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The Lay. of the Cactus.

ARIA: *El Uso del Verde.*

I.

© H! glorious is the cactus in the merry month of May:
With crimson, pink and amber hues the mountain
side is gay;
You might travel many a weary league nor see a view
so bright;
But the cactus isn't just the thing to sit upon—not quite!

II.

I was scrambling up the cañon side, my level on my
shoulder—
The way was steep and treacherous with broken stone
and boulder,
And one uncertain foothold brought a trouble unto me,
For upon a rampant cactus I sit down so suddenlee.

III.

If you sit upon a thistle, it may startle you, 'tis true,
Yet when you rise the thistle's thorns are growing where
they grew;
But the stickers of the cactus will desert the parent
stem,
And attach themselves to any that make overtures to
them.

IV.

As the squaw from out her husband's chin doth care-
fully erase
Each sprouting hair that threateneth to beard his gentle
face,
So from me a friendly flagman undertook the extrica-
tion,—
Each individual thorn required a separate operation.

V.

And while the friendly flagman for those cruel thorns
did look,
Beneath his patient surgery I shivered and I shook;
And though he said they all were out, that is, all he
could get,—

Is it fact or is it fancy?—sometimes I feel them yet

ARTHUR J. STACE.

* One of the selections read at the Philodemics'
"Stace Evening," April 28th.

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

XI.—IN THE HOME OF THE MEDICIS.

Some one with a turn for that peculiar style
of antithesis which abounds in the writings of
St. Francis of Sales has christened Florence
"the city of flowers and flower of cities." The
Florentines themselves long ago decided that
their home was pre-eminently charming among
all the cities of Italy, and scrupled not to be-
stow upon it a title which, in their opinion, none
other so well deserved, and at whose appropri-
ateness but few have been found to cavil. And
so the city by the Arno is known in song and
story as *Firenze la bella*, Florence the beautiful.
True, the author of "Childe Harold" has coupled
its name with a less flattering epithet:

"Ungrateful Florence! Dante sleeps afar,

Like Scipio, buried by the upbraiding shore"

but unless one insists with excessive rigor upon
the literal truth of the proverb, "Handsome is
that handsome does," one need not consider
the epithets incompatible. Beauty and in-
gratitude have co-existed before now in indi-
viduals as well as cities, else history is a fable
and biography a libel.

Be this as it may, Florence is undoubtedly
beautiful enough to warrant the traveller
through Italy in arresting his progress and
devoting at least a day or two to the inspec-
tion of its charms. A day or two,—provided he
is not a devotee of art or a connoisseur therein;
otherwise, less than a month will appear to
him ridiculously insufficient to admire a tithe
of the treasures to which he has access.

This consideration consoles me somewhat for my sadly imperfect knowledge of art. In painting and sculpture I can lay no claim to the reputation of a connoisseur, "one who knows"; or even of a dilettante, "one who thinks he knows." The masterpieces of the brush and chisel undoubtedly afford me pleasure; some of those I have seen within the past month have thrilled me with genuine delight; but the pleasure and delight has been that of a tyro scarcely acquainted with the rudiments of art, rather than that of the critic skilled in all its profounder lore. My admiration has been called forth by the general effect produced on the canvas or in the marble; to the niceties of the technique I have, practically, been blind.

Such a confession as the foregoing may appear to the reader unnecessarily candid; but it is so far useful that it will account for the scant reference in these pages to the world-renowned pictures and statues which throng the galleries of Europe, and more especially of Italy. Were I inclined to be dishonest in this matter of art, and desirous of pretending to a refinement of taste and a thoroughness of culture which thus far I have not attained, it might not be very difficult to impose upon the ordinary reader by learned criticisms, second-hand estimates, plagiarized from artists and art-connoisseurs really capable of appreciating the beauties upon which they lovingly dilate.

It is a comparatively simple matter to acquire a pretty wide art vocabulary, to have at the command of one's tongue or pen such expressions and phrases as "depth of tone," "richness of coloring," "breadth of view," "sublimity of conception," "harmony of details," "delicacy of touch," and the like; but it is questionable perhaps whether many of those who glibly use them have any other than the vaguest notion of their meaning and import. The vulgarity of wishing to appear in a character other than one's own is common enough perhaps in all places; but I am beginning to think that it is especially noticeable in art galleries where one continually sees simulated rapture and affected enthusiasm in tourists who probably cannot really distinguish between "an old master" and a modern caricature, or tell the "breathing marble" from its plaster-of-Paris counterfeit.

Notwithstanding my lack of critical knowledge as to painting and sculpture, however, I thoroughly enjoyed my sojourn in Florence,

and cherish very pleasant memories of its site and sights. The more imposing of these latter I visited under the guidance of a pair of Florentines whose company was both a privilege and a delight, a father and daughter well known to most readers of the SCHOLASTIC, Signor Luigi and Miss Fanny Gregori. I had often heard, previous to my European tour, that acquaintances at home are friends abroad; and even had I not experienced the truth of the dictum both in Paris and Rome, the courtesy and cordial kindness lavished upon me in *Firenze la bella* would have abundantly verified it. From the most intimate friends I could not have anticipated a warmer reception or more unremitting attention than was vouchsafed me by the distinguished artist whose genius has done so much to beautify Notre Dame, and the accomplished graduate of St. Mary's who so gracefully presides in his beautiful Italian home.

With such companions, sight-seeing took on an added charm, and the marvels of Florence became invested with peculiar interest from the critical commentary which each in turn elicited from the Signor. For the most part the criticism was, as well it might be in the presence of such masterpieces, couched in terms of unstinted praise; but occasionally there flashed across the old gentleman's mobile countenance an expression of dissatisfaction, and a vivacious gesture or an ejaculatory grumble would tell of inharmonious proportions, faulty technique, or an unattained ideal.

We visit, of course, the great cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore. Not by this title, however, is the edifice spoken of by the Florentines. To them it is simply *il Duomo*, a term applied to the principal church in every Italian city, just as every German cathedral is styled *Dom*. Both words are forms of the expression *Domus Dei* (God's house), and our English 'dome' has probably acquired its present restricted meaning from the circumstance that God's principal house in a European city is commonly surmounted by a great cupola.

The Duomo of Florence may well be called even in English, the Dome, for its cupola is the very largest in the world, the circumference being greater, according to Appleton, than that of the dome of St. Peter's, and its comparative height greater, although its base is not placed so high above the ground. Whether it is owing to this last mentioned circumstance

or to the fact that the site of the cathedral itself is low, I know not, but the dome of Santa Maria del Fiore cannot compare in impressiveness and majesty with the marvel of the Vatican. Yet St. Peter's alone, of all the great temples of the world, surpasses in architectural grandeur this Duomo of Florence, and to this vast octagonal cupola of Brunelleschi was Michael Angelo indebted for the idea of the more beautiful dome that rises mountain-like by the banks of the Tiber.

The exterior walls of the cathedral are covered with red, white and black marble, and the pavement of the interior, many of whose blocks were laid under the personal direction of Michael Angelo, is also of vari-colored polished marbles. The *campanile* or belfry, quite detached from the cathedral, is an elegant four-storied quadrangular tower, two hundred and eighty feet high and so exquisitely adorned with statues and bas-reliefs that Charles V. used to say that it deserved to be kept in a glass case.

The Baptistery, near by, is an octagonal building said to have been originally a temple of Mars, and certainly very ancient. It is noted principally for its three massive bronze portals whereon the genius of Andrea Pisano and Ghiberti have wrought wonders of imaginative skill. Michael Angelo (whose name, by the way, necessarily occurs with considerable frequency in any description of the glories of Florence) said that these portals were worthy to be the gates of Paradise.

