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Flax-Flowers.

I.

"MOTHER! I see Willie wading,
Through the flax-fields, home from school."
"Sleep, my child, the day is fading;
Wind-swayed reeds the waters shading,
Streak the red light in the pool."

In the window waved the willow,
Whispered, "Agnes, come with me."
Fever-tossed she on the pillow,
Golden curls fell like a billow
Sinking on a silken sea.

Lisping lips were freezing, burning;
Two blue eyes that wanted rest
Feebly to their mother turning;
Little hands the hot clothes spurning
Sought the hands that loved them best.

II.

In came Willie bounding gladly,
Long-stalked flax-flowers in his hand:
"Mamma! I dot ese for Adlie."
But his mother smiled so sadly;
Why?—How could *he* understand!

Night-winds whispered in the willow,
Rustled in the curtains' fold,
Kissed the cheeks that pressed the pillow,
But the little heart was still; oh!
And the little hands were cold.

III.

'Neath a bough, where ivy's creeping,
'Neath a stone that cool dews lave
In a white shroud Adlie's sleeping:
Little Willie gathers, weeping,
Sky-blue flax-flowers for her grave.

F. E. N.

THE aids to noble life lie all within.—*Matthew Arnold.*

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

IX.—FROM GENOA TO ROME.

I suppose there is no one so hopelessly and irremediably prosaic, so absolutely unimaginative and matter-of-fact, that there does not lurk, somewhere in the profounder depths of his being, a tiny fount of poetic sentiment. Habitually choked up as may be this fount, hidden and repressed by a superincumbent mass of commonplace thoughts and vulgar longings and sordid aims and ignoble ambitions, there must still be moments when its living waters irresistibly force their way to the surface of the soul; and then even the dullest and most practical of men find themselves experiencing for a time the blissful sensations that constitute a portion of the poet's birthright.

Granting that such moments occur at all, they may surely be looked for with fullest confidence when for the first time one is privileged to sojourn beneath Italian skies. Then, if ever, the dreary realism of ordinary existence is superseded; the soul falls captive to the spirit of Beauty, and, acknowledging the sweet enchantment of nature's magic spells, gives itself up to the "witchery of the soft blue sky," the languorous breezes freighted with a thousand delicate perfumes, the infinite variety of form and color in mount and sea and wooded vale, in flower and leaf and fruit and blossom.

Italy may well be the home of the artist and the land of song. Surpassing fair it came originally from the hand of the Creator; and count-

less generations of earth's deftest artisans have stored it with monuments innumerable, vying with nature's own masterpieces in graceful beauty and impressive grandeur. To traverse its length and breadth is to enjoy a continuous vision of ideal loveliness, is to throng the galleries of memory with exquisite pictures comparable only to those glimpses of paradise vouchsafed to saintly mortals in ecstatic trance. "Italia! O Italia!" veritable land of the sun, in whose plains and valleys summer reigns perennial, whose atmosphere is fragrant with orange, olive, and myrtle, whose firmament is a canopy of glory unimaginable, and whose soil is overstrewn with the shattered grandeur of historic ruins,—who that has once felt thy potent influence can hold thee in other than grateful remembrance, or repress the vivid longing to see thee yet again!

It does not follow, of course, that the tourist in Italy suffers no disappointments. My first view of Genoa, for instance, hardly fulfilled my expectations. The imposing stateliness that I had anticipated was not apparent during the passage from the railway station to my hotel. In fact, it is a mistake to enter the city by rail at all. Genoa should be approached from the sea. Viewed from the Mediterranean, it is truly a superb city of palaces rising, amphitheatre-like, from the shore of its semicircular harbor up to the summit of the hill where the beautiful church of Santa Maria di Carignano dominates the prospect, while in the distant background tower the lofty peaks of the Alps and Appenines.

It is worth while rowing a mile or two out in the Gulf to gaze at one's leisure on the picturesquely magnificent spectacle which the city thence presents; and the traveller who arrives in the city by train cannot do better than take such an excursion at once. Many of the streets are narrow and steep, rather irregularly paved, and by no means so gratefully odoriferous as are the orange and lemon groves of Mentone and San Remo. In the more modern portion of the city, however, the thoroughfares are broad and handsome, and many of them are lined with lofty marble palaces one or two of which would suffice to make an American city famous.

Genoa's most remarkable churches are the cathedral of San Lorenzo, L'Annunziata, San Ambrogio, and the Santa Maria di Carignano already mentioned. Magnificent churches are no longer a novelty—I have visited some dozens of them since leaving home—but I am nevertheless impressed with the unusual splendor that distinguishes the interiors of these Italian churches from any others that I have hitherto seen. Nowhere else have I witnessed such lavish profusion of gold and silver and precious marbles and exquisite mosaics and sculpture and painting. "There is nothing too rich or beautiful to be devoted to God's honor" would seem to be the motto of the Genoese; and if they need any warrant for the elaborate ornamentation of their sacred edifices, they can surely find an ample one in the Biblical description of Solomon's Temple. If the splendor that characterized a structure destined merely to be the receptacle of the tables of the Law was not incongruous, there can be no limit to the magnificence befitting the abiding dwelling-place of the Eucharistic Christ.

A peculiar feature of the domestic architecture of Genoa is the fresco-painting with which the exteriors of many of its palaces are covered. Battle-scenes commemorating Genoese triumphs achieved in the heyday of the republic's glory, and groups of figures borrowed from the Grecian and Roman mythologies, are the more common subjects of these external frescoes, many of which have suffered extensive ravages from the havoc-working tooth of Time. The palaces themselves, however, seem fully able to defy all destructive agencies for many a century to come. These massive arches and huge walls six and eight feet thick will not readily become dilapidated, and nothing short of a violent earthquake will suffice to move them from their foundations.

Domestic architecture is suggestive of domestic economy; and just here I am reminded of my first experience with the Italian waiter. It was in the Grand Hotel de Genes. I had been shown to an excellent room some twenty feet square, with a ceiling about sixteen or eighteen feet high, and furnished, in addition to the usual bed-room set, with a comfortable sofa and several luxurious easy-chairs. Having refreshed myself with the ablutionary process rendered imperative by a protracted sojourn in railway-cars, I became conscious of a well-developed thirst, the outcome, probably, of the intense heat of the day combined with the smoking of bad (that is, French) tobacco. The electric-bell is forthwith set ringing; a minute later there is a tap at my door, and there enters a white-aproned Italian who looks to be about twenty-five.

"Do you speak English?" I begin.—"*No, signor,*"—with a very decided shake of the head. "*Comprenez-vous le Francais?*"—"*Si, si, signor; oui, Monsieur,*" and the shake is replaced by a

vigorous nodding. So far, good; and the conversation is continued in French.

"Bring me up a quart of milk." The waiter looks surprised; this is evidently not the order that he anticipated receiving. "A quart of—what did you say, sir?"—"Of milk. You keep milk, I presume?"—"Oh, yes, sir; certainly," and he moves towards the door. Before reaching it, he turns and comes back. "Nothing else than milk, sir?"—"No; nothing else; except of course a glass or goblet." He turns to the door again, and this time opens it. Then he looks back. "Did I understand you to say a *quart*, sir?"—"Yes, yes; a quart, *un litre*." Exit the waiter, apparently still puzzled.

