

THE

SCHOLASTIC.

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

VOL. XXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, MAY 4, 1895.

No. 31.

Alma Mater.

—

THE old gold dome
Of Notre Dame,
So lone at night
Beneath the stars
Beneath the blue,
It calls me home,
It wants me home.

Sweet as a flute,
A distant voice
Sinks with the night
Beneath the stars
Beneath the blue,
And calls me home,
And wants me home.

F. E. N.

— ● —

A Summer in Europe

—

BY A. B.

—

VIII.—ALONG THE MEDITERRANEAN SHORE.

“All that is really worth seeing at Marseilles may be seen in two or three hours with the help of a cab.” Thus, the omniscient Appleton, in Part I. of his European Guide-Book, anent the principal seaport of France. Not exactly thus—far otherwise, rather—the nervously vivacious proprietor of the Grand Hotel Noailles whose extravagant encomiums on his native city I rather mischievously interrupt by translating for his benefit the foregoing quotation and blandly inquiring whether it is true.

“But what, Monsieur,” exclaims the indignant landlord, “is it that you take our superb city for an insignificant village of the country, and our magnificent street of Cannebière for a zig-

zagging, narrow cowpath? For example!! See Marseilles in two or three hours! Listen, Monsieur. If what you have read me there is veritably in the book, it is a ridiculous error of typography. Evidently the miserable printers have placed ‘hours’ where the author wrote ‘weeks.’ But yes; it is that! Not even a stupid like a jealous Englishman would have the effrontery so cruelly to insult the beautiful metropolis of the Mediterranean. *Weeks*, Monsieur, *WEEKS!* After a visit of two or three of *them*, you may congratulate yourself that you have seen a little of Marseilles; in two or three *hours*—but bah! it is too ludicrous, too *bête* to speak about.”

The moral of this eloquent expostulation from my voluble landlord is the old one that, in criticism of cities as of books and personages, a good deal depends on one’s point of view. It happens, however, that in the present case my point of view is more likely to coincide with Appleton’s than with the hotel-keeper’s. The latter individual is naturally open to the suspicion of being a special pleader on the particular subject of the attractiveness of Marseilles; and I decide that my sojourn in the city will be measured, not by weeks or yet days, but even by the hours so contemptuously scoffed at. Still, I spend here a period three or four times as long as the guide-book recommends, and consequently flatter myself that I have visited not only all the sights “really worth seeing,” but a considerable number that belong to a different category.

Marseilles is, primarily and principally, a port. Its fine harbor, some seventy acres in extent, is merely an inlet of the sea running eastward into the very heart of the city. Twelve hundred vessels may ride safely at anchor in this spacious haven; and I should

roughly estimate that fully one half that number are gathered there on the morning of my visit. What a veritable forest of masts the port appears, and what a scene of noise and tumult and pulling and hauling and hoisting and active labor of all kinds I come upon at the docks! The flags of all nations are lazily drooping from the lofty spars of full-rigged ships, barques, brigs, schooners, steamers, feluccas, and a dozen other varieties of watercraft whose build is altogether novel to me and whose names are a mystery.

The sailors are in language and costume still more various than are the vessels. What a polyglot jumble of cries and orders and snatches of song and boisterous chaffing one's ears are assailed with! Here surely are heard not only all the regular languages of Europe, Asia, and Africa, but all the supernumerary dialects and jargons that prevail in the uttermost limits of barbarism. Such inextricable and hopelessly entangled confusion of tongues may have existed elsewhere since the catastrophe that overtook the workmen of Babel, but I doubt it. As for the dress of these many-nationed mariners, its variety is as bewildering to the eye as are their accents to the ear. No ambitious "property men" of a college theatre ever imagined costumes more grotesque or fantastic, no masquerade or carnival ever furnished figures more oddly or picturesquely arrayed than are these brown and yellow and black Jack Tars who swarm about the Marseilles docks. I spend an hour among them, and then decide that I need a rest. Whither shall I betake myself to escape for a time from all this rush and hurry and deafening clatter?

My choice is speedily made. To the south of the town and harbor rises a very high hill whose summit is crowned by a picturesque church suggesting at once the idea of a trusty sentinel keeping watch and ward over the environing land and sea. And such, in very truth, is the office attributed to Her to whom this celebrated oratory is dedicated, Notre Dame de la Garde. A cab soon conveys me to the foot of the stone stairway that leads to the chapel, and after some minutes of steady climbing whose laboriousness is considerably aggravated by the intensity of the heat, I reach the favorite shrine of Mediterranean mariners.

What tales of furious tempests and sudden squalls and seething billows and dreaded shipwreck are suggested by these thousands of ex-votos which nearly hide the interior walls of Carrara marble! How earnest and fervent

have been the myriad acts of thanksgiving poured out from manly hearts at the foot of this graceful altar above which rises the beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Guard! One almost hears the glad *Te Deums* that have so often echoed through these noble arches, and the very atmosphere is vibrant with the grateful aspirations of countless wives and mothers and innocent children who year after year have paid the tribute of their loving thanks that their Mother has preserved to them their dear ones whose business it is to "go down to the sea in ships."

The view from this eminence whereon Our Lady is enthroned is one to evoke admiration from the most unimpressionable of spectators, and to thrill with exquisite delight a soul that renders willing homage to the potent spell of beauty. On one hand lies Marseilles rising above its port in the form of a vast and gradually sloping amphitheatre, the receding hills covered with olive-fields and vineyards and dotted here and there with the pretty *bastides*, or country-houses of the wealthier citizens. Turning to the south one gazes on the limitless expanse of the Mediterranean, its azure wavelets glistening in the radiant sunlight far away as the eye can carry, and softly crooning the while a peaceful lullaby to the white-winged yachts that skim their surface.

After this experience, my visiting the show-places of the city itself is altogether a tame proceeding, and proves quite as savorless as must be a draught of bitter beer after a brimming glass of sparkling champagne. The tourist in Marseilles should reserve Notre Dame de la Garde for the conclusion of his sight-seeing; the magnificent view which it commands belongs properly, not to the first or second course, but to the dessert.

And now that the hour for continuing my journey has arrived, how genuinely I regret my inability to proceed by water rather than in the monotonous train where one is "cabined, cribbed, confined" for hours at a time! If my holidays were only a little longer, I should certainly "sail the waters blue" from Marseilles to Genoa; but alas and alack! the weeks are hurrying on and September is already far too near. With as good a grace as is possible, then, I resign myself to the inevitable, and derive not a little consolation from the thought that, as the railway skirts the sea almost continuously throughout the trip, the ride promises to be more than usually interesting.

An hour or two later, I am fully reconciled to the necessity that has consigned me to the train, and begin to doubt whether even the sea voyage can be a more pleasurable experience than this that I am now enjoying. Notwithstanding the drawbacks of occasional tunnels, the railway journey from Marseilles to Genoa is not merely interesting; it is for the most part positively delightful. No previous twelve hours that I have spent in steam-cars ever passed so quickly or proved so thoroughly enjoyable in the transit, as these during which we speed along the Mediterranean shore. Landscapes the most diversified succeed one another with a rapidity which alone prevents the eye from being satiated with beauty. On our left, hills and vales and aggressive promontories and the towering peaks of the Maritime Alps flash by us like swiftly changing stereopticon views; while on the right the deep blue waters are sparkling ever, and the surf now breaks lazily on a sloping beach, now dashes angrily against some impudent bluff sturdily defying its further progress.

