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A Reverie.

M. A.

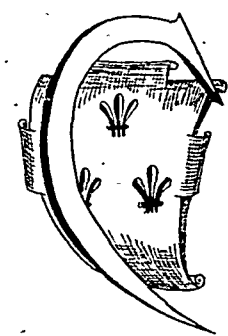
FULL many have sung in discordant strains,
As the seasons come and go,
Of Life's bountiful treasure of ceaseless
pleasure,

Bedewed with the tears of woe;
The winter snows and the summer rains
And the gentle breezes of spring
Have a joyous story of endless glory
And something of sadness to sing.

Through each life sounds a sorrowful undertone
Scarce heard for the muffled beat
Of the heart, that ever by vain endeavor
Would stifle the cry of defeat;
And the weary one stands or falls alone
On some cheerless path of life,
Forever complaining, while faith slowly waning
Is conquered at last in the strife.

St. Francis of Assisi.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.



CATHOLICS in this country are accustomed to look upon the saints of the Church as beings of a higher order of creation; to view them as penitents, devotees and wonder-workers, but at the same time as hardly human. This erroneous idea was originated and has been kept up by those translations from the French which are the only biographies of the saints in English. If there are exceptions, they are nearly always

imitations, at least, of French works of this kind.

Now, speaking from personal experience and the testimony of others, the style in which these books are written, however well it may suit the temperament of the Latin races, appeals but feebly to English-speaking people. Exclamations and apostrophes and frequent chapters on miracles fail to bring us nearer to the man himself. We are not made to sympathize with him and understand him; and unless this is brought about, no benefit is derived from our reading.

The saints should be portrayed as men who lived as men have always lived, but in greater sanctity; who were put to all the trials and inconveniences of life which we ourselves have to undergo; who suffered the same temptations which assail us, and who at first, perhaps, fell as we do; but who bore all suffering and persecution and temptation with patience and resignation, and who always had the courage, after failing, to try again and to persevere to the end. It is on this account only that they are to be admired and imitated; had they not fought they would not have deserved the honor of victory.

Nor is attention to be paid only to the spiritual life of those whom the Church has canonized. Apart from any consideration of sanctity, many of them are famous for the influence which they exerted over their own and succeeding ages. Many of them were leaders in the great social movements to which Europe owes its civilization; but few of them have received the praise which their deeds merited.

In this brief paper, then, upon the life of St. Francis of Assisi he is treated of more especially as a man and a poet. While his wonderful holiness is recognized and admired, he deserves also to be remembered as the one who freed

Europe from great evils, and who was the precursor of Dante.

At the beginning of the thirteenth century the Christian world was in a condition of almost hopeless wretchedness. It was as though the humanizing influence of religion had no longer a place in the hearts of men. The manners of the time were by no means rude. Rich velvets and rare jewels were worn by the nobility; art, music and letters were passionately loved and cultivated; but unbridled lust, pride and avarice—the result of an education which trained the mind but neglected the heart—were the causes of a deplorable state of affairs.

Every petty prince or count who could gather a hundred spear-men around him made war upon his neighbor. For the convenience of all parties—because even the most quarrelsome are sometimes at a loss for a pretext—feuds were made hereditary, and the name a man bore was an excuse for his murder. There was, besides this, much corruption in Church and State against which the Papacy for a long time struggled in vain.

More than one good man of that mournful period, I doubt not, despaired for the future of his country, and prayed God to send a savior. And in the fulness of His time the Lord sent His servant to do the work.

In the year 1182 Francesco Bernadone and Madonna Pica, his wife, inhabitants of the small town of Assisi, became the joyful parents of a son whom it pleased them to call Francis. The father was the wealthiest merchant of the place, and sold his cloth stuffs not alone in Italy but even in France. Thither he was wont to make frequent trips on business, so that he came at length to love the old Provençal songs and music and speech better even than those of his own fair land. And his young son, as years passed by and his education was begun, began to have the same affection for them.

Francis learned what was usual for young men of wealth at that day—a little Latin, much French, and a great deal of music. His indulgent father denied him no advantage. He wished his son to be spoken of as a man of fashion, to be chief among his companions, the admired of all Assisi. Perhaps it was a natural concern for the young man's welfare, perhaps a secret wish to have him outshine the youthful heirs to noble titles who could not afford to live as the coffers of Bernadone enabled Francis to do. At all events, the future saint did not disappoint him. Foremost in all the revelries, the dancing, the serenading, the banqueting, with

which the Corti of the city whiled away the hours, was the heir of the rich cloth-merchant. He was the gayest of them all. They must have loved him too, for in after years all men and the very beasts were drawn toward him.

During one of the outbreaks of the standing hatred between Assisi and its rival Perugia, Francis was taken by the enemy. In prison he was the life of his fellow captives, who longed for the pleasures from which they had been so suddenly snatched. Here, perhaps, it was that his mind began to prepare for his conversion. In the solitude of the dungeon he saw for the first time the hollowness of the life he had been leading—and the ground was ploughed for the planting.

Upon his return home he joined another military expedition under the Count of Brienne; but on the way to battle he had a vision which changed the whole course of his life. A voice bade him go back to his native town, and there wait until the Divine will should be made clear. He obeyed, and for some years all went quietly, without the looked-for sign. He was still the old Francis—the handsome, the joyous, the spendthrift. At last he heard the expected Voice. It bade him rebuild the little parish church which had fallen into decay.

His father was absent at the time, but without hesitation Francis sold some valuable merchandise and offered the proceeds to the priest. The latter refused the money, knowing how the young enthusiast had come by it and fearing the displeasure of the merchant. His fears were not without ground. When he heard of the affair old Bernadone was furious. He was willing to pay, he said, for the pleasure of seeing his son respected in the world, but he would not have him waste his hard-earned money in such a foolish way.

Angry words passed between parent and child, and Francis, freely renouncing his name and heritage, handing back even his clothes, went forth clad only in a hair-shirt, and never again entered the house in which he had been born. Henceforth he was at liberty to serve God as he choose.

Not having the means to hire laborers, he laid the stones of a new church with his own hands and, unassisted, completed it. From this we can get an insight into his character. When he heard the Divine command he obeyed it literally. He saw what he had to do, and chose the simplest and readiest means at hand.

So also in after life, when his ardent mind, moved by love for God's suffering creatures,

conceived the idea of reforming the whole Christian world, he formulated no theory to explain the whys and wherefores of the wretchedness about him, but went himself into the homes of poverty and sickness and by personal efforts tried to relieve the inmates of their burdens of want and degradation.

In his new sphere he was the same as he had always been. The sprightliness which had hitherto made the table laugh, now cheered the sick; the generosity which had led him to lavish large sums upon his gay companions, now prompted him to give the little he received to the needy. We can picture his dark, intelligent countenance, his smile gentle as a mother's; no words were needed to inspire confidence; the lowest of men instinctively trusted him.

He soon found, however, that his own efforts were insufficient. The harvest was large and there must be laborers. He therefore associated with himself several converts who became the nucleus of the Franciscan Order. The company increased in numbers until it was thought useful to obtain from the Pope his confirmation of it. The Pontiff, placing little store in the ability of a small band of zealous men to reform the world, at first refused their suit; but later, urged thereto, it is said, by inspiration from above, he changed his decision and approved of the new Order.

From this time it grew and flourished. Forbidden by rule to dwell in monasteries or to own the least tittle of property, enjoined to beg their daily bread in public and to feed the poor with what was not necessary for their own few wants, the Friars Minor spread over Italy and the rest of Europe, preaching and teaching, but above all inciting virtue in their hearers by the examples of pious, self-denying lives.

Their appearance was followed by a great religious revival. A yearning for the spiritual began to be felt, and men's eyes were lifted to higher and better things.

I mention these facts, although they appear digressive, because they tend to illustrate the influence of St. Francis upon the character and thought of the present day. He brought home to the lowest classes the precious truth that they are something more than mere drudges; that they have rights which should be respected, and affections as sacred as those of kings. We know what fruit this idea has brought forth in the last hundred years.

