

THE

SCHOLASTIC.

· DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS · · VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, APRIL 20, 1895.

No. 29.

A Ballade of Love.

WHEN age looks back with fond regret
Through manhood's cloud-mist, dim and gray,
Through manhood's life of toil and fret,
To where the golden sunbeams play
About the face of childhood—yea,
His former self—he finds that of
All things that brighten life's fair May
There's nothing like a mother's love.

And, as before, so fares it yet;
A mother's love will not decay
Until the rain of Heaven has wet
The flowers above her lifeless clay.
And though her soul may pass away
To sweeter, purer, joys above,
Remembrance of her lives for aye,—
There's nothing like a mother's love.

For often when the sun has set
And twilight wraps the dying day,
A form I never can forget—
A mild, sweet face that seems to lay
Its cheek against my own and pray—
Broods o'er my spirit like a dove,
Ah me! it makes my old heart gay,—
There's nothing like a mother's love.

ENVOY.

World-weary, should you backward stray
To sleep beside her in the grove,
The world may laugh, but Christ will say
There's nothing like a mother's love.

W. P. B.

The American of the Future.*

THE RT. REV. JOHN J. KEANE, D. D.

The other evening when I was talking to the people of Chicago about the American of the future, Father Morrissey suggested that, if it was a good thing to talk to the American of the present about the American of the future, would it not be a still better thing to talk to the American of the future about himself; and that is why I am here to-day. (Applause and laughter.) I want to tell you how it is that I am so interested in the American of the future just now. Perhaps you did not hear of a very remarkable article, contributed by Mr. Gladstone to the discussion of the question of the comparative merits of free trade and protection. A few years ago there was a sort of a symposium in which Mr. Gladstone wrote in favor of free trade, and in which Mr. Blaine, of our own country, wrote in favor of the theory of protection. Now, of course, on this present occasion, I have nothing whatever to say about the economical phase of this discussion; but what I do want to touch upon is the problem which, at the end of his article, Mr. Gladstone proposes, not only to America, but to the whole world. His article has mostly to do with Americans. He has traced, in his masterly style, the growth of America during the past century in prosperity and in world wide influence, and then he looks forward and asks us what is going to be in the century that is just now beginning? You know, my dear boys,

(An address delivered in Washington Hall, before the students of the University, on Thursday, March 28.)

CLOTHE truth and love in words which for ages shall be as full of cheer and comfort as the thought of hearthfires to travellers who through the darkness of wintry nights turn their faces homeward.—*Bishop Spalding.*

that he is an experienced statesman, and therefore his prognostic is full of value. He sketches with a master hand what the development of America and of the United States is sure to be during the next century, in wealth, in governmental organization and in influence among the nations of the earth. He dwells especially upon this last point—the influence that the United States must surely have among the nations of the world—and then he asks, and asks with tremendous earnestness: “Is the influence of the United States going to be for the world’s good or for the world’s harm?” He asks, “is it going to be a blessing to the world or a curse?” And he answers his own question in this way—“That will depend,” he says, “not on what manner of *producer*, but on what manner of *man* the American of the future is to be.” There you see is the great problem that Mr. Gladstone has propounded before America and before the world. “What manner of man is the American of the future to be?” On that problem, he says, depends what sort of a country America is going to be, and what sort of influence America is going to exercise among the nations of the earth. Therefore, he says, it is the most important problem of our age—“what manner of man is the American of the future to be?” Now, of course, if it concerns all the rest of the world, it, above all, concerns ourselves here in America. We love America more than anybody else can love it. Her interests are dearer to our hearts than they can be to any other people. So to our hearts comes straight home the question: “What manner of man is the American of the future to be?” So, therefore, above all others, it concerns you, my dear young friends. You are the Americans of the future, as after you are to come others, and so to go on until America shall have rounded out her next century and accomplished the prophecy of the “Grand Old Man.”

Now in realizing Mr. Gladstone’s inquiry of what manner of man the American of the future is to be, he himself suggests the solution in these words: “God grant that as America is the richest and the greatest outgrowth of the Christian civilization, she may also be the brightest and the best.” There you see is the key to the whole inquiry. “America,” says Mr. Gladstone, “is the outgrowth of the great Christian civilization.” It is the richest and the greatest outgrowth of it, and so her future ought to be such that she should be the brightest outgrowth of that great Christian civilization. What manner of man ought the American

of the future to be? Such a man as will help his country to be the brightest and the best development of the great Christian civilization.

Now here is a problem; and I would like, dear young friends, to dwell with you a little while this afternoon on what is meant by Christian civilization. What has Christian civilization to do with America, and what has Christian civilization to do with the American of the future? First of all, then, what does Mr. Gladstone mean by Christian civilization? Well, if you have been a student of history you answer, of course, that Christian civilization began only with the Christian era, about two thousand years ago or something less. You know that before that time there had been various forms of civilization in the world. There was the civilization of Chaldea, of Assyria, of Babylonia, of Persia, of India, of Judea, of Greece and of Rome, etc.; these various forms of civilization preceding the Christian era, coming before the Christian civilization.

Now, while all these forms of civilization differed in many things they all agreed in one fundamental idea. That fundamental idea was that the greatest thing in the world was the grandeur of the state, the domination of the state, and the glory of the state. The individual counted for very little in comparison to the state. The individual was regarded as great exactly in proportion as he enhanced the greatness of the state. Take Rome—the very highest honor and greatest thing a Roman citizen could possibly claim was to strike his breast and say: “*Civis Romanus sum.*” His greatness did not at all depend on his individual character, but on the greatness of the mighty Empire to which he belonged. Christian civilization has for its fundamental idea something directly the opposite of this. Christ and His Church proclaim to the world that the fundamental idea in human life and in human relationship, and the fundamental idea in the whole social organization, is the dignity of the human individual, the worth of the human individual, and the greatness of the human soul—a greatness not resulting at all from our belonging to a great empire, but resulting from our immortality, and our relationship and nearness to the eternal God. That is the fundamental idea of man. It is the fundamental idea of Christian civilization, and you can recognize, my dear friends, that this fundamental idea of Christian civilization was a protest against the fundamental idea of heathen civilization; that it was a revolution against the

conditions which preceded it. History tells us how pagan Cæsarism rose up against this idea, and during three centuries, by persecution, tried to stamp it out. History tells us also how all the forces of the pagan world have failed, and how at last all the great columns of heathenism crumbled into dust, while Christian civilization lived to take possession of the whole world.