In less than a minute he is back again. "I beg your pardon, sir, but do you wish the milk hot or cold?"—"Look here, I thought you told me you understood French. I want a quart of milk, cow's milk, raw, cold, iced, for that matter—and, if you don't mind, I'd like to have it with as little delay as possible." He is quite sure of the order now, and departs for the lower regions of the hotel, whence he soon reappears with a pitcher of milk and a goblet. I "tip" him with the last of my French *sous*, and after thanking me he ventures the remark: "Excuse me, sir, but I always thought that to drink milk, just milk, was bad for the health."—"Well, 'tis not exactly a poisonous beverage, waiter, at least in my country; and, anyway, if I were you, I wouldn't overburden my mind with anxiety regarding the good or bad health of the guests you attend. That will do, waiter." The white-aproned attendant got even with me, however, some hours later when he brought me my bill. The quart of milk cost me just two *lire*, forty cents. I could have bought a gallon of wine for the same price; and I made a note of the fact that in Genoa a cow is a far more profitable investment than a vineyard.

The cab-driver whom I engaged to drive me about the city—it was altogether too hot to climb those steep streets on foot—drew up before the handsome Columbus monument in the Piazza di Acque, as if quite sure that my interest therein would be intense. I thought of the famous chapter on "Guides" in *The Innocents Abroad*, and was tempted to feign utter ignorance as to the discoverer of America. My unfeigned ignorance of Italian deterred me, however, and I bestowed upon the statue the orthodox amount of attention and admiration.

As there are about a hundred tunnels on the railway route between Genoa and Pisa, an average of one for every mile and a quarter of the distance, I take the night train for Rome with no regrets about the scenery which this arrangement will prevent my seeing. And yet I behold some very beautiful scenes notwithstanding. The railroad skirts the sea, as from Marseilles to Genoa; and an Italian midnight sky, with the crescent moon sailing majestically through billowy clouds of silver-tinted blue, and countless stars shining almost as brilliantly in the gently-heaving waters of the Mediterranean as in the firmament overhead, is a spectacle to fill the soul with delight. Here evidently is the very picture described by the poet:

"Ten thousand stars are in the sky,
Ten thousand in the sea:
For every wave with dimpled cheek
That leaps upon the air,
Has caught a star in its embrace,
And holds it trembling there."

Midnight has been succeeded by dawn before we reach Pisa; and I am thus enabled to obtain a momentary view of the Leaning Tower, the Cathedral, and the Baptistery, structures which are deservedly ranked among the most notable to be found in Italy or, for that matter, in the world. All three are of white marble; and, situated, as they are, apart from the city, on the open campagna, appear nobly impressive, even to the passengers of the train that rushes swiftly by on the opposite side of the Arno.

The Leaning Tower recalls the boyish wonder with which about a quarter of a century ago I first gazed upon its picture, and the resolution then formed of some day going up to its top. Were I to tarry at Pisa, I should certainly feel bound to make the ascent; but as I note the Tower's considerable declination—thirteen feet out of the perpendicular—I do not experience any very poignant regret that my circular ticket has been stamped at Genoa with *Vista per Roma*, and that in consequence I cannot conveniently interrupt to-day's journey to the Eternal City.

The system of visaing, by the way, is one of the minor inconveniences of travel on all Italian railways. Before leaving one station, the tourist must inform the ticket-agent just how far he purposes proceeding continuously, and his ticket is accordingly stamped with the name of the station at which he is to leave the train. It is a relic of the old passport system, and would be an excellent feature to get rid of. One of the greatest advantages of independent travelling, as distinguished from touring with a party, is the privilege of shaping one's course just as seems good on the spur of the moment, the

freedom to alter and modify at will all prearranged plans, the consciousness that one may stop where he pleases and as long as he pleases irrespective of the likes or dislikes of anyone else. This freedom of action is, in Italy, thus far curtailed, that the traveller must take forethought, and having determined his next stopping-place must abide by his decision, or else undergo a world of worry and annoyance.

Not that the system occasions me any vexation this morning. With Rome only five or six hours distant, no reason which I can conceive would be sufficiently cogent to induce me further to retard my progress thither. Indeed, it has been with half-reluctance that I have loitered on the way at Toulouse and Marseilles and Genoa. Ever since I left Our Lady's Pyrenean shrine behind me, Rome has been looming up on my mental horizon more and more commandingly, until at present it fills my whole field of vision and dominates every thought and act and aspiration.

I wonder whether any of the half-dozen fellow-passengers who share with me this *Fumatori* compartment are experiencing emotions similar to mine. Certainly not my neighbor to the left. He is a middle-aged Bristol merchant on his way to Naples, a strictly mercantile man and one as innocent of any taint of idealism as is the engine whose rhythmical puffing reverberates along this promontory above us. Him I cordially anathematized last night, when he *would* insist on prosing away interminably on the Canadian tariff and the Behring seals. As if any one with a soul in him could interest himself in such topics while the star-gemmed canopy above and the softly-murmuring Mediterranean below alternately claimed his admiring glances!

The remaining passengers (either Italians or Frenchmen, I think) have probably travelled this route before. If not, they have adopted the *nil admirari* plan, for they evince no interest whatever in the charming landscapes and striking sea-views so frequently presented to us. No; I do not fancy that my emotions are shared by any of these. The eager expectancy that must be visible in my countenance and attitude is wanting in theirs. They all appear too thoroughly placid, too sedately self-possessed to admit the possibility of this being their first visit to the Eternal City.

Were I to attempt an analysis of my own feelings as the hours pass and we draw nearer and nearer to the great centre of Catholicity, I should essay a very difficult task. The predominant emotion is, of course, joy—a joy so great and vehement as almost to deserve the name of rapture or ecstasy. I have dreamed so often during the past two decades of supplementing book-lore concerning Rome's Christian glories and pagan grandeur with a personal inspection of the city's manifold splendors, that the approaching realization of the dream is an ineffable delight. It is hard even now to believe that I am not still dreaming, hard to keep myself permanently convinced that this very forenoon I shall behold the yellow Tiber coursing where "Rome sits throned on her seven hills," and may feast my eyes on the Colosseum and St. Peter's, most perfect symbols, the one of a civilization that bore within itself the seeds of an inglorious death, the other of a religion great, triumphant and immortal!

And so, musing on the vicissitudes of the centuries that have elapsed since the Cæsars ruled where Leo reigns, since emperors and patricians and plebeians thronged in thousands to the amphitheatres where noble martyrs sealed with their blood their loyalty to Christ the Nazarene,—I pass Grosseto, Orbetello, Civita Vecchia, with a number of smaller towns, and at last behold, spread out before me, the City of the Church and of churches, the Mecca of the Christian world, Rome.

Books and Real Life.

LOUIS C. WURZER, '97.