But he builded better than he knew. As it was said of another, so in a wider sense may it

be said of him: *Si monumentum queris, circumspice*. He was an architect of society, and his work still stands after seven centuries have passed over it. There is nothing stern or repellant about St. Francis. We do not picture him as a solemn, grand or majestic personage, but rather as a man gentle and tender to all, as one who loved all men as brothers.

His verses, many of which have been preserved, are rude and badly rhymed, although they were corrected by Fra Pacifico who had some reputation for literary gifts. They show, however, strong feeling and some poetic inspiration. He wrote them in the vulgar tongue of Italy, and he is one of the pioneers of Italian literature. He cleared the way, and sixty years later Dante composed the "Divina Commedia" in the same language.

Let me quote a stanza or two from the poems of St. Francis. This is from "The Duel of Love with Christ":

"I die of sweetest woe;
Wonder not at my fate;
The lance which gave the blow
Is love immaculate."

A quarrel had arisen between the Bishop and magistrates of Assisi. The saint, distressed at the scandal, sent some of his Brothers to sing these verses abroad. They were added to an earlier poem, the "Cantico del Sole":

"And praised is my Lord
By those who for thy love can pardon give,
And bear the weakness and the wrongs of men;
Blessed are those who suffer then in peace,
By Thee, the Highest, to be crowned in heaven."

With this poem on his lips he passed away at the monastery of Alverno. There also, shortly before his death, he received upon his body the stigmata of Christ, the seal of the divine approval of his work. He was a friend of God, and his glory was not of this world, but we know that his labors in behalf of Christ's little ones were not in vain.

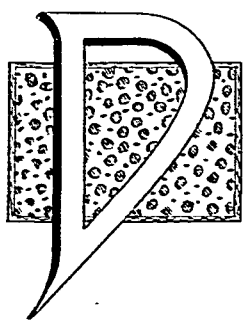
It is little we can do for each other. We accompany the youth with sympathy and manifold old sayings of the wise to the gate of the arena; but it is certain that not by strength of ours, nor by the old sayings, but only on strength of his own, unknown to us or to any, he must stand or fall.—*Emerson*.

THERE are three sorts of egoists: those who live themselves and let others live; those who live themselves and don't let others live; and those who neither live themselves nor let others live.—*Anon*.

Two Elizabethan Dramatists.

NICHOLAS S. DINKEL.

I.



URING that period in which Shakspeare was the teacher and Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, and many other of their contemporaries, were essentially pupils, England gave birth to dramas which are recognized by all critics

as the greatest examples of the Modern or Romantic school. The Elizabethan drama possessed qualities fitting it to hold up to the age it represented its own poetic image. It became the organ of expression for the then prevailing sentiment. It arose in a splendid epoch when the language was able to portray passions and emotions; when the character of the people furnished unlimited material; when the nature of the general thought and feeling breathed inspiration. Under these and other circumstances it attained the literary excellence which has been acknowledged for centuries. Its merits are many, but still we cannot help noticing its occasional vulgarity. The reader of some of the Elizabethan plays often has his attention distracted by the coarseness of a few passages. This indelicacy was due to the habits of the time.

To get a good idea of Shakspeare's rivals we must not hesitate to read every line; this is necessary if we would estimate them rightly, and when we have done so we will esteem the more the great poet himself. The plays are as widely dissimilar as it was possible for them to be; but each holds the highest place in the class to which it belongs.

Of that antique life of which the classical drama was the noblest reflection, simplicity was the chief characteristic. The whole development of the ancient world seems to have been one-sided; that of the modern unites into one harmonious whole elements which are more numerous than the Greeks ever imagined. After a survey of a few of the English dramas we must admit that each was the best for its time and purpose.

"Philaster," a serious drama of great excellence, written by Beaumont and Fletcher, has merits which lovers of poetry will ever appreciate, united to faults which are all too evident. The sweetness of the poetry and the gentle

strength of Philaster and Bellario will make it live forever. It is a beautiful dramatic poem relieved by cameo-cut bits of comedy. The character of Pharamond is highly comic, and what makes it the more so is his easy and nonchalant air. Other men of Pharamond's complexion and cast of mind make a great impression by their audacity, and believe that it will ensure them the admiration of all. They are proud of their pride; but from this man things, far distant from what is proper, come in the easiest and most natural manner imaginable. He is always calm and rational and never a positive bully. His character is brought out well in the scene in the princess' chamber. "I would not talk with you," says Philaster disdainfully. Wishing to avoid a quarrel, Pharamond replies:

"But now the time is fitter; do but offer
To make mention of right to any kingdom,
Though it be scarce habitable."

Again, after a very plain answer from his princely rival, who threatens that if he should provoke him further men should say, "Thou wert, and not lament it," Pharamond, without the least embarrassment, turns to the queen and says:

"'Tis an odd fellow, madame; we must stop
His mouth with some office when we are married."

To this the princess replies:

"You were best make him your controller."

Not to be beaten, Pharamond answers:

"I think he would discharge it well."

The finest passage of the whole drama is the description of Bellario. The picture of the boy sent by the gods, with such pretty, helpless innocence in his face, sitting by the fountain's side and repaying the nymph with tears for the drops he has taken to quench his thirst, makes us feel that such a person could never exist; and yet we know the thought is natural and we cannot resist the beauty of it. The marked degree of gentleness in the characters of Philaster and Bellario, the picturesque descriptions, the true feeling, and the occasional flashes of intense passion make us forget the coarseness of some of its passages and remember only the nobility of the others.

The references to life and death are always noble. When Bellario is asked whether he knows what it is to die, he calmly replies:

"Yes, I do know, my lord;
'Tis less than to be born; a lasting sleep:
A quiet resting from all jealousy.
A thing we all pursue; I know, besides,

It is but giving over of a game
That must be lost."

And again:

"Alas, my lord, my life is not a thing
Worthy your noble thoughts; 'tis not a life;
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away."

These speeches of Bellario are all feminine, and as soon as the reader discovers that Bellario is a woman he is surprised not to have noticed it before from Bellario's words. She is a very good creation—full of romantic tenderness and deep devotedness and affection for Philaster whom she secretly loved.

The plot in general is not very regular, but in the third act it almost reaches perfection. The princess is denounced, and we are roused to the highest pitch of excitement. There is no loophole for escape left. The king, the princess and Philaster are torn apart by a common misunderstanding. Gradually, by the subtlety of the writers' art the knot is untied and the drama continues as it began, somewhat irregular.

II.

As long as the "Duchess of Malfi" shall be read, John Webster will be ranked among the supreme tragic writers of the world. Webster is spoken of as a strange and terrible genius, a sort of Satan, who delights in pleasures of the darkest kind, and as one who wrote merely to cause a vulgar shudder to pass over his readers. He certainly deals in horrors; but I think he is accused unjustly, as we must remember that the age for which he wrote was in itself corrupt. He knew well the habits and passions of his fellows, and with a deep insight into the darkest depths of human nature he wrote several good plays of which the "Duchess of Malfi" is the best.

The plot of this drama is more irregular than that of "Philaster," and its characters are more fantastic and unreal. One sympathizes with a character for a time and then, of a sudden, he is surprised to find his sympathy has turned to hate. Ferdinand, the Duke, has his real character exposed in a single line.

The avowal of the duchess is a fine mixture of tenderness and dignity. Without losing any of her self-respect, she declares to Antonio that he is the husband of her choice. It is a scene in which womanly love and dignity are exhibited with grand powers of description. She exclaims:

"Awake, awake, man!
I do here put off all vain ceremony,
And only do appear to you a young widow
That claims you for her husband, and, like a widow,
I use but half a blush in't."

Webster paints his pictures well; the darker and more terrible the scenes, the better he portrays them. When Bosola approaches the seeming lifeless body of the Duchess, there occurs an incident that makes a chill pass over us. The woman whom he has just strangled to death seems to recover life, and he cries out:

"—She stirs; here's life!

Return, fair soul, from darkness and lead mine
Out of this sensible hell; she's warm, she breathes;—
Upon thy pale lips I will melt my heart,
To store them with fresh colour."