Now let us glance a little more closely at this Christian civilization that we may grasp the elements that chiefly constitute it. Christian civilization first views all things in the light of the God of all creation, and the Father of Christ, our Redeemer and Brother. It first puts the seal of God upon the individual human being as the offspring of an infinite wisdom and love. It invests him with rights that are inalienable, because they are rights not bestowed by man, but by our Creator. Next it puts the seal of God upon all human relations, whether they are social, economic or civil. Because, my dear young friends, of these three classes of human relationship—social relationship, economic relationship, civil or political relationship, the great Christian civilization puts the seal of God upon them all. First of all, social relationship teaches that all men are brothers; that all men are to deal with their fellowmen in brotherly justice, charity and helpfulness. It puts the seal of God upon all economic and industrial relations. It teaches that all contracts are to be made, not in view of wealth, but in view of man; that all economic relationships and agreements and contracts have to be made according to justice and according to the ideas of Christian generosity. All political economy must be made, in the first place, in love, and in the second place in justice. Then Christian civilization puts its seal also upon all civil and political relationships. It teaches that God loves order, and, therefore, that God wishes order to exist in the great human family. If there would be order, there must be law and authority. So that order, law and authority are all of God, are recognized by the authority of God Himself. Therefore, says St. Paul, "He who resisteth lawful authority, resisteth God." But, on the other hand, as all the works of God are meant for the welfare of His creatures, so all the works of a government must be for the welfare and benefit of the governed; and if any government shall reverse this idea, making the works of a government to redound to the greatness of the governing, instead of to

the welfare of the governed, then it is not a legitimate government; it is tyranny, and human beings are not bound to respect it. So should Christian civilization and Christian men remember the sacredness of authority; but, on the other hand, they must construct it on the deep foundation of civil liberty and of free religious institutions. These rights are the characteristics of a Christian civilization, and these elements of Christian civilization were planted in the world by the Christian religion.

Understand, this though, my young friends: there are some people who imagine that the Christian religion has only to do with heaven, and from that standpoint teach you to say your prayers and cultivate the supernatural virtues only. That is wrong. God made this world as well as the other; earth as well as heaven; this life as well as the life to come; and gave us our duties for this world as well as for the next world. Religion is meant to be the soul of our life here below, just as well as to prepare us for the life hereafter; so that the Christian religion which joins the heart to God is the same Christian religion that governs our relationships here in this world. Never forget, my young friends, that religion and civilization are inseparable, or how one leads to the other, or how our duties in this world and our duties in the next world are linked together inseparably. That man is only half a man who thinks only of this world or who thinks only of the next. If he thinks only of this world, he is a heathen; and if he thinks only of the next world he is a fanatic. In order to be the right kind of a human being he must think of both. But he must always bear in mind the relationship between the two. So that Christ, our Blessed Lord, in His holy relation, while teaching our duty to God, at the same time taught this relationship to our fellowman. So do not, in paying attention to supernatural virtues and to the road to heaven, forget, in so doing, the natural life, humanity and the welfare of your fellows. St. Paul says: "Piety is useful unto all things, having promise both for the life that is and for the life that is to come." That is the kind of a Christian holy mother Church wants you to become: Christians who do their duty in this world as well as their duties to the other world; men that are rounded, not one-sided men. But remember, young friends, the man that does his duty only in this world, or only in heaven, is a one-sided man, a lop-sided man; and that, in order not to be a lop-sided man or a one-sided man, but an all-around, symmetrical

man, he must do his duty both to this world and to the next.

Now, my dear young friends, history has shown that the Christian civilization has ever striven to do this; trying to train the mind of man to live lives like that. If it could, what would it make of the world to-day? Remember that Christian civilization has been in the world nineteen hundred years, yet look how little of that spirit there is in the world to-day. Sometimes we cannot help feeling discouraged; but there is no reason for giving up hope; and there are very good reasons why Christian civilization has had a very hard time of it in trying to take possession of the world.

In the first place, Christian civilization has always been resisted by what you may call the spirit of Cæsarism, the spirit of tyranny, the spirit of human ambition, which does not think of the rest of the individuals of the world, but of its own ambition, its own aggrandizement. Whenever that spirit comes in, it antagonizes the spirit of Christ, and resists Christian civilization and the welfare of the world. Now that spirit has been coming in all the time. All history is a record of the struggle of the many craving for liberty and for human rights, and tyranny struggling for its own ambition and its own aggrandizement. And in reading Church history you will see how the spirit of Christ has always been against the foes of the world and against tyranny. Christ said: "Give unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, but render unto God the things which are God's." Cæsar says: "No, I want all." But Christ says "You cannot have all," and then there is a contest. It is the same between the disciples of Christ and Cæsarism, the world over. You remember how it was between Gregory VII. and Henry IV. of Germany. Henry IV. wanted to rule the Church as well as the State, and wanted to turn the priests and bishops into courtiers and servants of his. But the blessed Gregory said, "It was not for this that God made them priests. He made them priests and bishops for the spiritual welfare of His people." Henry IV. said, "I will be master." The Pope said, "You shall not." Then there was again a contest. And you know how at last Henry IV. had to surrender and had to go to Canossa and acknowledge to Gregory VII. that he would give unto Cæsar the things which belonged to Cæsar, and unto God the things which belonged to God. So has been the struggle ever since the beginning, in Germany and throughout the old world. Why is it that the Church

carries on that terrible struggle in France? Simply because the French government will not say: "Your God shall have the things which belong to Him." Why was it that the great struggle took place between Bismarck and Pope Leo XIII.? Because Bismarck was determined that he would govern the Church of God in Germany. Leo XIII. said "You cannot do it." And when Bismarck brought all of the power of Germany to accomplish his task, Bismarck failed, just as they will all fail. He said, "I will never go to Canossa"; but one day the people said to Bismarck: "You have been to Canossa," and Bismarck said "Well, there are a great many worse places in the world than Canossa." (Applause.) The bad is always against Christian civilization and against Christian individualism and freedom, and the giving unto God the things which belong to God.

In the next place, Christian civilization has always been resisted by the spirit of national jealousy and national rivalry. We look at the map of Europe and notice all of those boundary lines. There are boundary lines on the map of the United States too; but they are the boundary lines of confederated states, forming one nation, while the boundary lines on the map of Europe are boundary lines separating countries; hostile countries; countries armed to the teeth to destroy one another if they can, or armed to the teeth to unite against one another. Look at the spectacle presented by the countries of Europe to-day. Over twenty-three million of armed men constituting the standing armies of Europe! Is it not horrible? At the close of the nineteenth century that this should be the result of the religion of Christ, the Prince of peace! It shows how the spirit of Cæsarism and militarism has fostered the spirit of national hostility. That spirit of Cæsarism hinders God's family from being united, and keeps God's children from being social with one another.

Then there comes another obstacle. You know in the sixteenth century, three hundred and fifty years ago, there took place the greatest religious revolution of the world. I will call your attention to the conditions then. Before the great religious revolution, all Christendom was united, save the Greek and Latin Church, but with that exception they were all united. That great religious revolution multiplied separation; created sect in opposition to sect; creed in opposition to creed; and church in opposition to church; and not only separated men more and more from one another, but

put hatred into their hearts. You know, my boys, from history, that church hatred, creed hatred, is the greatest of all hatreds, and that, whereas religion ought to be all a work of love, coming from a God of love, the foolishness of man has turned the history of religion into a chronicle of conflict. The spirit of Cæsarism, and the spirit of nationalism, and the spirit of cynicism, ruled the sixteenth century; and it did look as if there was little hope for the world. But just then God opened up America, a new world, to be free, and to be a free field for Christian civilization.