There is assuredly nothing monotonous in the prospect afforded by our rapid flight along this iron track that winds around the southern coast of France and skirts the Gulf of Genoa. Generally there is, between the sea and the mountain heights, a slope sufficiently wide to serve as a roadbed for the railway; but not seldom the promontories start up abruptly from the waves and the train whirls, not around, but through them. These tunnels afford merely a momentary repose for the eye which is attracted a few seconds later by some new variety of nature's handiwork beautiful enough to dream over for hours.

No wonder so many of the wealthier class of Englishmen forsake their cold and foggy island home to spend the winter months in these charmingly situated and climatically favored towns that nestle beneath the sheltering cliffs of lofty mountain-ranges or spread themselves over hillsides just above the sea to bask in the light and warmth of the southern sun. Cannes and Nice and Monaco and Mentone and San Remo—how familiar are the names in current literature, how like household words they sound to the reader of modern English fiction! Well, here they are, prettier, more graceful and inviting than ever the novelist depicted, or his reader imagined them. Sheltered on the north by the Alps and on the east by the Appenines, they enjoy perfect immunity from the chilling and humid blasts that else-

where afflict mankind with stubborn colds and neuralgic aches and rheumatic pains and that complicated malady which is a combination of all such distressing ailments, *la grippe*.

Here, for instance, as we emerge from a tunnel is Cannes, built upon a smiling hillside rising above a charming little bay. What exquisite scenes one views as the train slackens, stops and again goes slowly on! Look at those scores of elegant villas daintily perched above the highway and surrounded by orange groves and gardens that are simply fragrant masses of richly variegated color. This must surely be the spot that Goethe had in mind when he asked

“Know'st thou the land where the lemon-trees bloom,
Where the gold-orange glows in the deep thicket's
gloom,

Where a wind ever soft from the blue heaven blows,
And the groves are of laurel and myrtle and rose?”

On the beach at Cannes, as at fully a hundred other places along our route, are scattered dozens of bathing-houses, and disporting in the transparent waters are crowds of both sexes, various nationalities, and all ages from three and four to three score and four score. How I do wish that a disabled shaft, a “hot box,” a broken axle, or some other of the many ills that an engine is heir to would bring us to a standstill for an hour near one of these inviting stretches of beach! What luxury would there not be in a good long swim out beyond the tepid shallows into the cooler and darker waters of the real Mediterranean! But the engine is in excellent health and spirits; and, with a contemptuous snort at the idle folly of seaside recreations, plunges resolutely on—no bad type of the ultra-practical man of business who considers holidays a mistake and looks on the most legitimate pleasures as, at best, a waste of time.

Twenty miles beyond Cannes we enter Nice, the winter home of a British colony numbering from five to eight thousand—and a delightful home it may easily be, situated as it is at the foot of an amphitheatre of hills, and surrounded by luxuriant groves of olives and orange trees with the Alps towering aloft in the background. Nice is, according to my guide-book, “the largest of the towns on the Riviera.” As a matter of fact, it is not on the Riviera, properly so called, at all. As this geographical term is one very frequently met with, and quite commonly misapplied, perhaps it will be pardonable just here to explain its meaning and its limitations. The term properly designates the coast of the Gulf of Genoa from Ventimiglia to

Spezia. The coast to the west of the city of Genoa is the Riviera di Ponente, shore of the setting sun; that to the east is the Riviera di Levante, shore of the rising sun. In the vocabulary of the tourist and press correspondent, however, the Riviera di Ponente has come to include the whole Mediterranean coast from Genoa to Hyères, a winter resort about fifty miles southeast of Marseilles.

Within a score of miles from Nice are Villefranche, Monaco, Monte Carlo, and Mentone, all charmingly picturesque, and so exquisitely beautiful that their description by any other than a veritable word-painter would be rank profanation, a crime whose guilt I shall prudently refrain from incurring. Not to slight the manifold charms of the scenery around Mentone, however, by so brief a mention, let me give here a tradition that obtains in that favored town. When Eve was banished from Paradise, it is said that she snatched a lemon from a tree near the gate and hid it under her apron as she fled. Afterwards, while wandering over the earth, she threw it down at Mentone where it grew and multiplied; and so it is that in this delightful spot there is the one thing which really came out of Paradise. I will not vouch for the authenticity of the tradition; but I am inclined to think that if there were in the vicinity of Eden spots as fair as some that we have come upon this afternoon our first parents, even after their banishment, had goodly scenes and pleasant wherein to make their dwelling.

Shortly after leaving Mentone we cross the bridge of St. Louis, and so enter Italian territory. Our baggage is overhauled by the customs officials at St. Mauro, a few miles from the frontier; and, while the examination does not proceed quite so expeditiously as at Dieppe, we are detained only a brief half-hour and are subjected to no unnecessary annoyance. Twenty-six miles from Mentone and one hundred and eighty from Marseilles, we reach Ventimiglia, and at length are in the real Riviera district. Bordighera, two or three miles further on, is pointed out to me as the place which supplies St. Peter's at Rome with palm leaves for Palm Sunday; and if one may judge from the number of the date-palms to be seen around the village, the supply will apparently not soon be exhausted.

Another ideal health-resort, San Remo! Like so many others of these charming coast-towns, it is built on the side of a hill rising from the sea-shore. From the railway-station are visible wide-

spreading plantations of olives and frequent clusters of those trees so novel to a northern eye, orange and lemon and the date-palm; while the atmosphere is charged with a balmy fragrance that recalls what one has read and dreamt of the tropics. For three or four hours more we proceed along the coast, fairly reveling in scenery wherein bewitching beauty and impressive grandeur combine to enthrall the soul and store the memory with magic pictures that will long survive the present journey. Porto Maurizio, Albenga, Savona and Voltri are passed in turn; the train glides into a station more than usually spacious; I gather up my luggage and conclude what has certainly been the pleasantest railroad journey of my life by alighting at Genoa.

Stockton's Short Stories.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

A great factor in the literature of to-day is the short story; it is the form most popular at present, and nowhere has it attained such success as in America. The short story is really a work of art, and requires a very clever genius to create it. It differs from the novel in much the same way as a water-color does from an oil-painting, being more delicate and brighter, though of course not so great. A story of this kind is the sort of thing that one enjoys on a warm afternoon, when one sits under a tree, and is unmindful for the moment of his troubles; forgets that higher education demands the digging out of the ancient classics, and that the cruel fates ever allowed such a person as Euclid to be born. At such a time, one wishes for something clever rather than great; and to grant this wish many short-story writers have appeared; for in literature we have but to ask and we receive.

Prominent among our American writers who have succeeded so admirably with the short story is Frank R. Stockton who is, indeed, the model short-story writer. I have on my desk a volume of his stories, and as they are nearly all typical ones, I shall confine myself entirely to them in this short paper.

The best of the lot is "The Lady or the Tiger"; a tale that would by itself establish Mr. Stockton's reputation as a writer of unusual ability; for this takes second place to no other short story. The conception of the tale is in-

genious and original, and the style clear and pleasing. Of the humor in it, too much cannot be said in praise; it is a perfect specimen of that delicate form now so popular. The story is told with assumed seriousness, which is but the means used to make most charming humor, which is nowhere striking, but gives throughout a sensation of amusement rather than causing, at any one play, a burst of laughter; for it is abstract not concrete humor that makes this story so completely clever.

"The Lady or the Tiger" is, by the way, the model of the technically perfect short story, having a surprise at the end toward which the whole tends, the surprise itself being the *finale*. Aldrich tells his "Marjorie Daw" in the form of letters in order to successfully carry out this plan; but Stockton, without using this expedient, makes his surprise just as complete and much more aggravating.