Webster's chief strength lies in his power to skilfully move us to horror; to lay on terror as much as we can bear. He wearies a life until it is about to go out and makes the body suffer the most intense pains. He knows well how to touch a soul. Before murdering the Duchess, Bosola uses the most dreadful apparatus conceivable to torture her, and then strangles her. The mode of wreaking vengeance on the woman could only be described by a poet of great imagination.

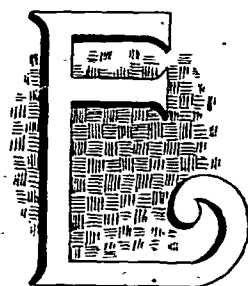
In the contrast between the character and the condition of the duchess lies the tragedy. She was innocent of the charge; but as it often happens in life the good seem to be defeated, and the wicked victorious; it is only seemingly so; virtue in the end is rewarded and sin punished. After painting with fidelity and great power the tragic career of his heroine, he concludes with these beautiful words:

"I have ever thought

Nature doth nothing so great for great men
As when she's pleased to make them lords of truth:
Integrity of life is fame's best friend,
Which nobly, beyond death, shall crown the end."

The Hero of the "Idyls."

JOSEPH J. GALLAGHER.



EVERY man should have a hero, an ideal, no matter what avocation in life he may follow. Without such a model he will go on from day to day without ambition, without any desire to leave his "foot-prints on the sands of Time." Great works are the outcome of lofty aspirations. Bayard Taylor would not hold the place in American literature which is his if he had not striven to be a truly great poet.

King Arthur, in Tennyson's "Idyls," is an example of a good ruler—an example worthy of imitation by those who desire to govern well the state, and at the same time win the hearts of their subjects. Camelard was the first place to give testimony of the king's kindness. It had long been laid waste by the wars of petty kings and the invasion of the heathen. Indeed so few were its inhabitants that the forest covered all the land,

"And wolf and boar and bear
Came night and day, and rooted in the fields,
And wallow'd in the gardens of the King."

Seeing his territory in this sad condition, and desiring to be set free from his captivity, King Leodogran

"Groan'd for the Roman legions here again
And Cæsar's eagle."

He therefore sent an embassy to Arthur, the new-crowned king of Britain, telling him of the dangers which beset him, and begging him to come to his assistance.

Arthur's heart was moved to pity, and with a band of his knights he rode to Leodogran's rescue. Quickly the heathens were put to flight, the thick woods felled, the wild beasts killed, and once more the sun's rays fell cheerfully upon the land of King Leodogran. We cannot but admire the modesty of King Arthur during this campaign, especially when we remember that it was the first time he rode at the head of his army into a strange country. He was not proud or vain-glorious, nor did he strive to be conspicuous by the richness of his armor. On the contrary, his dress was no better than that of his knights; in fact, some of them were more gayly clad than their king. Guinevere when first she saw him did not think of Arthur as the king, so well did he conceal his royal character.

After relieving his distressed brother, Arthur had to face a more dangerous enemy. Mutiny had broken out in his ranks. Some of his nobles, anxious to gain the throne, said that he was not the son of Uther, their former king. The birth of Arthur was clouded in mystery; some believed him to be the lawful son of Uther; others claimed that his father was either Gorlois or Anton; while the third party were of the opinion that he had descended from heaven. Tradition has it that on one awful night—

"A night
In which the bounds of heaven and earth were lost,"
Merlin, the court magician of King Uther, and

Bleys, his teacher, were upon the beach, and eight mighty waves rolled in, and on the ninth, the mightiest of all, a naked babe, encircled by a flame, was borne and laid at Merlin's feet—

"Who stooped and caught the babe, and cried: 'The King!
Here is an heir for Uther'!"

It was Merlin who took care of Arthur until he was old enough to assume the royal power. It is quite probable that only for him Arthur would never have allowed himself to be crowned king. It was Merlin that quieted Arthur's mind and gave the proper interpretation to the words on the sword Excalibar—a sword which, when other means had proved useless, was successful in crushing the revolt of the rebel knights.

Arthur then returned into his own country. Now that the war was ended he engaged himself in the administration of justice. He was always ready to correct abuses, and was ever accessible even to the meanest of his subjects. If the complainant came from afar and the wrong could not be righted by the king himself, he sent one of his knights to do so. Arthur had a truly paternal heart. How sorely did it grieve him when he was obliged to take the field against Modred—Modred a knight on whom he lavished many favors, but who, nevertheless, had turned traitor and invaded the territory of Arthur, proclaiming himself king. Listen to what Arthur himself says on this occasion:

"Ill doom is mine
To war against my people and my knights.
The king who fights his people fights himself.
And they, my knights, who loved me once, the stroke
That strikes them dead is as my death to me."

This was Arthur's last engagement. After slaying Modred he himself received a mortal wound. Knowing that his last hour was approaching, he ordered Sir Bedivere to take his sword Excalibar and cast it into the lake. Sir Bedivere hesitates, but in the end he does so; and Arthur, the pure man, the brave knight and the wise king, when the three queens have borne him to the barge that is to carry him away "to the island-valley of Avilion," gives him this last command:

"If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

Trifles Light as Air.

MORNING.

Softly breathed the Queen of morning
Silvery fingers touched the sphere,
Earth that slept awoke in stillness,—
Mystic depths I could not peer.

M.

TIME.

An aged form with wrinkled face and hands,
With tattered garb, now threadbare, old and gray,
We picture thee, O Time; and over lands
Of varied cares place we thy sweeping sway.

Old, old, thou art to those who live an age
Of sweet enjoyment born in sweet content;
E'en so to one whose passions round him rage,
Who wars with life when all its joys are spent.

A.

IN AFTER YEARS.

In after years, in life's decline,
As some great oak or noble pine
Towers like a god o'erlooking all
And in itself serenely tall,
Leads Nature's every word and sign:

E'en thus lives man—in this divine,
That Wisdom rears aloft her shrine,
The future know, the past recall,
In after years.

Romantic waters crowd the Rhine
And vineyards yield their purple wine;
But Time's long wrought and pillar'd hall
A mass of ruins low shall fall,
And stars and suns shall cease to shine
In after years.

MACK.

MUSIC.

In music's morning all the world grew gay
As angel-like from shore to shore there flew
Those strains, which ne'er seem old, but ever new,
That brought to darkness pleasure's natal day.
This blessed Muse is mortal's happy May.
It pierced the stormy cloud of passion through,
And weary hearts from bitter sorrow drew
To joys that lead us on life's better way.

Yes, music on her kind and gentle wings
Brings back loved scenes of days when all was bliss
And loving eyes with brighter lustre gleam
O'er those delights that calm contentment brings.
Her rhythmic sounds are like affection's kiss—
When needed most, they far the sweetest seem.

P. W.

NOTHING TO CROW OVER.

We ate crow to-day,
Will we eat it the next time?
I really can't say—
We ate crow to-day;
But our boys sometimes play
Perfect ball, and perplexed I'm—
We ate crow to-day,
Will we eat it the next time?

D.V.C.

THE DANDELION.

A modest flower is the dandelion,
With stately air and stem pneumatic;

It reminds me of my Mandeline
With her golden hair and speech emphatic.

But a fairer flower is Mandeline
With breath so sweet and aromatic;
For the shoe she wears is a number nine,
And what she says is most erratic.

But still I love my Mandeline
With her fluent speech and feet expanding;
For a girl that wears a number nine
Must surely have an understanding.

M. J. M.

AT CHURCH.

To go to church and sit in a pew,
Reading her prayer-book from cover to cover,
Not looking about or behind or above her,
Is what a little girl is not anxious to do.

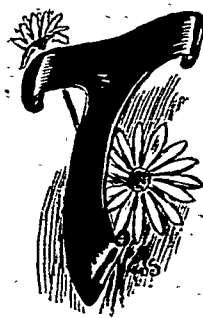
But Bess, in a logical sort of a way,
After setting up arguments, one 'gainst the other,
And finding it hard to obey her dear mother,
Concluded, if caught, she'd have something to say.