Among the other churches briefly visited were Santa Croce and San Lorenzo. The former has been aptly described as the Westminster Abbey of Florence. It contains the tombs of Michael Angelo, Dante, Galileo, Machiavelli, Alfieri and a host of other illustrious sons of Italy. If to these names one adds those which he comes upon in other churches, the Medicis, Savonarola, Fra Angelico, Benvenuto Cellini, Andrea del Sarto, Giotto, Fra Bartolommeo, it must be confessed that Florence has good reason to be proud of her children. In poetry, painting, sculpture, and architecture, Florentines have attained a celebrity which the sons of no other city in the world have rivalled.

In the sacristy of San Lorenzo are seven of Michael Angelo's finest statues, and one need not be a connoisseur to admire the marvellous skill that has vivified these perfect figures.

Adjoining San Lorenzo is the celebrated Medicean chapel, erected in 1604 by Ferdinand I. as the mausoleum of his family. An octagonal prism, ninety-four feet in diameter and two hundred feet high, its interior is resplendent, with lapis-lazuli, jasper, onyx and other precious stones completely covering its walls. Fancy the magnificence of an edifice of the comparatively moderate dimensions just given, which has, nevertheless, cost more than seventeen million dollars.

One of the most interesting hours of my sojourn in Florence was that spent in the old convent of San Marco. The illuminated missals visible therein were a positive revelation in color and delicate grace of pen-work. Such brilliant, deep and glowing tints of purple and rose and blue, I had never seen before save in the Italian sunsets of the past fortnight; and from similar sunsets the old-time monks must, I fancy, have learned the secret of their pigments.

The cells in San Marco are each decorated with a fresco by Fra Bartolommeo or Fra Angelico, Dominican monks to whom the world of art still pays well-merited homage. Fra Angelico flourished in the first half of the fifteenth century, when the art of painting was as yet in its infancy; but his frescoes give evidence of a genius scarcely, if at all, inferior to that of Raphael or Michael Angelo. The merest tyro who examines the figures of Our Lord, the Blessed Virgin, and the saints and angels with which he has enriched these narrow chambers cannot but be impressed with the wonderful spiritualization of matter apparent in them all. The great Dominican artist has come nearer to depicting the soul, free and untrammelled by the corporeal walls that surround it, than has any other of the famous painters whose canvases the world admires.

One of these cells in San Marco, I enter with peculiar interest and examine with not a little emotion, that of Fra Girolamo Savonarola. Here are his desk and chair, here a manuscript volume in which four hundred years ago Friar Jerome penned many a lofty thought in a handwriting so minute that one can scarcely trace the letters. How vividly I recall, here in his room, the highly-wrought sketch which George Eliot has drawn of the great Florentine tribune, and the various scenes of his triumph and his downfall so vigorously depicted in the pages of *Romola*. Poor Fra Girolamo! Gifted

with genius as were but few pulpit orators of his day, inveighing with resistless force against the license and extravagance he saw around him, swaying the masses and the classes as could no other man in Florence,—what a pity that he allowed himself to be drawn into the stormy arena of politics, and that his monastic humility withered away in the blaze of intellectual pride! Far better a tranquil old age in this little cell of San Marco than a few boisterous years as a popular demagogue, and then—a funeral pile glaring dismally in the *piazza Signoria* over yonder!

The palaces of Florence are as massive and solid in appearance as if their primary purpose was to serve as fortresses rather than as ordinary dwellings. And, in good truth, alternately as fortresses and prisons most of them did serve long ago, during the sanguinary period of the Guelph and Ghibelline wars. Most notable among them are the Palazzo Vecchio and the Palazzo Pitti, both of which contain celebrated art collections. Two objects of interest particularly attract the tourist who approaches the Vecchio—colossal marble statues, one, the "Hercules" of Bandinelli, the other, Michael Angelo's "David." Above the door is an inscription which dates most likely from the period when Savonarola was the great Florentine oracle: *Jesus Christus, rex Florentini populi, S. P. decreto electus.*

It is quite possible that a visitor to Florence, especially one unskilled in art, may speedily become surfeited with the apparently endless array of artistic treasures gathered together in the churches, the Uffizi and Pitti galleries, the Egypto-Etruscan museum, and a hundred other depositories of the choicest specimens of painting and sculpture, and jewelry and pottery to be found in Europe. When his interest in all such marvels begins to wane, and he becomes conscious of incipient weariness, the tourist, if he be wise, will abandon galleries and museums and set out for Fiesole, a little town about three miles northeast of the city.

My excursion thither was a very pleasant interlude in the programme of orthodox sight-seeing, and the recollection of its breezy heights and the delightful panorama which one views therefrom is one of the most grateful memories that I preserve of my summer tour. Fiesole is connected with Florence by an uninterrupted chain of graceful and picturesque villas gradually occupying higher and higher ground until one arrives in the town

itself and finds himself on an eminence that commands a magnificent view of Florence and the whole valley of the Arno.

No wonder they call it Florence the beautiful. Situated in the midst of this luxuriant valley where groves and orchards and dainty white cottages and elegant country seats innumerable dot the prospect, with the waters of the Arno sparkling in the southern sunshine, and the encircling chain of the Appenines looming grandly in the distance, the city itself, with its spacious squares and broad, clean streets, its handsome churches and palaces and public buildings, forms a fairer picture than any that her artists have placed on canvas. An hour or two flies quickly here, but even that space is long enough to impress upon my memory a charming bird's-eye view of *Firenze la bella*.

The Laureate of the University.*

THE MAN AND SCHOLAR.

In an old-fashioned farm-house in the village of Berwick, County of Sussex, England, Arthur Joseph Stace first saw the light of day, on the 28th of January, 1838. His father and mother were both well educated and, at that time, members of the Anglican Church. His mother was the daughter of a prominent lawyer of Eastbourne. She was an excellent linguist and a clever writer. It was to her that Arthur owed much of that love of learning which, in after life, so characterized him. He was a delicate boy and on this account he never attended a school, but received his early education from his parents. During the hours when he was free from his studies his great delight was to roam over the English downs with his little sister Elizabeth. It must have been during these free, joyful days of childhood at the old English homestead that he first acquired the great love for Nature and her works which constantly possessed him during his entire life.

When he was about ten years of age his mother became a convert to the old Faith, and Arthur was baptized in the same year and shortly afterwards was confirmed by his Eminence, Cardinal Wiseman. About this time his little sister, his constant companion, died. He was tenderly attached to her and her early

* Two papers read before the Philodemics on their "Stace Evening," April 28th.

death made a great impression on him. Two years later his father and elder brother left England to find a home for the family in the New World. They were shortly followed by the remainder of the family. They settled in Toronto, in which province the father and elder brother were employed as surveyors. Here Arthur was apprenticed to a printer. The paper with which he was connected was the *Mirror*, then the only Catholic paper published in Canada. Before his apprenticeship was served, his parents moved to Marshall, Michigan, taking Arthur with them. For a short time he assisted in teaching the Catholic school in Marshall, but in January, 1860, he came to Notre Dame to complete his education which, until then, had been directed solely by his father and mother. In 1864 he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts and in 1866 his Master's degree. While yet a student he taught several of the classes of the University and after his graduation he was made a member of the Faculty.

