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A Vacation Echo.

"MY summer girl was but a flirt,"
This was the statement brief and curt,
I found in "Puck." It makes me fret;
I've tried, but found I can't forget
This saying of that sage expert.

Three months ago I, all alert,
For summer snares, made rash assert
I'd ne'er be caught. Alas I met
My summer girl.

No safe-guard could my fate avert,
And now I dare to controvert
That wise assertion, and I'll bet
My captor's not a base coquette,
And if she is, I'll not desert.
My summer girl.

ARTHUR W. STACE.

Stevenson and the "Virginibus Puerisque."

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

No one, I suppose, will assert that Robert Louis Stevenson was, in the strictest sense of the word, a great novelist. His novels are very interesting, and we enjoy them principally because it is his rule to let descriptive and other *dry* matter give place to action, and ever to keep the story in hand. In an essay on novel-writing, Stevenson makes the point that a person narrating an adventure or experience, would not waste time, or permit the interest of the tale to lag, by dwelling at length upon the scenery that surrounded the place of action, but would go at once to the action itself. He boldly admits what the average reader is rather ashamed to acknowledge, that all this descrip-

tive stuff is skipped over and the story only followed up.

Of course, the novelist who prefaces his books with such a charming theory, draws us irresistibly to himself; we say: "This is the man for me," and immediately purchase a set of his works. Stevenson, as we know, follows this idea pretty closely; makes his novels interesting, sometimes very fine, and always worth reading; but yet, speaking critically, he has written no novel which fully possesses those indefinable qualities that constitute greatness; scarcely any that will take its place among the immortals. The mastery of a perfect style gives him a great advantage, and those novels that do live will lay claim to life chiefly on account of the style.

Stevenson, however, has taken another way of showing his ability, and of making his name one that shall ever be familiar to lovers of literature: he has written a collection of essays which reflects most completely his genius. These essays will undoubtedly hold a high and undisputed place for all time. To begin with, they are written in a style, the charm of which may be compared to Newman's; and in themselves they contain a wealth of goodness. Probably the best of Stevenson's essays are to be found in the little volume "Virginibus Puerisque," which might, without exaggeration, be called a storehouse of cleverness, bright and fresh throughout. The author is everywhere a most decided *advocatus juventutis*, which makes him the more charming, and gains our love from the start.

Let a young man read the essay in this volume on "Crabbed Age and Youth" and his soul will rejoice. One who has been brought up under the delusion that age is always right

and youth always wrong, will first be startled, then delighted, at seeing the demigods of the chimney-corner, together with their prudential proverbs, cut down by the unrelenting vigor of the essayist.

Stevenson despises the philosophy that has for its arguments time-honored proverbs, which have long been discredited in practice, though still holding their own in theory; and he says that "pocket wisdom is invented for people of mediocre ability to console them in their mediocrity." I am sure we all agree with Stevenson, specially if we have ever been humbugged by the sayings of old men, whose opinions have so much weight, not because the old fellows are particularly wise, for in reality they may be weak-minded; but solely on account of the age of the would-be philosophers.

In this connection, I cannot refrain from quoting from this essay on "Age and Youth" a few lines that are completely original and clever and whose idea is yet very logical: "It is held to be a good taunt and, somehow or other, to clinch the question logically, when an old gentleman waggles his head and says: 'Ah! so I thought when I was your age.' It is not thought an answer at all, if the young man retorts: 'My venerable sir, so I shall probably think when I am yours.' And yet the one is as good as the other." I wonder what our old friends of pocket-wisdom renown would say to these words. They would probably try to knock them over with some proverb, or, at any rate, they would shake their heads and say with grim satisfaction: "Ah! no wonder Stevenson died."

As I have said before, Stevenson, in this essay, is entirely in sympathy with youth, and he does not believe in age making use of catch words to put a damper on the ambitions of the young; nor does he recognize any good in the philosophy according to which "never to forget your umbrella through a long life would seem a higher and wiser flight of achievement than to go smiling to the stake;" and he questions the truth of the idea that inflexibility in money matters is alone necessary to fulfil the whole duty of man.

Stevenson suggests that a fine experiment would be to make one of these time-schooled philosophers young again, to see whether he puts his money in a savings bank, or is such an admirable son after all; "And as to his conduct in love," says the essayist, "I believe firmly he would out-Herod Herod, and put the whole of his new compeers to the blush."