"Now, Bess," said her mother next Sunday at tea,
"You looked at the choir, and I did not expect it."
Said Bessy: "I see that your prayers were neglected
While you were so carefully looking at me."

M.

An Experiment in Prohibition.

PETER WHITE.



THE great increase in the consumption of intoxicating liquors in our country is a matter of just alarm. The depravity, suffering and want it has caused are appalling. Statesmen and philanthropists have endeavored to suppress this evil, and legislatures have passed laws for its control, but without success.

When, a few years since, the people of Iowa decided, at the ballot box, to adopt a prohibitory law, they expected legally to prevent the consumption of liquor in the State. Did they do so? The records of the State, together with the verdict of the people of our country, who anxiously watched the result, prove that they did not. The question naturally asked is, why did the law fail? For several reasons. In the first place, it was a political movement for partisan gain. Secondly, the people did not realize, and, consequently, did not concur in the changes which it demanded.

Time has demonstrated the fact that what is antagonistic to the principles of a free government must necessarily be distasteful to its people. A law that attempts to dictate to a

man what he shall use in his own home tends to deprive him of the use of his free will, and to undermine the foundations of civil society. It is no small task to compel a people to consent to the adoption of a principle which for centuries they have been taught to abhor, and this is precisely what was attempted in Iowa.

By confiscating the property of the liquor dealers in our State, the confidence of the people in the justice of its government was shaken. It is clearly proven that when a people do not believe in a law, they cease to respect not only the law, but also the authors of it. A moderate law strictly observed is far more beneficial than a stringent one flagrantly violated.

To review the state of affairs in Iowa. When the prohibitory law was enacted, the liquor traffic was under the control of moderately high license laws. The men engaged in the business were citizens of the State, and largely property owners. Under the new law the odium cast upon those who evaded it, and the heavy fines attached to its violation, drove respectable men out of the business.

Compelled to seek their fortunes elsewhere, the places of these honest men were filled by others who had neither money nor reputation to lose, and who paid little heed to any law. The men who had invested large sums of money in the business had to abandon the calling to which, but a few years before, they had been invited by the State. The corn and other cereals used in the manufacture of liquors were shipped out of the State, and went to the sustenance of foreign labor; and while the produce paid the cost of transportation, the consumption of liquor within the State continued undiminished. It is said that the way to secure the repeal of an unpopular law is to enforce it; but this being a partisan measure, the dominant party shrank from the responsibility its enforcement would incur.

Another bad feature was that the informer received half the fine. This, to the disgust of all good citizens, led unscrupulous and irresponsible men to engage in the ungentlemanly and un-American practice of spying. It may truthfully be said that a law which lacks the support of the people must ultimately fail.

The party which enacted the prohibitory law is again in control of all the legislative branches of the State. In response to the popular clamor for the fulfilment of its pledges, it has passed what is known as the Mule Law. This gives but very little hope for the betterment of the situation. The liquor dealers have already

found a way of evading it, and the people realize that they are no nearer a solution of the problem than before.

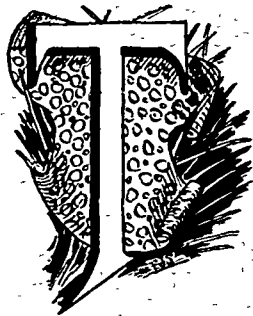
That something needs speedily to be done cannot be denied. Our youth are now being taught that not in the preservation but in the overthrow of law lies success. No one can be ignorant of the evils due to liquor. The land is filled with the cries of thousands of women and children who walk the streets in utter want; while thousands of abled-bodied men now fill our jails and penitentiaries or throng our thoroughfares, a charge upon the public. Hundreds of once happy homes broken up, and families scattered far and wide, bear witness to the destructive power of intemperance.

Great changes in the condition of a people cannot be made abruptly. The founders of our government studiously paved the way for its future success. A people must understand a provision in order to appreciate it. If we desire temperance we must educate the masses in the principles we advocate. The proper place to do this is in our schools, our churches, and, above all, in our homes. If the noble women of our land would devote themselves less to suffrage and finance, and more to the purification of society, the culture of our youth and the preservation of our homes, they would do a far greater service to humanity.

Let us hope that, for the welfare and prosperity of our country, the refinement and advancement of mankind, and the stability of our government, the people may soon be prepared to successfully cope with this great evil.

Three Books About Roman Life.

BY JAMES F. LANAGAN.



THE study of history is different nowadays from what it was a few years ago. Men have at last begun to examine historical questions philosophically. The useless jumble of names, dates and facts has been already cast aside. Men now define history to be philosophy teaching by example. They study the private life of an epoch as carefully as the public affairs. "The proper study of mankind is man," and people are beginning to realize this fact.

The private life of every age is the subject of constant study among learned men. Books which contain stories of, or relate to, the life in any particular part of the world are carefully read. Roman life seems to be the most interesting of all. Innumerable novels have been written about it. Among the best of these are "Ben-Hur," "Dion and the Sibyls," and "Fabiola."

It is difficult to say in what order these works should be placed with regard to merit. In my opinion "Ben-Hur" deserves the first place, "Dion and the Sibyls" second, the third "Fabiola." General Wallace in his book has endeavored to show the extraordinary love of a son for his mother and sister. The time is about that of Christ, and He is often mentioned in the course of the story. Despite the opinions of many, "Ben-Hur" does not appeal to one as natural. His misfortunes are too great to be real; and their happy end seems to be impossible. The hero does not think like other men, or act like them. His emotions are different from theirs. In fact, he is too noble to be natural. What man could bear the strain that was put upon him by his life in the galleys, almost certain that his mother and sister were dead? One cannot imagine the depth of his sorrow when he learns that his mother and sister are lepers. The scene in which they find him asleep upon the door-step of the old house is very pathetic.

"Ben-Hur" presents a true picture of Roman life and the manners and customs of the people of that time. It leaves a vivid impression upon the mind. The book is full of fine descriptions, for which it is most prized. In the description of the "Chariot Race" one can almost hear the noise of the wheels, the crack of the whips, and the shouts of the spectators. The "Down, Eros! Up, Mars!" of Messala rings in one's ears for days after reading the chapter. If General Wallace had never written a line besides this one description he would, nevertheless, be famous. The effect of the "Chariot Race" is grander still in the mouth of one who feels the fire and spirit of the piece and is able to express them. It has been spoken hundreds of times, yet we listen just as eagerly now as we did when we first heard it. But "Ben-Hur" is one of the best works of modern fiction, and fully deserves the high praise given to it by every educated man.

Miles Gerald Keon in "Dion and the Sibyls" has also given us an interesting story of Roman

life. It is a weird, queer tale, not unnatural, yet inclining toward the preternatural. The reader is generally attracted towards Paulus and Dionysius, the young Athenian philosopher. Everyone admires the wisdom and logic of Dion. His admirable qualities are shown in his debate with the three sophists at the court of Augustus. He succeeds in convincing Augustus himself of the truth of Christianity.

Paulus is a noble example of courage, honor and youthful ambition. The scene in which he tames and rides the fiery "Sejan" is perhaps the most thrilling in the whole story, although it cannot be compared with the "Chariot Race" in "Ben-Hur." In Agatha we have a model of obedience and affection. Nearly everyone who reads "Dion and the Sibyls" loves her. She is real; one cannot think of her as a person existing only in the imagination. "Dion and the Sibyls," although it does not leave so vivid an impression as "Ben-Hur," deserves to be read by all. It is a novel from which one may derive much benefit.

And now we come to Cardinal Wiseman's work. "Fabiola" is the story of the conversion of a young Roman lady. The heroine's state of mind during her conversion to Christianity is admirably described. Fabiola is a woman who has lived under the influence of a false religion. She has never been taught to love her neighbor as her herself. She has had her own way in everything. These things help us to understand her general conduct, and her treatment of the slaves. She has probably never committed a sin,—why she does not know. She has few or no rules to guide her; and she knows right from wrong only in a vague way. After all, Fabiola, before her conversion, is not so wicked a woman as the reader is, perhaps, led to believe.