"Man is a bundle of habits," said the great Elizabethan philosopher. It may well be added that he is also a bundle of influences, for man is an imitator, and all his habits and characteristics are acquired from others. He is an assimilation of all that is around him. Sometimes, indeed, there are men who astonish the world with words and deeds unheard of before. They are great men, it is true; but what they say and do is merely a new germination of what has been said and done centuries before. The greatest man of any age is he whose wisdom, borrowed from other ages, has blossomed forth in the most abundant fruit. No man became great merely from within himself. No poet, orator or philosopher was ever the spontaneous outcome of forces non-existent before. He was only a rich soil in a favorable climate to bring into the fulness of life the

germs of learning and wisdom left by those who have gone before. Bonaparte in another time and place would have gained no mention in the annals of great warriors; and Washington, in France, would have been another Napoleon. Hannibal, reared in the shadow of the senate-house, never would have risen above mediocrity. Burke, in the American colonies, would have been a revolutionist, while Patrick Henry, in England, would have pleaded eloquently for the royal cause. So it may be put down as an axiom that the character of a man is the realization of the influences that surround him.

Of all these influences, there is none greater than books. Through them, the men of past ages mould the affairs of our time. Athens, though a thousand years have rolled over her, carrying away her monuments and her political glory, is still with us, while Carthage and Memphis have died; and she rules the world, not by physical force, but by the immortal influence of her Plato and Aristotle. Through books Greece has become the schoolmaster of generations. The influences of Homer can be traced from the Newman of our day and the Milton of two centuries ago, through Italy's Dante, and Rome's Virgil to the very first writers following his own age. Upon books, too, rests the glory of the Eternal City. She would never have been "Eternal" were it not for them. What would her great institutions, her splendor, her power, have availed her, if they had not been immortalized by Livy and Ovid and Horace? Had Rome no literature she would have lacked that which is the true greatness of a nation; her fate would have been like the lost and forgotten glory of the Toltecs.

When the printing-press took form in Gutenberg's brain, and books were multiplied, their immediate influence upon the life of a nation, and upon the public at large, becomes more apparent. The spreading of the Bible for private interpretation among an illiterate laity had an effect from which the world has not yet recovered. In France, the works of Rousseau and Voltaire were the cause of a disastrous upheaval. They filled the public mind with a passion for the liberty that is license, and made the grand, but awful, Revolution a fact. Had not the books of these men been scattered through France, the French would never have seen a "Reign of Terror." In our own country a single book was the means of hastening an impending war. "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which we all have read and admired, did more to bring to a crisis the growing indignation against the negro traffic in the South than all the eloquent appeals of the North's political orators. It aggravated the differences between the Yankees and the Dixies, which culminated in the Civil War, and finally ended human slavery on American soil. England, too, furnishes examples of the close relation between her books and her life. Our fathers can still remember the days when old Albion groaned under innumerable social vices, when she suffered from bad prisons, cheap boarding schools and delinquent chanceries. These have all been swept away through the wonderful influence of Charles Dickens' novels. By real pictures, painted with the deepest colors, and with the most exquisite touches of light and shade, this great novelist realized for his readers the folly of their habits and the dangers of their corrupt institutions. In "Oliver Twist" he aimed a telling blow at the infamous poor-house system which had become a training-school of crime. "Hard Times" is a delineation of the sufferings among the manufacturing population. It holds up for public sympathy the poor workingman of England, and exposes his oppression by the employer of that time. In like manner each one of Dickens' novels had a particular influence in the social reform of his country. The "Pickwick Papers" made people laugh indignantly at the prison abuses; "Nicholas Nickelby" put an end forever to the horrors of the boarding-school plague, and "Bleak House" gave new life to slow routine in court. Thus by making evident the evil, this true realist has set before his readers an ideal of the good. He shows men a negative of life and makes them anxious for a finished picture.

There are some books, however, which belong to all countries, but not to all men. "Don Quixote" was a book for Spain. In it Cervantes tolled the death-knell of chivalry in his own land. The "Niebelungenlied" was for the Germans; the "Henriade" for the French; but the works of Dante, Shakspere, Goethe, Molière are for all nations and ages. These books, as Addison well says, are "the legacies of genius to all mankind." They do not belong to a single nation or to a single class. They do not affect a people as a people, but individuals as individuals, and not all individuals. Kant read the Bible with the calmness and indifference of a sceptic; while Joanna Southcote, with the same book, went into hysterics of religious fanaticism. Not every one can draw from Milton and Shakspere the

same inspiration Choate and Webster did; yet, had not Milton and Shakspere written, Webster and Choate would never have spoken. To Byron's song we owe Tennyson and his "Idyls"; to Wordsworth, Bryant and his "Thanatopsis." The story of Lincoln with his "Life of Washington" is familiar to all. Every school-boy can tell how the poor lad, who afterwards became the "Emancipator," sat in the garret of his father's hut night after night, and by the dim flame of a tallow candle read and reread that little volume which moved him to become a patriot and a statesman. In later days he often referred to it as the first force and inspiration of his career. He always kept that book with him, for it fired him with true patriotism; it stirred his energies, and ever set before him ideals of the real citizen, statesman and warrior. Had not men stimulants to encourage them in whatever they do, the world would never see anything done. The stimulant to the noble policies of Lincoln was this "Life of Washington." It would be a blessing to our country if the conduct of every American were influenced similarly by the same little book. But how is it that others—the very men who sell votes and corrupt public office—have read the same "life" and were not inspired as Lincoln was? The only answer is, "The ground was barren." Not all men are affected at all times and in the same way. To make the plant grow and blossom requires not only the seed, but also good soil and a favorable climate. Perhaps this cannot be better illustrated than by a sketch of that wonderful saint and genius, Ignatius Loyola:

Europe was in the throes of a revolution. The Great Schism of the West, the laxity of religious discipline, the luxuries and excesses of the court at Rome, the flood of pagan literature and pagan ideas that swept in after the fall of Constantinople had shaken men's faith in things divine, and Luther found a field ready for the sowing. The disaffection of the impoverished nobles and the pride of an ignorant laity were the means of spreading the conflagration the continent over. The North was soon swept. In the middle states the contest was undecided; the South was still faithful to the Church, but all were in imminent danger. There was work for a leader. Some one was needed to check the onward march of the new heresy, and God did not suffer His divine Church to be overthrown by those who had mistaken corruption of individuals for corruption of faith. As in every great crisis He had marked out a man who was to be the human means of defending the faith. This man was Ignatius Loyola, a fiery young priest in the convent of the Theatines at Venice. A few years before we find him chivalrous and gay, the ideal hero of Cervantes, ever on the outlook for a knight with whom to shatter a lance, or a princess at whose feet he might lay his heart. A great change was wrought when he was wounded at the Siege of Pampeluna. During his illness the "Lives of the Saints" happened to fall into his hands. He read them with avidity, and a longing to be like these heroes of God came to him. Instead of a desire for earthly glory, he was filled with love for the divine. His dreams of lovely women were dispelled by the reality of fighting for one—the Blessed Virgin, the most lovely of all. He saw the growing danger of the so-called Reformation, and was dissatisfied with the sluggish movements made to oppose it. Inspired by the book of his sick-room, passionate and energetic by nature, he at once set to work to stop the progress of Lutheran ideas, and at the same time became the head of a second reformation in Europe—the reformation of discipline. To aid him in his purposes the Society of Jesus was organized. It proved worthy of its founder, and its most powerful and salutary effect upon the great religious revolt has made it live to this day as the most zealous body of teachers, the greatest of all orders, and a monument to the genius of Loyola and to the wonderful influence of a single book upon the world.