In short, all the way through this paper, Stevenson tells us that we are not so bad as the old folks would have us believe ourselves, and that because a young man is often wrong, it need not follow that an old man is always right. He says that we need repent none of our youthful vagaries; that wisdom is seasonable and changes with one's age, and finally he exclaims: "Give me the young man that has brains enough to make a fool of himself."

I have mentioned very few of the many good points made in the essay of "Age and Youth." He uses the chimney-corner philosopher pretty severely, but that worthy deserves some rough treatment to impress upon his mind the fact that "Crabbed Age and Youth" look at life from different standpoints: the one with the radiant glow of the sunrise about him; the other in the calm after-glow of a serene sunset.

The essay upon which I have dwelt is, to my mind, the best in the collection; it has an originality and charm greater than that of any of the others. And then the subject is one of interest, and is treated in such an agreeable style. Nevertheless, there are several others in the book that rank easily with the essay on "Crabbed Age and Youth." Taking, for instance, the paper "On Death," one will find in it much that is good. Stevenson thinks the idea that people are afraid of death is most emphatically a mistaken one; he cites the instance of certain people in South America living without fear or hesitation on the very tops of volcanoes, and remarks as an observation on the statement: "It seems not credible that respectable married people, with umbrellas, should find appetite for a bit of supper within quite a long distance of a fiery mountain." But, as the essayist says, the situation of those South American people is not at all terrible when compared to the everyday dangers surrounding mankind in general. Yet our lives are not made uneasy by the knowledge of the fact that we may be struck down at any moment. We agree with Stevenson in saying that it is a blessing that people have this courage; for what an unpleasant place the world would be if everybody, as he puts it, lived in a parlour with regulated temperature and dieted himself on milk.

There are a great many other good points made in this short essay, which, though written with no pretension to depth, contains much thought. But it will not be necessary to say more on this particular one, or to speak especially of the others that are contained in

the volume. The papers on "Falling in Love" and "Truth of Intercourse" might well have attracted attention; but the essays I have briefly mentioned may be taken as a fair criterion of the others. These essays are 'exceptionally enjoyable; they show thought, contain much philosophy; but instead of being dry, as many like affairs are, the literary genius of their author gives them a charm unsurpassed.

Stevenson has always been to me a most interesting character; it is easy to picture to one's mind the thin, unhandsome genius, who attracted all who saw him and soon gained their love, and who in turn loved all his friends. There is, too, pathos in the story of his life. Compelled to leave his beloved Scotland he goes to Samoa, there to spend his last days; to die and to be buried far from his native land; his tomb scarcely known to the many that sing his praises.

I remember seeing in one of our magazines a charming article on Stevenson's last days at Samoa, written I think by the stylist's stepson, Mr. Lloyd Osborne. He speaks of the affectionate esteem the natives had for Stevenson, and the fatherly love he in turn bore them; this is shown in a speech he made at a celebration commemorating the building of a road. In his charming style, and with words of tenderness, he congratulated the Samoans upon their work, and urged them to continue, telling them that it was by the building of roads and the cultivation of fields, rather than by war and pillage, that they could make their country prosperous. How pathetic was the grief of these people at the loss of their friend! Coming with ornaments as offerings of sorrow, they gathered about the bier and wept, and were sad; not because Stevenson, the great English stylist, was dead, but because Stevenson the man, their kind friend, was no more.

They did not, however, confine themselves alone to expressions of grief; but going forth they made a path up the side of a great steep mountain, upon the summit of which Stevenson wished to be buried. They carried him up with loving hands; and there, far away from his beloved Highlands that he longed for in vain, isolated from the world, and beyond the reach of those who have benefited by his life and who would love to do him honor, on the topmost peak, guarding those who loved him and for whom he ever had a paternal care, lies the body of Robert Louis Stevenson, while "trailing with its clouds of glory, this happy-starred, full-blooded spirit shoots into the spiritual land."

A New Woman.

ARTHUR W. STACE, '96.

"Look, what's coming down the road, Frank! Isn't she a beauty?"

"Which she do you mean? I see two of them. Which one is responsible for this burst of rapture?"

"The one in front, of course. Isn't she a superb rider? It's a sight fit for the gods."

The speaker rose as the trio of cyclists rapidly whirled by and stood gazing after them. It was, indeed, a pretty sight: two young ladies clad in natty cycling costumes, accompanied by a young man. The ladies appeared to be about twenty years of age and were both very attractive looking. The one who had excited the admiration of the young man, now intently watching her, was a handsome blonde, with reddish-gold hair and a lovely complexion. Her position on her wheel was a most graceful one, and it was no wonder that she had excited so much praise.