Cardinal Wiseman is not a master of English prose, but he possesses nearly all the other qualities which make a novelist great. His characters are real and true to nature. His description of the Catacombs is accurate and interesting. On the whole, "Fabiola" leaves an agreeable impression upon the mind of the reader. To use Professor Egan's words, it is a "masterpiece of fiction." It is not so exciting as the two works before spoken of, but it is as interesting as either.

FOR inebriety, drink cold water; for health, rise early; to be happy, be honest; to please all, mind your own business.—*Anon.*

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—Purdue University claims to have broken the State's best time in two events—100 yards dash and 220 yards run—the uncontested records of which have been held for several years by Notre Dame. Purdue's best time in the 100 yards dash was $10\frac{1}{4}$ seconds, and in the 220 yards run, $22\frac{3}{4}$ seconds. In 1884, '85, '89, and '90 our athletes ran the 100 yards in 10 seconds; and in 1890 Hal. Jewett, an undergraduate here at the time, covered 220 yards in $22\frac{1}{4}$ seconds. We publish in this issue other records made by our men in events that will be contested on Field-day, May 30. Purdue's showing cannot in any way compare with Notre Dame's.

—Verily, the lot of the *fin de siècle* young man is anything but an easy one. The new woman has pre-empted yet another field, hitherto accessible only to him. The girls of Lasell Seminary, at Auburndale, Mass., have organized a canoe club, and the measured "stroke, stroke" of the coxswains has banished the merry laughter of the recreation hours. We, poor fellows, looked on unmoved while "bleeding Kansas" give her a right to vote; we saw with sorrow her success as an amateur lawyer and a professional journalist; but indifference and grief gave way to despair when she decided to paddle her own canoe.

We always thought we were indispensable when it came to that; but these fair Yankee mariners have shattered our last idol, and left us nothing to live for.

—Thursday next will be Decoration, or Memorial Day, and, like every one of our national holidays, it will be celebrated in a way that is far from right. Excepting Washington's Birthday, it is the only one of our festivals commemorating the bravery and patriotism of American citizens which falls within the scholastic year. Instead of making, as we do, a sort of Field-day of it, why not celebrate it in a truly patriotic manner? Make it an All Heroes' Day, and let our college orators have a symposium upon the men who have made our country what it is. Flourishing "Old Glory" and singing "Columbia" would do very well if they were not so perfunctory; but three or four orations on as many of our national heroes would do more to stimulate patriotism than a thousand yards of bunting and a hundred choruses. Of course we do not expect our suggestion will be followed this year—we make it for the benefit of our successors.

—The *Sun* can be very unkind when it chooses. Commenting upon the refusal of the University of Michigan students to wear the academic cap and gown, it suggests the cap and bells as more appropriate for the American undergraduate. The *Sun* is always so sensible that we can forgive it when it indulges in a joke—even an English one—at the expense of college men. Northwestern, too, has rebelled against the "real thing," and it seems as though the cap and gown were doomed. The liberty-loving American undergraduate is often very like the clown-dog of the circus-ring: he does, by preference, the opposite of what his college asks him to do. If the presidents of Northwestern and Michigan really wish to "boom" the cap and gown, they should put it, like hazing and wine-suppers, on the list of "forbidden luxuries."

—We have a friend who is somewhat "literary," and, at times, very generous. He is one of those happy mortals upon whom, by common consent, the publishers have decided to shower catalogues, and in his moments of generosity he sometimes gives us the lists of the Catholic

houses. They are curiosities in their way. They have a retail price, one for colleges and communities, and a "special" one for the clergy. My friend always receives the "confidential" clergy lists; and looking over one the other day, we couldn't help wondering how these makers of books could reconcile it to their consciences to charge laymen almost double the prices they ask of their pastors. And still they complain bitterly that Catholics do not read, and that they receive no support from them. They *do* read, but the books they buy are not the ones published by Catholic houses. Now we are only human, and when we are asked a dollar and a half for a book we know our priests are getting for ninety cents we do not buy it—we borrow their copies. If the Catholic publishers in this country would make the price the same for all, they would be more likely to have the balance on the credit side of both their own and the recording angel's books.

—We are very fond, here in America, of boasting of our love of country, and of pointing with pride to the millions who sprang, thirty years ago, to defend our flag from insult; but to the little things which keep alive in our breasts the fire of patriotism we pay hardly any attention. On Independence Day, last year, three hundred thousand people assembled in Jackson Park to celebrate our country's birthday. There was a great chorus of trained voices to sing our national songs, and the musical effect was wonderful; but it would have been infinitely better and more inspiring if, not the chorus, but that crowd of three hundred thousand citizens, had sung our national anthems. But the American patriot is peculiar; he prefers to sit around on the benches and pay some one else to do his celebrating. Of the three hundred thousand, probably not one in five hundred knew the words of "Columbia" and the "Star Spangled Banner." And it is much the same here at Notre Dame. The men who know even the choruses, much less the words of our national hymns, are all too few. It is no excuse to say that you cannot sing: one rough voice will not be noticed among twenty or fifty good ones. We might learn a valuable lesson, in this respect, from our cousin, John Bull, who, even though he is a stranger in a strange land, never fails to rise and stand, with uncovered head, while an American orchestra plays "God Save the Queen," under the impression that it is a national American air.

Lecture by Chief Justice Howard.

○ N last Monday evening the Hon. Timothy E. Howard, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, delivered a lecture to the Law class. Besides the members of the Faculty many invited guests were present. The Hon. Judge is a distinguished alumnus of Notre Dame. His *Alma Mater*, in recognition of his well-known ability, and as a token of her appreciation of his love for her, conferred on him, in 1893, the degree of LL. D. A more fitting tribute could not be paid to one who for many years had been a professor in her sanctuary of learning, and who has always taken a pride in her success. He is also held in warm esteem by the law students of Notre Dame, who have ever spoken of the Hon. gentleman as a profound scholar and an able advocate.

The lecture delivered by the Honorable Chief Justice was one of primary importance to an advocate. The subject was: "How to Take an Appeal of a Case from the Trial Court to the Supreme Court or other Court of Appeals." The position occupied by Judge Howard is one that peculiarly enables him to impart very useful information on the subject of appeals. Many important cases have come before the Supreme Court for consideration during his administration—cases involving large trusts and many fine points of law—and they have been adjudicated with striking legal acumen. The decisions handed down by the Honorable Judge are models of perspicuity and legal research. Clear perception and analysis are noticeable in all his decisions, while logical arguments are their basis. He has a complete mastery of legal niceties and a power of solid reasoning in a very eminent degree. Long years of service in the legal arena and advancement from the honorable position of advocate to the more exalted one of Chief Justice have contributed to make Judge Howard an authority on all legal questions.

The Judge is an impressive speaker and has a very felicitous way of expressing himself. His manner is cool, convincing and earnest; and while he does not indulge in flights of oratory he commands the attention of his audience. His language is terse and very much to the point. No long drawn-out words, no word-painting, but a persuasive, simple statement framed in good Anglo-Saxon words, such was Judge Howard's lecture. Here and there were interspersed instances which had come under the observation of the Judge himself, and which tended to

illustrate more clearly the points under consideration. Many facts tinged with dry humor were given which aroused the risibilities of his audience.

The lecture was exceedingly instructive and entertaining. It was closely followed by an attentive audience and was frequently punctuated with warm applause. It was exceedingly broad in its scope and complete in every detail. Beginning with the first step necessary in an appeal, the audience were conducted through all the successive stages until they stood before the Supreme Court itself. The lecturer impressed upon the members of the Law class the fact that "haste must be made slowly." Rashness, impetuosity and over-confidence should be avoided—that from the drawing up and filing of a complaint until the final decision the utmost care is necessary. It would be impossible to give the lecture in detail; but it is to be hoped that the able discourse delivered by the Honorable Judge is but the first of many to which the Law class will have the pleasure of listening.