The great Jesuit did not know the higher things in life until they had been accidentally revealed to him through the "Lives of the Saints." He, like the young hidalgos of his time, gloried in the adventures of the knight-errant, and had not circumstances changed his course of life, his great capacity and genius would have been wasted. His mind was a fertile soil, the social condition of Europe was the favorable climate; but both again were useless until the seed, the "Homilies of the Saints" had fallen upon the rich field.

Thus it is with many a man. The reason he does not reap crops is because he has sown the wrong seed. He does not prosper because he lives in too narrow a sphere, or one entirely unsuited to him. He thinks all life is mean because his surroundings are mean. The world to him is a shallow pool, for he has never seen the ocean of thought and life beyond his own little province. His spirit stagnates, his energy is wasted, his talent lost, unless some guiding

finger points out his real mission in life. This finger is often a book. We have seen that it was so with Lincoln and Loyola; and it is so with men who must fulfil the lesser, though none the less honorable, duties of life. Thus books are the fertilizers of society. As the fertilizer can make the tropical plant grow in the hardest and most barren soil, so books can nourish the mind of the most isolated man, and bring the highest intellectual life to the lowest and poorest towns. The curse of our age, however, is not the want of fertilizers, but the foul adulteration of them. Daily the publishing-houses are sending out trash of the worst kind, "The Woman Who Did," "Keynotes," and scores of others. Such are the books that furnish images and ideals to our minds; and "images," says Locke, "are the invincible powers which govern men." The realism of Zola and his English imitators is the corrupting influence in modern life. It sets up before young men and women false standards of morality, and gives them such notions of the prevalence of crime, that vice seems no longer a frightful thing, but only an inconvenience, or even a mere careless pleasure. This is false realism. Since the novel has the same place in our time as poetry during the Restoration and the drama in the Elizabethan era, it should always hold up an ideal of true Christian manhood and womanhood. This is within the sphere of the realist as well as the idealist. One paints the picture of life as it ought to be; the other as it is, ridiculing its follies and reflecting shame upon vice. What is a better model for a young woman than Hilda in "The Marble Faun"; what a stronger lesson than the fate of vain little Hetty in "Adam Bede?"

The novel has come to be a teacher of society. Its influence upon the manners, morals and opinions of a people is more powerful than the profoundest discourse or the most eloquent oration. Through it, ethics are taught by practical application. This is so because most men and women are passive, or, as Emerson styles it, they are of the *accepting* kind. For them it is easier to find heroes and ideals than to create them. They know what they want only when they see it; and, by appeals to their sympathy, can generally be moved to want anything. Since these conditions are true, it should be the duty of the aristocracy of letters to crush out bad literature and to direct the tastes of the masses, for the literature of a nation is the index of its life; and in our land, the nation is not the aristocracy, but the people. Its life depends upon the influences that surround the common man. The book that affects him is the book that affects it. So long as this is a pernicious one, just so long will human society suffer; and so long the sanctuary, the ballot-box and the family circle will not be held sacred. If the people are not taught to appreciate purer books than the novels of Zola and his kind, then we may view the next age as one of Agnosticism and Hedonism, and we may look forward to a decline of Christian morality, the keystone of republican institutions—of the republic itself. So closely are books connected with real life that individual minds live upon them and nations depend upon them. The former, being largely non-creative, seek ideals and models of conduct; while the latter, being but a combined whole of the first, enjoy their peaceful existence or suffer the terrors of war and adversity as a result of this individual conduct. To posterity literature is the reflection of life; to us its director and stimulus.

A Bit of Kindness.

ELMER J. MURPHY, '97.

Old Mrs. Sieverding's plot of ground, and the little cottage which stood upon it, formed as picturesque a spot as could be found anywhere in the neighborhood. It was situated on the long slope at the foot of the bluff, somewhat higher up than the half-dozen other houses which, though they helped to give the little hollow an atmosphere of departed prosperity, were so near tumbling down, and had about them such an air of neglect, that they were not in themselves good to look at.

This neat dwelling stood alone in a well-kept garden, as if shrinking from the disorder of those further down. With its walls whitewashed from top to bottom, and the dark-green trees for a background, it looked from a distance like a pile of snow. In the evening, especially, when the setting sun shone on it, the cottage fairly glistened with light.

Though it was a very small place, it had a snugness and coziness which seldom goes with a large mansion. The garden extended up to the wall, on all four sides, and the regular rows of carrots, turnips and radishes reached nearly up to the door, so that one could almost pull

the plants from the soil, without leaving the threshold. So well was the yard cared for, that not even the grass was allowed to grow except along the edges of the walk. There were two small flower-beds,—one on each side of the walk—both full of pansies. Vines, too, could be seen growing in a long narrow box placed on the window-sill, some in full bloom creeping up over the stones.

In one of the rooms,—it had only two—everything that could be seen plainly showed frugality, though nothing was ragged or untidy. On the floor was a carpet patched in one place, but very clean for all that. Three old chairs and a rough walnut table were all of the furniture; on the white walls were pictures of the Holy Family and Pope Pius IX. Thus the room had an air of simplicity and quietness. Any one would have called it comfortable. And the personality which dominated the whole was an old woman, now fast asleep, sitting near the window, Darkness was rapidly coming on, but her kindly old face silhouetted on the dusky background of the room could be easily seen. In her lap lay a half-finished mitten which she had been knitting; the ball of yarn lay beside her, on the floor. Her spectacles had slipped down to the tip of her nose, showing that her head had "bobbed" up and down more than once in her efforts to keep it erect. From under her close-fitting cap, a single lock of white hair hung over her forehead. Her face was amiable and pleasant-looking; and once when the fire in the little stove across the room flared up, a smile seemed to be on her lips. There she sat, her white thin hands clasped together, and dreamed, perhaps, of the good old days across the sea.

While she was nodding and dreaming in the waning light a little girl with her sleeves rolled up and her hands white with flour, came in from the other room where she had been cooking the evening meal. After lighting a lamp and drawing down the faded curtains, she picked up the ball of yarn and put it in her grandmother's lap.

"Poor, dear grandma," she said to herself, "I wish I were as happy as she is. I'm glad I didn't say anything about our being so poor. In two or three days, if nothing happens to prevent it, our pantry will be empty; I cannot save food by making our supper smaller, for she would find out everything. What shall I do?" and a lump rose in her throat and the tears trickled down her cheeks.