We wonder, my boys, how it was that Columbus had such a wrong idea of geography when he started out to discover the new world. He was only seeking a western passage to China and India, the oldest part of the old world. The providence of God, however, was guiding him, not to the old world, but to the new world. Columbus thought that in that old world he was going to find treasures that would enable him to win back Christendom to the power of our Saviour; but that was not what God had in mind for him. He meant him to find a new life and a new regeneration of mankind. When God opened up the portals of the new world, history tells us how the old world flocked in, and when they came to the new world they brought with them the spirit of the old world. But God did not intend the spirit of the old world to take root and prevail here. So little by little, He eliminated from, and cast out of, the new world that bad spirit which had been resisting the Christian civilization in the old world.

First of all, He cast out of America Cæsar and Cæsarism. Cæsar is he who reaches his own ambition by trampling on the rights of his fellow-being. Well, people in America began to find out that Cæsar had no right to trample on the rights of human beings. Cæsar issued his laws and said: "I am going on any way, I will trample as much as I like." America says: "Cæsar, suppose you just clear out of here and stay at home." And when he didn't like to do it, America, in the person of the heroes of the great American revolution, gave him arguments and persuasion enough to finally induce him to clear out (Applause). Not only that, but when we made our Declaration of Independence we provided to resist all after-opposition to our rights, which the Declaration of Independence declares to be inalienable. And why inalienable? Because bestowed on man by his Creator. Rights which King

George, or any other king, has no right to take away. Then America looked around and said: "Is that true only of the United States? Is that true only on the continent of North America?" America made up her mind that it was going to be true of the American hemisphere, and she sent word to Cæsar to just stay in the old world and not to attempt to set his foot on one inch of soil on the Western continent. And with the blessing of God she is adhering to the "Monroe Doctrine" faithful and true, and saying firmly to Cæsar: "Stay in the old world, at least, and get out of that just as quick as you can!" (Applause.)

In the next place, the providence of God kept out of the country the spirit of nationalism, and of national narrowness and hostility. Here we have a country as big as the whole of Europe, and in that immense territory there are no divisions of national hostility. You will remember how, about twenty-five years ago or so, some mistaken people in our country thought it would be a good thing to have divided lines of nationalism. But the providence of God said "No." And to-day there is not a man, North or South, who does not thank God for the fact that the fortunes of war were, in the kindness of Providence, that in all our great country there should be no boundary lines of national division or hostility, but that all should be one. So that here in this new world are bound together people from all the countries of the world. All nationalities come here; Germans, Frenchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen, all belong to one nation—people whose ancestors came from countries that have been deadly enemies. They come to this country and meet one another; they meet in trade; they meet in every day life, and they find that there is no reason in the world why they should be enemies. They find that they are brothers, fellow-men, fellow-citizens of one great country, and that there is no reason at all why they should not be brothers and friends. So that all fear of national hostility dies out in one generation and is forgotten, and all the heterogeneous elements of the world come together and, by this good spirit, are bound in a perfectly homogeneous mass.

In the first place, the providence of God banished the spirit of religious animosity. You know, dear boys, that during the colonial days there was just as much religious animosity in America as anywhere else in the world. The colonists had all come here because of religious reasons. They had nearly all suffered perse-

cution in one way or another in the countries of the old world. They came to this country for freedom in religion; they came bringing with them, not only their religious affections and training, but also their religious animosities and jealousies. There was just as much religious intolerance and persecution in the new world as in the old, but God's providence would not permit it to stay here. We are proud of the fact that Catholic Maryland was the first to throw off religious intolerance. Then followed Quaker Pennsylvania; then Baptist Rhode Island, both following the example of Maryland. Then the other colonies finally fell into line. Then came the War of Independence in which all creeds were forgotten; in which the Catholics and the Protestants stood shoulder to shoulder, fighting for the same cause. Together they followed Washington to victory, and after the great battle at Yorktown, when Cornwallis surrendered, the Protestant joined the Catholic in one immense gathering around a Catholic altar in Philadelphia to offer thanks to God for the victory which secured our national independence. So the providence of God withdrew the spirit of religious persecution, and his genius in America became the genius of charity and toleration; no man being expected to sacrifice his religious conviction because of the religious conviction of his brother, but every man being expected, while being true to his own convictions, to treat those of his brother with respect. While many of our people may not be able to agree in their religious views, all are expected, by the genius of America, as well as by Christianity itself, to agree to disagree. Remember, boys, one of the wise sayings of the Fathers of the Church: "In what is necessary, unity; in what is doubtful, liberty; but in all things charity." That belongs to the spirit of the Christian religion, and that, God, by His providence, has made the spirit of America.

So it was, my boys, that the providence of God drove out of America those three great hindrances that resisted Christian civilization in the new world. Therefore, it is, my boys, that, as Gladstone says, "America, with her spirit of freedom, is the greatest outgrowth of the Christian civilization." Here in this world there arose a spirit of Christian civilization and of perfect Christian freedom, such as, in all the history of the world, was never seen anywhere else. That is why all the world loves America. That is why every man who loves God and humanity must love America. That

is why the down-trodden and persecuted of every clime lean towards America and rush to it if they can. That is why men from every clime and nation, who have suffered the galling yoke of persecution, regard with such affection the spirit of American freedom, and rival even her free-born sons in devotedness to the country of their adoption. That is why the old Church of Christ, which has no desire, anywhere, but for the good and welfare of mankind, teaches in this land of liberty, as best she can, how the rights of fellow-beings and the love of God are so beautifully dove-tailed together. Now, my boys, we understand what are the historical facts that have made America what she is; what are the providential events that have given to America this character, and that have given to her her genius; that have marked out her career; that have pointed out to her her destiny, and that would best demonstrate to us that Mr. Gladstone is correct in saying that America and her civilization are the legitimate outgrowth of a great Christian civilization. Therefore, also, Mr. Gladstone must be right in wishing and praying that America should also prove to be the brightest and the best development of the great Christian civilization.

And now, my boys, I trust you understand what sort of a man the American of the future ought to be. The American of the future ought to be a man who should understand these facts. He must, first of all, agree with them. His principles of life should be molded by these facts. And he must, in his public and private life, look to God for these facts. First of all, the American of the future must have no use for those three enemies of Christian civilization, which the providence of God seeks to drive out of America. He must have no use for Cæsarism, no use for nationalism, and no use for sectarianism.

First of all, no use for Cæsarism. The American of the future must remember that he is a free man and that he must ever be the champion of freedom, and that he must never countenance tyranny of any kind. Remember, as we said a while ago, that tyranny may be found even in politics or in economics. It may be found in political arrangements or in economical arrangements. A man seeks to trample on the rights of another man: that is Cæsarism. It is wrong and is going contrary to the genius of America; contrary to the genius of a Christian civilization; and for such a spirit in such a man the American of the future must have no tolerance. I say you can find that in

politics. You can always find politicians who are not seeking the country's welfare, but their own. Despise such a man, and never follow such a leader.