After the conclusion of the lecture proper—which occupied about an hour and a half—the Chief Justice invited the members of the Law class to ask questions, which they did, and very instructive answers were given by the erudite Judge.

The members of the Law class are deeply indebted to the Hon. gentleman for his kindness, and they are also under obligations to their able and experienced professor, Col. Hoynes, to whose indefatigable efforts is attributable in no inconsiderable measure the high standard to which the law course of the University has happily attained.

We congratulate the Professor on his labors of the year and his students on their high appreciation of the admirable methods of imparting a knowledge of the intricacies of the civil code.

Athletics.

IF Varsity continue to play ball as they did last Tuesday they can depend upon the confidence of all at Notre Dame. They played ball well; and though they lost, Purdue's victory was due to the merest accident. The decision of Umpire Kelly should have been made in Notre Dame's favor. The play was very doubtful, to say the least, and regulations and courtesy demanded that we be given the benefit of the doubt. Barring this decision, Kelly's

rulings throughout the game were faultless; Steiner, too, umpired a magnificent game.

The changes at short and second greatly strengthened our infield. Given more practice, O'Neill will cover his territory to the satisfaction of even the most critical. We have nothing but praise for Chassaing; he knows how to play ball. McCarrick's triple play demonstrates that he is not half as nervous as we thought him. It is true, the yelling toward the end of the game bothered him a little, especially when at bat; but for all that he put up a steady game. No one will deny that we have a good pitcher in Stack; but even his most ardent admirers must confess that he is at times erratic. If he would take more time in delivering the ball he would be more effective and less wild. Callahan is very careless in right; it would seem that the outcome of a game is a matter of supreme indifference to him. Flannigan deserves the highest credit for his management of the team. Even during the bad weather that we have had lately he had the men out every day for practice. Varsity should recognize the work of their leader and play with a vim. We would suggest that directions to players come from him alone. Orders from the pitcher will only rattle fielders.

In previous years Field-day was a tedious, long-spun affair. The lack of order in the exercises was the cause of this. It is true, a programme of events was prepared, but it was not followed, and as a result the contestants were not at their places in time. The Executive Committee would do well to post in full sight of all the order to be followed, and give particular instructions to the men as to the time and place for the different sports. A blackboard attached to the backstop containing the program would be just the thing.

Field Day.

The spring meeting for track athletics at Notre Dame has always been looked forward to eagerly by our athletes. Aside from the prizes offered successful competitors, the honor of being permitted to lower the records of their predecessors, many of whom have attained to national celebrity, has been a powerful incentive to the boys to enter the contests. This year the sports promise to be highly interesting. The number of entries is large, and earnest training has been done for some time. Moreover, the prizes (all medals) are superb specimens of the

jeweller's art, and are well worth possessing. The members of the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association are to be congratulated upon their painstaking endeavors to have the Field-day of '94 one to be long remembered. They have done their work well and faithfully and deserve the gratitude of the students in recognition of their services. Below are given the entries together with the best records made at Notre Dame:

One Hundred Yards Dash (Handicap)—T. McHenry, '84, M. Dolan, '85, H. Jewett, '90, 10 seconds each. *Entries*—R. Sinnott (Scratch), L. Gibson (4), F. Keough, (12), F. Krembs (10½).

One Hundred Yards Dash (Novice)—*Entries*—J. J. Cook, A. Coolidge, G. Covert, P. Foley, N. Dinkel, J. J. Ryan, A. W. Campbell, C. B. Clark, W. Burns.

Two Hundred Twenty Yards Run—H. Jewett, '90, 22¼. *Entries*—J. J. Cook, R. B. Sinnott, L. Gibson, N. Dinkel, F. Krembs, A. Coolidge, P. Foley, A. W. Campbell, G. Covert, F. Keough.

Four Hundred Forty Yards Run. *Entries*—J. J. Cook, F. Krembs, A. Coolidge, P. Foley, N. Dinkel, R. Sinnott, L. Gibson, W. Burns.

One Hundred Twenty Yard Hurdle. *Entries*—L. Gibson, R. Sinnott, N. Dinkel, G. Covert, F. Keough, J. Gordon, A. Coolidge, E. Krembs, A. Campbell, E. DuBrul, J. Cook.

One Mile Run—F. Dexter, '84, 4 minutes 55 seconds. *Entries*—P. Foley, C. Fitzgerald, J. Gordon, N. Dinkel, J. McGuire.

Five Mile Bicycle Race—F. Dohahue, '92, 16 minutes 42 seconds. *Entries*—A. Campbell, C. Blanchard, B. Oliver, F. Thorn, A. Clark.

Pole Vault—M. Quinlan, '92, 9 feet, 4 inches. *Entries*—N. Dinkel, C. Clark, G. Covert, H. Esen, E. Krembs, A. Vignos, A. Coolidge, A. Chidester.

Running Broad Jump—H. Jewett, '90, 21 feet 11½ inches. *Entries*—N. Dinkel, A. Clark, A. Vignos, F. Keough, E. Krembs, L. Gibson, A. Campbell, W. Burns, R. Dougan, R. Sinnott, C. Walker.

Running High Jump—H. Jewett, '90, 5 feet 10 inches. *Entries*—E. Krembs, A. Coolidge, F. Thorne, P. Beyer, N. Dinkel, L. Gibson, E. Du Brul, W. Burns, R. Sinnott, A. Campbell, C. Walker, C. Clark.

Hop-Step-and-Jump—H. Jewett, '90, 46 feet 8 inches. *Entries*—E. Krembs, R. Sinnott, F. Thorne, F. Keough, W. Burns, N. Dinkel, A. Vignos, C. Clark, R. Dougan, A. Campbell, C. Walker, P. Beyer.

Throwing Hammer. *Entries*—N. Dinkel, A. Campbell, F. Thorn, F. Schillo, F. Hennessy, G. Covert, E. Du Brul, A. Chidester.

Putting Shot—H. Jewett, '90, 39 feet 10 inches. *Entries*—N. Dinkel, F. Thorn, C. Covert, E. DuBrul, A. Campbell, A. Chidester.

Throwing Baseball—M. Quinlan, '93, 369 feet 20 inches. *Entries*—R. Stack, O. Schmidt, L. Gibson, A. Clark.

Personal.

—Mrs. Nester, accompanied by Miss Dyer, of Detroit, Mich., spent several pleasant days at the University this week.

—Mr. Wm. Herring, accompanied by Mrs. Herring and daughter, of Chicago, paid a visit here on Tuesday last. Mr. Herring is a prominent lawyer in Chicago.

—The Hon. Timothy E. Howard, LL. D., '62, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Indiana, was a very welcome visitor to the University

on Tuesday last. He delivered an excellent lecture to the members of the Law class. We hope that the learned jurist will favor us with another visit in the near future.

—The Rev. P. J. Fisher, Pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Pomona, Cal., was the guest of the University last Tuesday. He was accompanied by the Rev. F. Reilly, St. Paul, Minn. Father Fisher has just returned from an extended tour in Europe. On being shown the college church he declared that the cathedrals of Europe alone could equal the beauty of its interior; that nothing in this country could compare with it.

—The Rt. Rev. Dom Eugene, Arch-abbot of the Trappist monastery, Melleray, France, and the Rt. Rev. Dom Edward, Abbot of the Trappist monastery at Gethsemani, Ky., visited Notre Dame on Wednesday last. Rt. Rev. Abbot Eugene is on a tour, visiting the Trappist filiations which are situated at Tracadie, Nova Scotia, Gethsemani, Ky., and the New Melleray Abbey near Dubuque, Iowa. These holy and ascetic monks have flourishing communities in Ireland, Spain, Piedmont, and England.

Local Items.

—Field-day next Wednesday.

—First Communion to-morrow.

—Who has been taking those macintoshes?

—The Carroll Field-day is indefinitely postponed.

—The St. Cecilians held a special business meeting on Wednesday.

—Nowadays you are not "in it," unless you have a cutaway dove-tail coat.

—We were glad to notice the absence of "guys" in the last baseball game.

—The medals to be contested for on Field-day are now on exhibition in the Students' Office.