He became a frequent contributor to the SCHOLASTIC and also to other publications. His humorous poems and writings attracted the most attention, but he also wrote excellent prose, and some of his serious poems showed signs of genius. His works appeared chiefly in the *Ave Maria*, the SCHOLASTIC and the *Scholastic Annual*, but he also wrote for other papers and magazines. His humorous poems were copied far and wide, but, owing to his great modesty, he usually wrote under a *nom de plume*, and on this account his name has not become so generally known as his genius merited. After teaching successively nearly all the classes in the University, he finally chose mathematics as his specialty. His general knowledge was something wonderful. There appears to have been scarcely a science that he was not acquainted with. He took constant pleasure in making investigations in new fields of learning. He was an ardent lover and student of Nature and an enthusiastic botanist. One of his chief pleasures was to take long walks into the country. During the summer vacations he was often gone days and weeks on these walking tours. Wherever he went his eyes and ears were always in active use. No strange flower, unknown plant, geological peculiarity or, in fact, anything in nature escaped his keen sight. In 1881 he joined a surveying party on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad. The literary out-

come of this trip was his collection of "Rocky Mountain Poems." His letters were always interesting, but those written from the wilds of the Rocky Mountains are especially so. There, as well as in every other locality he visited, he at once made himself familiar with all his surroundings. Not even the smallest flower escaped his close observation. In a letter from Gunnison City, Colorado, dated October, 1881, he admirably portrays his habit of observation. "The weather now," he says, "is beautiful. I could have plucked a bouquet of wild flowers in San Luis Valley last week. There is a little flower that looks like portulaca and smells like heliotrope and another, a white blossom growing on a heather-like stem, that smells like wintergreen. Then there is a bright scarlet spike of bloom looking like what they call the 'cypress tree' in Indiana—but I cannot describe all our Rocky Mountain flowers, most of which are peculiar to this region—bright color and powerful odor being their characteristics." He liked always to be close to Nature, and society in general had few attractions for him; as he himself said "the life he liked best was camping out with the boys."

After his trip to the Rockies he returned to the University, where he taught the higher mathematics until 1889 when he was appointed by President Cleveland to attend the Paris Exposition as one of the Committee of Scientific Experts who represented America at the Exposition. After his return from Paris he remained at the University until his death in September, 1890.

Although caring little for society, when among his fellow-men he was ever genial and entertaining. He was a delightful humorist, an agreeable talker, a sympathetic listener and a most charming companion. He was always ready to give a helping hand and a kind word to anyone in trouble, and, although during the last few years of his life, he was in constant pain, he was always cheerful and consoling to those in trouble. He was a perfect gentleman, as kind and gentle as a woman, but a true and noble-hearted man in every sense of the word. I remember how delightful his visits always were. They were looked forward to for weeks in advance and the time was indeed joyful when he was with us. Always merry, he had a song or story to pass away an idle hour. All who knew him loved him. His modesty and gentleness won friends for him wherever he went.

The latter years of his life were full of suffering due to the disorder which eventually caused his death. His patience and heroic self-control when undergoing the most excruciating torments were truly marvellous. Few knew that he was ill, for his manner and voice were as mild as though he had never had a pain in his life. He was always even-tempered and I do not remember ever to have heard a harsh word from his lips or seen him, in the least, angry or impatient.

His Christian fortitude and resignation to the will of God could not have been better expressed than in his own words. A medal of St. Benedict was sent to him and he was asked to wear it and recite the prayers customarily said by those wearing it in order that he might obtain relief from his pains. He wrote in answer: "I have put on the medal you left for me and I am saying the prayers to satisfy your mind. But I will say that the orthodox doctrine of the Church in regard to such things is that they are aids to devotion and their efficacy is derived from the stimulus they give to the faith of those who use them. My faith in the love and mercy of God is such that I do not find it increased by such stimuli. I believe that God will deliver me from my infirmities whenever and by whatever means He sees fit. Meanwhile I am convinced that this and all other apparent evils are permitted for my good."

In later years he wrote very little on account of his ill health. If he had enjoyed the blessing of good health during his entire life he might have become famous. There is no doubt but that his genius was great. My attempt to give you an insight into his life and character is but a weak tribute to his memory; but I am sure the love and respect of those who knew him amply make up for my deficiency. A great eulogium could justly have been written on him, but none could be more simple, more true, more near to what he himself would have desired than the epitaph inscribed upon his tombstone as modest and as unassuming as the man whose last resting-place it marks:

"Pray for the soul of
Arthur Joseph Stace,
Poet, Scholar, Christian.
May he rest in peace."

ARTHUR W. STACE, '95.

THE POET AND HUMORIST.

It is much easier to smile at a clever bit of humor and pass it by without further thought,

than to point out the qualities that cause it to go around the exchanges, and meet everywhere with the same smile of satisfaction. Generally speaking, surprise and exaggeration are essential to all humor. These elements, however, are detected equally well in the writings of Bret Harte, Mark Twain and Oliver Wendell Holmes; beyond this their humor seems to defy analysis. Each of them has a personality, which can easily be distinguished, but not well described, and any attempt to do so would seem insipid.

To the author of "Vapid Vaporings" these same remarks apply with a peculiar appropriateness. His humor is unique in American literature. Its quality is different from that of any other author; it has a flavor all its own. In reading the "Vapid Vaporings," it is true, suggestions of various qualities of humor are met with; but they are only suggestions, for the atmosphere is entirely new, and of the author's own creation.

"Poetical License—a Rhapsody" is an entirely new departure. In the eight stanzas which compose it, the author takes advantage of the various licenses allowed to poets, according to the rules of the "English Grammar," and adds a series of foot notes, "not only explaining the nature of the license, but also endeavoring to elucidate the peculiar beauties of the poem." A good example of these notes is where the reader is told, that in case any difficulty is found in making *Cairo* rhyme with *Sarah*, which by syncope and synæresis comes from *Sahara*, it can easily be obviated by making them both rhyme with *Pharaoh*.

It was to his brilliant imagination that much of Professor Stace's success as a humorist was due. This quality appears in all of his works, and to some of them it gives an especial charm. Of all his productions in which the imagination was given full play, the "Commentator" is, perhaps, the best. "Let us launch ourselves" he says, "we that write for posterity—into the abyss of futurity, and imagine ourselves arrived at a time when the language we now speak shall have become surrounded by the halo of antiquity. Let us take up a volume of 'Ancient American Anthology,' and thus read the remaining fragment of 'Kathleen Mavourneen' enriched with copious notes by Dr. Fudge."

The four fragmentary lines from "Kathleen Mavourneen" are quoted, and then the two pages of annotations by Dr. Fudge are added. The Doctor is considered a very learned man

of his time, but he unfortunately has the faculty of giving a wrong interpretation for the meaning of every word. In the line

"Kathleen Mavourneen! what! slumbering still;"

Professor Flanders has suggested that *still* is an adverb modifying *slumbering*. The foolishness of this idea is ridiculed by Doctor Fudge, who insists that the still was an instrument used for making whiskey—a beverage much used among the ancient Americans. The exclamation *what*, he says, was thrown in to express the surprise of the speaker to find a still that was allowed to slumber, so great was the demand for its product.

Another example which shows the great extent to which he could combine humor and imagination is "Cumming Threw the Rye," the chorus of which reads:

"Everybody loves his toddy,
Some are mighty sly;
But every temp'rance fellow knows
Where Cumming threw 'the Rye.'"