It is quite evident, I think, that Mr. Stockton intends that the tiger should have come out of the door; he so emphasizes the fact that the maiden was a semi-barbaric damsel, and consequently her jealousy was unrestrained by the salutary influences of civilization. But had he turned the tiger out, or even allowed the *lady* to step forth, he might easily have given rest to disturbed minds, but he would have at the same time ruined his cleverest short story. "The Lady or the Tiger" is the best specimen of Mr. Stockton's work, and I think the ground upon which his fame as a short-story writer will chiefly rest; for in its conception, the style in which it is told and its humor, it almost reaches perfection.

There are two others called "The Transferred Ghost," and "The Spectral Mortgage" that are also especially good. Mr. Stockton's inventive skill shows itself in these, and we have two ghost stories made unique by the author's ingenuity.

Mr. Stockton's ghosts are up-to-date sort of fellows, who are evidently dress-reformers, for they have done away with the conventional sheet, and appear in waistcoat and trousers. One of them holds the rather remarkable position of ghost to a living man, but, notwithstanding this peculiarity, he is a decent sort of a ghost. The ghosts go about in a very matter-of-fact, material sort of a way; their appearance causes very little alarm, indeed it is looked upon as quite an ordinary occurrence.

Much of the humor in these stories is of that more delicate and abstract sort which makes "The Lady or the Tiger" so charming, but we

also find here some concrete and more pronounced humor that is sometimes very striking; for instance, the scene where the ghost intrudes, just as the man is about to propose to the young lady, and causes the grave misunderstanding between the two.

Of course this kind of humor is very pleasing; but to my mind it is much less artistic and clever than that which prevails entirely in "The Lady or the Tiger." However, the two ghost stories are bright and interesting tales, delightfully told.

I have found only one of Mr. Stockton's that is not up to the standard; it is entitled "The Same Ole 'Coon," and really has nothing clever in it. We are supposed to listen to some old fellow tell in a nondescript dialect about a "coon hunt" he once took part in; and if the hunt was as dry as the story, he could not have enjoyed it very intensely. It is hard to account for the lack of cleverness in this story; the most probable cause is that the author is out of his sphere. He should stay north of the "Mason and Dixon's line" and let "coon hunts in ole Virginia" be described by Thomas Nelson Page and the other writers, who live down there and know more about them. But as in a lawyer's argument, a weak point is hidden between two very strong ones, so in this book, the deficiencies of the "Ole 'Coon" are overshadowed by the excellence of the stories around it.

A story entitled "Our Archery Club" is an exceedingly pretty little tale; the principal character is a man named Pepton, who is one of those simple-minded fellows whom one cannot but love. Pepton's head is turned over archery; and although he studies that fine art most diligently, he seems not to verify the adage that practice makes perfect. One day, however, as is often the case in real life, Pepton surprises his friends by winning the prize at the archery contest and also the hand of a beautiful maiden. I think in his heart the good fellow is the prouder of the former achievement. Mr. Stockton brings in more of his characteristic humor in his description of Pepton, his interest in the archery club and almost paternal care of his bow and arrow, and altogether we have a delightful little story.

From the few stories I have mentioned, one can judge of the author's ability. He is certainly a most charming short-story writer; his tales are bright and interesting, and they are just the sort now most in demand. Mr. Stockton has completely mastered the delicate form of humor, as we can see in "The Lady or the

Tiger;" a story that will live and mark its epoch in literature. His style is pleasing; it is always clear and has not the faintest trace of bombast about it. In short, he possesses all the qualities necessary to make a successful short-story writer; his conceptions being ingenious, his humor bright and his style almost perfect. Every one, I think, likes his work; and we all join with William Dean Howells in saying that Mr. Stockton's stories are an unmixed blessing and delight.

A Social Dilemma.

F. L. C.

"Hello, Turner, I am very glad to see you. You are just the man I have been looking for!"

"Is that so, Fred? How fortunate then that I dropped in. You know I promised to play billiards with Will this afternoon. I was on my way down to his place, but thought I would call in for a minute or so to hear what is on for to-night. Are you going up to Brown's?"

"I do not know; have not even thought of it. Since this morning's mail I have been so excited that I have thought of nothing."

"Oh! of course, you are going to be there. Don't try to put me off in that way."

"Well, I presume I shall when the time comes. But, by the way, I have been wanting to get you by telephone all day. I suppose, though, that you took breakfast and dinner together again, as usual. At any rate, the servant, who answered the 'phone at 11.30 said you had not yet come down. I declare, Turner, if I were as lazy in the morning as you are I would buy my ticket for old Charon's ferry boat at once. I should have known better than to ring you up before noon."

"Well—yes—you are right! A man who gets up at five every morning for ten months naturally tries to make up for it as best he can the few weeks he is at home. I know I do, and I succeed fairly well, too. But what is the matter now? Some new explosive scheme on, I suppose?"

"No, not exactly."

"Then, I cannot understand why you should want to see me so early in the morning. It certainly must be something important. But you know you can always count on me. I am in for anything and everything that is suggested."

"You are, are you? Capital! If that is the

case I have not the least doubt that you will play a part in this little scheme, with many thanks to me for the favor. But seriously, Turner, if I give you the particulars of an affair in which I am involved, will you help me out?"

"Certainly, I will. You know I will be more than glad of the chance."

"Thanks, I knew you would."

"But now, since I have promised, do not work me too hard, will you?"

"Of course not. But first let me give you an idea of what a pleasant little favor you have promised to do me, and then judge for yourself. I know you have not quite forgotten our Mackinac trip—a year ago, you remember. What a jolly party we had! Hunter Davis and Grace Winston were with us; the life of the crowd; and Bolton Hartman and Richard Knight; in fact, it was the most congenial set with whom I ever passed a summer. Mr. and Mrs. Surge were great, were they not—the chaperons, you know—and chaperons are always half the party. Do you remember the night we surprised them by appearing at the "Plank Hop"; the girls in the dresses of their great-grandmothers and the boys in knee breeches and satin coats, with snuff-boxes and powdered wigs? What a night!"

"I should say as much. Of course I remember it—as well as though it happened only yesterday."

"Well, here is something as interesting—I mean as amusing—for you, and it rather takes its date from that evening at the Island."

"Takes its date away back there? You don't mean to tell me that you want me to help you out of something that happened over a year ago. I swear, Fred, I have not the slightest idea what you are working me into. Let me see—"

"You ought to be able to imagine after my telling you that it is all on account of a letter that I received this morning."

"On account of a letter—that is puzzling. Can it be that the difficulty with Hamilton over the tennis tournament at Mackinac last summer has come up again?—Not the cause? Good. And not that little Smith affair we were both mixed up in last Christmas?"

"No."

"Well, it is a relief to know it is neither of those, and I am now more than ever completely at your bidding. I was rather fearful at first that you had stirred up old scores and were trying to drag me into the deal. You know I would rather break a thousand promises than again implicate myself in any such affairs."

"Why, I told you, Turner, that what I am asking of you is in the name of a very pleasant favor. Just wait a moment and you will have the whole case. But remember, it is strictly between ourselves."

"Rest assured as to that. Did you ever know me to give anything away? To tell the truth, though, Fred, I have had so many little secrets forced upon me of late, that I declare, I will soon have to dispose of a few of them in some way—I cannot say how. Sister Mary is the greatest girl in the world to confide in me; she tells me every thing, whether I wish to hear it or not. And you know the result should I accidentally happen to even hint at anything I have learned from her. But go on. I am more than anxious to know what kind of a martyr you are going to make of me."