We hear a great deal of talk just now, my boys, about patriotism, and we never can hear too much. But remember that every good thing is sure to be counterfeited, and there is plenty of counterfeit patriotism in this country and in every country: Patriotism has for its foundation, unselfishness, disinterestedness and loyal devotedness to the public welfare. When men are not seeking public welfare, are not disinterested and unselfish, but selfish and seeking their own, or his own, advancement, and seeking his own elevation, that man, though he may talk much about patriotism is not a patriot. He is a sham, and the spirit of the American of the future should know it. The American of the future ought to have keen enough eyes to know the difference between the genuine article and the sham; between the true patriot and the interested, selfish, alleged patriot; between the man who is really seeking his country's welfare and the man who is only seeking the interest of himself or, at most, the interests of his party. And remember this, boys, bear it in mind, because it is going to concern you when you are over twenty-one years of age: the man who seeks only the interests of his party, instead of the interests of his country, is not a bit better than the man who seeks only his own selfish interests instead of the interests of his country. Party selfishness is only individual selfishness in another form. One of the great dangers of to-day is this, that men seek their party's interest instead of their country's interest. Mere partisanship is not patriotism, but is apt to be its very opposite. While you, my dear boys, must of course join parties and have your parties, and go with your parties just as you feel that the principles of one or the other are true and right, and for the country's good, make up your mind never to be partisans; at least in such a way as not to be, above all, Americans. Country first, party second, and only as an agent for the country's good. That is true patriotism; but mere partisanship is its opposite, and that is one of the great dangers of our country. Don't be partisans. Be patriots, and look upon any party only as the representative of a set of principles for the country's good. And when you find a man or party not seeking the country's good, but their own, say at once, this is no place for me. "Eternal vigil-

ance is the price of liberty." Liberty has respect for all rights, but partisanship has no respect for any rights but its own. Partisanship is capable of lying. It is ready to trample on all rights but its own rights. Then, my boys, it is not the friend of freedom. Be freemen, and never be partisans.

Secondly, my boys, beware of the spirit of Cæsar in the economic adjustment of the country. Even in economic relations and contracts between man and man, when any man seeks to take wealth without any regard for the rights of his fellowman, that man has the spirit of Cæsar in him. He is not a fair man; he is a tyrant. Therefore, in economic matters, just as well as in political matters, see to it, as American citizens, that the rights of all are protected. Respect the rights of all. Justice to all; injustice in nothing.

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

A War-Time Episode.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

When the war of secession broke out, Tom Cole was among the first volunteers to the Union ranks. Love of adventure, even more than motives of patriotism—although his love of country was never doubted—prompted him to become a soldier. It was his great desire to meet with adventures similar to those which had befallen his uncle in the war with Mexico. When his company marched away from his native town, his friends and neighbors, with whom his reckless bravery had made him a favorite as a venturesome fellow, predicted for him a glorious career.

His company was assigned to the Army of West Virginia; but for some time it had no opportunity to take part in any engagement. Most of the people of the state were Union sympathizers, and the Confederate troops had not yet begun to act on the offensive. Tom was becoming restless. He had made up his mind that the life of a soldier was not as it had been represented to him. For more than six months his company, with five others, had been cooped up in a small town on the Ohio river, and had not yet seen a single grey-coat. He longed for the time when they would be ordered to the field of battle.

When finally it was announced to the colonel that a band of about twenty-five raiders, a

detachment of rebel cavalry, had been seen advancing to the North, he at once called for one hundred volunteers to go forth to capture them. This number was soon made up, and Cole was one of the first to offer his services. In fact, his great haste was caused by the fear that one hundred others would be accepted before him, and then he must remain in camp. Within an hour after the information had been received, the band of volunteers started to the South to meet the raiders. The road winding up the valley in which they were encamped led directly to the little village where they expected to find their foe. As they rode along Tom took an idealistic point of view of the whole affair. The thought of meeting a superior force, or the consideration that most of them had never been under fire, did not occur to him. He expected to take the twenty-five rebels without meeting any resistance, and regretted that the number was not much larger. When they had gone about ten miles, and just as the road made a sudden turn around the point of a hill, they saw the enemy less than half a mile away. The whole band had dismounted and the majority were lounging about, while a few were preparing a meal. An attack was ordered, but the enemy, apparently frightened by the superior number of their assailants, began to retreat up the valley.

To overtake a Southern horseman, especially of the sort that was sent out on a raid, was next to impossible. But the captain knew the nature of the surrounding country, and a pursuit was ordered. He expected to come within range of the raiders as they ascended the ridge at the head of the valley, and, if nothing more, to give them a good score.

Disappointed, but not hopeless, Tom pushed his horse to the front and soon found himself a little in advance of his companions. Many of these gave up hope before they had gone far, but the greater part held out till the last. The road up the ridge, although steep and rough, was not much of an obstacle to the grey-coats. They passed over the top and down the other side without receiving a single wound from the bullets that were sent after them, and when Tom and his friends came up they abandoned the chase. They found that one of the enemy's horses had fallen and injured itself at the bottom of the road, and upon looking around discovered the rider concealed behind some small bushes. This was the only reward for all their labors.

They then began to retrace their way to

camp. The injuries to the horse were not serious, and after a short rest it was able to carry its master. Tom took control of the prisoner, for it was he who first discovered him, and to break the monotony of the return and make everyone forget the disappointment, decided to amuse his companions at the captive's expense.

"Well, boys, we have at last caught a rebel; one who has been taking a part in all the robbing and murdering that has been done around here. What shall we do—hang him?" His friends, who heard the remark, smiled with indifference.

"I mean what I say! No one but such a fellow as he, or those who ran away, could have committed the foul murders that have been gradually reducing the number in our regiment. I intend to hang him on the first tree to which we come."

Every tree they approached was to have been the fatal one; but some objection was always found in order to prolong the prisoner's agony. In one case the rope was too short; in another the limb was too low, and now the limb that was of the right height was not strong enough. The prisoner seemed very much frightened, but he remained silent, for he knew he was at the mercy of his captors.

"This is just the one for which I have been looking," said Tom as they approached a large, spreading beech. At his request the whole company stopped to see the hanging, although many of them did so unwillingly. As it was to be nothing more than a mock execution, he decided to prolong it as long as possible. From the prisoner's finger he took a ring, which, as was seen from an inscription on the inside, had been presented to him as he left home. "Have you any excuse to offer for all the crimes you have committed?" Tom asked.

The captive denied the charges, and asked to be treated as a prisoner of war. The plea was listened to with much apparent attention, but Tom decided that it could not be accepted. They then took much time in discussing the way in which he should be hanged. After talking over every way that could be thought of, Tom chose the more humane way of letting him swing from off his horse. When everything was ready, and just as the prisoner was making a last appeal for mercy, to which Tom shook his head, a large force of Confederate cavalry was seen descending the valley.

Entirely absorbed in the farce of the hang-

ing, Tom's friends had not even posted pickets, and the grey-coats were barely a quarter of a mile away when they were first seen. There were five hundred of them, at least, and resistance on the part of the Northern horsemen, who were not in the least prepared for battle, would have been useless.

The band of twenty-five which they had been pursuing, was at the time, waiting for this larger force to come up before making an attack on the camp of the Unionists. They had met their allies a short distance beyond the hill-top, and the combined force immediately began to follow their enemy to overtake them, if possible, before they reached camp. The circumstances under which they fell upon Tom and his friends were most favorable for them. A fight was not even necessary; they called for a surrender, and almost before the formerly much-amused soldiers knew what had occurred, they were prisoners of war.

