DEMPSEY  
(Second Senior Class).

### Vacation Days.

Feverish activity is a characteristic of the age, and of Americans in particular; and this haste and energy is displayed in the pursuit of knowledge, as well as in the practice of the various trades and professions. All branches of science and art are receiving a wonderful impetus in this latter part of the nineteenth century. Daily developments reveal new fruits of the people's industry, and so marvellous is the growth and progress of the whole land that a writer has been led to say "each state of the Union is becoming an England."

But is this activity an unmixed good? All of its manifestations are the result of brain work, and anyone acquainted with the operations of this powerful, yet delicate organ knows that it cannot bear the pressure of monotonous and unceasing labor. That "one extra drop of nervous fluid," with which we are credited, goes a great ways; but even its influence may be destroyed if proper rest is not given both body and mind. The scientist must leave his laboratory, the artist his chisel or brush, the business man his office, and the student his books, if health would be preserved. The very word recreation carries with it a proof of its necessity, for it means to recreate, to renew that which has been expended in energy. Sleep is one of the commonest and, at the same time, the best restorer of the tired system. But in many cases the mental faculties are not at rest even in sleep, and though the work they perform is not that which in waking hours would be called labor, still it expends a certain amount of energy in its accomplishment. There are, of course, exceptions to the worth of the fruits of dreams, for Coleridge is said to have com-

posed the whole of "Kubla Khan" in sleep.

Next to sleep, as a restoring power, comes change of occupation, scene and habits of life, all of which may be enjoyed these days in a trip to what is termed a summer resort. To the schoolgirl the magic word "home" contains all that is necessary to make her forget the long months of absence from dear ones, the weary hours of study, the thousand and one little trials that come to all when away from parents; and vacation means home to her. As a rule, school girls are more rational in their method of spending free time than are her older sisters. The English fashion of out-door sports has, happily, been adopted by the young folk; consequently, tennis, boating, driving and walking are now the chief attractions in the way of vacation amusements. This is a decided advantage over old-time views, when dress was the highest object of consideration, and a quiet walk, or ride was thought all the exercise needful to a young lady's happiness, which seemed to have little or no connection with her health. While acknowledging the imperative law which demands that body and mind should have time for rest and recuperation, we may ask, if vacation days are to be idle days? Too often do we find schoolgirls imbued with such an idea; release from study hours seems to put aside all lines of regular duties, and how to fill in the time with pleasures is the all-absorbing question. They forget that

"Absence of occupation is not rest,  
A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed."

It is not necessary to be so anxious for work as to be what may be called "fussy" unless engaged with some handiwork. Bending over a piece of embroidery, counting stitches and matching colors may be play for some, but how much better a ramble in the woods would be, where all the tints are arranged and the stitches exactly proportioned by the hand of God in nature's great tapestry. Then, too, books may always be a recreation, for there are works to suit all moods and all times. In the creations of the poets, and in the productions of novelists, in the delightful accounts of travel and in the pages of the magazine, may we find change of scene and action, and if only our author is of a high standard we are in good company.

The two months usually allotted to students should be a time of improvement as well as of pleasure, and if spent in applying the knowledge acquired in the school-room, it will serve to impress upon the mind all that was best in the store of information gained, letting the worthless

part slip from the memory. Then will the close of vacation bring with it a sense of delight that springs from a good conscience and perfect health, and studies will be resumed with zest and a new interest.

ETHEL DENNISON.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses E. Adelsperger, Augustine, Agney, Bassett, E. Burns, Bell, K. Barry, M. Barry, Black, Byers, Carico, Charles, Crilly, F. Carpenter, L. Clifford, Davis, Duffy, E. Dennison, Dieffenbacher, Dingee, Fitzpatrick, Field, Griffith, Green, Galvin, Gage, Haitz, Hellmann, Holmes, Hutchinson, Higgins, Hopkins, Hittson, Hunt, Jacobs, M. Kirley, Klingberg, Keating, Kelly, Kingsbaker, Kaufmann, Kinney, Lewis, Ludwig, Lancaster, Lichtenhein, Leppel, La Moure, Lantry, Morse, M. Moynahan, Marrian, Murison, Morehead, Moore, E. McCormack, D. McDonald, S. McGuire, A. Moynahan, M. McDonald, McCune, Maxon, Nacy, Nickel, M. Nichols, B. Nichols, Nester, O'Sullivan, Plato, Patier, Payne, Quinn, K. Ryan, Robinson, Roberts, Rizer, Russert, Reid, M. Smyth, E. Seeley, A. Seeley, Sena, Shaw, Sleeper, Thirds, Tietgen, Tod, Van Mourick, S. Wile, G. Winstandley, B. Winstandley, Wagner, Wurzburg, Wolffe, J. Wolverton, E. Wile, Zahm, Zucker.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Adelsperger, Allen, Boyle, Baxter, K. Coady, Crandall, Campau, M. Davis, B. Davis, L. Dreyer, Ford, Hickey, Hopper, Kline, Kasper, Mills, Meskill, Nacey, O'Mara, Ryder, Schaefer, N. Smyth, S. Smyth, Tilden, Wolverton, Williams, Wheeler, Whittenberger.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ahern, Buckley, J. Brown, E. Brown, Dysart, M. Egan, Finnerty, Girsch, Keeler, Lingard, McKenna, McCarthy, McCormack, Murray, Palmer, Wolverton.

### SCHOOL OF ART AND DESIGN.

#### HONORABLY MENTIONED.

##### ELEMENTARY PERSPECTIVE.

1ST CLASS—Misses Kimmell, M. Clifford.  
2D CLASS—Misses K. Ryan, E. Dennison, Charles.  
3D CLASS—Misses E. Tod, Hopper, Boyle, Schaefer, E. McCormack, Kasper, M. Burns, Palmer, Pengemann, Doble, A. Girsch, Gage, Garrity, Byers, A. Schmidt, Tietjen, Kinney, Berg.

##### PAINTING IN WATER-COLORS.

2D CLASS—Miss M. Fitzpatrick.  
3D CLASS—Miss Dempsey.

##### OIL-PAINTING.

2D CLASS—Miss Plato.  
3D CLASS—Misses Dieffenbacher, Marrinan.

#### GENERAL DRAWING.

##### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Robinson, E. Seely, A. Seely, Roberts, Wolffe, Murison, Black, Clifford, Lantry, Byers, Kasper, Wurzburg, Hunt, Agney, Rizer, R. Butler, Jacobs, Kauffman, Rothschild, McColm, Russert, Wile, McCune, Johnson, Higgins, Winstandley, Cowan, Lancaster, Wagner, Hopkins, McGuire, A. Butler, Zucker, Wolverton, Payne, D. McDonald, M. McDonald, Klingberg, Kingsbaker, Dennison, Maxon, S. Ludwig, Kelly, Duffy, Lennon, Shaw, Hammond, Whitmore, Moynahan, Van Mourick, Welter, Daley, Augustine, La Moure, Dingee, Pfaelzer, Crilly, Hittson, A. Cooper, M. Cooper, Reid.

##### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses B. Davis, M. Davis, Baxter, Coady, A. Cowan, Tilden, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, J. Smyth, M. Field, O'Mara, Nacey, Whittenberger, E. Wolverton, L. Adelsperger, Wheeler, Morris, Campeau, Allen, Meskill, Mills.