"Well, it is like this, Turner. I received a note from Gertrude in this morning's mail. Here it is. You see she says the family leave home this evening for a few days' visit here with her brother George. I presume they will be at the Hotel Stephenson. We must call on them to-morrow night."

"To-morrow night, why—"

"O come, come, now, Turner, do not look so awfully burdened. The family—all of them—are very interesting; the girls are exceedingly clever and entertaining, Mrs. Williams is really an excellent woman, and George—well, you know what a capital fellow he is. I imagine we shall have a delightful evening. The Williamses are to be here expressly for the 'Qui Vive' party, which is set for Thursday, the twenty-seventh, I believe. You notice in the note that Gertrude anticipates a gay time. She has heard so much about our jovial friends and is more than anxious to meet them. And there it is. The whole thing rests on that confounded party. If it were not for that affair what would we care when the Williamses were here. The fates have turned, however, and I fear I am in for a deal of trouble unless you come to my rescue."

"Come, my dear Fred, do you really doubt my word? How many times do you want me to assure you of my assistance. For the forty-third time, I am completely at your service."

"I know you are, Turner, but that is not the point. The question is, *what am I to do?* It is an awfully embarrassing position."

"Why no, Fred. I can see nothing very distressing in the situation so far as I know the affair."

"O come, now, Turner, you see the whole case. Do not be trying to draw me out into

every little detail. You know, as well as I do, that if Gertrude Williams is here Thursday night she will naturally expect my company to the party. That pleasure for me is, of course, quite impossible. Virginia Standley would never forgive me—and you know what that means."

"Exactly, and I prophesy that here is one case where you will choose the greater of two evils. You either must ask the honor of Gertrude Williams' company that evening or break off the delightful correspondence you have so enjoyed during the past year. It is hard to decide, I know; but I dare say the letter-writing will be sacrificed."

"Perhaps you are right; in fact, I know you are. To think of asking anyone save Virginia would indeed be in decidedly bad form; for she, far more than Gertrude Williams, has every reason to expect my company."

"Well, why not ask her then?"

"Ask who? Do you not see, man, that there is the whole difficulty? Ask Virginia and slight Gertrude? Put it any way you will, no matter how I act, I am in for it."

"Not at all, not at all!"

"I say yes, unless you agree to this little manoeuvre, which is the result of the hardest morning's work I ever did."

"Well, holy Heaven, Fred, let me have it; it is mine. But I declare, old fellow, that after all your *frank* confessions and explanations, I know less of the case now than when I called in a half hour ago. And, by the way, I was to play billiards with Will this afternoon, was I not? Hurry up or he will think me lost."

"Don't worry about him! He will manage to amuse himself I assure you. I was down to his house this morning, you know, and I found him reading Richard Harding Davis' new book. I dare say he is at it still, without a thought of billiards. And, anyway, he will be in no mood for a game this afternoon, with all his interest centred on poor Van Bibber and the rest."

"But for the plot. You know the invitations of the 'Qui Vive' Club come out the morning of the twentieth. Now, Turner, you must make an extra effort that day and have breakfast by nine; then drive down to the hotel at once—by 9.30 at the very latest—and ask Gertrude Williams if you may have the honor of her company Thursday evening, the twenty-seventh. It will be so very kind and considerate in you she cannot but accept."

"Thank you—you flatter me. She will

accept merely because she is forced to, is that what you mean?"

"Not at all, my boy. I knew you would not appreciate the favor, the pleasure and the honor, for which you are indebted to me."

"But where do you figure in the case? I haven't caught sight of your part in the tragedy?"

"Hold on a moment! You see I will come in later. Say about eleven o'clock the same morning I will ring up the hotel and ask to speak to Gertrude. You know I can talk so much better by telephone, and the few minutes it will take her to reach the telephone-room will give me ample time to brace up and nerve myself for the task. When she does come, I'll ask her if I may have the pleasure of her company to the 'Qui Vive' party; but you must take an oath, Turner, right here, that you'll not eat your breakfast at noon that day—or I am lost."

Two Favorite Poems.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

From time to time we read of fashionable literary circles making much ado about some author who has happened to please their taste. At present Robert Browning seems to be the literary lion of their circles. There are Browning clubs, Browning societies and all sorts of organizations which bear the name of the poet. A few weeks ago I had the great pleasure of being introduced to Robert Browning through his books. Since that time I have taken much interest in a few of his poems and particularly "My Last Duchess," and "A Toccata of Galuppi's." It is my intention in this paper to give my honest impressions of these two poems which I admire most, and to which I have given some study.

"My Last Duchess" is a clear-cut work of art. It is not a long poem, but in its very briefness lies much of that charm and peculiar strength which are characteristic of it. Professor Hiram Corson, in his "Introduction to Browning," says of it: "This short composition, comprising, as it does, but fifty-six lines, is, of itself, sufficient to prove the poet a most consummate artist. Tennyson's *technique* is quite perfect, almost 'faultily faultless', but in no one of his compositions has he shown an equal degree of art power, in the highest sense of the word." "My Last Duchess" is written in a

form which was peculiarly a favorite one of Browning's, namely, the monologue. The monologue is not to be confounded with the soliloquy, to which it bears some slight resemblance. The latter merely puts the speaker's thoughts into words, which are not addressed to anyone; in the former, however, the speaker addresses some one, although the reader is not made acquainted with the one addressed.

The scene of the poem is laid in the time of the Italian Renaissance when a great impetus was given to the cultivation and perfection of the finer arts, especially those of painting, letters and music. An old duke, who glories in his name, made famous by the fights and feuds and murders and plunder of nine hundred years and more, is giving a reception at his palace. The reader supposes that the duke, who is always egoistical about the many beautiful works of art which adorn the gloomy walls of his ancestral home, has enticed from the crowded drawing-room his favorite guest, to show him some of his choicer pictures. While they are gazing intently upon a portrait, which seems to have some peculiar charm for the old man, the duke tells his guest: "That's my last duchess painted on the wall looking as if she were alive." It is the counterpart of his dead wife who looks down upon him, a delicate blush suffusing her cheeks. With true artistic nicety he points out to his friend the various lines of beauty and those of grace, but with such an icy tone that it must surely chill him as it does the reader.

The picture of her whom he once loved does not, as one would naturally suppose, evoke a single gentle syllable or a soft word of remembrance; he is blind to everything but its value as a work of art. Concerning that blush which appears on the duchess' cheeks in the painting, and which is evidently true to nature, the duke says that it was not always his presence that called it forth. "She had a heart—how shall I say?—too soon made glad, too easily impressed. She liked whate'er she looked on, and her looks went everywhere." Here we find a confession of sordid and most unreasonable jealousy. If she liked whate'er she looked on, and her looks went everywhere, she must, indeed, have been an ideal woman, one capable of making her kindness felt by all with whom she came in contact; and a woman able to appreciate the good and beautiful in everything, as the duchess evidently did, is seldom found.

The reader advances one step higher toward the climax of his indignation at the hard-heart-

edness of the old duke, and cannot help branding him as a brute. But the climax is not reached until a cold chill of horror is sent like an electric shock through the frame of the reader at these words, uttered in the duke's usual cold tone: "Oh! sir, she smiled, no doubt, whene'er I passèd; but who passèd without much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands; then all smiles ceased together." Those last five words are stronger and contain more meaning than any similar number of words I have ever met in literature. What a history of crime lies concealed in this terse expression. Surely that poet is an artist of the first order who can say so much in so few words. Browning, who always paints with a sparing brush, outdoes himself in this instance. The duke then closes his explanation of the picture: "There she stands as if alive." There is great art in these words also. The duke is so impressed with the great similarity which exists between the painting and the original that he is forced to the foregoing exclamation. How hard then must have been the man's heart, who, recognizing in this picture the counterpart of his dead wife, gave vent to no word of remorse or regret.