A great many of the "Vapid Vaporings" are intensely local in character, and can only be appreciated by students of Notre Dame. If it were not for this quality, and had Professor Stace selected topics of more general interest, he would doubtless be reckoned among our characteristic American humorists. His works were written for, and dedicated to, the students of his *Alma Mater* "of the past, present and to come," and by them his name should always be cherished. The "Meeting of the Waiters," "Thoughts on Having Sausage for Breakfast" and others less local in name, but equally as much so in tone, can never be thoroughly understood and appreciated by the public.

"The Italian Operetta" is a very humorous rendering of a historical incident connected with a little hatchet, and with which most Americans are familiar. "An Affectionate Warning" is cleverly executed, and it is characteristic of the author's quality of humor.

The harmonious rhythm of all Professor Stace's writings is one of their most pleasing characteristics. His prose, as well as his verse, is smooth and flowing, and never do we find a discordant sound.

Professor Stace was a lover and close observer of nature, and her beauties, as he saw them, were embodied in songs of praise to the Creator. His sonnet to the pansy found blooming in the middle of winter in the open air, but

near to the sanctuary, is the production of a truly Catholic poet. It was the union of the poet and scientist that raised Professor Stace above the naturalist, and gave a particular charm to all his descriptions of the beauties of nature.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

Percy's Partnership.

MICHAEL J. NEY '97.

"There's no use inviting father to visit us, Percy, he just will not come! I'm homesick and want to go back to the city." The speaker was Gustave Raymond and he addressed these words to his elder brother Percy. They were sitting upon the ivy-covered portico of the old historic mansion, known for generations in the Sacramento Valley as "The White Pines."

"Well, Gustave," said Percy, "you know well how busy father is with his duties in the Senate and with his extensive law practice; how can we expect him to visit us? Why can't you enjoy yourself here better than in San Francisco? Look at the flowery hills, and singing brooks, and valleys of roses—at this beautiful river that sweeps grandly past us, and that airy yacht dancing on its silvery waves—all awaiting your pleasure—and then think of your foggy 'Frisco with its crowded thoroughfares; its rabble of Chinamen, and its dens of vice! What greater favor could be done any one than to be lifted out of such a limbo and placed in such a paradise as this? You are, Gustave, like most boys and many men, you are never satisfied with your surroundings—you are always seeking a 'better' place, but too often you find that you have left the substance for the shadow."

"I believe, Percy, that you are right," said Gustave, "really this is a paradise, as compared to 'Frisco. I'll try to forget father and the city for a few months, make the acquaintance of some of your country maidens, take them boating, and mingle the dipping of oars with the sweet cadence of their gentle voices—ah! how poetical!"

Just then one of the servants came to tell Percy that he was wanted in the parlor. Gustave mounted his bicycle and rode down the lane toward the foot-hills.

The lingering rays of the June day are gilding the tops of the majestic stone pillars that support the great arch above the entrance to the White Pines, and lighting up with an indescribable splendor the snowy caps of the Sierra Nevadas that stand out in bold relief amid the gathering shadows of night that are rapidly darkening the Eastern horizon. To the north lofty Mount Shasta, towering heavenward beneath her great crown of snow, stands, in her misty mantle of clouds, as a lovely bride posing before her mirror.

About the White Pines lies the beautiful Sacramento Valley with its countless acres of grapevines and its great fields of waving grain growing golden in the mid-summer sun. All along the Sacramento's sloping banks stand peach, orange, apricot, and pear trees bending under their delicious burdens, and the stately pines that stand along the river's mossy edge and show their clustering branches in her placid bosom make the Sacramento Valley one panorama of beauty.

The estate of the White Pines comprises fifteen hundred acres, largely devoted to grape raising. The great retinue of servants that is kept for its operation makes it appear more like an English manor than an American farm.

Percy Raymond became proprietor of the White Pines at the early age of twenty-three; and by his good common-sense and remarkable executive ability he directed the affairs of the vast farm in a most successful manner. It is a common fault of young men, when vested with power over others, to be too officious, but it was not so of Percy; the servants felt his authority a light and pleasant yoke, and they loved him for his gentleness.

When Percy's father deeded the White Pines to the young man, his last words were "Now, Percy, you have a splendid education, and I shall expect the Pines to flourish under your management. The country will no doubt seem prosy at first, but after you are there a while you will not wish to return to the city. There are nice people living in the Valley about the Pines, and among them are our old friends and neighbors, the Hallidays. Their magnificent residence is directly across the river about one mile from the Pines. They have the next largest estate in the Valley, and I want you to make their acquaintance as soon as you are settled in your new home. They have a

daughter, Ophelia. Ah, the dear little golden-haired girl! I have known her since she began to walk. I know, Percy, that you will like Ophelia; she has a mind as clear as a mountain brook, and a heart as pure and warm as love itself. Now my dear boy nothing would please me more than to see Ophelia mistress of the White Pines when I visit you, if ever I have time to do so."

"One thing more, Percy, in your business affairs at the White Pines never enter into partnerships; they are the curse of the financial world; men of integrity are lured into them by scoundrels only to lose their property and their reputation. Whatever you do at the Pines do it of your own free will, unhampered by what some people call a 'helping-hand,' but what would, in reality, hang like a millstone about your neck." Percy's father had formed a business alliance in his earlier years which had resulted disastrously to him, and he had, in his law practice, seen so much of the perfidy of men that he became very radical on the subject of partnership.

Percy retained in his memory every word of his father's advice, regarding, of course, the edicts about Ophelia and partnerships as salient points. Shortly after his arrival at the White Pines he made the acquaintance of the Hallidays, and they were delighted with their young neighbor. Scarcely, if ever, are two young persons more congenial to each other than were Ophelia and Percy; both had enjoyed the advantages of a superior education. Ophelia was a Vassar girl, and Percy was a University graduate, and had taken his degree in law. Their conversations were intellectual feasts wherein mind sympathized with mind. For whole evenings they would sit on the eastern portico of the Halliday Mansion until the moon rose from behind the snowy domes of the Sierra Nevadas and gently kissed the silvery waves of the river that swept silently through the picturesque Valley below, when they would step into Percy's yacht and take long rides on the Sacramento's peaceful bosom. Gustave sometimes accompanied them, but his propensity to play tricks made him a not very desirable companion. He would suddenly turn the rudder so as to dip the side in which Ophelia sat into the water wetting her clothing and when she upbraided him for so doing, he would feign compunction and ask her pardon, quoting the words of Laertes to his drowned sister,

"Too much water hast thou, poor Ophelia!"

When the day came that Percy asked Ophelia to become his wife, their three years of courtship seemed like a sweet dream that became a reality that beautiful July day when the coachman of the White Pines drove the young people to the little church on the hill where they were joined together for life. Percy and Gustave contrived to keep their father ignorant of the event, wishing to surprise him when he visited them in September. As they sat on the portico gazing on the beauty of the summer sunset, Gustave always full of mischief, said to Ophelia: "My sweet sister you are Percy's partner aren't you?" "Yes, my dear boy," said Ophelia, "why do you ask?" "Well," said Gustave smiling, "when father gave Percy the Pines, his last admonition was not to form a partnership. Of course this edict did not apply to matrimonial alliance, but just the same we must have some fun with father. He has promised to visit us in September, but I know he will not unless we contrive to lure him here by some scheme. If he were to know of your marriage to Percy he certainly would be overjoyed and make all sorts of wild promises about coming on the next train, etc. He would grab a telegraph blank and dash off ten or fifteen words wishing you both joy and happiness *sæcula sæculorum* and that would be the end of it. I have a scheme, Percy, that will bring him here within four days: I will write to him saying that you have formed a partnership. Of course he will never suspect that it is a joke; here I have it written." And Gustave drew forth from his pocket a letter addressed to his father, the import of which was that Percy had formed a partnership; and that the valley was smiling into a golden harvest. Ophelia and Percy laughed heartily over the letter, both consenting that Gustave should mail it to his father.