Thus these two persons lived together on the hillside. Margaret, now almost fourteen years old, could have lived with her aunt, the wife of her father's brother, had she so wished. When her parents died she preferred to take care of her grandmother. The aunt was a hard-hearted woman, though she did wish to have the little girl; but she "didn't want to bother with the old woman." And so Margaret took care of her.

Margaret had dwelt upon their misfortunes so much that in the night she would have strange restless dreams. The next morning while sitting at the breakfast-table, her grandmother, noticing her sadness, said:

"Why are you so down-hearted, my dear? Has anything happened?"

"No, grandma, I was only thinking about—about—well, I hardly know what."

"Why do you think of things that make you feel so sad? You ought to brighten up with the spring. I do not see what can affect you so."

"It's all about a dream of you, grandma; and I can't forget it."

"Let me hear it," said the old lady smiling, "perhaps, it will ease your mind to tell it to me."

Then the dream was told simply and beautifully, how she had seen her grandmother, as it seemed, in Heaven. Omitting no detail, for it was remembered perfectly. And poor Maggie, while looking out of the window upon the pleasant valley full of sunlight, sighed deeply as she saw the cows placidly nipping the tender grass of the meadows. After the dishes were washed she thought of going to her aunt, but the distance was so great that she could not be home again until nearly evening. Her grandmother would miss her and would find out everything.

As the day passed on to afternoon, Margaret went upstairs into the attic to form, if she could, some plan for obtaining bread. The place was filled with old clothes and other things that were of no use.

In one corner was an old wooden chest covered with cobwebs. The corners were proteced by iron plates and thick bands held the whole thing together. She did not know what was in it; since it was put there, four years before, just after her father's death, the lid had not been raised. With much trouble she opened it. Inside there were old books and manuscripts covered with dust, but these could not help her. However, she took them out one by one, reading a bit here and there. Suddenly it came to her mind that these musty volumes could be sold to a rich old gentleman who had a library

not far from them. She took two of the largest, accordingly, not knowing their value.

Then she stole out of the house and went down to "the Castle," as it was called. At the door she was met by a servant who led her into a large dark room with heavy curtains and a thick carpet. She was waiting timidly, when a man with gray hair and spectacles and a pleasant countenance entered the room:

"Well, my little girl," he said, "what brings you here?"

"Oh, sir!" she answered, "grandma and I live in that little house on the hill and we are almost starving. I have some books which I would like to sell, if you will buy them."

"Books, eh! I do not want any in particular; but let me see them."

"They are some that papa had," said Margaret, handing them to him; "but he and mamma are both dead now and these were left up in the garret." And the tears came to her eyes.

The old man was going to say that he had some just like them, and that he had no use for them; but when he heard this, his heart softened and he said with more quietness:

"This one is a very old and rare volume, which I have wished to see for a long time."

"I only ask a little, sir! Just enough to last us until the onions grow large, so that the people will buy them."

"What is your grandma's name?"

"Margaret Sieverding; I am named after her."

"Well," he said, smiling at her answer, "this big book is worth very much as there are few others like it; so I will give you forty-five dollars for it. Here are twenty dollars. Come and get the rest next week. And tell your grandmother that I hope she will not starve as long as I am alive."

Margaret could not answer, she was so startled by the two notes the old man had given her. She felt a big lump rise in her throat and she was ready to cry for joy. The old man led her to the door himself and wished her a happy afternoon.

Such good fortune was more than our little heroine had expected. She went to the stores and bought whatever was needed, besides obtaining the requisites for a small feast. That evening she began to cook much earlier than usual and even when the time for supper did come, she was not finished. Her grandmother did not know what had taken place, as usual she was sleeping at that hour. It could not be wondered at, then, that she was much surprised upon seeing the table covered with many kinds of choice dishes.

"Maggie, you should not be so extravagant," she said, "you know how poor we are. If you do this again, we shall surely go to the poor-house."

"No, I don't think we shall," she replied, her eyes sparkling and her red lips shaped into a smile. "We are too fortunate."

"Do not be too certain of that." Then, seeing Margaret ready to laugh, she exclaimed: "Why, what's the matter with you? You seem to be running over with joy?"

The whole story was told; how she had looked into the old chest, and about the gray-haired man who had bought the books. They talked about their misfortunes and enjoyed themselves by experiencing the happy end of it all. And the gentleman, also, as he sat at supper that night laughed at himself for paying such a price for a book that could be obtained at any store for less than a dollar. When he thought of the young girl and her grandmother, he laughed all the more and said aloud to himself: "Jove! I feel like a miser for not giving her fifty dollars for it."

Books and Magazines.

—The second number of the *Catholic University Bulletin* is full of things that will be of interest to the friends of higher education everywhere. The number opens with a most frank and conducting review of the financial side of the institution, by the Rt. Rev. Rector. The article is an able exposition of the impossibility of directing a University without ample endowments, a grateful acknowledgment of those already received and an eloquent appeal for more. The programme of studies in the departments to be opened in October is published in full. The prominence given to the School of Social Sciences is significant. It is an indication that the University is not to be found in the rear of the present great movement in education.

The *Bulletin* contains besides, a number of able essays by members of the Faculty, and a spicy chronicle of the events happening at, or of interest to, the University.

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—October will see a radical change in the manner of teaching English at Yale—another step in the modern apotheosis of the individual. The old system of large classes which listened to lectures by famous men of letters and got what they could from them, will give way, with the passing year, to a newer and saner mode of instruction. The new method is very simple, and has, practically, been in vogue at our own University for the last six years, and with the best of results. Each professor will have a daily "office-hour" to be devoted entirely to the individual members of his classes. For the student it will be a sort of physical examination of his style, by a specialist who will point out to him its faults and weaknesses and suggest remedies for their correction. After all, style is a personal thing, literature is not geometry, and no two men can be crushed into the same mould without sacrificing their individuality—and individuality in art is every thing.

—Coming events cast their shadows before, but when the event is one so joyful as a Golden Jubilee, it is pleasant, rather than otherwise, to be in its shade. The Jubilee spirit has filled every nook and cranny of the University, and preparations are going on steadily, if quietly, to make the celebration in June as splendid and as significant of Notre Dame's present prosperity as thoughtful care can contrive. If the coming together of great men—the thinkers and workers who are moulding Catholic thought in America—can, alone, make an occasion brilliant, our *Alma Mater's* Jubilee will be memorable in the history of Christian education in the New World. Every mail brings letters to the President from archbishops and bishops, priests and laymen, many of them alumni of the University, promising to be with us at Commencement. But, above all, the Faculty would rejoice to see the graduates and the "old boys" gather again to celebrate with the present generation, the rounding out of the first epoch of Notre Dame's history, an era marked, it is true, by trials and dangers, but by triumphs, as well, prophetic of the successes the coming century holds in store for our *Alma Mater*, "dear old Notre Dame."