The situation was soon grasped by the victors, and the great peril of their brother cavalryman was at once realized. All manner of explanations could not make the captors of Tom Cole believe that the whole affair had been a huge joke. The freed man insisted that it was a matter of sober earnest. The prisoners were hurried off to the South, and there retained for about two months before they were exchanged.

When the exchange was made only ninety-nine of the hundred prisoners were turned over; and upon inquiry it was found that Tom Cole was the missing one. What had become of him no one seemed to know. His fate could be nothing more than a matter of speculation. But it may be added that the victim of his practical joke, who had come so near to death, as he thought, was thereafter seen to wear on his finger two rings instead of one.

Books and Magazines.

—The April issue of *The Musical Record* contains, fenced in by a thick hedge of advertisements, much interesting and instructive reading matter which lovers of the "concord of sweet sounds" will not fail to appreciate. The suggestions offered in several of its articles to teachers and pupils of the art, in whose interests the periodical is published, are highly valuable, and deserve a careful perusal, whilst the four musical numbers may be appropriately termed *note-worthy*.

—*The Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* for the quarter beginning December, 1894, contains only two contributions, but these are handled with a thoroughness and grasp and finish that transcends all expectation. It is no easy matter to make such subjects as "The Papago Indians and their Church" and "Philadelphia's First Nun" attractive to the ordinary reader; and yet that is just what Dr. Lawrence F. Flick and Sarah Trainer Smith have succeeded in doing in their respective articles. An index to Vol. V., and four full-page illustrations complete a most valuable number. We sincerely trust that the *Historical Society* is receiving the support it deserves.

—It is a surprising array of learned and kindly faces that greets the readers of the March monthly part of the *Ave Maria*. We note especially the familiar features of the Rt. Rev. Bishop Spalding, the Rev. Reuben Parsons, the Rev. A. B. O'Neill, C. S. C., the Rev. Edmund Hill, C. P., Maurice Francis Egan, Percy Fitzgerald, Katharine Tynan Hinkson, Orby Shipley, Eleanor C. Donnelly, Mary E. Manix, Flora L. Stanfield and last, not least, Austin O'Malley, who contributes a wonderfully bright and catchy paper on "Berlin and Its Students." Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's Notes on *The Imitation* are always clear; they explain and do not mystify. "Nuestra Señora" is a serial of more than usual power and interest: the author's style is highly refreshing, and his Mexican pictures are sketched with a bold, sure stroke. In an article of rare discernment Doctor Parsons pays a beautiful tribute to a noble Christian man—Cesare Cantù. The unsigned "Chronicles of the Little Sisters," however, make the most fascinating pages in the magazine, and we sincerely trust that they will be issued soon in book form. This *résumé* would be altogether incomplete, of course, without a reference to Dr. Egan's "Jack Chumleigh at Boarding-School," which some pronounce even better than last year's story. Not the least entertaining, as also not the least literary, writing of Our Lady's periodical, is comprised in the "Notes and Remarks" and the department devoted to Publishers and Authors.

"THERE is no better measure of the progress of an individual, than the degree of his ability to stand alone, in thought and action, undisturbed by the adverse opinions and judgments of his fellowmen."

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, April 20, 1895.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: EDITOR, NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Ind.

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—Many of the newspapers, in commenting upon the design which decorated the address accompanying the Lætare Medal, attributed its execution to the well-known artist, Signor Luigi Gregori. It affords us pleasure to state that this beautiful piece of workmanship was the production of one of the artists of our sister institution, St. Mary's Academy.

—The Hon. W. J. Onahan lectured to the students in Washington Hall yesterday. He took for his theme "Civic Patriotism," and for fully an hour held the attention of the audience by the elegance of his diction, the clearness of his enunciation and the novel presentment of his subject. Owing to our immediate going to press we are prevented from giving a fuller account of the lecture.

—The SCHOLASTIC acknowledges the receipt of a very cordial invitation from Rev. D. J. Spillard, our sometime Prefect of Religion, to attend on the 21st inst. the ceremony of the blessing and laying of the corner-stone of the new Sacred Heart Church, New Orleans. While we regret that present duties render our acceptance impossible, we tender the Rev. gentleman our best wishes for continued success.

"The Prince and the Wood-Cutter."

A regular feature of the advertising pages of *Leslie's Weekly* is a "superlative column" wherein are mentioned only the biggest or the best of men and things. A local wit had this column in mind when he said that the SCHOLASTIC began a superlative department of its own whenever it printed a dramatic notice. How false his words were, we leave each of our readers to decide for himself. It is not within the province of our college paper to make a detailed and careful analysis of the methods of our embryo Irvings; for our actors, as a rule, look over the foot-lights but once in a year, and when they make their final bow, they vanish into the wings for another twelvemonth. Criticism, under such circumstances, would be worse than useless and the critic himself, if he had ever worn doublet and hose, would be accused of jealousy, or if his name had never appeared on a programme, he would be denounced as an incompetent. And so, if the SCHOLASTIC has, at times, seemed over-merciful, it is not because of blindness but of good-nature.

For once it can, without fear of contradiction, praise every individual in a cast, from the hero to the heavy villain, from the prince who sets all things right to the humblest of his subjects whose only function is to be an audience for his royal master. The play was "The Prince and the Wood-Cutter" and the actors were Philopatrians, the junior literary and dramatic society of Carroll Hall. It was a dangerous experiment to entrust melodramatic parts to young men, many of whom were yet in knickerbockers, but Father Moloney, the Philopatrians' devoted President, knew his boys and their capabilities, and the result more than realized his hopes.

The plot of "The Prince and the Wood-cutter" is very similar to that of "Waiting for the Verdict." As in the latter, the villain of "The Wood-cutter" kills the leading "walking gentleman" and manages to throw suspicion on the hero. With this for a motive, several intensely dramatic scenes are worked up by the author, and, as usual, poetic justice is satisfied in the last act, when Maurice is cleared and Count Hartenstein sent to prison.

Easter Monday is not usually devoted to theatricals, but the Philopatrians have inaugurated the custom, and we hope to see it kept

up. It was just four o'clock in the afternoon when the Orchestra began Jakobowski's overture from the "Devil's Deputy." The Orchestra was never in better trim and the three numbers it rendered—the two others being Stearns' "Rehearsal of a Village Orchestra" after Act II., and Cruger's "Massachusetts Military March" after Act III.—were very well done, indeed. Mr. E. Frank Jones sang Piccolomini's "Ora Pro Nobis" between Acts I. and II. and, as an encore, "Remember Mother." Mr. Jones made a tremendous hit with his two solos, which only goes to show that the SCHOLASTIC was voicing public sentiment when it asked for more songs and less instrumental music in our programmes. Mr. Jones has a clear, pleasing tenor voice which will, with cultivation, develop more evenness in his high notes, more smoothness in his low ones.

The play was a distinct success, all the more brilliant because it was the first appearance of the Philopatrians, individually and as a society. It seems little less than remarkable that a score of boys—the oldest of whom cannot be more than sixteen, while little Willie Robb, whose "business" was delightful, is not more than six—were capable of as finished a performance as that of last Monday's. How much of the credit of the success is due to Father Moloney's training those who saw the earlier rehearsals know, and the Philopatrians themselves are not backward about acknowledging their indebtedness to him.