A week later Percy and Gustave sat reading in the library, while Ophelia was upstairs directing the servants about some tapestry, when some one was heard to enter the house without ringing the bell. Percy stepped into the hallway. "Oh, father! I am so glad to see you," said he, extending both hands, "you must have received Gustave's letter?" But his father's greeting was a very cool one, and the look upon his face was not pleasant, as he replied: "Yes, young man, I did receive it, and I want to see that X-Y-Z that has had the audacity to enter into a partnership with you! Bring him

in here, I want to see him!" shrieked his father, shaking his clenched fist. Gustave took his father's hand and led him into the library.

"I will tell my partner that you wish an interview, father," said Percy as he started up the stairway. He soon came down with Ophelia leaning on his arm; she held in her right hand a bouquet of lilies-of-the-valley and looked more beautiful than ever. She wore a white satin gown with a shimmering train, her little feet in tiny slippers, peeped in and out beneath her skirt like the bride's in Sir John Suckling's ballad. Her long golden hair hung in a profusion of fluffy and glistening ringlets about her snowy neck; her beautiful blue eyes gleamed softly beneath her arching brows, while an aigrette of brilliants—Percy's gift—graced her head and shone like a star from the depths of her wavy tresses.

"Here, father, is my partner," said Percy as Ophelia entered the library before him; and the dimples in her cheeks never looked prettier as she smiled, and made the most graceful of courtesies. "What, you young rogues!" cried their father as he endeavored to cast serious glances at Percy and Gustave, who were enjoying a hearty laugh at their father's expense. "Ophelia, my dear child!" he said, as he took both her hands. "I am pleasantly surprised." And tears of joy filled his eyes, as Ophelia laid her head softly on his shoulder and told him she was—Percy's partner, and he said "May God bless you both, my dear children!"

Mother.

THE friend that love alone makes true is one,
 Who creeps into our life and lingers there;
 Who, knowing not the things we feel and bear,
 Will quietly seek to learn, though never shun
 The task, but labor on to see it done.
 And seeing once will struggle on to share
 Our joys, and lighten burdens heaped by care,
 And self? To such a one than can be none.

Is all this but an idler's dreamy prayers;
 Or is it that which many only speak?
 Was never friend from such stern metal cast?
 Ah yes! the one who gave us birth, who shares—
 As did that Queen from Cave to Calvary's peak,—
 Our life, its pain, its joys; until the last.

F. E. S.

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Staff.

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DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95;
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The New York *Sun* is almost unique in the variety of human interests which it presents to its readers. It is decidedly the most literary newspaper in America, the editorial page especially being a model of "wisdom to advantage dressed." The people, knowing this, propound all sorts of questions to the editor—and, what is more, they always get the correct answer. Last week an old subscriber wanted "the names of about four of the most eminent American authors—from a literary point of view—of the present time," and the *Sun* answered: "William Dean Howells, Maurice Francis Egan, John Fiske and Eugene Field." The *Sun*, which shines for all, is correct, as usual.

—The *Cardinal*, of the University of Wisconsin, waxes wroth at the treatment the Madison team received here, last Tuesday. It accuses the umpire of injustice in that fatal ninth inning; when, as a matter of fact, only one of his decisions could be even questioned. That was a particularly hot grounder over the inside of third base, which bounded outside the flag after the runner was half way to second. The real cause of your defeat, dear *Cardinal*, was your battery's unsteadiness at the crisis of the game. An umpire could hardly give a team a pair of doubles and a brace of base hits in one inning.

Wisconsin played good ball, *Cardinal*, but you'll confess that our Varsity's double and triple play, added to three two-baggers and one three-base hit, rather overshadow your team's solitary double play and one two-base hit.

—Too late for anything like an elaborate review, comes to the SCHOLASTIC sanctum the first copy of the Jubilee History of the University. It is a record of Notre Dame's first half-century—the fifty years of unwavering faith and ceaseless toil, that created the college of '44-'45 and transformed it into the University of to-day. Faith was Father Sorin's only capital when he laid down the foundations of the first college building, but it was of the mountain-moving sort, and he never doubted that God and Our Lady would be with him always. It is a marvellous story, this, of the founding and the growth of our *Alma Mater*, interesting to those who know Notre Dame only as a power in the educational world, absorbing to all who have worn her colors and lived beneath the shadow of the Dome. Any student of the University can, after reading the book, guess the name of its author. Of all who helped to make Notre Dame what it is to-day, he is the only one who is scarcely mentioned, and his modesty betrays him. The boys of the seventies and early eighties knew him as Professor Howard, to-day Judge Howard of Indiana's Supreme Court. He has done his work well, and the publishers, the Werner Company, of Chicago, have co-operated with him to make a beautiful book. The pictures—there are seventy of them—are themselves an index to what the book contains,—portraits of our Father-Founder, of Brother Francis, the only one left to us of that little band of eight that found a forest and left a university, of Father Corby whose executive ability raised the new Notre Dame from the ashes of the old in a short four months in '79, of the gentle Father Granger whose kind words eased many a troubled boyish heart, of the tolerant and sympathetic Father Walsh whose hand never faltered in the twelve years of his rule, of the broad-minded, large-hearted scholar, Notre Dame's President to-day and the friend and counsellor of each and all of her students, of Father Dillon and Father Lemonnier and the other men who gave their lives unreservedly to God and Notre Dame. There are pictures, too, of all the buildings and of many of the shady walks and sheltered nooks that have so many memories for every "old boy," but it is men, and not material equipment, that make a University, and in men Notre Dame is great.

The Modern Stage.

The drama has always been a popular form of literary expression. True, it has had its days of decline, and for ages at a time it has been forced to take a secondary place in the estimation of the people. But is this the case in our own day, and are our dramas far inferior to those that preceded us? When we look back over the long ages that intervene between our time and the days of ancient Greece and Rome and consider the almost perfect state to which the form of expression had then risen, it is certainly difficult to imagine any great evolution in the dramatic world. For times are continually changing and manners are changing and a corresponding change must take place in our literature. And thus it is that the ancient drama, though perfect in its existing form, was capable of many alterations which were improvements only in so far as the spirit of the age demanded them.

We know that there were two forms of dramatic expression in ancient times,—the tragedy and the comedy, and we know also that they were bound down by exact and stringent rules. The rules of Aristotle confined these still more until a literary revolution, as it were, overthrew them and demanded greater freedom. Needless to say, public opinion of to-day ratifies this, and as all dramas are ultimately written to be acted, even a greater license is given than that which was the outcome of Hugo's revolt in France.

Great literary movements have taken place in our day and these have extended their influence to the stage as well as to the novel. The widest perhaps is the Realistic movement, which has ultimately brought under its control the drama itself, and, under the sway of extremists, has narrowed it down in some instances to mere scenic effects or mechanical displays. It would be useless to argue that this is not a degeneracy. But is this true dramatic realism? Should we place such productions in the same category as the works of Dumas and Sardou? As well place the realistic novel of to-day among the disgusting productions of naturalism. The former is true; the latter false; one is art held within the bounds of common-sense and used with effect, the other is unbridled license, trying an experiment which can only result in disaster.