—A thing of beauty the Campus—our college "front-yard"—certainly is, but it will be something remarkable if it gets a chance to be a joy forever. The Vandals have descended upon it, and the lilacs, almost before their pink-purple cups had opened to the sun, were plucked, the most of them, to wither in an hour or two in barbarian button-holes. It strikes us as the sublimation of selfishness for a man to carry off, for his own enjoyment, the flowers which might have given pleasure to hundreds if he had not taken a fancy to them. The lilac plague is a thing of the past, and so, too, are the lilacs, but a word in season may persuade our æsthetes to spare the blossoms yet to come. Brother Philip, with his assistants, has labored long and hard to make the Campus what it is, and it is hardly fair to him and to the community at large for a few individuals to wreck the beauty he has called into being. Nor have the flowers been the only sufferers. The lawn was just beginning to take on a velvety softness when the Visigoths discovered that the springy turf was pleasant underfoot. And so the walks are deserted and the grass shows yellow blotches in the green. If the good work goes on, the lawn will be ruined long before Commencement, but if the thoughtless ones will only consider and take to the pavements again there is yet hope for it. Keep off the grass, sonny, keep off the grass, and don't forget that there may be some who prefer one blossom on the bush to two withered buds in your button-hole.

—The Hon. W. J. Onahan delivered his lucid and eloquent lecture on "Civic Patriotism" recently, in Iowa City, to an usually large audience even for that enterprising place. So general was the interest in "the premier Catholic layman," "the Ozanam of America," that regret was expressed on all sides that he had limited himself to Iowa City and neglected the neighboring places. This defect in the arrangements for his lecture will be corrected next year.

William J. Onahan—the SCHOLASTIC prefers to call him simply by his name, being unable to choose among his titles,—is an unique figure in the history of Christian civilization in our country. He has lived for his faith, while other men have professed themselves only willing to die for it. He has made a perfect synthesis between the conservatism of the Old World and the rapid progress of the New. There was one man who did, in the province of the religious life, what William J. Onahan has done in the lay life of this country. When one looks back at the life of Father Sorin, one is struck by the qualities, which, in the grandest of all spheres, has made Leo XIII. powerful. Father Sorin was one of the inspirations of Dr. Onahan's life, and all Christian Americans will one day thank God that two such men have lived. It was a natural tendency of Catholics in a new country to be conservative,—to look askance on republican government as an experiment,—to build a wall about themselves. And this not because they were Catholics, but because republicans in Europe had misunderstood the Church. Men like Father Sorin, men like Cardinal Gibbons and Manning, and men like Onahan and Spaunhorst have helped to change all this.

Union between Church and State in this country is an abhorrent thing. "But the spiritual fire must permeate good citizenship before there can be the divine glow of patriotism." As Mr. Onahan said in his lecture, "the civic ideal is only possible where there is respect for a higher law." If this higher law, as interpreted by the Catholic Church,—the one unmutilated deposit of faith,—is respected to-day by men who had mis-learned to look on the Church as the enemy of freedom, we owe it to men who, like Lacordaire and Father Sorin and Cardinal Gibbons and Archbishop Ireland and Bishop Spalding and the late Orestes A. Brownson, have fought the good fight with all their hearts. The Staff of the SCHOLASTIC is young and therefore too frank perhaps, but in view of its dispersion next month it claims the right to say of Mr. Onahan while he lives what everybody will say when he has gone to his reward.

Notre Dame, 8—University of Illinois, 7.

There was ginger and spirit and good base-ball material spread out over the diamond last Thursday, when the umpire ordered play to begin and the Varsity settled to their work. There was plenty of spirit, too, in the men behind the lines, but very little hope. We have almost learned to bear defeat without grumbling, and to be just as loyal to a losing team as to a winning one. There was no lack of enthusiasm in our "rooters" last Thursday; there never has been, and when victory, all the more welcome for its unexpectedness, came, the men with the Gold and Blue in their button-holes forgot the frogs in their throats and began all over again. But it was hard to be hopeful, before the game, with the memory of Michigan's virtual defeat at Champaign two days before our colors went down before them still fresh, and Illinois' more recent triumph at Purdue, the latest topic of conversation. The second half of the first inning changed all that, however, and it is even more difficult, now, to give a sane account of the game, with nerves still tingling with the joy of victory, and ears still running with the cheers that heralded and greeted and followed it.

Of the nine men who took Notre Dame's honor and fame in their hands, and trotted out to the field with the determination to play ball and win, or break a finger or two and any number of bats in the attempt, little but praise can be said. There were errors—four of them—and all costly, but there was so much snap and dash in the fielding, so much intelligence and speed in the base-running, and so much judgment and ability in batting, that the two momentary breaks can be pardoned. Smith did some clever head work in the box, and showed remarkable improvement in speed and general form. He held the men from Illinois down to eight hits, one a two-bagger, and struck out four. McGinnis was not at his best, his arm and shoulder being still very sore from the smash he received in the Rush Medical game, but his work was good, nevertheless. There was something like team-work in the infield; Anson played an errorless game, Chassaing made some pretty stops at second, and Brown sealed his title to the guardianship of bag No. 3. Funkhauser accepted every chance at short, and his one miss was caused by the unintentional interference of a base-runner. Campbell carried off the

fielding honors, making two or three difficult running catches. And the Varsity had their batting flannels on. Twelve hits off Hotchkiss, eight of them singles, three doubles and one triple, speak well for the accuracy of their eyes. Nor were they hits at random; they were bunched in the first and eighth, and if ever a victory was battled out, last Thursday's was. Funkhauser began the cannonading with a three bagger to right, and Anson and Schmidt rapped out a double apiece, while Campbell made one single and two doubles. Campbell's batting and base-running were remarkable for a boy in his first match game. His double in the eighth, with two men on bases and two men out, virtually won the game for Notre Dame. Schmidt and Funkhauser, too, did clever work between the bases.

Illinois opened the game with a rush that carried the Varsity off their feet for a moment, and made two runs before our boys got back to *terra firma* again. Baum and Frees scored on a combination of errors, and base hits by Frees and Cooper, and things looked very stormy for our boys when Illinois took the field. Funkhauser led off with his triple to right, Chassaing flew out to left and Campbell rolled one past short, scoring Funkhauser. McGinnis' grounder to short was fumbled and Campbell went to second. Anson woke the "rooters" up again with a double to right and Campbell trotted home. Schmidt made first on a fly to shallow right, scoring McGinnis, and Anson slid to the plate on Brown's grounder to third. Sweet flew out to left and Smith was thrown out at first by Haskell, leaving Schmidt and Brown on bases.

