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Self-Praise.

M. A.

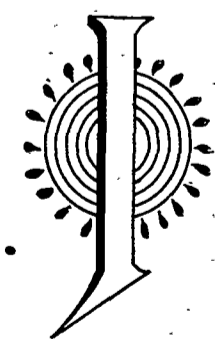
WHO crowns himself balks blindly his own fame;
He grasps before his time the diadem
Kind hands have fashioned for his brow; each
gem,

Of lambent lustre feeds the fever-flame
That burns his yearning soul; with loud acclaim
Ambition's rage he gluts; nor can he stem
His passion flood till they that praised contemn,
And leave the boaster laurelled for his shame.

Not jewelled head-piece shaped with rarest art,
Nor self-voiced triumphings can win renown
Or flash an honored name on glittering scroll;
A mocking effigy, devoid of heart
Or life or noble meaning, is that crown
Which thrills with rapid joy no donor's soul.

What We Owe to Irving.

JOSEPH M. KEARNEY.



It seems almost impossible to believe that American literature is but a century old. Yet such is the case; and, strange as it may appear, we have in that short period advanced with such rapid strides that to-day we possess as strong, as good and as varied a literature as any nation, ancient or modern, can boast of. In those few years we have passed England, a country that traces its literature from "Beowulf" to "The Idyls of the King."

It is true that we have not produced a Homer,

a Dante, or a genius like Shakspeare; but in number and excellence the United States is richer in poets, novelists and essayists than any of our foreign cousins. Longfellow, Bryant and Whittier represent the best of our poets; Hawthorne, Howells and Crawford are a few of our novelists; Emerson, as an essayist, may be compared with Montaigne in France and Bacon in England; while Poe, and among our later men, Davis and Stockton, stand at the head of the short story writers. As yet we have no dramatist so polished or so brilliant as the French; but, judging from our past successes, it will not be long until the clever and elegant Frenchman must yield the palm to his American rival.

This is not all rant and boast; it is a truth that must be acknowledged by all. One hundred years ago George Washington was our representative writer, and to compare him with our modern men would be simply ridiculous. We have but to refer to any of the old English magazines to understand how we were regarded during the early part of this century. England scoffed at the barbarians, as we were charitably called; but in the end she was forced to admit that America had a literature destined to surpass her own. We naturally feel proud of the men who accomplished this fact, and especially are we proud of the pioneers in the movement. Among the foremost, in fact, I might say the first, was Washington Irving.

Irving was a child of the Revolution, and was born and reared during that turbulent period. Young America was in the throes of rebellion, and it took years to settle the complicated questions that arose from the war's issue. Literature, for the time, was forgotten, or rather the confusion of this period offered obstacles

sufficiently great to retard the progress of letters. But notwithstanding these circumstances we may date the birth of American literature from the year of independence.

New York, the city of Irving's birth and boyhood, was just beginning its commercial activity; of literature it had little, and of art less. As yet it had not recovered from the effects of the Revolution, and the energies of the people were directed toward commercial enterprises. Life was a most practical problem to them, and, as in all new countries, literature was kept in the background. It was under these disadvantages that young Irving was brought up; and, to a certain degree, we may be thankful for it. The best part of Irving's education was obtained out of doors, while he was exploring the noble Hudson or taking long rambles in the Catskill Mountains. He loved to wander by the sparkling brook, or in the solitude of the forest where nature taught him to admire her charms. He was one of the first to see that America rivalled both Switzerland and Italy in natural scenery, and that we need not leave our own shores to see nature in all her glory.

Irving's works are so well known that it is unnecessary to name them. It will be sufficient to speak of one—one which, had he written no other, would have made him one of the immortals. Irving's popularity dates from the publication of the "Sketch Book." It was the first American work that deserved European recognition, which, we are glad to say, the English were sensible and appreciative enough to bestow.

American literature has been done two great services through the "Sketch Book": the beauty of nature was revealed to us in a manner that no other American had thought of or attempted. Up to that time America had no legends, and it remained to Irving to give us the first of our folk stories. It is strange that such should have been the case, as the inhabitants had not yet entirely separated themselves from the influences of their mother countries. The colonists were made up of all nations—English, Germans, Dutch, and even a few from the southern part of Italy. Each of these countries have innumerable legends dating from time immemorial. The Dutch, in particular, are renowned for their folk-lore, and it is owing to the fact of Irving's boyish association with the settlers from Holland that he was able to invent his amusing tales.

Irving has invested the Hudson and the

environs of New York with a legendary, romantic and poetic interest. He has done for that majestic river what it took centuries to do for the Rhine; and the service is greater when we remember that the ruins and palaces on the Rhine lend it much of the romantic air for which it is famous. Irving had no such material to work with; he had nothing but the hills and his own creative imagination to assist him in inventing his legends.

His youth was spent among the Dutch settlers, and, of course, he became intimately acquainted with their habits and the stories they delighted in telling. It was thus, most probably, that he heard of Rip van Winkle, one of the mysteries of the Catskill Highlands; but it was his genius that gave such folk lore form, and added new ones to the romances of the world. These stories surround New York with an air of mystery; and although the Dutch are often misrepresented by them, we would rather believe them true. "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow" is as inseparably connected with the Hudson as are German stories with the Rhine. It describes the old Dutch settlers, their homely and simple life, their humor and their individuality, their marvellous beliefs and the strange spirits that haunted them. The neighborhood of Sleepy Hollow was rich in local stories, haunted spots and superstitions innumerable. A headless horseman was their chief source of anxiety, and, at the same time, of pleasure; for the mysterious appears to have a strange fascination, not only for the Dutch, but also for all peoples and all nations.

Who among us has not laughed over Ichabod Crane, when we thought of his midnight ride on old Gunpowder, and his encounter with the headless horseman? We can imagine the terror and consternation that seized him when he was struck by the pumpkin; but it gives us a feeling of relief to know that Brom Bones had rid himself of his rival. Poor Ichabod! we have often felt sorry for him when he was made the victim of one of Brom Bones' jokes, and the agonies he suffered when obliged to travel through the lonely woods, momentarily expecting some goblin or sprite to carry him off, were fearful. "Rip van Winkle," while not so interesting as the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," is, nevertheless, very popular. It gives us a more faithful description of the times and the habits of the people. Irving displays his sarcasm upon every occasion and makes poor Rip a hen-pecked husband.

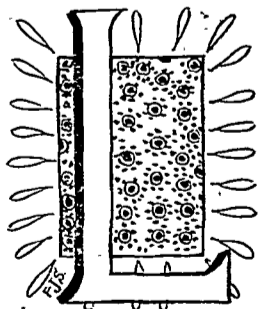
Americans should be thankful to Irving for

the romantic legends he bequeathed them. No one could go up the Hudson without thinking of Irving, or, on a still evening, without listening for the sound of rattling nine-pins. The Catskills are made dear to us as being the home of American romance, the scene of our first folk-lore. As the Germans delight in tales of the Rhine, so do we feel proud of our majestic Hudson and the stories associated with it.