—Our team played good ball on last Tuesday, and the large audience appreciated it highly.

—The athletes have been training hard the last week. Many records will no doubt be broken.

—The Pied Piper of Hamelin would get a profitable job if he could come around to Co. "B" Armory.

—Lost—A knife with owner's name on handle. Finder will please return to one of the Carroll prefects.

—Why not select the baseball captain for next year now? the present team should do so before it disbands.

—The conduct of the players, the coaching, etc., was quite an improvement on former games and left little to be desired.

—To-morrow the Polish Catholics of South Bend will make a pilgrimage to the Church of the Sacred Heart.

—It is rumored that the Varsity ball team will take a trip through Michigan, Indiana and Illinois immediately after Commencement.

—The "good boy, McDonald" has become infirm and antiquated and should be relegated, etc. How would "good chield MacBokum" do as a substitute?

—A meeting of the different colleges of the Mississippi Valley will be held in Chicago on June 2. Notre Dame will participate and has made four entries.

—Owing to the uncertainty of the weather the procession usual on Corpus Christi did not take place last Thursday. It will take place to-morrow afternoon.

—B. Valerian acknowledges with thanks the kind donation of a great number of cancelled stamps by the Rev. Father Johannes, C. S. C., Pastor of St. Mary's Church, South Bend.

—The Faculty desire to extend thanks to the Executive Committee of the Athletic Association, through whose thoughtfulness they were provided with box seats to witness the Notre Dame-Purdue game.

—Three new boats were christened and launched during the week. They are the *Edward*, *Alexis* and *Thomas*. As they shot down the gang-ways, and glided gracefully into the water, they looked like swans breasting the waves. The commodore reports them to be staunch and sea-worthy.

—A splendid portrait of the Very Rev. Prince Gallitzin, V. G., the apostle of the Alleghenies, has been added to the Gallery of Distinguished Priests in Memorial Hall. A life-size bust of Most Rev. Archbishop Carroll, the father of the American Hierarchy, that promises to be something far more than ordinary, is being modelled.

—The following names were omitted from the List of Excellence last week: *Mechanics of Engineering*, W. Correll; *Hydraulics*, W. Correll; *Moral Philosophy*, J. Schopp; *Algebra*, E. Franke, F. Cornell; *Orthography*, C. Montague, O. Amberg, J. McShane; *Reading*, A. Pendleton, J. Howell, J. Naughton; *Grammar*, V. Dwyer, A. Romero, J. Naughton, C. Swigart.

—Our Executive Committee should see that an admission fee be charged on Field-day: first, because the program is well worth paying to see; and secondly, if there is none we will be crowded out by a throng that we do not desire to entertain. Fifty cents at least should be charged. Complimentary tickets should be furnished to benefactors and those who have donated medals, etc.

—Our new dog Leo is a noble specimen of the brute creation—tall, muscular, intelligent and of a friendly disposition. He showed his capacity for food on the day of his arrival; it is enormous. He is an ideal watch dog, and

he will bear watching himself. He wags his tail incessantly; but he has an evil eye, and teeth that are calculated to make a deep impression. Long life to Leo!

—The pictures painted by Signor Gregori for Washington Hall have arrived and have been placed in position. They are nine in number: one of Beethoven, Mozart, Molière, Washington and Shakespere; the remaining four are symbolical. Needless to say, they are artistically executed, and reflect the highest credit on our former professor. The Hall will soon be finished, when a description of the artist's work will be given.

—The music for commencement will be very fine. The Mandolin club, numbering twenty members, has been working on several new pieces for the occasion, chief of which are a march and a waltz composed by Prof. Preston. The former is dedicated to the football team and the latter to the Orpheus club. The vocal music will also be good. A magnificent chorus is in preparation, and of course, the Quartette's numbers will be as good and as popular as ever with the audience.

—The necessity of uniformity in our college yell is apparent. It is strange that we cannot hit upon a taking yell—one which will contain rhyme and plenty of whole-souled 'rah. We are certain that there are many here who are only waiting for an invitation to offer suggestions on this matter. Well, here's the invitation. Write out your idea of a good yell, with the best way of giving it, and drop the same into the SCHOLASTIC box in the Students' Office. Close with "Notre Dame" in a prolonged cry.

—The Brownson Anti-specials defeated the Carroll Specials in a closely contested game on Thursday last, by a score of 14 to 13. The Carrolls surpassed their elders in field work and base running. La Moure was a trifle erratic until the fifth inning, when he settled down and pitched good ball for the remaining four. Clark tossed the ball well, but was given poor support. The chief features of the game were the double play made by St. Clair and Thorne for Brownson, and Druecker's running catch in left-field for Carroll.

—The crews are training hard for the June regatta. The following men are in the boats now, but there will be changes before the race:

MINNEHAHA—*Bow*, J. McVean (Capt.); *No. 2*, T. Quinlan; *No. 3*, C. Zeitler; *No. 4*, R. Dougan; *No. 5*, A. Chidester; *Stroke*, G. Tinnin; *Coxswain*, N. Dinkel.

EVANGELINE—*Bow*, R. Palmer; *No. 2*, J. Mott; *No. 3*, G. Sweet; *No. 4*, J. Marmon; *No. 5*, F. Hesse; *Stroke*, J. Tong; *Coxswain*, G. Perkins (Capt.)

YOSEMITE—*Bow*, T. O'Connell; *No. 2*, E. Callahan; *No. 3*, S. Cochrane; *Stroke*, G. Johnson; *Coxswain*, J. Feeney (Capt.)

MONTMORENCY—*Bow*, F. Reilly; *No. 2*, B. Oliver; *No. 3*, J. Dempsey (Capt.); *Stroke*, P. Ruppe; *Coxswain*, T. Cavanagh.

—An impromptu *musicale* in honor of the Purdue team was given in the college parlor on Tuesday evening. Professor Preston's auto-

harp solo, "Nearer, My God, to Thee," was very beautiful, and the solos of Messrs. Bates and Cuneo were exceptionally good. Mr. Hugh O'Donnell recited "Wolsey's Fall" and "The Death of Henry VI.," and, if it were possible, did better than usual. Mr. Schmidt's flute solo, "Thro' the Air," and the Quartettes "Dinky, Dinky Doo," were very well received. When the programme had been finished, the manager of the Purdue team, in a short but clever speech, thanked the boys for the kind reception his club had received at Notre Dame, and assured them that Purdue had never been so well treated before. He said that he hoped another game could be arranged, and that they would be very happy to play Notre Dame again.

—It is a surprising fact that there are so few that know the college yell. If they do, it is still more surprising that they do not know how to use it. Last Tuesday, after the game with Purdue, it was attempted to give the yell. The effort, however, was a miserable fiasco; it was a farce. Whether it was owing to the fact that the crowd were not so inclined, or whether they did not know the common yell, is hard to tell. There should be more union among the boys in cases like this; all the work should not be left to two or three. We want to be able to give a good, hearty, healthy yell when the occasion demands it, and not anything like the weak, imbecile effort of nearly two hundred on last Tuesday, which paled into insignificance in comparison with the yell of the nine Purdue men. The yell should also be given at any particularly good play during the game; this will encourage the players.

—Alas! and yet another time have the lovers of good music in large romantic and classical chunks been disappointed. Ye Band did not, last Sunday night, take possession of the new Queen Anne structure that graces the centre of the college park. Jupiter Pluvius frowned; the heavens wept, and the men in blue and gold concluded to wait another week. But the Iroquois, the Flat-heads and the Big-feet came to the rescue and dedicated the gay little band-stand in a magnificent manner. The music was strictly vocal—except for one young chief who *would* sing through his nose—but it would have puzzled even Mr. Anton Dvorak to put it on paper. The dancing, too, was a bit eccentric; the "lif-yo'-feet, niggah" and "heap-big-Injun" styles predominating; though one dude did try to start a minuet. He was promptly suppressed. The only thing that cast a shadow over the festivities was the thought that a band-stand could be dedicated but once, and that we haven't musicians enough to fill two.