The second was a blank for both teams. Fulton flew out to Brown, Hotchkiss struck out, Roysden waited for four balls, but died on first when Lowes was thrown out by Funkhauser. Funkhauser was again the first to bat, and his fly to Frees sent him to the bench. Chassaing was thrown out by Haskell, and Campbell, after pounding a two-bagger out to right field, died there when McGinnis was thrown out at first by Haskell. In the third Baum flew out to Campbell; Frees went to first on four balls; Huff hit safely to left; Cooper flew out to Schmidt, and Frees scored on Haskell's grounder to short and Funkhauser's error. Huff was caught at third by Brown, and the Varsity took another turn at the bat. Anson flew out to Frees; Schmidt's hit to left was too hot for Roysden and he made second. Brown fouled out and Sweet rolled an easy grounder to first, leaving Schmidt on third There was snappy work in the fourth; Fulton, Hotchkiss and Roysden retiring in quick succession on a fly to short, a grounder and a foul. The visitors made a double play, putting out Smith, who had hit to left, and Funkhauser who rolled one to Hotchkiss. Chassaing went to first on balls, but was caught at second and Champaign came in for a minute or two. Lowes hit to third and concluded not to run; Baum sent a safe one to right, but was caught at second, while Frees flew out to Brown, and the men in crimson put on their gloves again. Campbell retired on strikes, after making half a dozen fouls; but McGinnis made first on a slow grounder to short, went to third on Anson's single and Fulton's error, and scored on Schmidt's long fly to Roysden. Anson stole third and stayed there, Brown going out on a grounder to first.

The sixth was a blank for the visitors, but Sweet made a hit past second, stole two bases and crossed the plate on Smith's sacrifice. Chassaing, after stealing second and third, died there, Funkhauser retiring on a grounder to Haskell and Campbell flying out to Fulton. Illinois got two men on bases in the seventh, but neither scored, while Schmidt was the only Notre Dame man to make first, McGinnis and Anson flying out, while Brown was thrown out at first.

The eighth came desperately near being another Waterloo for Notre Dame. Our boys lost their nerve for a few minutes, and four men, Huff, Cooper, Haskell and Fulton, scored before they pulled themselves together and put Roysden, Lowes and Hotchkiss out in short order. Things looked very black for the Gold and Blue when the Varsity came to the bat. Two runs were needed to win the game, and when Sweet and Smith went out on flies, the cheering died away. Funkhauser made a hit to shallow right and got his base and stole two more. Chassaing's eye was good and he stole second without delay. Then the crisis came; Campbell brushed off the plate, settled into a classic pose and waited for a ball. It came and he drove it to deep centre, scoring Funkhauser and Chassaing and making second himself. It was the timeliest hit of the game and something worse than Pandemonium reigned for a couple of minutes. Campbell stole third, but McGinnis was thrown out at first, and Illinois came for a last try for victory. It was only a try, though a brave one, for Baum flew out to Campbell, and Frees' hit to centre was followed by Huff's fly

to right, caught by Sweet. Cooper made first on Chassaing's error, but Haskell hit to third and Brown caught Frees before he reached his bag. Then the enthusiasm broke loose again and the nine men in dusty blue were carried from the field on the shoulders of the rank and file, and the first victory of the season was won, the spell broken and future defeats made impossible. Following is the score:

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B
Funkhauser, s. s....	5	2	2	0	2	5	2	2
Chassaing, 2nd b...	3	1	0	0	1	0	1	1
Campbell, c. f.....	5	1	3	0	3	0	0	1
McGinnis, c.....	5	2	1	0	4	1	1	0
Anson, 1 b.....	4	1	2	0	9	1	1	1
Schmidt, l. f.....	4	0	1	1	2	0	2	2
Brown, 3rd b.....	4	0	1	0	5	3	1	1
Sweet, r. f.....	4	1	1	0	1	0	0	1
Smith, p.....	4	0	1	1	0	2	0	0
Totals.....		8	12	2	27	12	8	9

U. OF ILLINOIS.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B
Lowes, 3rd b.....	4	0	0	0	2	2	1	0
Baum, r. f.....	5	1	1	0	1	0	0	1
Frees, c. f.....	4	2	2	0	2	0	0	1
Huff, c.....	5	1	1	0	2	1	0	0
Cooper, 1 b.....	5	1	2	0	9	3	1	0
Haskell, s. s.....	5	1	1	0	0	5	0	0
Fulton, 2nd b.....	4	1	0	1	3	1	1	0
Hotchkiss, p.....	4	0	1	0	0	0	0	0
Roysden, l. f.....	3	0	0	0	5	0	1	1
Totals.....		7	8	1	24	12	4	3

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

Earned runs: Notre Dame, 5; U. of Illinois, 1. Two base hits, Anson, 2; Campbell, 2. Three base hits Funkhauser. Bases on balls, Chassaing, 2; Roysden, Frees, Lowes. Struck out, Campbell, Hotchkiss, Roysden. Passed balls, McGinnis, 1; Huff, 1. Left on bases, N. D., 4; U. I., 5. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, F. McManus.

Exchanges.

The Owl, as usual, presents to its readers a varied and able collection of articles. The "Philosophy of Protestantism," a rejoinder to a criticism on another article with the same title, is well worth careful reading. Particularly admirable is the temperateness of the style—a quality generally wanting in controversy. "The History of Arithmetic" is decidedly interesting, even to those to whom "figures" are a bore.

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The Northwestern is rejoicing over the victory gained in debate between Northwestern University and the University of Michigan. The editors now advocate a debate with Harvard, which claims the debating championship of the East.

The Round Table announces the coming to Beloit of co-education next fall. The editor does not appear to be over-enthusiastic at the prospect, but, nevertheless, he accepts the situation philosophically. It would be interesting to hear his opinion on co-education next May.

***

The University of Virginia Magazine sustains its position as an ably-edited and well-written publication. "Morah," written in the quaint English of Cromwell's time, is a clever piece of literary work. "The Jew of Malta and the Jew of Venice" is a well-drawn parallel between two similar characters portrayed by two masters of the drama. The short stories and the verse are of a high order.

***

The Brunonian appears to be suffering from the effects of the spring sun. "Brown Verse," however, is attractive, and a well-executed group of the editorial board makes up for the dearth of literary contributions. By the way, why could not each editor be distinguished from his confrères by having his name under his portrait.

***

Dainty, graceful, full of quiet dignity, the counterpart, we are certain, of its fair editors, comes *St. Mary's Chimes*, brightening up our dingy sanctum with its beauty and sweetness. "The Poetry of Father Faber's Prose" presents to us a sweet nosegay of truly poetic prose culled from the gentle priest's "Bethlehem." "A Modern Miss Muffet" is a description of the spider—an insect which we hold in the utmost abhorrence, but which must be quite congenial to the author of this scientific paper, for she describes his physiological structure, and many of his habits with a precision which must have been born of long acquaintanceship. The writer of a short—too short—paper on "Freckles" gives us a moving description of the feelings of a young lady as these brown patches appear on her fair cheeks. Then she seeks to prove the desirability of freckles considered from an ethical, hygienic and æsthetic point of view, but, for us, without success, for we have freckles of our own.

THERE are persons who have been confirmed in virtue by having the bitterness of sin and wrong-doings brought home to them by sad experience.

Personals.

—Philip C. Jacobs, student '91–'3, is engaged as draughtsman in the Bridge and Building department of the Wisconsin Central Railroad. The many friends of Phil here wish him all success, and we are confident that if attention to duty count for anything, he will stand among the leaders of his profession.

—Rev. Father Toohey, a former Vice-President of the University made the closing address at the April distribution of Awards at the Academy of the Sacred Heart, St. Vincent, Indiana, and congratulated the ladies upon the success of their studies and the entertainment. The program was prettily arranged and consisted of vocal and instrumental music and readings.