"Do you know who she is, Frank? I'd give a good deal to meet her."

"I am sorry I can't introduce you, old boy; but the fact is I haven't the pleasure of their acquaintance."

"Where do they live? Doesn't any one around here know them?"

"I guess not. They live in a cottage three or four miles up the lake and are very exclusive. I don't even know their names. There is a middle-aged gentleman with them, but I never see him. These three go by here on their wheels quite often. Is that information enough for you?"

"No; I'm going to meet that girl if it takes me all summer. Did you ever see a girl ride a wheel like that before? I adore a graceful rider."

"Especially when the rider is of the opposite sex? But give her a rest now. Let's take a swim? Don't stand there like a spring poet gazing into empty space!"

The scene was the piazza of the Lake House on the borders of Lake Heron, a summer resort in western Michigan. The piazza ran all around the hotel and one side faced the road down which the cyclists had disappeared.

Harry Berks, the first speaker, had arrived only the night before. He and his college chum, Frank Rale were lounging on the front porch when the vision on wheels whizzed past.

Harry was a faithful devotee to the wheel, and there was only one thing that he admired more than a good wheel—that one thing was a graceful wheel-woman. The young lady whom he had first seen came as near his ideal of womanly riders as any lady he had ever seen. It is no wonder, then, that he allowed his admiration to run away with his judgment. All that day she was ever in his thoughts, and he swore again and again that he would make her acquaintance. He saw her again the next day and his admiration increased immensely.

Although she passed by every day, and sometimes two or three times a day, at the end of a week he had progressed no farther toward making her acquaintance than he had when he first saw her. Before the week was over he imagined himself very much in love with her. Frank chaffed him a great deal about his unknown divinity, and this chaffing served to goad him on whenever he felt his resolution of meeting her growing less firm. Finally, despairing of meeting her in any other way, Harry sent home for his wheel. On its arrival he made frequent trips up the road towards the cottage in hopes of meeting the fair cyclist. His trips were all to no purpose; for if he did meet her—which was seldom—she always shot by him scarcely glancing at him. He would have given up his project in despair if Frank had only let him alone; but it would never do to give up at this stage of the game. Harry was bound to meet her, if for no other purpose than to silence his unsympathetic friend.

At last fickle fortune deigned to smile upon him. One hot day, as he slowly pumped along the road, he heard the quick whirr of a wheel, and his fair ideal flew by him like a flash. She was scorching along at a terrific rate when her front wheel suddenly slipped into a bed of soft sand, was thrown out of the road right into a tree, and the fair rider went flying into the bushes which lined the road. The bushes broke the force of her fall, and when Harry, with his heart in his mouth, came flying up, she had already gained her feet. To his anxious questions she answered that she was not in the least injured, and, save a slight shaking up, felt none the worse for her involuntary leap into the bushes. Her wheel, however, was an almost total wreck. The front wheel was bent nearly double and the handle bars were badly twisted.

"I guess, you are in for a walk," said Harry, as he examined the broken wheel. "Your wheel will have to go to a repair shop before it will be fit to use."

"How provoking!" she exclaimed. "It was silly for me to try to scorch on such a road as this."

"Accidents will happen," he answered. "Do you live far from here?"

"Oh! no," she quickly replied. "Only about a mile. I can walk it easily."

"Are you quite sure you are not hurt? You had a pretty hard fall."

"I am used to tumbles," the fair one answered. "But I never smashed my wheel so badly before. I am afraid I shall have to leave it here and send for it later."

"If you will trundle mine along, I can carry yours."

"It would be very kind of you. I am afraid I am spoiling your ride, and causing you a great deal of bother in the bargain."

"No bother at all, I assure you. I am only too glad to be of service to you," he answered, gallantly, as he picked up the broken wheel and started off by her side.

Thus had Dame Fortune finally smiled upon him in this romantic manner. Harry could scarcely realize that he was actually walking beside his fair ideal and chatting with her like an old friend. He had a good chance to study her as they walked along; but somehow or other she did not appear quite so charming off her wheel as she had on it. Her features were certainly very pretty, but her complexion appeared to be faded, and there was an old look about her face. The fall could account for that. But gracious!—what was that? Yes, there were actually gray hairs among the gold-brown tresses which had strayed from under that jaunty wheeling cap. But gray hairs could come from trouble or sorrow as well as from age.