Irving was an imitator of Addison, but he improved so much upon him that he is ranked as one of the greatest of English stylists. He never became as perfect as Hawthorne, but there is that about Irving which Hawthorne lacks. Hawthorne was filled with the old puritanical spirit, and his stories are always connected with crime. Irving, on the contrary, was broad and sunny-minded, and selected as his subjects either the virtuous or the humorous. His style is clear, refined, subtle and exquisite; it is almost as pure as De Quincey's. Many accuse Irving of being too technical; that is, of giving polished sentences, but sacrificing thought to elegance. But we can hardly agree with such severe criticism; we take the "Sketch Book" as it is, the relating of a tale or a description of an incident seen and known by the writer. For further proof we need but look around us and see that he is read by young and old, the educated and the uneducated. This is the test of an author's excellence—that he be appreciated by the public and at the same time by the critics. And Irving's popularity is ever increasing and he will always remain a favorite with Americans.

The Decay of Poetry.

FROST THORN.



LET us first cast a rapid glance over the poetry of past ages. Three thousand years ago the blind Homer gave us an epic; later, Virgil gave us another, only a little less great; Pindar, his odes; Horace, Petrarch, Dante, Chaucer, Milton, Shakespeare, Goethe, Schiller, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Tennyson, and many others—these gave us poems of heroism, of joy and sadness, of loveliness and grandeur. Their souls soar on high; their intellects study the life

around them; their imaginations picture lovely pastoral scenes, grand tragedies, sublime deaths. We are taken into the awful circles of hell; we are refreshed by the song of the skylark, the trilling of the nightingale and the murmur of running brooks. We are lifted up above our lowly life to the contemplation of God and His Son, the World-Saver, by that great genius who dared to put the words of common mortals in the mouth of God. Again, they call us to admire the strength and beauty of Lancelot and Elaine. Our hearts beat faster as we read of the knightly contests—those contests in which love and the desire of fame ruled the lists. Ah, these are grand poems, these of the masters! What diction! What sublime, soul-thrilling intensity! At the magic words of these geniuses we are Greeks or Romans, knights of the tournament or troubadours with songs on our lips of our hearts and souls.

These days of poetry are fast passing away; "the age of chivalry is gone"; and we look into the future vainly asking ourselves whether we shall ever again have such ages of literature. If we look about us we see easily, too easily, what a fall there has been from the grand lines of Virgil, from the soulful language of Shakespeare, to the technique, the polish and the delicacy of the rhymers of to-day. It is as if a vase of Sèvres were to take the place of a Corinthian column. "'Tis pretty"; and the eye of the connoisseur is pleased; but he who loves strength will look away and stand silent, wondering at and admiring the majestic firmness of the marble pillar. And so it is; who can deny it?

It seems that all the grandeur of the old times is gone. We speak of the old masters of painting, of the old masters of sculpture, of the old masters of poetry—do we speak of *the living masters* of poetry? Who are they? Search as we may, we can find none to compare with Homer, or with Dante; none who can take their places. Fiery Byron, half-sad Schiller, gentle Keats, and passionate Shelley have no equals. Of our own American poets, whom can we compare with Longfellow, with Whittier? The answer is the same for all. The "grand old masters" are gone, leaving us examples to imitate; but who can equal them?

No one can deny that we miss the old poets; and yet there are some to-day whom we like. Swinburne, Morris and De Vere are poets, and the greatest that we have. They do not equal their predecessors; but the music of Swinburne's verses is absolutely unsurpassed; no one has

attained his excellence. But it seems that now the poets do not strive to be grand, to produce poems like the "Inferno" and "Paradise Lost"; they try rather to be polished, to have perfect technique, to please the "delicate artistic" sense, like the jingle of sleigh-bells on a moon-lit night, like music from across the water. Everything in our century of rapid progress, and more especially of late years, is tending to more refinement and delicacy of expression. Everything is "artistic," and everything is viewed from an "artistic" standpoint. Public taste is becoming more and more critical, and perhaps that is the reason why we have such polished technicians in our literature. Realism, too, is obtaining a hold upon the public; nothing delights us so much as a touch of nature, a bit from real life. Not the brutal realism of Zola, but that of Howells, or of Davis, which is pure and does not bring out into bold relief the startling, revolting side of life pictured by the French novelist.

Perhaps it cannot be said *ex cathedra*, as it were, that poetry is becoming less and less true poetry; but, however it may be, now is the time when the "mute, inglorious Miltons" should show themselves, for our poetry needs almost a new birth. Why, indeed, is it that we have no more outbursts like those of Milton, who was a grand poet; or poetry like that of the impetuous Byron? The only answer I can give is that our age is more artistic than former centuries. Some of our poems are like little jewels, brightly polished, beautifully cut, but they do not appeal to us so much, nor echo our thoughts as do those poems of the older men. A true poet must be one from his heart; he must put his soul and all his feelings into his lines. Let not the reader imagine that I mean to say we have no poets; for I speak broadly, and intend to say that the poetry of to-day does not equal that of past years; and I think many will agree with me; one need only take a look at the poets to be assured of the truth of this. Our poets certainly are not excelled for perfection of technique and delicacy of expression; but we do not find enough soul in their verses, and soul is the essence of poetry, —otherwise we have only rhyme.

We are in the twilight of poetry; and if the poetical is the same as the terrestrial twilight, we shall soon have another burst of sunlight, preceded by a short period of comparative darkness.

The next great era of literature will be one of realism; idealism is fast losing ground, and

the naturalism of Zola is giving way to the purer realism of Howells and James. It may be asked what is the difference between these two? The answer is easy. If a writer describe a tramp in all the glory of his tattered garments, that is a piece of realism. If, again, the tramp is described as having no clothes at all, that is naturalism. Realism shows us a door with the paint on; naturalism shows the same door before paint has touched it. Realism is truth lightly clothed; naturalism is the naked truth.

No one has succeeded Tennyson; what is the inference? Simply this: that there is no poet worthy of the laureateship, or that it is deemed advisable not to have any more poet-laureates. Perhaps her Royal Highness needs the "tierce of malvoisie." When Ruskin was the contemplated celebrant of Queen Victoria's charms and virtues, the world sniffed disdainfully, and the world may have thought that ex-Premier Gladstone had dropped Homer and taken Don Quixote as his hero. However, the calamity was averted; at any rate, no one was hurt by it; and the earth still revolves once in twenty-four hours.

Swinburne, or Morris, or Aubrey de Vere, is eligible to the laureateship; and certainly the most musical of poets is Swinburne; but, then, no one may have the position. What will the Queen do when there is no one to celebrate the royal weddings and births; when there is no one to mourn the sad events? She will have to rely on the press: "Born, Marie Augusta, etc., seventh daughter of Her—," etc. Again, Her Majesty will read something like this: "Died, Frederick Charles Joseph, etc., ninth son of Her—, etc. Funeral will take place Thursday 10 a. m., from—," etc. When Her Royal Highness finds these things noted only in plain prose in the obituary column she will immediately look around her and snatch some hidden poet from his obscurity and bestow upon him the dignity of poet-laureate. Why is it poet-laureate? Perhaps because he is supposed to be crowned with *laurels*! Now, what would he be called in Italy, where the immortals are decorated with *bay-leaves*?