NOTRE DAME VS. PURDUE.

When the Purdue ball club on last Tuesday drove up Notre Dame avenue in a shower of rain the chances of a game seemed few; and when they alighted the cheer that was intended

to welcome them was drowned by the steady downpour. Capt. Flannigan wandered about with a disconsolate air, muttering of the superior quality of St. Paul weather on baseball days. In pathetic tones he implored the tree-toads to change color for the short space of three hours. Their toadships hearkened to his wail, the sun came out, the clouds drifted across the sky, and there fell no more rain.

After the severe slaughter of Varsity by Elkhart our nine valiant men and brave determined to retrieve their lost honor by the defeat of Purdue; but baseball luck is proverbial, and they lost. The game was a hard-fought battle throughout. At several times during the nine innings Notre Dame's chances for victory looked bright; but sharp playing by their opponents prevented runs. Had Olin pitched for Purdue we might have a different story to tell; but the introduction of Hamilton into the box considerably lessened our chances of victory. Stack was wild at times and at critical stages presented bases on balls. And then the changes in our team, made since the Elkhart game, were the cause of several errors. O'Neill's misplays at short, however, were easily attributable to lack of practice. The decision, too, of Umpire Kelly in the eighth inning practically gave the game to Purdue. The following account will speak for itself:

"Play ball" was called by Umpire Kelly at 3:45 with Purdue at bat. Kinter led off by a lively grounder to O'Neill, who fumbled; Meyers singled into centre and went to second on Hamilton's hit; the bases were occupied, and no one out. Things looked gloomy for Notre Dame as Olin, the heavy hitter, stepped up to the plate. He caught one of Stack's in-shoots squarely in the face and drove it on a line to McCarrick. Joe made a magnificent catch, touched third and threw Hamilton out at first. This was one of the best plays ever made at Notre Dame. It was regular and done so rapidly that it was some moments before the spectators became aware that a triple play had been made. When they did, the crowd fairly went wild and such a "hullabaloo" has never been heard before on Brownson campus.

For the Varsity team, O'Neill knocked a slow grounder to short, and was thrown out at first; Callahan repeated O'Neill's performance; Chassaing sent a red-hot liner to third and went to second on a wild throw; McCarrick struck out. In the second and third innings, the batsmen were retired in order. In the fourth Boyles drove a nice fly into centre which was muffed by McKee; he took second on Fisher's hit; Kerr struck out; the men on bases moved up one by Bushman getting hit; the bases were occupied, but Stack was a trifle erratic here, and forced Boyles home by giving Kinter base on balls; Meyers hit the ball good and hard, bringing home Fisher; Hamilton struck out; Olin flew out to O'Neill. Chassaing was given

first on called balls, stole second, coming home on Flannigan's single; McCarrick flew out to right; McKee singled, sending Flannigan to second; Sweet struck out; Stack was thrown out at first.

In the fifth, sixth and seventh innings the men went out in order. In the eighth, Boyles of the Purdue team was put out at first; Fisher likewise; Kerr went to first on called balls, took second on a wild pitch, and stole third; Bushman was given a base on balls; Kinter the same; Meyers struck out. Schmidt for the home team led off by an elegant hit to left field, stealing second; O'Neill took base on balls, and they were then moved up by Callahan's base on balls; Chassaing hit to Hamilton, forcing Schmidt out at the plate; McCarrick struck out. Notre Dame's chances were now desperate. With two out and three on base, Captain Flannigan stepped up to the plate, and picking one to his liking he smashed it to short stop. In an instant the spectators were on their feet yelling and applauding, for O'Neill crossed the plate; but soon the applause was turned into shouts of disapproval, for umpire Kelly of the Purdues called Flannigan out at first. The decision was a bad one, as Flannigan was there before the ball or, at least, at the same time. But our boys did not give up hope of winning, and Purdue in the ninth was given a blank. For the Varsity, McKee struck out; Sweet went to first on Fisher's error, stole second and scored on Schmidt's timely hit. Schmidt stole second; O'Neill ended the game by striking out. The following is the score:

PURDUE.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Kinter, c.,	- - -	3	0	0	11	1
Meyers, 2d b.,	- - -	5	0	2	1	2
Hamilton, p.,	- - -	5	0	3	0	3
Olin, 3d b.,	- - -	5	0	0	2	3
Todd, c. f.,	- - -	5	0	0	0	0
Boyles, r. f.,	- - -	5	2	0	2	0
Fisher, 1st b.,	- - -	4	1	1	9	0
Kerr, s. s.,	- - -	3	0	1	1	4
Bushman, l. f.,	- - -	2	0	0	1	0

TOTALS	- - -	37	3	7	27	13	3
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NOTRE DAME.	A. B.	R.	I. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
O'Neill,	- - -	4	0	0	2	2
Callahan,	- - -	3	0	0	1	0
Chassaing, 2d b.,	- - -	3	1	0	1	4
McCarrick, 3d b.,	- - -	4	0	0	2	1
Flannigan, 1st b.,	- - -	4	0	1	8	0
McKee, c. f.,	- - -	4	0	1	1	0
Sweet, l. f.,	- - -	3	1	0	0	0
Stack, p.,	- - -	4	0	0	1	2
Schmidt, c.,	- - -	4	0	2	11	0

TOTALS	- - -	33	2	4	27	9	3
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SCORE BY INNINGS:—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

PURDUE:—0 1 0 2 0 0 0 0 0=3

NOTRE DAME:—0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0 1=2

SUMMARY.

Stolen bases: Myers, Kerr, Chassaing, Sweet, Schmidt, 2; *Base on balls:* Off Hamilton, 3; Stack, 4. *Hit by pitched ball:* Boyles, Bushman. *Struck out:* by Hamilton, 10; Stack, 10. *Passed balls:* Schmidt, 2; Kinter. *Wild pitches:* Stack, 4. Time, 2 hours 10 minutes. *Umpires:* Kelly, Steiner. *Scorer:* P. N. Foley.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs. Casey, Crawley, Corry, Devaney, Dempsev, Davis, Eyanson, C. Fitzgerald, J. Fitzgerald, Funke, Flannery, Hudson, Hervey, Jewett, Kearney, J. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Brinker, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Blanchard, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, Culinan, A. Clark, Corry, Callahan, Crane, Cavanagh, Covert, Cooke, Chassaing, Coolidge, Cuneo, F. Dillon, A. Dillon, Duffield, Edwards, Fagan, Falvey, Foley, Feeney, Galen,* Grady, Gordon, Gilmar-tin, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Groff, Garesche, Halligan, Herman, Hennessy, Hennebry, Hesse, Hodge, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby, Kelly, Kortas, Maynes, Moore, Maguire, Moloney, Mott, Murray, McHugh, Marmon, Mithen, Markum, Manchester, Montague, McCord, Ney, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Perkins, Roby, J. J. Reilly, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Spengler, Schultz, Tong, Turner, Tinnin, Vignos, Welty, Weaver, Wilkin, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Alber, Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Benson, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Chase, Carney, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dilger, Druecker, Dixon, Davis, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbons, Fleming, Franke, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hurley, Howell, Hutchinson, Healy, Hoban, Howard, Harding, H. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, John McPhillips, Joseph McPhillips, McShane, McDermett, Massey, McCarrick, McKenzie, McCord, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, Neilson, J. O'Neill,* O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Plunket, Romero, Reber, Reinhard, Roesing, Shillington, Strassheim, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Tinnen, Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Burns, Bullene, Breslin, B. Clark, R. Clark, L. Clark, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Corry, Curry, Cassidy, Cressy, F. Campau, D. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, G. Dugas, Durand, E. Dugas, Dalton, Englehardt, Elliott, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Green, Ral Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, R. Hess, F. Hess, Ives, Jonquet, A. King K. King, Kilgallen, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lawton, McGinley, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, Eug. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, McGushin, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, W. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, Shipp, Steele, W. Scherrer, Simm, Schneider, Swan, Shillington, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Terhune, Thomas, Wagner, York.

* Omitted by mistake the last two weeks.