The metre of "My Last Duchess" is more pleasing than is the metre of the other poems which I have read. It is also remarkable for a terseness of expression which adds wonderfully to its strength. I do not believe that Browning is guilty of using a superfluous line in the whole composition. He gives us in fifty-six lines of poetry what would fill a very large volume of prose. He succeeds, as is evidently his intention, in making one abhor the duke and in enlisting one's sympathy in the misfortunes of the duchess. Of all his poems which I have read, I like "My Last Duchess" best because it not only expresses so much in so little, but also because it is the least difficult to understand.

The other poem which I have proposed to consider in this paper is "A Toccata of Galuppi's." Like "My Last Duchess" it appears in Browning's favorite monologue. Soft music breaks in upon the reveries of the speaker who has been delving into the mysteries of some deep philosophical problem. He listens to the strains as they rise high as the roar of some cataract and then fall away like the silent bubbling of a brook. He interprets the music, though it makes him sad. The picture of life in Venice "where the merchants were the kings" is placed before his mind's eye. He seems to understand each allusion to different

scenes, though he "was never out of England." I am skeptical on the point that ideas can be so clearly conveyed to one's mind as they evidently are in this poem; but perhaps I should remember that they were made known to a poet, and every one knows that poets enjoy many exclusive privileges above the ordinary mortal. There is, however, a deeper meaning in this poem which I have not been able clearly to discern. It seems to express Browning's philosophy concerning the soul, for he says ironically in one verse: "The soul doubtless is immortal where a soul can be discerned."

The poem is written in triplets and the effect produced by them is very marked. It is only by careful study that one can glean the beauties of this poem, for it is elliptical, and the reader must supply this ellipsis, in order to understand and enjoy the poem the more. The metre did not strike me as having the smoothness of that of "My Last Duchess." It has been predicted by the literary prophets that Robert Browning is the poet of the coming century. I see no reason why this prediction should not be fulfilled, for surely he is becoming more popular every day.

One thing is certain, to be appreciated Browning must be studied. In fact, he is the poet of the study, and not the poet whom one would choose to read on a hot summer's day while lounging in a hammock. Browning's only fault, in my opinion, is his too great respect for the intellectuality of his readers.

An Outline.

A school-boy, who was also a free-holder in Spain, once stumbled upon a flower he had never seen before. It was beautiful—slender-stemmed, snowy of petal, golden-hearted, and the boy, exulting in his discovery, brought the blossom to his master. The man of learning glanced at it, muttered "Blood-root, Sanguinaria Canadensis," and wondered that his pupil turned white as the flower itself. And the boy grew to manhood, and a great thought came to him and he put it into words. But the next day he found it quoted in Montaigne. And the flowers on the old hillside bloom on undisturbed, the windows of a castle in Spain are ever dark, and no one dreams that the head of the new firm in Market Street missed being a poet by just four centuries. D. V. C.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, May 4, 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.

Staff.

JAMES A. MCKEE, '93; DANIEL V. CASEY, '95;
DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95;
EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95; SAMUEL A. WALKER, '95;
MICHAEL A. RYAN, '95;
FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95; ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95;
HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95;
JOSEPH A. MARMON, '96; MICHAEL J. NEY, '97.

—Our Reverend Prefect of Discipline, who seems to be equally interested in all the departments of the University, has secured for the museum in Science Hall several beautiful clusters of quartz crystals from Hot Springs, Arkansas. Doctor Zahm is especially grateful, for really good specimens are almost impossible to secure except by personal selection, and these of Father Regan's are unique.

—As an evidence of the interest with which the SCHOLASTIC is read and as a proof of the appreciation which awaits a really good article, we take pleasure in reproducing the following letter from Mr. John Kendrick Bangs:

"YONKERS, N. Y., April 30.

"FRANCIS W. DAVIS, ESQ.,

"MY DEAR SIR:

"Through the courtesy of one of my neighbors I have had the pleasure of reading your article on "American Humor" in the Easter number of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, and I cannot refrain from thanking you for your kindly expressions concerning my work. I sincerely hope that I shall be able always to retain your good opinion, and if trying to be clean and wholesome and kindly can assure me of that, then am I assured of it, since cleanliness, wholesomeness and kindness of spirit are the planks of the platform upon which what humor I have shall always rest.

"Faithfully yours,

"JOHN KENDRICK BANGS."

The Oration—Two Impressions.

The writers of great epics had little need of rules, except, perhaps, the few general ones which they were bound to obey in order that their work might merit its proper place in poetry. So it is with the orator—the one naturally gifted. To him his great legacy is but a question of using it properly. He finds little difficulty in observing those laws which ordinary mortals must study before they can conform to them and acquire what he has been given; nor does this seem impossible to the many. Even admitting that, as a rule, orators are born not made; there are several instances in which this affirmation would not exactly stand the test.

For one thoroughly versed in oratory it might be a comparatively easy task to write a volume on the oration; while on the other hand, the whole might be condensed in a few pages, and in such a way as to give sufficient knowledge to enable one to become a good speaker.

Logical reasoning, though not so important in the oration as in other forms of literature, cannot be entirely ignored, for if we hope to persuade, and that is the object of the orator, something more than rhetoric and emotion is necessary. The general law of the syllogism must be observed, as with it comes unity, and unity is a great deal.

While an introduction is not absolutely necessary, Burke, Pitt and many of the greatest of English speakers preferred one. It should be simple, and of such a nature as to gain the sympathy of the hearers. Beginning calmly and modestly, it should lead them gently up to the subject and close with a climax, not, however, with too great a clash.

In the body of the speech is the argument. It is the longest part, where reasoning, judgment and common-sense hold sway, not in all their simplicity, but seconded by eloquence and feeling. If a story or an incident of history will help in clearing away an objection it should be used. However, the story or bit of humor is extremely dangerous, and should be attempted only by those who know exactly their powers in this direction; for, if not a grand success, it will detract from, rather than add to, the effect. To say that it fills space is somewhat ridiculous, since every word uttered should be as dear to the orator's heart as his grandest antithesis.

In the use of pathos there is a wider scope. It appeals to our higher being, and can scarcely be inappropriate. So long as it does not approach affectation, pathos will be effectual; but woe to him who is not sincere, he must fall sooner or later. Insincerity is far worse than a mean story badly told.

As for figures they are to be used only when necessary, and care must be taken that there are not too many; two, or perhaps three, good metaphors is all that one should find place for. Satire, at its best, is a rather poor means of persuasion, but irony is sometimes a powerful weapon, and it should be used only when it can be made effective. A good example of this is shown us in the speech of Marc Antony at Cæsar's funeral.

The body of the oration having been finished, the arguments and principal statements having been brought to one final point, the whole ends with a climax far stronger than that of the introduction. Then comes a momentary halt; the tension is withdrawn; the shock has passed away, and the author begins the conclusion or peroration. Whether it should be an apostrophe or an actual appeal depends upon the temperament of the speaker and the subject of the speech. There is no exact law that governs the peroration, unless it be that of moderation, insomuch that it be not overdone. In it, feeling is everything. Here can the orator rise to the highest pitch. It is like a mighty billow; it collects, rolls up, until, reaching the summit, it suddenly stops and breaks with a crash far greater than the preceding ones.

F. E. E.

Some one has said that words are the only things that last forever. I freely admit the verity of this assertion; but I believe the phrase would approximate the truth more closely if strengthened by the compound adjective "well-spoken."