"All poetry is alike in one way," said a friend to me. "That's queer," I replied. "Yes," he went on, "all poetry is alike in the fact that it is"— "Written," I suggested.

Then I asked him if he thought poetry was dying out. He said: "Yes, poetry is decaying; that is, in a certain sense some poetry is; for example, make a comparison with nature—

Leaves of Grass will not live always but must perish and be forgotten."

But poetry will never die; and I think it is just about as low now as it ever will be. There have been before periods when literature was at a stand-still; but it has always regained what it had lost. And so we can hope now for a succeeding age of great poetry, when the dim twilight will become bright and glorious with the rays of a new and resplendent sun.

Trifles Light as Air.

THE RIVER OF LIFE.

Our lives should be like a river
That breasts the changing winds;
Let each turbulent wave be some tempter we brave;
Call the ripples the cares of our minds.
But the river flows ever by meadow and bower:
A stagnant pool is the idle hour.

MOTHER'S GOOD-BYE.

Once 'twas said, "Thou'lt go to-morrow;
Other friendships thou wilt borrow."
Silent was I then for sorrow,—
My answer was a sigh.
Full of sadness was the leaving,
Heart to heart a moment cleaving;
Spellbound love made deep the grieving
When mother said "Good-bye."

There are times when words unspoken
Speak of bonds that must be broken,
When the warm heart's only token
Low sparkles in the eye.
Thus it was, and I went weeping;
She, I loved, dumb-silence keeping;
For her sudden tears came leaping
When she had said "Good-bye."

IN THE BLUES.

"Red-letter days no more for me,"
I heard a Sorin sigh;
"She uses stationery now
The color of the sky."

A SOLILOQUY.

From the canvas how her eyes
Seem to gaze in mild surprise
As the staring looker nears,
Pretty miss of bygone years!
But you never would surmise
That she was my grand aunt wise,
Spectacled and stern of guise:
Faith, I'm gladder she appears
From the canvas.

How she drew the frightened tears,
How she filled my soul with fears,
When she'd tell how wicked lies
Fix the sinner when he dies—
(How she's raging if she hears
From the canvas.)

MODERN WARFARE.

By the glitter of steel and the spilling of blood
He had numbered the days of his life:
He a warrior? No: the blood came from a ranch—
And the steel was a butcher's knife.

He had fought a thousand battles, he the hero of the age;
All his enemies he vanquished—vanquished on the
modern stage.

MACK.

TO BE SURE.

That must be a bearded lady,
With the youngster 'cross her lap,
For, though I don't see her razor,
I can see her raise 'er strap.

DU B.

SUSPENDED PAYMENT.

"Say, Tom, have you with you a dollar or more?"
Said the man who had borrowed some money before.
"Not just now," was the answer. "Well, Tom, never
mind,"
Said the fellow, a-seeming considerate and kind;
"I owed you some greenbacks and thought I would pay,
But for want of the change I can't do it to-day."

C. A. C.

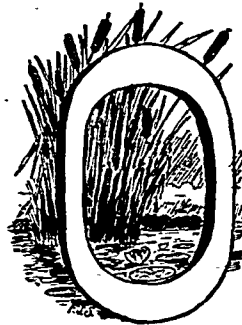
A FAVORITE VOLUME.

John keeps a scrap-book; yes, indeed,
And well the fact is known
No volume is more dear to him;
For the scraps are all his own.

QUAHM.

A Stroll Under the Sea.*

BY ELMER J. MURPHY.



ON a beautiful May morning
a neat and graceful little
schooner with sails unfurled
moved slowly out of the small
harbor of La Seca in southern
Florida. It was a picturesque
little place; but we three boys
were so busily engaged on
board the vessel, that we paid but slight
attention to the beauties around us. Harry
Menwall had obtained three complete diver's
outfits and had hired the divers themselves to
accompany us to work the air pumps, etc., and
we were now going to descend into the sea.
When the place we had selected was reached,
we brought the yacht to anchor and donned
our queer-looking armor.

Harry descended first, followed by Fred
Hallet, who had hardly reached the bottom
when he gave the signal to be hauled up. This
did not deter me from entering the mystic deep,
and I was soon under the surface. A strange
sensation came over me as I sank beneath

* Read before the St. Cecilia Association.

the waves. There was a drumming in my ears that was broken only by the click of the air-pump above. It left me, however, before I reached the bottom and found Harry, who was waiting for me.

It was a sudden change from sunlight to something very like twilight on earth; and for some time, I must confess, I felt very gloomy. We gradually became accustomed to the softened light, so that we could distinguish everything around us. On all sides, clinging to the rocks were many-colored submarine plants of a thousand sorts. Some were beautiful and others were ugly; but all were arranged in such a fantastic way that we could not fail to notice them. Large, greyish-colored ferns grew from the sides of the ledges and formed a support for other smaller vines which had intertwined themselves among their branches. When touched they swayed to and fro so silently that a queer feeling came over us. Oddly-shaped shrubs without leaves or branches were in our path. We stood in a veritable garden. There were cucumbers, beautiful blossoms like half-pumpkins, and many other plants to which I have never seen any resemblance on land.

As we moved along, many hideous fishes, disturbed by our walking, darted across our path. Some of them had their large, unsightly mouths open wide enough to swallow an animal twice their own size. Other shapeless beings floated around in the water, seemingly without perceiving our approach. Never before had I seen such a wonderful place.

Yet the marvellous sights we saw were not all of them nature's own. After crossing a small bar of sand, we saw at some distance the hull of an old wreck partially covered by the sand of the ocean-bed. But our air-tubes were not long enough to reach the old hulk, and Harry gave the signal agreed upon to the men in our little schooner to hoist anchor and pull the boat (there were two long sweeps to use when there was no wind) two hundred yards to the east. We had brought along a crew of three darkies to manage the boat, and the slackening of the air-hose and the approaching of a huge shadow told us our signal was understood, and in a few minutes we were on the deck of the wreck. It had been a schooner of about three hundred tons' burden, and had evidently been a smuggler, for there were two great holes near the bow, made, evidently, by a solid shot from a revenue-cutter. We climbed down the companion way and went into the cabin. Here we found several old chests standing along the wall, but

to our disappointment they contained nothing. An old rusty dagger, which Harry captured at once, and an empty tomato can, which I did not care for, were the only portable things we found. We had explored nearly all of the ship and were just ready to leave when a monstrous devil-fish glided out of the hold and passed a foot from my head. I was almost frightened to death and was ready to leap off the boat, but I suppose the fish was more scared than I, for when I looked about me he was gone.

This ended our stay at the wreck, and we started for a bed of coral which was near by. On the way, Harry stepped on a poor, senseless jelly-fish, but it did not seem to mind the accident in the least, so we shed no tears, and went on. Harry signalled again to move a hundred yards to the southeast and a moment later we were at the coral reef. This was the most beautiful place that we saw during our whole walk. Almost all of the ground ahead of us was covered so that it was with difficulty we made our way over it. Millions of snow-white coral branches, crooked but elegant, extended into the clear green water. Delicate fans, large plump cushions, round mushrooms, all in coral, were scattered around us. Clinging to these were myriads of coral polyps beautiful with a hundred brilliant hues. The clear colors presented a magnificent contrast to the white coral, and the strange forms only served to make the scene more interesting.