For us, with the press, the novel, the essay and many other equally popular modes of disseminating ideas, it is difficult to understand the very great influence which the drama was wont to exert. When we look back, we see it the sole organ of public expression, and it exerted in Rome and Athens the combined influences of our newspaper and novel. We see the theatre a resort for all classes without distinction, while to-day this party, if we may so call it, has narrowed down to a very few. In this particular way is it easy to see the degeneracy of the drama and understand how at the present time it fails to exercise the influence which it did even in the days of Elizabeth.

But has the drama really degenerated? This is a question that is too often granted without the courtesy of even a doubt. We must admit that for a time some exceedingly degrading dramas have been placed upon the stage with alarming success, but who would deny that this is more than an experiment which the ever curious public is so eager to try? True it is that the spectacular is exceedingly popular, but strictly speaking this does not come under the department of the drama. We must remember that at the very noon of Rome's glory, spectacular performances were carried on in the same theatre where were played the drama of the greatest writers of the day, and even on the same night we read in Horace that before the curtain fell for the performance the triumphal procession passed before the audience indulging in an exhibition, which, no doubt, would put to shame the greatest productions of Kiralfy. The captives were dragged at the chariot wheels of their conquerors, who passed victorious into the city wall amidst the shouts and plaudits of the multitude. When we class together such as these, the water-tank production and the play in which the real engine dashes through the burning bridge, or what is even more up-to-date, in which an actual tornado literally uproots trees and tears houses from their foundations, we then have in a group all of the plays which some hold out as an instance of the degeneracy of the present-day drama.

But what a contrast we can produce when we offer as examples such plays as "*Mlle. de la Seiglière*" by Jules Sandeau, "*Les Lionnes Pauvres*" by Emile Ogier, "*Aristocracy*" by Brownson Howard, and "*La Tosca*" by Victorien Sardou. In these we see the true realism

of the stage and realize that the great change which has taken place in the drama is not a degenerating one, but only an alternation, in perfect harmony with the demands of the time. We see light plays written, reflections of the surface of modern society, because public taste seems to lean in that direction, and men are eager to get nearer to real life. The time will undoubtedly come when the old plays will be revived and will attain a popularity surpassing even their ancient favor, but this must be a time when another Booth will arise or others, surpassing even him, will serve as instruments for the change.

R. S. S.

Notre Dame, 5—Wisconsin, 4.

It was a victory at the eleventh hour—last Tuesday's game—but none the less a triumph for the Gold and Blue. Three runs to tie and four to win and just half an inning to make them in—it looked like a large contract especially when the quartette of scores was to be made off a team that played such clean and steady ball as did the men from Madison. But the Varsity was not dismayed at such odds; after playing a losing game from first to eighth, our fellows made a rally in the last half of the ninth and won in magnificent style. It was a "rooter" victory, for the Wisconsin twirler lost his nerve when the din began behind first base in the ninth, and our batters found him for two pretty singles and two timely doubles. When the Varsity came in from the field for their last try at Runkle, the men behind the lines awoke from their lethargy and massed behind first, and Notre Dame never heard such a racket before. The college cheer was not much in evidence, it did not make enough noise, was not trying enough on the nerves of the players in cardinal and gray, and the crowd fell back on just yells—plain yells, delivered as quickly and loudly as possible. They were as tonic for our own men as they were demoralizing for the visitors, and the Varsity batted like fiends and stole bases with something like skill.

The game was an exhibition of alternately loose and brilliant work on the part of the Varsity. There were errors, some of them inexcusable, but the triple play by Funkhauser, Chassaing and Anson in the third was one of the prettiest bits of work a Notre Dame audience ever witnessed. Funkhauser's catch

was almost as difficult as the one Kummell made in the second. Anson's three-bagger to left was the only long drive in the game, though Smith, Funkhauser, and McGinnis rapped doubles over the fielders' heads. The trouble with Notre Dame's batters is that every one of them thinks he must make a long drive of his own, and as a rule he sends a high fly to the field when a lower hit might have given him his base. And sacrifice hits are altogether unknown. This is individual playing, and if Purdue and Minnesota are to be sent home vanquished, the Varsity must play team-ball, for team work wins—always.

The game opened with the Varsity in the field and Gregg at bat. He was hit by a pitched ball, was forced to second by Kummell's slow grounder to Funkhauser and put out. Runkle struck out and Fowle reached first before Brown could field his slow grounder, advancing Kummell, who stole third a moment later. Fowle started to second and reached it on Chassaing's error, Kummell trotting home. Wheelihan was thrown out at first. For Notre Dame, Funkhauser quickly retired on a foul to Gregg. Chassaing rapped a grounder to Runkle and was thrown out at first. Campbell hit the ball safely past third base and stole second. He got no farther because McGinnis struck out.

Dudgeon opened the second inning by striking out. Freeman dropped the ball behind second base and got to first. Falk struck out, but Karel hit safely to left field, Gregg lost his chance of bringing in two runs by tapping a slow grounder to Anson at first. Anson hit the ball to Wheelihan and was thrown out. Schmidt struck out and Brown retired on a very difficult fly catch by Kummell.

The opening of the third inning witnessed the prettiest play of the season. Kummell waited for four balls and Runkle got his base on Brown's error. Then Fowle batted a light fly to Funkhauser, who had some difficulty in getting it. He held it, however, and before the runners could touch their bases the ball had been thrown to Chassaing and Anson and a triple play went down in the Varsity's history. Notre Dame quickly retired, Smith striking out and Sweet and Funkhauser being thrown out at first.

The visitors crossed the plate once in the fourth inning. Wheelihan got to first on Funkhauser's failing to field his hot liner. Dudgeon

flew out to Smith. McGinnis could not hold Freeman's third strike, but he was declared out as there was a man on first. Wheelihan moved around to third and scored on Falk's two-bagger into right field. Karel was thrown out by Funkhauser. When Chassaing struck out and Campbell was thrown out by Runkle it looked as though another goose egg would be chalked on the score board, but McGinnis was hit by a pitched ball and scored on Anson's three-base hit over the third bag. Schmidt's grounder was fielded successfully by Freeman, and the Cardinal once more came to bat to be quickly retired by the brilliant playing of the home team. Chassaing threw out Gregg, and Funkhauser threw out Kummell and Runkle. The playing was of the cleanest possible sort and would do credit to a league team. Brown hit the ball to Kummell, who fumbled it. Falk's passed ball advanced Brown. Sweet hit to Freeman, who cornered Brown and put him out. Sweet stole second, but did not hold his base when Wheelihan caught Smith's fly, and an unassisted double play sent the Varsity into the meadow again.

Fowle started the sixth with a light grounder to Funkhauser, getting his base. Wheelihan struck out, Dudgeon was caught out by Brown and the side retired when Freeman was thrown out at first by Funkhauser. Funkhauser was thrown out by Kummell, but Chassaing hit safely to left. Campbell struck out and Chassaing was caught at second.

In the seventh Falk bunted the ball and was thrown out by McGinnis. Karel hit safely and Gregg followed suit, moving him to third. The bases were filled when Kummell went to first hit by a pitched ball. Campbell missed Runkle's fly, but he threw the ball to second in time to put Kummell out. In the meantime Karel had scored. Runkle started for second and Gregg trotted home on the trick. Fowle retired the side by striking out. Campbell batted out of turn and was declared out. Fowle captured McGinnis' fly and Anson flew out to Freeman.

When Wisconsin's turn came Wheelihan hit safely against Mechanic Hall. However he could not get to second before Funkhauser had fielded Dudgeon's hot grounder and thrown it to Chassaing who threw it to Anson, making the second double play of the game. Chassaing threw Freeman out at first. The Varsity failed to do anything in its half; Schmidt, Brown and Sweet went out on fly balls.