"Poor girl!" thought Harry. "She must have had lots of trouble in her short life and that accounts for them."

With that, pity mingled with his admiration; and when pity and admiration join forces in the heart of a susceptible youth of twenty it is always time to look out for danger. His thoughts kept pace with his steps as they walked along. What a charming talker she was. Wouldn't Frank turn green with envy when he heard about it. What delightful rides he, Harry, could take with his divinity. He would skim by the hotel with her, and never even glance at the envious Frank. What a glorious revenge he would have for all that chaffing! And when he had captured the heart of this fair maiden, his cup of joy would be

filled. Under his loving protection that old look would disappear, and her fresh blooming face would make ample amends for those scattering gray hairs. They would go down the path of life together upon a tandem, and he would take such care of her that headers and smash-ups would be unheard of accidents. All these delightful pictures rushed through his mind in a dizzy swirl, when he was suddenly brought back to earth again by his divinity remarking:

"There's the cottage now. I don't know how to thank you Mr.—Mr.?"

"Berks," Harry eagerly finished.

"Mr. Berks," she went on, "I don't know how, I can ever return your kindness."

"Oh! don't mention it. It was a pleasure, I assure you. I feel myself amply rewarded in having made your acquaintance. May I call upon you?"

"Certainly," she answered. "My husband and children will be delighted to—"

"Your what?" gasped Harry, interrupting her.

"My husband and children," she continued. "We know very few people here and the children will be glad to meet any one of their own age. Here they come now," she added, as the young lady and gentleman Harry had seen before rushed up eager to find what the trouble was. After assuring them that she was not hurt in the least she introduced Harry to them. Harry could barely stammer an acknowledgment of the introduction so completely was he stunned by this turn of events.

"Won't you come in and take tea with us Mr. Berks? My husband will be anxious to thank you for your kindness," said the fallen idol.

"Yes, do, Mr. Berks," her daughter put in, "we would be very much pleased to have you." But Mr. Berks was in no mood to drink tea or to meet the husband of his ideal. He was only anxious to get away; so excusing himself he started back for the hotel. On the piazza Frank was waiting for him.

"Oh! say, Harry," called out that gentleman, "I've found out who your divinity is. She is Edith Fold, the well-known *soubrette*. She's married to that middle-aged gentleman and is the mother of that young lady and gentleman. I hope you won't try to alienate her affection from her husband. There, there, old man don't get savage! I'll not give you away until we get back to college. Oh! won't the fellows guy you. It's too good to keep." But his victim had disappeared.

The Pictures in the "Lady of the Lake."

JESSE W. LANTRY, '97.

Although Sir Walter Scott's fame as a novelist is entirely overshadowed by his reputation as a poet, yet he has left us a work that will live as long as romanticism has one disciple left among the readers of books. His "Lady of the Lake" deserves, I think, more attention than it usually receives. It is classic in form, but romantic in spirit and treatment. It takes us back to the scenes of the Middle Ages, the most interesting, to my mind, of all the periods of history. Apart from the time in which the scenes are laid, there is something about the work which cannot fail to please. The exquisite pictures, both of life and of nature, painted by the author, are not surpassed in any language. At the very beginning of the poem, he describes the chase with exactness. Every detail is brought out, but with such skill that it neither wearies the reader, nor weakens the effect of the story. How well he portrays the fright of the "antlered monarch" when he hears "the clanging hoof and horn!"

"A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry,
That thicken'd as the chase grew nigh:
Then as the headmost foes appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he cleared,
And, stretching forward free and far,
Sought the wild heaths of Uam-Var."

These lines produced an effect on me that was strengthened as I read on, and each succeeding scene seemed to contain some special characteristic that distinguished it from all the others. His pity for the rider, when he sees that he has killed his steed, shows itself in words full of sorrow, and expressive of grief and remorse:

"I little thought when first the rein
I slack'd upon the banks of Seine,
That Highland eagle e'er should feed
On thy fleet limbs, my matchless steed!
Woe worth the chase, woe worth the day,
That costs thy life, my gallant gray!"

In this, as well as in all his other descriptions of life, he gives us an insight into the character of the persons he deals with. His heroes are knights of spotless reputations, who seldom, if ever, are defeated, and whose lives are a succession of battles and triumphs. Such is James Fitz-James, the hero of the "Lady of the Lake." He was a daring hunter, heedless of danger, glorying in the perils he had braved,

and thinking little of the results of his careless deeds. But later we find that he showed a truer courage, when

"He mann'd himself with dauntless air,
Returned the chief his haughty stare;
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:
'Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I.'"