As we moved onward the shapes grew larger and denser until we approached what seemed to be a coral palisade. But when we came to it we found it to be nothing more than a thick network of branches. I stooped to look through a little hole and had no more than caught a glimpse of the space beyond, when I uttered an exclamation of surprise under my helmet. In the little circular enclosure was a miniature castle with glistening turrets and steeples, white walls and carved gates that seemed to swing on golden hinges. Around it were small coral trees that were scattered about like shade trees on a grassy lawn.

Under one of the trees was a merman watching four little merchildren, dodging and darting about in a game very like our terrestrial tag. Near by, sitting on a large rock, was a mermaid with her long dark hair falling over her shoulders, laughing at the boys as they played in the water. We had watched them for a long time before they caught sight of us. When they did, we expected to see them retreat into the house at once; but instead they swam

directly towards us. They began making signs with their fingers, but it was all Greek to me for a few minutes until Harry turned to me and began talking on his fingers like a deaf-mute. That was an old trick we had learned at school, and we found that it came in very handy on this occasion also.

"Say, Will," he spelled out in the one-hand alphabet, "I believe these people are trying the dummy racket on us." I watched the swift motions of the merman's hands for a moment; and I saw that Harry was right, though he talked faster than I could follow him. So I tried my hand, and asked the merman to go a little slower. He did so, and we managed to understand each other very well.

"Won't you come in and sit down for a while?" he asked; "we can have a nice little chat, if you've got the time. My wife here is French, and can't speak English very well yet; but she will make you welcome and I'll do the talking." I looked at Harry and asked him what we should do. "Here's a chance for a lark, Will," he said, "let's go in and see what kind of rocking-chairs the old duffer uses." I was willing enough, and the merman showed us a gap in the coral hedge and we went in.

"What do you think of my front yard?" our talkative little host asked almost before we were inside the fence. "There was a fellow down here from Chicago last summer and he gave me lots of tips on landscape gardening. I think myself that I'm beginning to get it into pretty good shape." We told him that it was quite the prettiest front yard we had ever seen; and he was so tickled that he sent his wife out to milk one of his sea-cows for our especial benefit. "Do you have cows down here?" I asked him. "Oh! yes," he said, "I've got about twenty of the prettiest short-horns you ever laid eyes on. But come out to the pasture and I'll show them to you, and my sea-horses too." We followed him and he led us to a herd of animals that had the general shape of sea-lions and were about as handsome as so many hippopotami. "Aren't they beauties?" the merman asked. "Perfectly lovely!" I telegraphed back, "they are what we landmen call manatees, and some say they are the original mermaids." "Nonsense!" he said, and then he took us over to see his horses. They had heads something like horses and the rest was principally back-bone. They looked like animated interrogation points on a day off.

When we returned to the house the mermaid offered us some milk, and, after seeing the

cows, I was more than glad that our helmets gave us an excuse for refusing. The merman seemed offended. So we said good-day to him on our fingers and "*au revoir*" to his better half, and bowed ourselves out of fairy land.

But our long stay under the water was beginning to give me a headache, and I told Harry so and said that I wanted to go up to the surface. Harry shook his head and said that he would as soon as we had explored the bottom about us. I consented to this, and we began our stroll again, at every step discovering some new shrub or animal. We were walking along quietly when Harry suddenly clutched my arm and pointed to a white object lying on the rocks at some distance. At first I thought it was only a bed of shells; but when we went up to it we found that it was a human skeleton. It was a disagreeable sight and jarred upon our nerves; but we soon gained courage enough to touch it. The bones were bleached as white as snow and were only slightly moved from their original places. Around the wrists were heavy iron shackles fastened together by a strong chain. It may seem strange, but at the head we found an empty tomato can with an assortment of fish-hooks in it. We were inclined to laugh at this, but the figure in front of us would have turned any one's mirth to awe.

I picked up the can, and began examining the fish-hooks, when I felt Harry fall against me, and looking up I saw a huge shark, the motion of whose tail had nearly knocked Harry off his feet. This accident left us with barely enough courage to hold on to the can and the dagger and to make our way to the yacht. We lost no time in giving the signal to be drawn up, and in a few minutes we were on deck in the warm sunlight—Harry with a rusty dagger, I with a tomato can; and both of us with lasting remembrances of our interesting stroll under the sea.

THERE is no more absurd cant than that the culture of the mind favors the culture of the heart. Indeed it is a question whether many minds were not better left to their native simplicity and comparative ignorance, than to besmear them with that surface polish so widely known as culture. Does a sentimental novel prompt to duty? Education seldom keeps people from folly or crime when the will is not influenced by virtue.

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M. P. MCFADDEN, '93.

—The editorial staff of the SCHOLASTIC is now being organized for the coming year. Those who are desirous of becoming members of the editorial board and who have not contributed to our columns must present evidence of their ability. Drop an essay of not more than two thousand nor less than twelve hundred words into the SCHOLASTIC box in the Students' Office.

—Field-day is fast approaching. Training for the various events has been well and faithfully done. The prizes this year are better than any ever before offered. Gold medals for firsts, silver for seconds and bronze for thirds are to be given in each event. The rules of competition require two contestants for a first medal, three for a second and five for a third. The prizes are now on exhibition. Entries must be made on or before May 23, and not an entry will be accepted after that date. The entry book is in the hands of Mr. E. M. Roby.

—There can be no doubt that American women are wonderfully active in erecting statues and monuments and memorial tablets to the distinguished of their sex. Sometimes their zeal is greater than their judgment; but when they hit upon Mary, the mother of

Washington, as the one deserving of honor, their wisdom was apparent. If the "New Woman" of Madame Grand and the rest would study the life of Mary Washington, we would hear less of her rights and liberties and know more about her duties.

—Just at present, when the A. P. A. and its aiders and abettors are redoubling their efforts to poison the minds of American Protestants against their Catholic fellow-citizens, the orations of Archbishop Ireland and Bourke Cockran are of peculiar value. The audiences in both cases were largely non-Catholic; but neither of the speakers attempted to minimize Catholic truths or doctrines; and that both were enthusiastically received speaks well for the fair-mindedness of true Americans. Bourke Cockran and the prelate of St. Paul are the sort of soldiers the Church needs now, and all Catholics ought to feel grateful to them for the good they have done.

—There is a species of vandalism being perpetrated here, highly gratifying to the offenders but very annoying to everybody else. This is the plucking of flowers from the beds on the lawn. Hardly has a plant bloomed when its flower is used to add to the attractiveness of some individual to whom Nature has been unkind. During the week a rare shrub (the only one of its species in the flower beds) showed a tiny flower which was promptly seized by a man with immense private interest. There is much care and time being expended in beautifying the approach to the buildings, and those who are guilty of pilfering from the flower beds should be made to realize that they are destroyers of public pleasure.