In the ninth, Falk flew out to Schmidt. Karel went out on a hot liner to Anson, and Gregg was thrown out by Brown, giving the Varsity its last chance. Smith opened up with a very warm grounder which bisected the third bag and netted him two bases. Funkhauser pounded the ball into right field, sending Smith in and taking three bases himself. Chassaing was hit by pitched ball, but this did not prevent him from stealing second beautifully. Campbell at bat hit Runkle fairly, but Karel was under the ball and the result was one out. McGinnis sent the ball flying past third for two bases, sending Funkhauser and Chassaing home. Anson's sacrifice moved McGinnis around a base, and when Gregg missed Schmidt's third strike McGinnis trotted home and the Varsity team had had a very narrow escape—so narrow that the crowd could hardly realize that the Gold and Blue had won. There was enthusiasm unlimited after the game, but the "rooters" had used up all their lung-energy in that wonderful ninth inning, and the celebration was confined to hand-shakes all around and husky words of mutual congratulation.

NOTRE DAME.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.	
Funkhauser, s. s.	4	1	1	0	1	7	2	0	
Chassaing, 2nd b...	3	1	1	0	4	5	2	0	
Campbell, c. f.	4	0	1	0	0	0	1	1	
McGinnis, c.	3	2	1	0	5	1	0	0	
Anson, 1st b.	4	0	1	1	14	2	0	0	
Schmidt, l. f.	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	0	
Brown, 3rd b.	3	0	0	0	1	1	1	0	
Sweet, r. f.	3	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Smith, p.	3	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Totals.		5	6	1	27	16	6	1	
WISCONSIN.	A.B.	R.	B.H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.	S.B.	
Gregg, c.	4	1	1	0	7	1	1	0	
Kummell, s. s.	2	1	0	0	3	2	1	0	
Runkle, p.	4	0	0	0	0	2	0	0	
Fowle, l. f.	4	0	0	0	2	0	0	1	
Wheelihan, 2nd b..	4	1	1	0	3	2	0	0	
Dudgeon, r. f.	4	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	
Freeman, 3rd b....	4	0	1	0	1	4	0	0	
Falk, 1st b.	4	0	1	0	9	0	1	0	
Karel, c. f.	4	1	2	0	1	0	0	0	
—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	
Totals.		4	6	0	26*	11	3	1	
SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—
NOTRE DAME:—	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	4—5
WISCONSIN:—	1	0	0	1	0	0	2	0	0—4

* Winning run made after two men were out. Earned Runs, N. D. U., 2. Two Base Hits, Falk, Funkhauser, McGinnis, Smith. Three Base Hit, Anson. Double Plays, Funkhauser to Chassaing to Anson. Wheelihan to Kummell. Triple Plays, Funkhauser to Chassaing to Anson. Bases on Balls, Kummell. Hit by Pitched Ball, Gregg, McGinnis, Chassaing. Struck out, Runkle, Dudgeon, Falk, 2; Freeman, Wheelihan, Fowle, McGinnis, Schmidt, Smith, Chassaing, Campbell. Passed Balls, McGinnis, 1. Left on Bases, N. D. U., 3; W. U., 2. Time of Game, 1.55. Umpire, McManus.

J. W. M.

Exchanges.

We do not wish to impugn the motives of the author of the parody of "Lead, Kindly Light" which has been copied by several of our exchanges from *The Brunonian*; but we certainly think his taste very questionable. The subject of Newman's wonderful hymn is too solemn to be treated in so flippant a style. It is bad enough that the daily papers and the so-called comic periodicals should daily and weekly shock reverent minds by their almost blasphemous "jokes" and stories; but we think college papers, which appeal to culture and intelligence, should draw the line at the irreverent. Certainly, the clever versifiers who have made "Brown Verse" famous in the arena of college journalism could find more suitable subjects on which to exercise their wit and imagination.

Seldom have we had the pleasure of reading an article more free from religious bias than that on "The Council of Trent" in the May number of *The Messenger* of Richmond College. Of course, the author writes from a non-Catholic standpoint and some of his statements could not be accepted without qualification by Catholics. But he does not falsify history or blindly attack the Church, as, alas, we have known some college writers to do. Nor is he guilty of that abominable, but none the less common, breach of good manners, in using the words "Romish" and "papist."

In the current issue of *The Catholic Reading Circle Review*, Walter Lecky makes a strong appeal for teaching the classics in a living, modern manner. He asks classical instructors to break away from the old systems of mere grammatical instruction, and open up to their students the beauties of the authors being read. Probably some classical teachers may maintain that a grammatical knowledge of a language is a necessary preparation to a proper appreciation of its literary excellence. But, then, we strongly suspect that Walter Lecky is not a professional teacher. In the same number of the *Review*, Miss Marie Josephine Onahan has a most interesting paper on "Tom Moore."

To students in Engineering we recommend an article in the last issue of *The Polytechnic* on "Some Things Important for a Successful Pro-

fessional Career." It gives the result of the experience of a professional man for nearly thirty years, and contains advice which might be followed with profit not only by a young engineer, but likewise by every young man commencing his career.

Personals.

—Mr. John Barrett, of the Electrical Engineering Course, was called home by the death of one of his sisters. His classmates and friends extend to John their sympathy and condolence.

—Mr. Ruppe, of Hancock, Michigan was the guest of the University for a few days of the last week. He was on a visit to his daughter, Miss Ruppe, of St. Mary's, and he made many friends during his short stay with us.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Hurth, '75, is meeting with marked success in his mission in Bengal. He has already established several new churches, and reports India to be a rich field for the planting of the true faith. He calls on his friends in America to assist him in his great and good work.

—Bro. Leander's brother, Mr. B. McClain, of Elizabeth, N. J., visited the University this week in company with his young son. Mr. McClain was entirely taken up with the beauties of Notre Dame, and as he was unable to make an extended visit, he has determined that his son will represent him at the college next year.

—Mrs. Garrity, of Chicago, was one of the guests whom Ascension Thursday brought to us. Her son Leo, of St. Edward's Hall, was one of the "Princes" who made his First Communion this year, and it was a great pleasure for all Mrs. Garrity's friends to see her at the University. She was accompanied by her daughter, Miss Grace, a graduate of St. Mary's, and they divided their time evenly between Notre Dame and the Academy, where Mrs. Garrity's younger daughter, Miss Maud, made them welcome.

—To those who knew Frank J. Ashton, student '86-'90, it will not be a surprise to learn that he is ranked among the six noted "century" riders of America. Even at college his love for the wheel won for him the sobriquet of "Bicycle." We append the following concerning him from the *Bicycle News*:

"Mr. Frank J. Ashton, Rockford, Ill., the most prominent man in his city, is associated with his father in the dry goods business. Last year he did not have as much leisure as in previous years to devote to riding, yet made a total of fifty centuries; and was the first man to ever attempt to ride across the continent. In the earlier days of the "old ordinary" he started from Chicago and got as far as Salt Lake City, where he was taken ill and forced to abandon his proposed trip. No wheelman ever visits Rockford without calling on Ashton. He has an elaborate bachelor establishment over his store which is a haven of rest for the tired century rider."

Local Items.

—The drill in Co. "B," on the 19th inst., was won by T. Goldstein.

—The Crescent Club enjoyed their expected supper last Saturday evening.

—The triple competitions are now on and they will be finished about June 1st.

—The optical illusion in the class of Physics, the other evening, was highly interesting.

—The Minims' second nine played a juvenile team from South Bend last Thursday afternoon.