As Prince Leopold, the *deus ex machina* of the play, Harold Speake played a difficult part—all the harder that his lines were few—with grace and good judgment. He kept his identity carefully concealed until the last dramatic scene when he declared himself the prince, ordered the release of Maurice and the imprisonment of Count Hartenstein. As his friend and confidant, Baron Liebheim, John O'Mara did some clever work before the rapier of the Count put him, for the time being, *hors de combat*. There have been duels and duels at Notre Dame, but we can remember no other so well managed, so realistic, as the fight between the Baron, and the Count and his brother-scoundrel, Glandolf. It must have taken weeks and weeks of arduous work to get every thrust and parry in its place, but the effect attained more than repaid the labor. The whole scene was thrilling—the disarming of the Count was adroitly done, and the combatants seemed so much in earnest that the illusion was almost perfect. Something like a shudder ran through

the younger portion of the audience when the Count, after recovering his lost sword, stabbed the Baron in the back just as Liebheim had forced Glandolf to his knees.

The Count himself (T. P. Goldstein) was an ideal villain from his make-up to the least of his actions. Master Goldstein is quick and capable, and every effect he made last Monday was the result of study and careful training. The lot of the unrighteous in dramas at Notre Dame is rarely a pleasant one. The majority of the audience has not yet learned to divorce the reality from the fiction, and perhaps the greatest praise that can be given Master Goldstein is to say that he was well hated long before the curtain went down for the last time. As his tool and companion in crime, Glandolf, David Wright ably supported his chief. Time was at Notre Dame when all the actors were stars and the importance of each was measured by the length of his lines. But the old traditions have given way to newer and saner ideas of art, and the minor persons of the drama are content, now, to help their chiefs without striving to be always in the centre of the stage themselves.

Master Forbing, as Maurice the Wood-Cutter, satisfied everyone. He caught the attention of the audience in the first act and held their sympathy throughout the play. His work in the first act was particularly good and his make-up was excellent. He has a clear voice which he knows well how to handle and a good stage-presence, and his impersonation of Maurice was admirable. As his two young sons, Fritz and Louis, the juveniles of the play, Ray McPhee and little Willie Robb were wonderfully natural and unaffected. They were the centres of all eyes when they were on the stage, and they deserved all the attention they received as the youngest actors Washington Hall has known since the '80's. As Dominie Starrkopf, an eccentric old schoolmaster with a petition to present, Abner Harding furnished much amusement for the audience. The Dominie was something like Uncle George in "David Copperfield," with a passion for writing memorials and a determination to present them in spite of all opposition. He was no respecter of persons or places, and from his first appearance on the stage, his petition was his greatest concern. Master Harding is a capital comedian of the more serious type and his speeches and antics were always mirth-provoking. Only once did the poor old schoolmaster forget his eccentricities. In the trial scene, when he attempts to defend Maurice and

finds that the evidence against him is overwhelming, do we forget that the Dominie is one of the clowns. His distress was so real and his agitation so apparent that he carried his audience with him and every one felt the pathos of the scene. Maurice's other friend, Hans, as played by George Krug, was true to life, and his devotion to Maurice and his generosity to the Dominie were simple and touching. William Monahan, as Christopher, the father of Maurice, made a very natural and acceptable old man. His was no easy part, but he managed it with considerable skill and judgment. As Lynx, the court-jester, Peter Kuntz took the house by storm. Slender and graceful, he was entirely at home on the stage and his acting was something of a revelation to the older generation. The scene between Lynx and the Dominie, when the clown matches his ready wit against the anger and earnestness of the old man, and is worsted in the struggle, was very funny. Master Kuntz made, perhaps, the best impression of any of the Philopatians, and if the Stock Company ever needs a very light and graceful young actor for juvenile parts they cannot do better than engage him.

As a whole, the play was a triumph, for the society and for its President. Of course, the time spent in preparation was longer than that taken by the other companies who have disported themselves in the glare of the foot-lights this year. But they deserve all the more credit for their modesty, and their long weeks of work merited the brilliant success they achieved last Monday. From first to last, there was not a hitch in the performance, the wrong note was never struck and the climaxes were never spoiled by the exertions of the comedians. The minor characters,—the captains and guards, the jailers and villagers on whom the success of a play depends quite as much as on the "stars,"—were admirably sustained by the boys to whom they were entrusted. If a football similitude may be allowed, it was team-work—and in team-work the least is as important as the greatest—that made "The Prince and the Wood-Cutter" a triumph, and gave to the Philopatians the honor of the smoothest and most even performance of the dramatic seasons of 1894-'5.

"WHAT land, what people, has the sun ever illumined more worthy of the heart's deep affection than our own?"

Athletics.

Notre Dame will meet Ann Arbor next Monday. It will be a huge surprise if Varsity wins. During the week the practice of the local team has been very unsatisfactory. Parlor playing is not calculated to heighten our score, and timidity at the bat will not win us the game. There is a lack of earnestness in fielding and batting. The recognized mode among the players now is as follows: Make a graceful bow to the audience, pose in the most approved style, reach for the ball and—miss it. (Save your dignity at any cost.) There is too much of this pseudo-gracefulness. What is sadly needed is hard work and grubbing. Brown was the best example of earnest playing. He came from—well, from Iowa, where they don't give a continental about Adonis, and where Venus doesn't have her pictures taken. They generally play ball there, and don't give a tinker's oath for the cultivation of graceful movements. But lately, Brown has been affected by the effete culture learned from his confrères. He would do better to resume his old playing.

When at the bat the men shiver as if they had the ague. They are afraid of being hit with the ball; this was shown in Thursday's game when Smith faced them. What will they do before stranger pitchers? It is all hoppycock to say they have been taught to study the pitcher for the first four innings; they had better learn their lesson a little sooner and like good scholars get home earlier and eat a hearty supper. Notre Dame men were always weak at the bat, and Varsity will do well to profit by the blunders of the past.

Schmidt has been a bit weak at third. This is mainly due to the fact that he has been playing behind home-plate until this season. Many have called for his retirement from third. This would be foolish just now, since there is no man trained to take the position. If he finds that there are better men than himself, it will be his plain duty to retire. We believe that if Captain Schmidt discovers that he is a hindrance to the team's success, he will retire and captain the men from the bench. He has really formed the best team that Notre Dame has ever seen, and he deserves all praise for his work. It was a mistake to put Dinkle at Centre. He can't judge a fly-ball and cannot throw. Why not try Monahan in the position?

The Modern Novel.

A great deal of stuff has lately been appearing in the magazines and reviews about the "Modern Novel," what it should and what it should not be, but no two ideals are the same. For the modern novel is like modern architecture, a combination of all the preceding styles put together in a way better calculated to satisfy groups of individuals than to follow any certain rules or ideals of art.

The novel originally began as the story of some love affair spiced with exciting adventures. Now it covers every subject from the raising of small fruit to the purposes of the Deity. It is made the medium of beguiling the reader, who thinks he is reading a story, into receiving every variety of useful or useless information, or accepting some social theory that is to make the millenium a reality.