—It is surprising what alarm cigarette smokers will feel at an attack of any slight indisposition, when they are continually undermining their constitutions by the use of a poison whose effect is certain destruction to health of mind and body. The following picture drawn by Dr. Jordan of the Stanford University is by no means overdrawn:

"As a college teacher my experience with boys who have formed the cigarette habit is somewhat limited. It, however, confirms me in the opinion that such boys are like wormy apples: they drop long before harvest time. Very few of them ever advance far enough to enter college. Very few of those who enter last beyond the

first year. They rarely make failures in after life, because they do not have any after life. The boy who begins cigarette smoking before he is fifteen never enters the life of the world. When other boys are taking hold of the world's work he is concerned with the sexton and the undertaker."

—To-morrow evening the University Band begins a series of concerts which will continue until Commencement. Professor Preston has brought the Band to a high standard, and the coming concerts will give evidence of the perfection and skill of the members individually and collectively. We suggest to the students that they dispense with their "rec" night walks and show their appreciation of the Band's endeavors by attending the concerts. The Band has sacrificed much of their time for the pleasure of their fellow-students, and in turn the students should manifest their appreciation, not only of the efforts of the Band but also of the arduous labors of Prof. Preston who has always proven himself ready to add to our enjoyment. It is to be hoped that this year will not witness a repetition of the absurd tricks by auditors which were practised during last year's concerts.

—The one thing remarkable about the new scheme of study proposed for the High Schools by the Chicago Board of Education is the prominence given to English. This is a new feature in public-school education, and one that cannot be too highly commended. It is not many years since even our universities began to put the tongue of Milton and Shakspeare on a level with those of Homer and Plautus. But to-day the study of Greek and Latin has come to be only a means to an end, and that end a more thorough knowledge of the English language. It is folly to try to teach literature by text-books or volumes of extracts from the works of our immortals. Personal contact is, after all, the only way by which we can know a man, and the same is true of a book. Ready-made opinions committed to memory will never give a student a real grasp on the work in hand, an interest in it that will outlive his schooldays. But if he knows Shakspeare and Milton, Thackeray and Tennyson *in propriis personis* he will love them for the beauties he has discovered for himself, and their influence will be with him until death. And the place for this personal acquaintance is the High School; and the Board of Education deserves all honor for making it possible to young Chicago.

Notre Dame's Golden Jubilee.

WITHIN the past few weeks it has been widely published that the Golden Jubilee of Notre Dame University is to be celebrated with solemnity during the coming Commencement. The announcement, so far as can be learned, was wholly unauthorized. It is true that the year 1894 marks the fiftieth anniversary of the chartering of the University. It is true, also, that the celebration of the Golden Jubilee during the present year was originally intended. But the recent bereavement of the University, by which within a few short months it lost at once its Founder and its beloved President, have made it as impossible as it would be inappropriate to attempt an adequate solemnization of the anniversary. The deaths of Fathers Sorin, Granger and Walsh have cast a gloom over the students and alumni as well as the Faculty; and the officers of the University, no doubt, felt that they were giving expression to the sentiment of the friends of Notre Dame throughout the United States, when they determined that the Golden Jubilee should not be celebrated until Commencement 1895. Preparations for the event, however, have already been begun. Many notable improvements are now in progress and others, equally important, are projected. Washington Hall, one of the largest and best equipped college theatres in the United States, is being frescoed by competent artists; noteworthy modifications are being made in the college church; other buildings are being similarly renovated, and considerable industry, as well as good taste, is being exercised in beautifying the parks and grounds.

One of the notable features of the celebration will be the reunion of "old boys." All the alumni of Notre Dame are expected to be present to renew "auld acquaintance" and to make new friends. Many eminent prelates from the United States, Canada and Mexico have already signified their intention of taking part in the exercises and of rendering the occasion worthy of the event which it commemorates.

The foundation and development of Notre Dame are closely intertwined with the beginnings and the marvellous growth of the Church in the Western States. Our University may, without presumption, claim a modest share in that development; for a large proportion of the clergy and many earnest workers among the

laity of these States have been educated in her halls. The publication, therefore, of a history of the University will not be the least important or interesting incident in the celebration of the Golden Jubilee. Dr. Maurice Francis Egan has undertaken the work; a fact which is of itself an assurance that the history will be no dreary recital of dates and details, but a narrative of living interest, a notable chapter in the history of the Church in America.

These are some of the remote preparations for the Golden Jubilee. Others, which are still under consideration, will be announced in due time; but for the present enough has been said to assure the friends of Notre Dame that the celebration of her fiftieth birthday will not be unworthy of her noble record in the past, nor of those larger successes which, as we hope, the future holds in store for her.

The New Football.

LAST fall there was a prodigious outcry—largely on the part of editors who really knew very little about the game—against the brutality of football. It would be interesting now to hear the comments of these same individuals upon the new rules framed by the University Club's committee. The "flying V," the mass play, in fact, all off-side interference, is done away with by the new code; piling up on a man when down and interfering with a fair catch are things of the past; and the new official, the "linesman," makes "slugging" and all foul play almost impossible. The season of 1893 saw the turning point in American football. The Yale-Harvard game proved conclusively that mass-plays were of no avail against steady hard playing, and it is our opinion that even without the new rules they would have been abandoned. The game of '94 will be very open, and kicking and running with the ball will be very much in evidence. And now that that objectionable "wedge" is a thing of the past, the sporting editor of the *New York Post* and his fellow crusaders against football may rest on their laurels, and save their italics for the next international prize fight.

Football has come to stay, and a thousand editors could not make it unpopular. It is the ideal exercise, the college game of games. Rowing develops the muscles of the back and hips; base-ball those of the right arm and

side; track athletics all tend to the abnormal development of certain sets of muscles; but football gives work to all of them without overtaxing any particular one. Nor does it promote the physical at the expense of the mental. It is the only one of our popular games which is not, in a great measure, mechanical. It brings into play all the powers of the mind and fosters self-control and coolness in sudden emergencies. It is as scientific as a game of chess, with the added advantage of pawns and knights quick to see an opportunity, a break in the enemy's line of defense, and as prompt to take advantage of it.

The American college game is not nearly so brutal or dangerous to life and limb as some would have us believe. They quote statistics in a masterly manner; but the fact of the matter is that there were just two deaths on the "fatal gridiron" last season, and in both cases the victims were not college men or expert players. At Princeton, Harvard, Yale and Pennsylvania, there has been, in ten years, not one serious accident. Everyone will admit that the season of '93 saw some of the hardest and roughest games in the history of football. The momentum mass plays were used exclusively. Yet in twenty-six of the leading colleges of America no player was disabled for more than a week or two. Here at Notre Dame we were very fortunate: a strained shoulder, a smashed nose and a couple of sprained ankles is the sum of the injuries received by our Varsity eleven. Of course, there were sundry bruises, blacked eyes and "barked" shins, but they hardly deserve notice. And this with all the bloody and brutal Deland rushes and mass plays.

Our friends, the editors, who love not football, showed a decided fondness for English statistics, forgetting that the English game is not American football. They are almost as different as duel for "points" with six-ounce foils and a bout with four pound cudgels, and the advantage lies with the American game. Except at the public schools and the universities English football is rotten to the core. Except for the college teams, all are professionals, generally common laborers, with whom brute force is everything and head work nothing. These are the men who fill the hospitals after a game between counties or towns; and it is of their injuries that the London *Lancet* furnishes statistics for the American press.