—Mr. Charles J. Whipple, who will be remembered by students of the Centennial year as the Junior study-hall faculty and Treasurer of the St. Cecilians, is now Secretary of the Franklin Engraving Company, of Chicago, the firm which is doing the half-tone work on the Jubilee history of the University. Mr. Whipple has still a warm place in his heart for old Notre Dame, and promises to "skive" the work of his office for a day or two in June to visit us and get into touch with the new Notre Dame that is so like, and yet so different from, the Notre Dame of twenty years ago.

—It is with pleasure we note the steady rise of Hugh O'Neill, LL. B., '91; B. L. and LL. M., '92. As a student at the University, Mr. O'Neill was a model of industry and ability. These soon gained him recognition at the University, and they are sending him rapidly to the front at the Chicago Bar. We are pleased to learn that he has formed a co-partnership with the well-known awyer, L. Bastrup with offices at 27-8-9 Reaper Bl'k, Chicago. The firm of Bastrup & O'Neill has our best wishes. Mr. O'Neill is a young man of eminent ability, sound judgment and good common-sense. He is diplomatic and ambitious; he wields a facile pen, and in speech has the beauty and the fire of the Celt. Hugh is only one of the men of '91 and '92 who have already elbowed their way to the front.

Local Items.

—The authorities are now busy sending out the invitations for Commencement.

—The "Never Sweats" of Carroll hall played Druecker's nine last Tuesday and were defeated by a score of 16 to 4.

—Lost in front of the college a brown baseball glove. Finder will please return to Mr. Speake of Carroll hall.

—During the past week the members of the Criticism class have been discussing all the great Odes and writing exotic verse.

—Professor McCue and his Engineering class have been occupied during the past week in laying out flower beds and fancy designs in St. Edward's Park.

—The Indiana Club ball team of South Bend is trying to arrange a game with Manager Chassaing, but he has not yet decided whether to play them or not.

—The Belles-Lettres class has been studying the Pre-Raphaelite movement during the past few days, and is now looking into the influences that made the poets of the last century.

—The Anti-Specials attempted to show the Carroll Specials how to play baseball on Thursday. Sad to relate, the small boys knew how already and the score was 26 to 6. The Juniors piled up 16 runs in one inning.

—The Sorin hall boat crew is no more. The boys could not agree on certain points, so it was thought best to give up the crew. Another crew has been organized in Brownson hall to take its place and the race will come off anyhow.

—The Dramatic Stock Company, now known as the University Stock Company, will make its appearance in a double bill the week after next. The entertainment, which promises to be a rare success, will be given for the benefit of the Athletic Association. Tickets may be procured from the Executive Committee of the Association.

—The following subjects have been assigned for Graduating essays in the English Course: "Horace in English Dress," "Brownson as a Publicist," "The Poems of George H. Miles," "Literary Fashions," "Pre-Raphaelism and the Romantic Movement," "The Great Lyric Poets," "The Modern Essay," and "The Characteristics of Oliver Wendell Holmes."

—The Carroll hall field-day is looked forward to with great interest. The success of the raffle in spring promises the awardment of a large number of prizes. These will consist of gold medals for the winner of each event. All who desire to compete in the different games should hand in their names to the Director of the Carroll Athletic Association by next Tuesday. The Director will also be pleased to furnish all necessary information regarding the contest.

—A large number of men under the supervision of Mike have been, during the past few days, doing some very artistic work on the lawns and the different flower beds about the grounds. St. Edward's Park has also been beautified by the hand of the landscape gardener, until it is the loveliest spot in the country.

—Last Thursday morning the Sorin hall "Shorties" crossed bats with the "Lengthies" for the first time this season. The game was easily won by the Shorties by a score of 8 to 6. The small men led from the first and by sharp fielding and hard batting kept safely ahead of the giants. The field work of the "Lengthies"

was very poor and it is rumored that before the next game several changes will be made in the team. One of the features of the game was the splendid pitching of Funke who would undoubtedly have held the "Shorties" down had he received proper support. The Shorties played a clean game from the beginning, and by their good work both in the field and at the bat deserved to win. A series of games will be played, and it is probable that the second game will take place next Thursday. The "Lengthies" feel rather blue over the result of the game since it is their second defeat—one in football last fall and the baseball game last Thursday. The "Shorties" are talking of giving them the next game in order to keep up their spirits.

—The St. Cecilians have long waited for the treat which they enjoyed last Thursday evening. They assembled in their society room with the invited Philopatrians, and soon after Father Donahue introduced Colonel Hoynes. After the hearty applause he arose and commenced his speech by several little anecdotes, gradually leading up to the subject which was "How to Make Life Successful." He gave many examples of great characters to prove that man often has a great deal to do with the making of circumstances. He explained the requisite qualities that assure success, dwelling for quite a while on the necessity of energy and honesty in the attainment of any enterprise. He also showed what effect attention to religion has on prosperity, for all good fortune is merely a preparation for true success in the life to come. He concluded by showing how gratifying it is to our parents and friends to note our progress on our way through life, and how proud they feel to see their children respected and honored by all. The President, in the name of the St. Cecilians, then thanked him for his kindness in addressing the society. After this Father Cavanaugh, their Literary Critic, reluctantly consented to speak to the members in the near future. The meeting was then drawn to a close, every one having enjoyed the pleasure of hearing their kind friend and patron, Colonel Hoynes.

—Last Sunday evening thePhilodemics fittingly closed a most successful series of meetings with a programme of extra merit. It was the long-talked of "Stace" night, and those who came to hear an exceptional programme were not disappointed. The first number of the programme was a biography of Professor Arthur J. Stace by his nephew, Arthur W. Stace. The private life of Professor Stace was treated in this paper and his manly and Christian character depicted. Arthur P. Hudson next followed with a "criticism" of Professor Stace's works. Mr. Hudson's paper was written with great care, and showed a close acquaintance with the humorous quality as well as the technic of the writer's verse. Finally the selections from "Vapid Vaporings," read in turn by M. J. Mott and Mr. McManus, besides the pleasure they offered, increased more and more the eagerness of those present to hear more of our chosen author's life. In this they were to be more than satisfied. The keen foresight of the Programme Committee had long ago settled on Father Hudson, and when he, together with the Rev. Director of Sorin hall and our Rev. President, Father Morrissey, entered, they were greeted with a hearty applause. Father Hudson certainly enjoys nothing more than to recount the many incidents in the life of those who have been associated with him in his literary labors. For once the spirit of formality vanished utterly, and thus were the members of the Philodemics treated to a "chat," such as Father Hudson knows so well how to conduct. One after another he related humorous bits in Professor Stace's life, and spoke of his great merits as a scholar and prose writer, illustrating now and then by readings from the "Scholastic Annual." In conclusion, he expressed the hope that the professor's work, now somewhat scattered, would soon be collected and published complete. That all were highly pleased in every respect was shown by the unanimous vote of thanks tendered Father Hudson.

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