There is nothing quite so unsatisfactory as a poorly delivered oration. There is nothing so grating upon one's nerves as the rasping words of a second-rate orator. What is more disappointing and humiliating than to be lured from one's fireside, on a cold evening, by the announcement that an orator is to entrance one with the eloquence of Demosthenes, only to be compelled to sit for an hour or two listening to an auctioneer? Of course it would be a flagrant breach of etiquette to leave the audience, and there one must sit and be bored to death.

The main object of the orator is to persuade. The orator in the beginning of his discourse should be modest. He should deport himself as though he were addressing a stranger, and asking some favor of him. He should make his audience feel that he is interested in them and that they are interested in him. If the introduction be long it should end with a climax. The orator should, above all, be emotional. He should make his sentences as antithetical as possible, and should use effective figures. The peroration should be the strongest: the speaker should leave a deep impression upon his audience by ending with a convincing summary of his discourse—a well-rounded, well-sounding sentence.

The successful orator does not commit his speech to memory—that he may recite it like a schoolgirl. Gestures are important to the orator, and if he commits his discourse to memory he is almost certain to make his gestures at the wrong time; besides, his memory may betray him at any time. The better way is for the orator to permeate himself with his subject, and by doing this his words will be more spontaneous and effective.

M. J. N.

Notre Dame, 8—Rush Medical, 9.

The gold and blue pennants are furled again and Rush Medical has avenged herself for the defeat she suffered on our gridiron last November. Time was when people talked of Notre Dame luck, and asserted that our teams were invincible, but fickle fortune has deserted us, and it would really surprise many of the rank and file to see our colors at the fore again. Last Thursday's game was not a tragedy of errors over again, for the Varsity fielded well, batted heavily, and stole bases with commendable regularity, but fate was against us and we added another to our list of defeats. For Rush Medical, it was an unearned victory, our boys outplaying them in the field and at the bat, and it was our umpire's mistake in the sixth inning that gave them the winning brace of runs. When Andrews, running from second to third, stopped for a moment directly in front of a hot grounder to Funkhauser, it looked, from the benches, very like a deliberate attempt to interfere with a fielder. At any rate, the manœuvre netted Rush two runs, and Andrews did not try to explain why he took chances on the ball's hitting him. Otherwise it was a clean

game on the part of both teams, and it showed a wonderful improvement in the work of the Varsity.

As in the game with Michigan, Chassaing was the first to face the pitcher. He was not so fortunate as before in placing his hit, and his low liner to short was cleverly caught by Beebe. Brown sent a rather high one to 2nd, but Andrews captured it and Brown went to the bench. Blake tried all his curves on J. Funkhauser, for our little short stop made half a dozen fouls—one of them a pretty hit over "Tech" Hall—before Blake gave him his base on balls. McGinnis smashed a long fly to deep left, but Frost made a neat catch and Funke slipped off his sweater and went into the box.

Andrews tapped a single over short and went to second on slow fielding. Beebe hit to short and Andrews was caught at third. Somers sent a grounder to Brown at third and Beebe was forced out at 2nd. Sheldon's single put Somers on 2nd and Frost's slow grounder to short filled the bases, for Sheldon got safely to second. Price sent one to short, too, but was thrown out at first, and the men in gray and black went out to the field again.

Monahan was lucky enough to get to first on a fumbled third strike; Schmidt followed with a clean hit to right advancing Monahan to second. Schmidt and Monahan stole each a base, but Monahan was put out at home and Schmidt went safely to third. Sweet pounded a liner over third and Schmidt came home, making the first run of the season. Anson flew out to Frost and Sweet died on second. Richardson could not fathom Funke's delivery and retired on strikes; Wallace was hit by a pitched ball and trotted down to first with a satisfied air. Blake hit to Funke who threw over Chassaing's head and Wallace scored and Blake reached third before the ball was returned. Andrews' fly to left dropped into Schmidt's hands, but Beebe's hit to the same quarter was not so easy and Blake scored before Beebe was put out at second.

Chassaing was retired on strikes, but Brown's eye was good and he ambled down to first on four balls, and stole second without waste of time. J. Funkhauser rolled one to second, but Andrews fumbled and he got his base, advancing Brown to 3d. Brown scored and Funkhauser went to 2nd on a passed ball by Price, and McGinnis walked to first, hit by a pitched ball. W. Funkhauser, who had succeeded Monahan in centre, went to first on four balls. Schmidt

put one at Blake and J. Funkhauser was forced out at the plate. Funke batted to Andrews who threw him out at first, and three men were left on bases. Somers hit a slow grounder to Brown and beat the ball to first. Sheldon and a pitched ball collided, and the tall Rush catcher trotted to first with something like a frown on his face. Brown's failure to capture Frost's grounder filled the bases. Price hit to Funkhauser, getting his base; Somers scored, Sheldon was put out at third; Richardson sent one to short and Frost was caught at third. Wallace repeated the manoeuvre and Price was put out, also, at third. The playing was rather listless in the fourth and fifth. Sweet retired on strikes; Anson bowled one to Andrews and was thrown out at first and Chassaing's short hit to Blake sent Notre Dame out into the meadow again. Blake popped a liner to Funkhauser and decided not to run, Andrews sent a high fly to left but three fielders were under it and, as a matter of course, no one captured it. Beebe hit a grounder to short and Andrews was forced out at second. Beebe cantered down to number two on a passed ball by McGinnis. Funke lost control of the ball for a minute or two and Somers and Sheldon went to first on four balls. Frost pounded a very warm grounder between short and second, scoring Beebe and Somers and advancing Sheldon to second. Price's low liner was neatly stopped by Funkhauser who threw him out at number one and Notre Dame came in again to rest. Brown knocked a "pop-up" to Beebe with the usual result, but J. Funkhauser's drive past first was too hot to handle and it gave him his base. He went to second on Price's error and McGinnis' slow grounder to short sent him to third, while Mac got safely to the first quarter post. McGinnis stole second without delay and Blake tried the temper of W. Funkhauser's ribs, giving him bag number one as a compensation. He took it without a murmur and stayed there, for Schmidt struck out and Funke's drive to second was not swift enough and Notre Dame again retired with three men on bases. The second half of the fifth was short, sharp, but not decisive. Richardson's mathematical eye was not quick enough and he sat down without touching the ball. Wallace was thrown out at first by Brown, and Blake suffered the same fate at the hands of Funke.

There was very little enthusiasm in the crowd behind first base when Sweet faced Blake for the third time. He popped a sky-