A game like football, in which men are paired off and pitted against each other, involves, of course, a certain degree of rough-

ness; but the danger to the players is as nothing when compared with the risks that athletes and sportsmen generally run. There were over four thousand men and boys drowned during the year of 1893, and nearly twenty-five hundred more died from gun-shot wounds. Yet the editors take no notice of these two sports with their six thousand victims, and speak only of the brutality and danger of football.

And now a word as to the effects of the game upon the students who play it. Even the bitterest enemies of football acknowledge that their standing in class is better than the average of their fellow-students. The men who carried our own gold and blue to victory last fall are among the cleverest at the University. And about their physical condition there can be no question. Far from discouraging football at Notre Dame, the Faculty, from President to Prefect, have spared no pains to make it *the* college game.

D. V. C.

Holidays.

Many have denounced holidays as being injurious to the student. A greater mistake could not be made. Time spent in amusement during vacation is no more wasted than that spent in sleep. Vacation is a necessity in the life of a student.

Study cannot be continued from day to day without cessation. Nor can study be successful unless it become a pleasure and excite our interest. In order that study may be successful change must be allowed him. There are such things in existence as mechanical students, or so-called automatons, to whom everything is habit or necessity, who "go through" class after class without benefit to themselves or to their school. To him alone who finds study a pleasure and thought a recreation is the real benefit of a college known.

He whose ambitions are in the playground will never succeed in the class room, and he whose ambitions are for premiums will receive for his year's labor no other benefit than a premium with its transient honors. But he whose extended view and aspiration reaches far into life, who strives for his moral improvement and intellectual culture, acquires a superiority of mind and nobleness of soul which not only elevate him in this life, but, as Dante tells us, will follow and distinguish him even in the eternal existence beyond.

M. J. M'G.

A Reminiscence.

Some twenty-five years ago, just after his return from a trip in Europe, I met Father Sorin on the walk between the College and Washington Hall. Rome had been in his itinerary. After greeting him, I inquired about the Eternal City. His eyes glowed with the remembrance of the pleasure he had felt in treading her holy soil, and his eloquent description of the city of the Popes presented a whole panorama of beauties to my mind. He spoke of her majestic buildings, depicting in eloquent language the grandeur of St. Peter's; he told of the beauties of her matchless paintings, the perfect art of her statuary, her magnificent drives with enchanting villas bordering them, her highly cultivated gardens, blooming with great profusion of flowers—all creating the idea of a perfect Elysium, which gave me a desire for Aladdin's lamp that I might summon the genii to whisk me away to that enchanted land. But when, just as he closed his most enraptured description, the good Father, in true French manner, shrugged his shoulders and exclaimed, "But, oh! the fleas," the beautiful vision fled.

O. B. M.



In these days of literary piracy, when it is no uncommon thing to find your written word reprinted without quotation marks by a Capt. Kidd confrère, the boldest bit of burglary in the realms of literature is committed this month by a virtuous senior, and the *Lawrence High School Bulletin* is the "fence." Under the caption "His Fate," and over his initials, he publishes as original some verses that were first printed in *Life* prior to last Christmas, and the author was not this clever senior. The same writer has more verse in the same number of the *Bulletin* which he palms off as first-water poetry; but bless his little innocent heart! we have known "How They Love" for some time;

it is an old friend, and needs no introduction from our little contemporary. The cover of the *Bulletin* is appropriate; it has reason to blush crimson when plagiarizing with such effrontery.

Is it not strange that a non-Catholic lecturer when preparing his arguments for a discourse on any topic which does not involve some reference to the Catholic Church should be so careful in collecting information lest he may flounder helplessly in error, but that as soon as he comes to speak of the Church he is disposed to accept all that is said in favor of his position no matter how worthy of credit the authors from whom he draws his knowledge may be? An exhibition of this utter lack of judgment and fairness is shown in the last number of the *Albert College Times*. In his lecture delivered in a convention held lately in Detroit a certain Mr. Blackstone (the name is worthy of the man) distorted the history of Catholic doctrine to suit his taste and to please his hearers, and the *Times* publishes his very learned researches. For instance, he asserts, among other startling announcements, that "Confession was introduced into the Church in A. D. 1215, and that Purgatory was made in A. D. 1439." Did one ever before hear absurdities equal to these? Had the gentleman the leisure and the honesty to consult reliable historians he would have found that these beliefs obtained in the Catholic Church from the days of the Apostles. The Council of Lateran decreed the obligation of *annual* confession for all Catholics; but the necessity of confession was always recognized; and in defining a general time for all to approach the Sacrament of Penance the Church by no means added a doctrine but only strengthened her discipline. Now let us see what truth there is in his assertion that Purgatory was created by an Œcumenical Council in A. D. 1439. In A. D. 1437 an attempt was made to bring about a union of the Greek with the Roman Church, and for this purpose a general council of all the bishops of Christendom was called. The prelates of the Eastern Church attended the deliberations, and the doctrines held by both Latins and Greeks were found to be identical in essentials. All present subscribed to a constant belief in the existence of a place of purgation for such souls as have departed in God's grace without having done penance enough. All the other statements of Mr. Blackstone bearing on Catholic doctrine are equally false.

ATHLETICS

We always supposed that we might still learn something about ball-playing, but we didn't know we were quite so ignorant of the game until the Varsity nine told their friends that we were. You must know that the members of this team know all there is to be said about base-ball and a little more besides. Well, the Varsity people invited their friends to see them annihilate Elkhart on Thursday; and they played a little game in which Elkhart courteously refused to be made a hecatomb, but consented to act as pall-bearers, and buried Notre Dame. The Varsity Club know more about base-ball now!

But a truce to nonsense. Really, we think it a good thing that Notre Dame met defeat; it will serve to awaken the boys to realize that they need practice of a kind they have not had. We advocated at the beginning of the season a drill in sliding to base, and there has been none; and to this lack of practice is attributable, in a great measure, the smallness of Notre Dame's score in Thursday's game. We have insisted so often on this point that our remarks may seem tiresome; but as long as Varsity play as they do we shall raise our voice in protest.

The change of Callahan from the field to second was a grave mistake. He is too slow to act as a baseman. Why not try Krembs on the bag? He is a good fielder for ground balls, played third well in practice, and is a capital runner. And he is no baby with the stick. It would have been far better to have left Burns in the position. Perhaps he wasn't given practice enough. It is true, he is unsteady, but he is quick. Oh! for a second baseman like the one who played for Elkhart.

The crews have at last been organized and are now training hard. There is some talk of a race on Decoration Day. We hope the captains will have some mercy for their men and prepare for no early exhibition. There is such a thing as overtraining, and a race with the little practice we shall have had by the 30th inst. must be a fizzle. Better wait until Commencement, and then put up a race that will reflect honor on the Gold and Blue.



—John Weakland (student), '90, is a postal clerk in Washington, D. C.

—J. Sylvester Hummer (B. L.), '91, paid a flying visit to *Alma Mater* on Sunday last.

—J. E. Cusack (B. S.), '89, is 2d Lieut., 5th Cavalry, U. S. A., stationed at Fort McIntosh, Tex.

—John F. Nester (student), '87, of Detroit, Mich., was a very welcome visitor on Wednesday last.