—The Graduating class of St. Mary's came over to see the statue on the dome lit up last Thursday evening.

—The Modern History class has been listening to lectures by Prof. Edwards on the life and deeds of Napoleon.

—The Carroll Specials won a victory over Guthrie's nine on the former's campus on the 19th. The result was 12 to 10.

—Our team meets Purdue next Thursday and they will have a chance to retrieve last year's defeat when the score was 3 to 2 in favor of Purdue.

—The supply of Jubilee medals is fast being exhausted. They may be had at the Students' office. Now is the time for wearing the Jubilee medals.

—The members of the Belles-Lettres class are hard at work on their graduation essays and also on material for the Jubilee number of the SCHOLASTIC.

—The Reverend L. J. L'Etourneau, the only surviving alumnus of the charter year students of '44, was the first to procure a Jubilee medal. He is proud of the distinction.

—A new "Quiz" class from 11 to 12 was started in the Law class last week. The object is to prepare the classes for the examinations which are to be very rigid this year.

—Several Brownsonites of an angling tendency have recently gone in search of the finny tribes that inhabit St. Mary's lake, and have been rewarded by several strings of fine bass.

—Wisconsin's centre-fielder was Ikey Karel who is considered the best half-back in the West. It is due mainly to his brilliant playing that Wisconsin did not lose a game of football last fall.

—Found: A gold sleeve-link, the new lever pattern, one side a long oval with a border in Louis XV. style, the other a plain polished disk. Owner may claim his property at No. 60, Sorin Hall.

—New sods have been placed on the trampled places along the different walks, and it is to be hoped that everyone will heed the admonition so imperative to the beauty of the grounds "Keep off the grass!"

—Doc. Jones' team played the "Vagrant Piccaninnies" from South Bend on the 19th. The game ended, to the enjoyment of all, except the N. D. captain, in a victory for the outside team by a score of 27 to 17.

—Last week the "Shorties" played a close game of ball with the Carroll Specials with the score 10 to 10 for four innings. Carroll decided the game by a two-bagger in the last half of the ninth after two men were out.

—The Anti-Specials won their first game off of the Varsity team last Sunday afternoon. The score was 11 to 5. For the Antis, Smith, Funke and McGinnis were in the points, and for the Specials, Gibson and Carney.

—The feature of Monday's game was the triple play. Only one was made last year and that was in the first inning of the Purdue game with three men on base. McCarrick caught a liner, touched third and threw to second.

—Last Saturday Mr. Edward Poland, manager of the Lyman School of Elocution and Dramatic Art, came down from Chicago to give instruction to those who will participate in the Commencement exercises next month.

—The "Never-Sweats" were defeated on Thursday by a "scrub" nine of St. Joseph's Hall. The features of the game were a triple play and the stealing of base by the inning side. Six innings were played, the score at the end being 17 and 6.

—During the past week the members of the Criticism class have been listening to some very interesting lectures on style. The works of Robert Louis Stevenson were thoroughly discussed and a short sketch of his life was given by the Professor.

—To be editor of a paper is becoming a fad among some of the students. The latest journal in the field is "The Gilded Dragon's Tooth." The first edition will come out next week with a special cover and will be published in honor of a prominent student. *Le Comte de Murphè* of Sorin Hall is supreme commander of the shears and paste-pot.

—Those who have not procured Jubilee medals should do so at once. Orders from the alumni are fast coming in, and, if the students do not hasten to get them now, the "old boys" will have taken them all in a week. It would be too bad to let them all go to students of the past. Every student of '95 should be decorated with one. They will be pretty souvenirs of a memorable occasion.

—Since the Ann Arbor baseball game our team has improved wonderfully in batting. Although the defeat in our first game was disgraceful, yet the Varsity Nine learned many things about the national game that they did not know before. The result of the last few games showed that they applied what they learned. The fielding has not shown such a noticeable improve-

ment as the batting, but many of the errors made in last Monday's game were undoubtedly due to the cold and to the fact that on account of the inclement weather of last week the team could not practise very much.

—The University Stock Company will make its appearance next Wednesday. A curtain raiser and a two-act play will be presented. Both are modern and abound in dramatic incidents. The former has been acted but lately on the regular stage by Mr. Felix Morris. The latter gives great range to the versatility of the Company and will be sure to please. A number of popular songs to be sung as solos and in parts have been introduced. The rehearsals promise a good entertainment. Tickets are now out and may be had from the members of the Company or from Mr. Richard Halligan.

—All the week the Students' Office has been deluged with letters of inquiry as to the price of the Jubilee Souvenir medals, and sums, ranging from fifty cents to two dollars, have been sent with orders for a single medal. For the benefit of our readers the SCHOLASTIC would state that the price is half-a-dollar, which is certainly wonderfully little to give for such a medal. We trust that when the present supply is exhausted—and it looks as though it will not last until Commencement—more will be ordered, so that every friend of the University may secure one as a souvenir of Notre Dame's coming of age, for universities are of slower growth than men, and our *Alma Mater* is only beginning to feel the strength that is in her and the possibilities that lie before her.

—Ascension Thursday is always the brightest and most blessed day of the year for a score or more of the Minims. On it the First Communion class of each year receives, for the first time, Our Lord in the Holy Eucharist. It is one of the most solemn ceremonies of the year at Notre Dame, and one full of deep significance for the Carrolls and Brownsons and Sorins, who forget for a moment the world of the present and catch again a ray of the light that made the day of their First Communion so radiant. It was a reverent throng which gathered in the church last Thursday morning. Solemn High Mass was celebrated by the Very Rev. President of the University, with the Rev. Vice-President and Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh as deacon and subdeacon. Just before the Credo, Father French spoke briefly to the Minims, and his words went straight to the hearts of his hearers. His sermon was brief, but full of feeling. Then the Mass went on, and at last the moment came, the sanctuary gates swung open and the double file of little blue-coated figures—for the Minims are always in uniform on this day—marched through the gates and up to the altar, to come back, a moment later, slow-stepping, with radiant faces. In the afternoon the Class renewed their baptismal vows and with Benediction the day's ceremonies were ended.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Burns, Cullinan, Dempsey, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, Foley, Gibson, Hudson, Kennedy, J. Mott, Marr, Mitchell, T. Mott, McKee, McManus, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Pulskamp, Ryan, Stace.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Adler, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Brennan, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Coleman, Corby, Crane, Craft, Chassaing, Carney, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Cullen, J. Cavanagh, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Davila, Dillon, Eymmer, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Foulks, Gilpin, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Guthrie, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Halligan, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, Hengen, Hinde, Hennebry, Jones, Johnson, Kegler, Kortas, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lawlor, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, Moxley, Montague, Manchester, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, C. Miller, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, McGurk, Ney, O'Mally, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Quimby, Reardon, Rowan, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, Schulte, F. Smoger, Sheehan, Schultz, C. Steele, S. Steele, Sullivan, C. Smoger, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, G. Wilson, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, Wiss, F. Wagner, Wellington.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, L. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagan, Keffe, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Leonard, Lowery, Lansdowne, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, C. Murray, Minnigerode, Miers, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pim, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rocky, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Rasche, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Scott, F. Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Waters, Wright, Wigg, Wells, Weidmann, Zitter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Bullene, P. Boyton, C. Boyton, Breslin, Brissenden, 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, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, E. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McNichols, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, Mitchell, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, W. Pollitz, Plunkett, Paul, E. Quertimont, G. Quertimont, Roesing, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Robb, Swan, Spillard, Strauss, Sontag, Sexton Steele, Thompson, Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, Lawton, H. Pollitz.