searcher behind short, but Beebe was unable to get it and the men with the pennants began to wake up. Anson brushed off the plate, pulled his cap lower over his eyes and smashed the first ball for a pretty single to right, putting Sweet on second. Then the "rooters" discovered that it was time to yell and they went at it with a will and nothing like unanimity. But they were after noise, not harmony, and the racket they made seemed to have a tonic effect on Varsity's nerves. Chassaing's hit was not of the same calibre as Anson's, but it had the same effect and the bases were filled and no one out. There was a little lull in the cheering when Brown went out on strikes, but the enthusiasm went up to the top notch again when J. Funkhauser tapped a single over centre and Sweet and Anson sprinted home. Chassaing went no farther than third, and J. Funkhauser stole second at once. McGinnis was just as careful as Anson in his preparations, and all Notre Dame went wild when he drove the ball over the left fielder's head for a double and Chassaing and J. Funkhauser crossed the plate in a storm of cheers and hurrahs. Blake hit W. Funkhauser again and sent him to first, but Schmidt fouled out to Sheldon and Funke retired on strikes. Andrews waited for four balls—and got them, stole second and scored on Beebe's hit to centre. Beebe went to second on a passed ball, but was caught at third on Somers' light hit to short. Sheldon rapped out a single and Andrews took his place on first. Frost flew out to Anson and Price hit to right, filling the bases. Richardson's grounder to short would have retired Rush but for Andrews' interference with Funkhauser. As it was he did not touch, it and Somers and Andrews scored before the ball was fielded and Price put out at the plate. There was quick work on the part of both teams in the seventh. Sweet flew out to Blake; Wallace gobbled Anson's fly to third, and Chassaing, after making second on a hit and an error, was left there when Brown fouled out to Sheldon. For Rush, Wallace was thrown out at first, and Funke added two new victims, Blake and Andrews, to his list. In the eighth, J. Funkhauser flew out to third and McGinnis made a beautiful drive into the wilderness behind left. It was the safest of triples but Mac tried to make it a home run and was caught a yard from the plate. W. Funkhauser was thrown out at first. Beebe rapped a two-bagger to centre; Somers was thrown out at first; Sheldon flew out to McGinnis; Beebe

scored on Frost's base hit and Price flew out to Funke. The ninth opened with a rally for the Gold and Blue. Schmidt made second on a hit to right and Richardson's error and stole third. Funke struck out, but Anson brought everyone to his feet with a magnificent drive over "Tech" Hall. It cleared the building by at least thirty feet and the Executive Committee is still looking for the ball. George cantered around the diamond and he was carried to the bench on the shoulders of his admirers. For one moment it looked like victory, for Chassaing rapped a single to centre, and Brown's hit to third narrowly escaped being a safe one. He was thrown out at first, though, and the game was lost and the doctors went home triumphant. The following is the score:

RUSH MEDICAL.								
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Andrews, 2nd b,.....	4	1	2	0	1	4	1	
Beebe, s.s.....	5	2	3	0	2	1	1	
Somers, c. f.....	4	3	1	1	4	1	0	
Sheldon, c.....	4	1	1	0	11	0	0	
Frost, l. f.....	5	0	1	0	1	0	2	
Price, l. b.....	5	0	0	0	6	0	1	
Richardson, r. f.....	4	0	0	0	0	0	1	
Wallace, 3d b.....	3	1	0	0	1	0	0	
Blake, p.....	4	1	0	0	1	3	0	
<i>Total</i>		9	8	1	27	9	6	

NOTRE DAME.								
	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	
Chassaing, 2nd b.....	6	1	2	0	5	0	0	
Brown, 3d b.....	5	1	0	0	3	3	1	
Funkhauser, s. s.....	4	1	2	1	2	8	2	
McGinnis, c.....	4	0	3	0	6	0	0	
W. Funkhauser, c. f.....	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Monahan, c. f.....	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Schmidt, l. f.....	5	2	1	0	1	1	1	
Funke, p.....	5	0	0	0	1	2	1	
Sweet, r. f.....	4	1	1	1	0	0	0	
Anson, l. b.....	5	2	2	0	6	1	0	
<i>Total</i>		8	11	2	24	15	5	

SCORE BY INNINGS:—I 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9—
 RUSH MEDICAL:—0 2 1 2 0 3 0 1 *—9
 NOTRE DAME:—0 1 1 0 0 4 0 0 2—8

Earned Runs: Rush M., 1; Notre Dame, 2. Two base hits, Andrews, Beebe, Chassaing, McGinnis. Three base hit, McGinnis. Home run, Anson. Stolen bases, Andrews, Schmidt, McGinnis, Funkhauser. Bases on balls, off Funke, 3; Blake, 3. Hit by pitched ball, Wallace, Sheldon, McGinnis, W. Funkhauser. Struck out, Richardson, 2; Blake, Andrews, Funke, 3; Brown, Chassaing, Sweet, Schmidt. Passed balls, Sheldon, 1; McGinnis, 2. Left on bases, Rush M., 8; Notre Dame, 9. Time of game, 2 hours 10 minutes. *Umpire*, F. McManus.

“THE ruins of what our forefathers built, the battlefields whereon they shed their blood for right and freedom, the graves where their bones are buried make sacred the land.”

Athletics

Well, we lost again and to Rush Medical, too. It is folly to attribute our defeat to "baseball luck"; we lost the game by costly errors and inability to hit the ball at critical points. True it is that Varsity has improved vastly since the Ann Arbor game; but they will have to make as much improvement before next Thursday. The men are all in earnest and play hard. And there is good material in the team. All that is needed to bring them victory is careful coaching and more team work.

There is a decided advance made in the batting, though we have the same complaint to make—there is too much attempt by each member of the team to gain glory for himself. The long swing with the bat, the vicious lunge and the other accompaniments of individual batting, are wearing for the batter and effect no good. Long fly-balls are useless, unless they are driven over Mechanics hall. The quick jerky hit is always more effective. Practice in this way of batting will teach the men to place their hits. They should aim to advance the runner a base. If credit were given for this—advancement of base-runners—there would be more team batting. We heard that one of our nine made a bet before the Ann Arbor game that he would not strike out. He didn't strike out and he didn't do any good. To save his shekels he merely touched the ball and was easily put out. For the sake of the team it would be better to exclude such a player.

There was evidence of team work in fielding in Thursday's game. Most of the players backed up the basemen when balls were thrown. Sweet might stir himself a little and help at second and first. Funke, too, could assist at first. Mutual assistance will encourage and bring victory. There should be some method of directing Funkhauser; Chassaing could easily arrange a code of signals for him. For the others when there is any doubt let Chassaing call out for one to field the ball.

The coaching must be better. The men should be directed, not yelled at. Shouting can be done by the spectators. If McGinnis had been properly coached he would have remained at third. Hindel is no man to be put on the lines; he can't keep his wits with him. He fancies that noise alone is necessary for a coach. There has been too much carelessness in appointing men to coach.

Personals.

—Mr. Frank Cobbs, St. Edward's hall, '87, of Cadillac, Michigan, was visiting his nephew during the past week.

—Mr. Gibson, the father of Leigh and Norwood Gibson, spent a few hours on Thursday visiting his sons and the University.

—Mrs. John B. Reuss, of Fort Wayne, was a most welcome visitor to the University during the last week. She was on a visit to her son Charles of Carroll hall. She expressed herself as delighted with the surroundings of the University and promised to be our guest again at Commencement.

—Dwight Philips, '91, who recently received his M. D. from Rush Medical college, visited his old *Alma Mater* and was among the visitors of last Thursday's game. He is now arranging for the opening of an office in South Bend, where his many friends hope that he will build up for himself a lucrative practice.

—Our former resident physician, Doctor Cassidy, of South Bend, took a half holiday and came out to see the game between the Rush Medical and the Varsity team. The genial doctor makes hosts of friends for himself wherever he goes, and it is to be hoped that he will find it convenient to be at the rest of the college games.

—Reverends Anthony H. Walburg, Augustine Quatman, and Henry Gerdes, of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Joseph Quatman, of Norwalk, Ohio, were guests at the University on Thursday last. Father Walburg, who has not visited the College since '68, found nothing save a few old landmarks to remind him of the Notre Dame of long ago, so many and great have been the changes made since then. The Reverend gentlemen have promised to be with us at the jubilee celebration.

Local Items.

—Bro. Hilarion has been on the sick list for several days.

—As regards finances the Ann Arbor game was a success.

—The fourth Latin class will commence the translating of Cicero next Tuesday.

—Straw hats are in plenty among the Carrolls. They are "rushing the season."