—Joseph K. Combe (B. S. B.), '93, is pursuing the medical course at the University of Virginia.

—Charles Martin (Com'l), '86, occupies the position of cashier in the People's Saving Bank, at Des Moines, Iowa.

—Father McLaughlin, of Niles, Mich., came to see the boys play the Elkharts. He has great hopes for the Varsity nine.

—James Ryan (student), '93, is an accountant in the office of the Chicago and Eastern Illinois Railroad at Danville, Illinois.

—George and John Cooke (students), '90, hold responsible positions in their father's extensive establishment in Chicago.

—Crayke S. Priestly (student), '91, of Des Moines, Iowa, is a senior in the department of medicine at the University of Pennsylvania.

—John B. Sullivan (B. L.), '91, of Afton, Iowa, passed a very creditable examination for admission to the bar before the Supreme Court of Iowa.

—Messrs. Sam Lederer of the *Chicago Herald*, Joseph A. Altshuler of the *New York World*, and Edwin R. Kimball of the *Chicago Times*, visited the University last week.

—Thomas J. McConlogue (LL. B.), '91, is coming to the front as a rising practitioner in Chicago. Tom was always a hard and serious worker, and as a result he has a large clientèle.

—Fred E. Neef (B. L.), '93, is still studying with the assiduity for which he was always noted. He intends to take a special course at Harvard next term. Fred has our warmest wishes for a bright future.

—A. W. Lahey (student), '90, is among the prominent employees in the Security Bank of

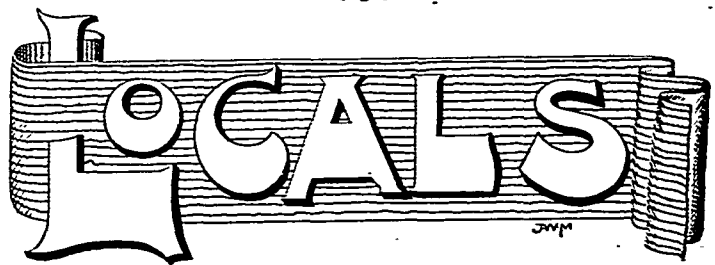
Duluth, Minn. In a recent letter he says that his short stay at Notre Dame is one of the brightest spots in his life. Mr. Lahey is remembered as a vocalist of rare ability. He is continuing his successes in the land of song, and is highly praised by the press of Duluth as an amateur actor. We wish him all prosperity.

Communication.

EDITOR SCHOLASTIC:

There is a great deal of dissatisfaction occasioned by the reports of the Varsity games. If the reporter cannot do justice to all the players he should not criticise one particular player. He is evidently afraid to say anything about the captain. Let us have a fair and square account of the games, and no particular criticism unless the whole team is concerned.

FAIR PLAY.



—Good swimming nowadays.

—Band concert to-morrow evening.

—The walls of the new sacristy are rising rapidly.

—The Field-day prizes are beauties. Take a look at them.

—The Surveying class are surveying the neighboring fields.

—Carroll Field-day next Thursday. Many entries are reported.

—The abundant rains this month have made the lakes unusually high.

—The last essays of the year in the Literature class were due this week.

—Why are the chimes silent? Let us hear once more the voices in the tower.

—The new song by Prof. Preston has been warmly welcomed by the musicians.

—The frog chorus these nights is something great; it begins early and lasts long.

—Lost—A University lock from Carroll gym. Finder, please leave with Jos. Lantry.

—The feast of Corpus Christi will be celebrated with the usual solemnities on Thursday.

—The membership of the boat club has been increased by two or three during the past week.

—The St. Cecilians have a pretty design for a society pin. All the members will get them.

—Bro. Albius has a sample design for an archconfraternity pin. It is done in enamel, and is greatly admired.

—Next Tuesday the Varsity team will cross bats with the Purdue University team. An excellent game is expected.

—LOST—A neck-tie pin—a gold crescent with star—set with pearls. Finder, please return to J. Kelly, Brownson Hall.

—It is to be hoped that the bees will not extend their flight to the boat house. Boys bees bare when they go swimming.

—Private Shillington won the drill for the Co. "B" medal held on the 13th. He and Private Lansdowne are now credited with two drills each.

—LOST—A valuable silk umbrella with an elegantly carved handle and a tendency to conceal itself in Room 41, Sorin Hall. Finder, please return to the owner.

—It has been observed that we have a greater variety of song birds this spring than usual. The number of orioles ("a flaming heart with sable wings") is surprisingly large.

—While discussing the wonderful strength of insects, an irritated wasp settled under the coat tails of a two hundred pound scientist the other day practically demonstrating the power of that insect in lifting.

—The following will be the Field-day events:

100 yard dash, 100 yard dash (Novice), 220 yard dash, 440 yard run, 1 mile run, 120 yard Hurdle, 5 mile Bicycle, Putting Shot, Throwing Hammer, Running High Jump, Running Broad Jump, Running Hop-Step-and-Jump, Throwing Baseball.

—On Pentecost eve a delegation from St. Edward's Hall presented Rev. President Morrissey with two large century plants to be placed at the foot of the statue of the Sacred Heart on the lawn as an *ex-voto* from St. Edward's Hall.

—We hear praise on all sides for the singing during the May devotion. Our choir is in good trim. The Mass on Pentecost was worthy of the great feast. It is a beautiful production. However, the credit of its rendition is due to Prof. Preston's skilful arrangement.

—The day selected for the First Communion is the Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi. A more appropriate day could not have been chosen. The Rev. Prefect of Religion is taking special care to have the candidates well prepared. There is a large class this year.

—Entries for Field-Day events will close on Wednesday the 23d. All athletes not having their names registered on that day will be barred from entering. A great many that are training and intend to enter are holding back their names. This is nonsense; if you intend to take part on Field-Day enter at once.

—Very Rev. President Morrissey gave a very digestible cake to the first Arithmetic class in St. Edward's Hall as a reward for the excellent

work done by the boys since his examination in March. The Minims return the Rev. President thanks for his gift and still more for his kind words of encouragement.

—Monday evening a *musicale* was given in the Brownson Hall reading-room by the Crescent Club Orchestra. Mrs. Corby, who was the guest of the evening, sang "The Holy City," and was twice encored. Professor Preston gave his new song, "Remember Mother," and Mr. Bates sang "The King and Me." There were a number of visitors and members of the Faculty present, and the occasion was a delightful one for all concerned.

—One who has long been in search of a good carriage horse has finally made a selection of the steed formerly employed for light work at the Seminary. We can vouch for this animal being gentle and perfectly safe. The recent showers have improved his appearance somewhat. Mazeppa is not what would be called a fiery and untamed steed, but he still has the use of his legs, and all he needs is a patient master and a little encouragement.

—The National Music Co., of Chicago, has published an excellent vocal selection composed and written by Prof. Preston, and entitled "Remember Mother." The work has been accorded high praise by the musical critics. The sentiment expressed by the words and the high character of the music should make it popular. It is just the sort of song that should find favor everywhere, but chiefly in the home-circle. The Professor has our congratulations and thanks for having produced such an admirable song.