To one group of readers a "novel with a purpose" is absolutely no novel at all; "art for art's sake" being the only thing tolerable in its pages, and the works of Scott and Dumas are held up as ideals. By another group the opposite idea is held; no novel without a purpose is worth reading, and such names as Dickens, Thackeray and Victor Hugo support this theory. To one, the morality of the scenes and characters of a novel has nothing to do with its artistic value; to another the novel should inculcate the highest morality, by presenting only perfectly proper scenes and passages. The realist would have the novel depict "life as it is," the idealist "life as it should be." One critic would have the novel confined to local characters and commonplace events; another would have nothing but universal types and romantic plots.

And so it goes. The critics quarrel; but in spite of them novels of all sorts are being published by the hundred every day, each lauded by its own set of readers and condemned by the others. And to what set has been given the right to assume that it possesses the standard to which the modern novel ought to conform?

In former centuries, when the reading public was limited and homogeneous, a critic might characterize definitely the novel of the period. But now, with our vast and diversified reading public, the modern novel must be heterogeneous in character, ranging from "The Three Musketeers" to "Looking Backward."

Exchanges.

After reading "From Our Balconies" one is not surprised at the literary excellence of the March number of the *Salve Regina*. With such surroundings it appears strange that the thoughts of its contributors did not flow to metre except that they found at hand a prose pliant and musical enough for adequate expression. The issue before us contains the first instalment of a critical study of the blank verse in Hamlet. If it is an earnest of the instalments to come, the serial will be both scholarly and exhaustive.

* * *

The most dainty of literary epicures will always find something to tempt him in *The University of Virginia Magazine*. Month after month, its editors spread a feast of short stories and essays that for their quality, their finish and the evident ease of their production are a constant source of wonder. All the greater is one's surprise, however, on discovering, as issue succeeds issue, that its editors cast their thoughts with equal facility in the mold of prose or verse; and that in either form they lose naught of their piquancy and force.

In the number at hand the departments both of thought and of fancy are well represented. The former, by the essay on "American Ballad Poetry" and the "Editorials"; the latter, by four short stories and "Aftermath." What we like especially about the essay is its coherence. In a brief introduction, its writer traces the ballad "to the desire of men to hear a story." Then he points out the causes of the degeneration of the ballad, and incidentally accounts for our poverty in historic and legendary ballads. After this the work of the three great New England balladists, Whittier, Holmes and Longfellow, is considered; the peculiar excellence of each commented upon, and the limitations of each set forth.

In the short stories, also, there is much worthy of commendation. There is the artistic working up of details with a view to the *dénouement*, and the deft handling of conversation which gives grace and movement to the narration. Of the verse in this issue we content ourselves with saying that it is a blessing the editors considered the words of the pessimistic exchange-editor—"if you write poetry, burn it"—simply as a bit of advice.

Personals.

—Mr. August Gebhard, a prominent business man of Buffalo, N. Y., visited the University, last Saturday and Sunday.

—John B. Sullivan, who is pleasantly remembered by all at Notre Dame, has been chosen City Attorney of Creston, Iowa, and has already won golden opinions from his constituents. On St. Patrick's Day he delivered a tender and powerful discourse on "America and the Irish Cause."

—John H. Shillington (Com'l), '94, and gold medalist in the Junior division of Elocution, has been spending the past week with his friends at the University. He was lately employed by the large wholesale house of W. F. McLaughlin & Co., but resigned his position to enter one of Chicago's banks. His late employers speak of him in the highest terms of praise. He will return to the University next session to enter the English course.

—The jovial editor of the Kokomo *Daily* spent several days at the University during the last week. Mr. Henderson expressed himself as very much pleased with everything he saw during his short stay, and regretted exceedingly that his time was so limited as to allow only a cursory examination of the many things which were of especial interest to him. He has, however, promised to be present at the jubilee celebration, when it will be a pleasure to have him with us again.

—Mr. Hugh O'Neill, LL. B., one of the young men who will occupy an important position among the legal lights of Chicago, spent Easter Sunday in shaking hands with his friends at the University. Hugh is an energetic worker, and his talent and industry have already won him a reputation unusual for so young a man. In his college days, Hugh was one of the editorial Staff of the SCHOLASTIC, and his loyalty to it ever since cannot be questioned. We trust that his present success, gratifying as it is, is but the earnest of the wider usefulness and fame that will come as the years go by.

—Mr. Patrick Coady, who was a student at the University for five or six years, paid us a flying visit during the past week. Pat is just as jolly and cheerful as he was two years ago, when he left his *Alma Mater*, a Bachelor of Law, to seek his fortune in the city of Paris, Illinois. He had much to say about the "old boys," especially his brother Thomas, who was married last January and who is at present managing his father's business in Pana. Mr. Coady is on a business trip through southern Michigan, but will try to stop over to see the Varsity defeat Ann Arbor on next Monday—a thing which he thinks we are able to do.

Local Items.

—Two new six-oared shells were launched yesterday.

—To-morrow, Co. B will have its first drill for the gold medal.

—Cement walks are being laid between the new building and the church.

—New flooring has been put on the veranda in front of the main building.

—Mr. John Mott (Law), '95, has been chosen captain of the Sorin hall crew.

—Carroll hall will hold high carnival this evening in their reading-room.

—Competitions are nearly over and the List of Excellence will appear soon.

—The Literature class has been discussing the works of Milton during the past week.

Bro. Hugh's many friends at the University are pleased to see him about again after his severe illness.

—There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening owing to the Holy Week exercises.

—For the past few days the Criticism class has been discussing the merits of the classic, idealistic and romantic schools.

—Our genial instructor of Zoölogy says that his namesakes were so plentiful in Ireland that the people swore by the powers.

—There is a rumor floating about the corridors of Cosmopolitan Flat that Woodchuck is soon to appear in a new spring suit.

—The members of the Belles-Lettres class have been treating of the lyric poets of the Augustan Age during the past week.

—The men of Brownson hall have a new paper which threatens to be a formidable rival of the SCHOLASTIC. It is called the *A. D. P. Weekly*.

—The hill leading to the Seminary is being graded. Those having the contract in charge expect to finish the work by the first of May.

—The boat club held a meeting last Wednesday evening, and elected Fred J. O'Brien and Chas. D. McPhee captains of the old six-oar shells.

—A very diminutive student was angry at a six-foot friend, and told him that all who did not like his style (the small boy's) should crawl up *his* back.

—There is great interest shown among the logicians in Sorin hall regarding a fourth possible state of matter. Send or call for information at Room 53, Third flat.

—Judging from the great bundles of SCHOLASTICS that have been mailed from Brownson hall during the week, the Easter number must have been circulated far and wide.

—Charles J. Langley's name, through some mistake, was omitted from the programme last Monday. He is a member of the Philopatrians and took part with the Villagers in the First and Third Acts.

—Invitations for the Golden Jubilee are being sent out. A personal letter from the President is being sent to every bishop in the United States. There will be a large number of the alumni present, two hundred coming in a body from Chicago alone.

—Have you read the *Green Bay Review*?

'Tis a record of crops,
Of births, deaths and 'hops';
I'd be up with the times were I you,
And read the *Green Bay Review*.

—The Very Reverend Father General Français left on Friday evening, accompanied by the Very Reverend Dean Condon for Montreal, whence he will start on an extended visit to the houses of the Congregation of Holy Cross in the Canadian province.