—The glorious old State of Ohio claims the captain of this year's Fourth Latin Cavalry.

—The philosopher from the Orient declares that garrulity is a sure symptom of senility.

—The new lawn-mower was quite an excitement for the "would-be" farmers last week.

—The cleaning and decoration of the altar

in the Carroll study-hall was a great improvement.

—A new light has been added to the Brownson hall refectory force. He has been named Julius Cæsar.

—The students received Holy Communion in a body yesterday morning as it was the first Friday in May.

—The Criticism class during the past week have been studying the styles of Milton, Spenser and Dryden.

—Last Wednesday the Hon. A. L. Brick, of South Bend, lectured before the Law class on "Criminal Law."

—The Juniors had their first evening walk through the country last Sunday. It was enjoyed by all.

—On Sunday evening the students of Brownson hall began taking their after-supper walks down the road.

—That new horse-power lawn-mower is a daisy. For a wonder, the Boss has not yet had his "say" about running it.

—The grand-stand seems to be forbidden ground at the games. The number of spectators in it seems to indicate this.

—Anson's name will surely go down to posterity for knocking a home run over Mechanics hall. The ball rolled to the Post Office.

—There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening. The closing exercise of the year will take place to night.

—Another extra Law lecture has been added to the Law course, and for the time being it will take the place of the regular evening quiz.

—We are glad to see the boys show so much enthusiasm over the games. Without the good cheering we might have a different story to tell.

—The different boat crews have shown remarkable increase in speed during the week. We look for interesting races on Commencement.

—The more advanced classes have nearly completed the session's work, and next week many of them will begin to review for examination.

—Many new varieties of flowers have been added to St. Edward's Park and the old letters on the lawn have been replaced by new and artistic ones.

—The "Philopatrians' March," composed by Messrs. E. Frank Jones and George Sweet, has become a favorite. They should play it on all public occasions.

—The Philopatrians are preparing a special programme for their last meeting which will occur in June. They will have essays, recitations and music galore.

—During the past week the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been discussing the relative merits of the Augustan Age writers and looking into the influences that made them.

—Brother Philip and assistants are fast mak-

ing the park in front of the college presentable, and, judging from the number of improvements they are making, it will be a very pretty sight by Commencement.

—The Rush Medics have not had an umpire of their own in any of their games this season. They trust everything to the fairness of the home umpire and they say that the only place they were disappointed was at Beloit.

—The 2d nine of St. Joseph's Hall met the Carroll Specials on the latter's campus last Sunday afternoon. The game was interesting throughout and resulted in the defeat of the representatives of St. Joseph's hall by a score of 16 to 11.

—The-boat club met Thursday morning for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing year, but on account of the absence of several members it was decided to postpone the meeting until next Thursday when the regular officers will be chosen.

—In last Thursday's game every time the boys yelled our team piled up runs. It seems to put new life into the players and makes them hit the ball often and hard. Next Thursday the yelling ought to be started in the first inning and kept up throughout the game till the last ball is thrown.

—An amusing conversation was overheard on the campus during Thursday's game. Two South Bend urchins were discussing the game, and the younger, who appeared somewhat green, asked: "Do the N. D's have somebody to mark tallies in these games?" "Naw," was the contemptuous reply. "Them fellers never make tallies."

—The last meeting of the year in the Philo-demic Society was postponed from last Sunday till to-morrow evening owing to the absence of some of the members on the programme. The members will discuss the writings of Professor Stace, formerly a member of the Faculty. It is expected that a number of visitors will be present.

—Since the Rush Medical game we have heard some persons raising a storm because Funkhauser ran out into left-field whenever a fly ball was knocked to the fielder. Far from being blamed he should be praised for it. That is what ball players and experts commonly call team ball, a thing of which our local critics and even ball players seem to know very little. We had a good example of team ball in the Ann Arbor game. Instead of one Michigan man running out to the fielder, three or four would gather around him. The principle that seems to be prevalent here is to let one man run after the ball, and if he misses it let him chase it.

—The wire for the grand stand came during the first part of the week and it was placed in position before the Rush Medical game. It affords ample protection to those having seats in the grand stand and now they are able to

see a game without any fear of being hurt. The old back-stop was taken down, and the ground near the path levelled, so as to use the grand stand as a back-stop.

—Last Thursday forenoon the "Shorties" crossed bats with the Carroll Specials. Owing to the shortness of the time the game was called at the last half of the fifth inning with the score 16 to 11 in favor of the "Shorties." As the fifth inning was not completed the score went back to the fourth which made the result 11 to 10 in favor of the Carrolls. The game will probably be played out next Sunday, and, if not, another will be arranged.

—At present it looks as if the Sorin hall boat crew was going to be a thing of the past. Several of the best oarsmen in the hall have left the crew for various reasons and unless they go back the crew will be a very weak one when it enters the regatta next month. Measures have been taken to re-organize the crew, but as yet nothing definite has been arrived at. It would be too bad to let this race go by default as it promised to be the best and most interesting of them all.

—The silly boys are getting in their work again over in Sorin hall. Several members of the Law class have been washed off the steps already, and it is very rarely you can get any of the occupants of the second flat to put their heads out of the windows. A few of them have tried it, but they say they will never do it again. One of the first victims has found a way to escape the waterfalls. He runs his hat out on the end of his cane and after the avalanche sticks his head out.

—The Minims gave an exhibition of drilling, and calisthenic exercises in their play-hall on the 21st. The hall was tastefully decorated with bunting and banners, the lower part being reserved for visitors. It must have taken great care and patience to train the little fellows for their work, and credit is due Bro. Cajetan and Professor Beyer who instructed the performers in their manoeuvres. The opening number was a grand *entrée* by the entire Minim department. To the air of an inspiring march, played upon the piano by Mr. Louis Brinker, they marched and countermarched. The graceful evolutions which this march brought out elicited hearty applause. Then followed a wand drill which showed the activity and grace that this form of exercise effects. In the formation of pyramids, which came next, the Minims developed an artistic taste truly surprising. Sword and rifle drills by the Sorin Cadets followed, the company being captained by Mr. Thomas Quinlan. During the pauses between the different parts, Messrs. E. Frank Jones and George Sweet played selections on the guitar and mandolin. The applause which each number on the programme brought forth showed that the entertainment of the Minims was a success.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Hudson, Kennedy, J. Mott, Mitchell, McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Slevin, Stace, Vignos.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Adler, Barry, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Clark, Coleman, Crane, Chassaing, Crilly, Costello, A. Campbell, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Conger, Dowd, Delaney, Davila, Dillon, Eymmer, Fagan, Foulks, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hentges, Hengen, Howell, Jones, Kortas, I. Kaul, E. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lawlor, Lassig, S. Moore, Medley, Mapother, J. Miller, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, C. Miller, McHugh, McGinnis, A. McCord, McGreevey, McCarty, Ney, Neely, O'Mally, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Spengler, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smoger, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Streicher, Sanders, Turner, H. Wilson, G. Wilson, P. White, Ward, Weaver, Wilkin, Wiss.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, Benz, Browne, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Danne-miller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, E. Heer, Hagerty, L. Heer, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Long, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdowne, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Miller, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Miers, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhilips, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Shipp, Sachsel, Sheils, Speake, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shilling-ton, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns Schaack, Strong, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Wallace, Watterson, Waters, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, P. Boyton, C. Boyton, Breslin, Brissanden, Curry, Campau, Cressy, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Cassady, Collins, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, Corcoran, Cotter, Catchpole, 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, Lovell, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Paul, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton, Steele, Thompson, Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, Clarke.