—The South Bend *Tribune*, in publishing an account of a game of ball in which the Elkharts defeated a picked nine from the Bend, states that the latter were assisted by several players from Notre Dame. Be it known that none of our ball tossers have played this year on any other field than the home diamond. Much as we should like to aid our friends of the stand pipe city in gaining victories over neighboring opponents we respectfully decline to become party in defeats, especially when the Waterloo is on paper.

—At the Band Concert, to be given tomorrow evening, the following programme will be presented:

Overture—"The Champion,"	- - -	Hartmann
March—"Manhattan Beach,"	- - -	Sousa
Gavotte—"The Queen's Favorite,"	- - -	Walter
Waltz—"The Knight,"	- - -	Knight
Schottische—"Jubilee Singers,"	- - -	Carnes
Polka—"Thro' the Air"—(Piccolo solo),	- - -	Dam
		Mr. Oscar Schmidt.
March—"Hoynes Light Infantry,"	- - -	Hennessy.
		Cullen, Chassaing

—The new pews and stalls are highly praised for their artistic design, comfort and general arrangement. There is now more room in the sanctuary, and it has a look of order sadly lacking heretofore. The Rev. pastor of the

Church of the Sacred Heart has displayed fine taste in the improvements he is making. It is to be hoped that the old pulpit will be exchanged for something more in keeping with the stalls.

—The game with Purdue next Tuesday will be one of the athletic events of the season. Purdue has a strong team in the field and her victories over other colleges assure a close game. The clubs will play as follows:

NOTRE DAME.		PURDUE.
Schmidt,	C.	Kintner
Callahan,	2d B.	Myers
McKee,	C. F.	Todd
Stack	P.	Olin
McCarrick	3d B.	Boyles
O'Neill	L. F.	Talbot.
Flannigan (Capt.)	1st B.	Fisher
Chassaing	S. S.	Kerr (Capt.)
Sweet	R. F.	Moore
C. Clarke and Krembs	Substitutes.	Bashman

NOTRE DAME VS. ELKHART.

We have met the enemy and we are theirs. It was a most crushing defeat, and, wholly unexpected, and our disappointment and chagrin were the greater. Never was the truth of the aphorism that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again" so completely demonstrated as in the game played last Thursday between the Varsity Nine and the Elkhart Truths.

That in the first game the Truths were crushed with an exceedingly big crush there can be no doubt; but that they have arisen again, the tabulated score can well attest. It came upon us like the proverbial thunder-clap from a clear sky. How it all happened will be hard to explain. The honor of Notre Dame has been well maintained upon the field, both in baseball and football, and the record of having been undefeated upon the home grounds for many years—since the defeat by the Jenny & Grahams of Chicago—has been her proud boast. It has remained to the Elkhart men to break the long chain of consecutive victories, and that, too, by a score which seems wholly unexplainable in the light of the good game put up by the Varsity men two weeks ago.

The Truths put up a magnificent fielding game, and they deserved to win. However, nearly all of their runs were due to the rankest kind of errors and at a time when an error on Notre Dame's part cost two or three runs. When a slight error is made our men seem to lose their heads and indulge in plays that result most disastrously.

The game opened with the Truths at bat. Dodson caught one of Stack's curves, and hit so hard that the latter was unable to recover himself in time to throw him out at first. But not satisfied with one base he tried to take second, but Schmidt was on the alert and threw him out. Funkhauser was presented with a base on balls and had no trouble in going to second. Donovan drove a single into right field, bringing home Funkhauser. He moved himself to third. Schmidt thought he saw a

chance of putting Donovan out at third, and threw wild, thus allowing the man to trot home. The next man struck out. This ended the run-making for the visiting team until the fourth inning.

O'Neill was the first at bat for the home team. From the first he had his eye on the ball and, getting one to his liking, drove it out into left field for a two-bagger. Chassaing strengthened the hopes of all by driving the horse hide into left field, bringing in O'Neill. Chassaing stole second and on a passed ball came home. This ended the run-making for the Varsity team, and in the remaining eight innings they were marked blank.

In the fourth inning, with one out and the bases occupied, Donovan, of the Truths, sacrificed, bringing in Silvers. Creger was given a base on balls, and here was a chance to win or lose the game. Funkhauser, the sure little short stop, hit the ball into right field for a two-bagger, and on endeavoring to come home was thrown out by Sweet. The score now stood 7 to 2.

During the remaining two innings the rain fell. The home team thought it was a shame to be thus robbed of victory, but the dark clouds soon passed by, and they were given a chance with a weak pitcher and a wet ball. But the inning was only a repetition of the previous one.

In the remaining two innings our boys were not in the game once. In the eighth inning the Truths were credited with four runs, and in the ninth, two. To say that the game was poor, would be stating it too briefly—the game was rank. Some of the men have been given ample time to display their ability, and now that they have been "tried and found wanting," give some one else a chance. Callahan's position is in the field, and either Burns should be put back in his position, or Krembs or Flynn be sent to cover second base. The two latter are good batters and good base runners—what we need. The following is the score:

ELKHART.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Dodson, 3d b.	- 5	1	1	0	0	0	1
Funkhauser, c. f.,	- 4	4	0	0	1	0	0
Donovan, 1st b.,	- 4	2	1	1	10	0	1
Creger, c.,	- 4	2	1	1	8	3	0
Pindell, 2d b.	- 4	2	1	0	8	2	0
Funkhauser J., s. s.,	- 4	0	2	0	0	4	0
Hains, r. f.,	- 4	0	0	0	0	0	0
Firestone, l. f.,	- 4	0	1	0	0	0	0
Silvers, p.,	- 3	2	1	0	0	7	0
TOTALS	- 36	13	8	2	27	16	2
NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	I.B.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
O'Neill, l. f.,	- 4	1	1	0	1	0	0
Chassaing, s. s.,	- 4	1	2	0	2	3	1
Callahan, 2d b.,	- 4	0	0	0	2	4	3
McCarrick, 3 b.,	- 3	0	0	0	1	0	2
Flannigan, 1st b.,	- 4	0	0	1	12	0	0
McKee, c. f.,	- 3	0	1	0	0	0	0
Sweet, r. f.,	- 4	0	1	0	0	3	1
Stack, p.,	- 2	0	0	0	0	4	2
Schmidt, c.,	- 3	0	2	0	9	4	1
TOTALS	- 31	2	7	1	27	18	10

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
ELKHART:—	2	0	0	5	0	0	0	4	2=13
NOTRE DAME:—	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0=2

SUMMARY.

Earned runs: Notre Dame, 2; Elkhart, 1. *Two base hits:* O'Neill, Chassaing, Funkhauser. *Stolen bases:* Donovan, Creger, J. Funkhauser, 2; Chassaing, McCarrick, McKee, Schmidt. *Double play:* Chassaing to Callahan, to Flannigan. *Struck out:* by Stack, 8; Silvers, 6. *Base on balls:* Off Stack, 10; Silvers, 3. *Hit by pitcher:* Donovan, W. Funkhauser. *Passed balls:* Schmidt. *Umpires:* Kivlan and Hart. Time, 2 hours. Official Scorer, P. N. Foley.

Roll of Honor.

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* Omitted by mistake the last five weeks.

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