—There is an improvement being made that will transform the dreary appearance of the grounds in front of the shops. Fresh sod is being laid, and young trees are being planted. Even the undertaker's establishment is being made pleasant—to view from a distance.

—On Easter Monday morning the St. Joseph hall nine played the Carroll Specials on the campus of the latter. The teams were pretty well matched and put up a good game. They played only five innings, and when they stopped the result was 8 to 5 in favor of St. Joseph's hall.

—The Tennis Club has arranged games with Niles, South Bend, Mishawaka and Elkhart. The dates will be published next week. A gentleman from Sorin and another from Brownson will play in the doubles. Dempsey of Sorin will, in all probability, be chosen for the singles.

—Judging from the crowd that witnessed Sunday's practice game, the Association will prosper, provided the loudest talkers (and they were in the majority) do not get on the other side of the hedge. Let everybody get out his colors Monday and cheer for the GOLD AND BLUE.

—The score in the game between the Minims and South Bend on the fourteenth was 32 to 22 in favor of the former. The Minims did some good playing. Barrett for the Minims struck out twenty men. If the Minims keep on they will soon be able to cross bats with the Special team of Carroll hall.

—Many improvements have been made during the past week in the different halls: the storm doors and windows have been removed; the old matings have been taken up and new ones laid; the windows have received a thorough cleansing, and the "rough house" element has been scattered to the four winds.

—The game on the 14th was a sad lesson to our manager. He learned that arranging a game with South Bend meant free admission to the grounds for all the riff-raff of the city.

Such displays of rowdyism as the visitors made were never seen here before. The Faculty has prohibited all games with South Bend in the future.

—The Philopatrians' performance last Monday passed off without a hitch. The actors received congratulations from all present. The stage management was in charge of Mr. J. A. Marmon who was assisted by Messrs. Johnson, Moxley, Cavanagh and Palmer. Their work was in all respects creditable. A full report of the play will be found on another page.

—On Thursday of last week two picked nines of Sorin hall played an interesting game of ball on the Manual Labor grounds. The game ended with the score of 13 to 12 in favor of Capt. Prichard's team. The object of the game was to pick a team to play the Varsity nine in the afternoon, but as Sorin Hall does not belong to the Association, Manager Chassaing refused to allow it.

—In the practice game which the Varsity played last Thursday, Smith went into the box against them for four innings. Not a safe hit was made off him, while the Antis piled up five runs in the first inning. Shillington, who played short for the Carroll Specials last year, took the same position for the Antis. He made two clean hits, fielded well, and altogether was a surprise. If he had returned this session he would have been given a place on the team.

—The less that is said of the game on the 14th the better. Our men played poor ball and their errors gave South Bend the game by a score of 16 to 15. On Monday, however, they crossed bats with the Anti-Specials, and the spectators witnessed a much better game. Smith played at short. The score was 15 to 10 in favor of the Varsity men. Ainsworth pitched for the winning team and Ludwig for the Anti-Specials. Captain Schmidt has the men out every morning, and they are getting down into shape for Monday's game.

—Those chaps from Sorin hall who come to chaff the Varsity players during practice had better remain at home. It is unkind to rally the men whenever they make an error. Of course, one expects to hear, on a ball field, uncomplimentary remarks passed by knowing critics, who vent such an abundance of idiotic drivel; but the Varsity men should not put themselves on a level with these infantile chatterers. It is the part of a child to retaliate by throwing the ball into the crowd of spectators. The more manly way would be to forcibly persuade, one at a time, these childish tonguesters.

—Several days ago a SCHOLASTIC man was walking very pensively along the path around the lake, when he met with a mortal that had care and worry stamped on his countenance. The man of letters stopped for a moment, and questioned the stranger as to the cause of his sorry plight, and received the following infor-

mation. "I was once happy and contented, breathing the pure air of arts and sciences; but in an evil hour I became fascinated with the idea of becoming local reporter for a college paper. It is one year ago to-day since I began." The SCHOLASTIC man turned pale, and directed his steps towards the sanctum and resigned.

—A great many arrangements are being made by the Executive Committee for the opening game with Ann Arbor on Monday. The neighboring towns have been billed, and a large crowd will assemble to witness the game. The Mayor and City Council of South Bend have been invited and they have signified their intention to be present. All of the boxes in the grand stand have been rented, and the Committee seems to feel confident that all the seats will be filled. It has been decided that no one is to witness the game from the space between the first base line and the fence joining Science and Mechanic halls. One of the best rules established by the Committee is that no carriages are to be allowed on the campus during the season.

—During the past week the Ann Arbor baseball team has been making a tour of the West, playing games with the minor college clubs. Thus far they have come off easy victors with generally a large score in their favor. According to their correspondent in the *Detroit Free Press* they expect to have one of their hardest battles here next Monday, and in all probability they will put their best men on the field. Sexton, who has signed with the Boston National League team, has been specially reserved to pitch against our Varsity team, and if he is half the twirler his admirers claim him to be, our men will have to make a hard fight in order to win. The local fans were greatly discouraged by last Sunday's disgraceful exhibition, but their spirits have been raised considerably by the marked improvement noticeable in the practice of this week over last week's.

—There was a large attendance at the meeting of the Philodemics last Wednesday evening. After some preliminary business the program of the evening was carried out. Mary E. Wilkins was the writer discussed. Mr. Francis E. Eyanson read an interesting and creditable criticism of her works and was followed by Mr. Eustace Cullinan, who read Miss Wilkin's "Symphony in Lavender," and by Mr. John Devanney who read "Their Courtship." All the gentlemen on the program did their work well and rendered the meeting a most delightful one. It was resolved to hold the next meeting in two weeks. It will be the last meeting of this term and a program of more than usual attractiveness has been prepared. The evening will be devoted to the consideration of the works of Professor Stace. Several members of the Faculty will recount interesting reminiscences of this gentle Christian author.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Burns, Davis, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Gibson, Hervey, Kennedy, J. Mott, T. Mott, J. McKee, D. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Vignos.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Anderson, Arnold, Ainsworth, Alber, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brennan, Bennett, Britz, R. Browne, E. Coleman, Corby, Crane, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Daley, Davila, Dillon, Eymers, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fera, Foulkes, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, Halligan, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hanrahan, Howell, Hennebry, Hinde, Jones, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, E. Kaul, F. Kaul, R. Kinsella, A. Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lassig, Landsdowne, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulrone, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Masters, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McHugh, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, Oldshue, Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Pearce, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, M. Ryan, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smoger, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Streicher, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, Turner, Tinnen, H. Wilson,* P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wensinger, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Wellington.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cottin, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, Cypher, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Jones, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Long, Langley, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdowne, Miles, W. Morris, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Maurer, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Quaudt, Rocky, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Schaack, Strong, F. Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Waters, Wright, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, Boyton, Breslin, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassidy, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Catchpole, Cotter, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Durand, Devine, Davis, Egan, Elliott, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Ford, Goff, Graham, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, Hawkins, R. Hess, F. Hess, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Kopf, Lawton, Leach, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Noonan, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Paul, Plunkett, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sexton, Sontag, Steele, Thompson, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann.

* Omitted the last few weeks by mistake.