This description of the fight with the Scottish claymores is, I think, one of the best I have ever read. Though short it gives every particular of the encounter, and in such a way that each deserves attention. No doubt, many have read this bit, but very few have noticed with what art Scott treats his characters. Perhaps it is on account of the exceedingly interesting fable which tempts one to hurry breathlessly on to the end and to neglect the beauties that a second reading brings out.

What shall I say of Ellen—Scott's ideal woman? She is simple, modest, and prefers the quiet forest to the busy streets of the town; she is contented with the respect of one true lover, and seeks not the admiration of the countless number who might have wooed her. She is an ardent lover of nature, as we may easily infer from the passage in which she compares herself to the hare-bell:

"For me, whose memory scarce conveys
An image of more splendid days,
This little flower, that loves the lea,
May well my simple emblem be;
It drinks heaven's dew as blithe as rose
That in the king's own garden grows."

Scott's characters are unblemished when considered from the romantic point of view; but from a moral standpoint they are not so perfect.

His fondness for portrait painting is well balanced by his particular love of nature, which shows itself in his pictures. He idealizes them to such an extent that they impress the reader with a beauty seldom caught by other poets. No line can describe them better than the one he uses himself after his account of evening—

"The scenery of a fairy dream."

This description of the coming of twilight is rarely beautiful. A painting could not make so weird an impression as does this brief description of Scott's. Each time I read it some new beauty comes to light that was not noticed before. Every detail is expressed, and nothing is too small to escape the defining pen of Scott; and all this without lessening, but rather increasing, the strength of the picture.

Besides this beautiful description there was another which struck me as unusually true. It is the one beginning the third canto which pictures the morning of "the gathering." It is almost impossible to give a person an idea of the fine skill displayed by Scott unless he has read it for himself. I think we admire it principally because the author is true to nature. How well he paints to our mind's eye the surface of the lake, when he says:

"The summer dawn's reflected hue
To purple changed Loch Katrine's blue;
Mildly and soft the western breeze
Just kiss'd the lake, just stirr'd the trees,
And the pleased lake, like maiden coy,
Trembled but dimpled not for joy."

We almost hear the songs of the birds as they welcome the morning:

"Invisible in fleckèd sky,
The lark sent down her revelry;
The blackbird and the speckled thrush
Good-morrow gave from brake and bush;
In answer coo'd the cushat dove
Her notes of peace, and rest, and love."

These then, briefly, are the characteristics of Scott's descriptions; but no one can make a correct estimate unless he reads them again and again. They attracted me greatly when I first glanced at them, and ever since they have had a peculiar influence over me. Whether he paints character or action, Scott is always natural, even though his scenes and men are idealized until they stand unsurpassed in beauty.

Varsity Verse.

TO ROVER.

HERE are times, old friend, when an image of you
Is wafted into my slumber,
With the old Trail Creek and the treacherous slough
Where the plover and rail and jack-snipe flew,
And ducks in a countless number.

Ah! those were the times I was wont to spend
In hours of the idlest pleasures,
With Fancy a guide and you for a friend,
And with never a thought of the bitter end
That should rob me of youth's best pleasures.

Thus I grope through the chambers of memory
For days when my heart was lighter;—
But enough, old Rover, could I but be
To my Lord as true as were you to me
The present would seem far brighter.

W. P. B.

A BUTTERFLY OF FASHION.

Perched on a rose of the brightest red,
Sipping the fragrance that there resides,
Rocked by the breezes that laugh o'erhead,
Fearless a butterfly gay abides,

Decked with the colors that happy brides
 Don for the altar—a pretty show;
 Nodding to you and me, it confides—
 “Butterfly bonnets are all the go.”

Wings of the fairest that e'er you've read,
 Heard of, or seen, or that soar, besides,
 Yellow and purple their beauties spread,
 Mingled with white that outshines the tides.
 Daintily powdered each gay wing glides
 Up from the petals that fain would grow
 Sweeter to match it as it confides—
 “Butterfly bonnets are all the go.”

Eyes of the smallest that ever sped
 Over a garden where honey hides,
 Roll everlastingly in a head
 That up in the waves of sweet fragrance rides.
 Tossing aloft in the breeze, it prides
 Itself on its beauty as white as snow;
 It bows anon and to me confides—
 “Butterfly bonnets are all the go.”

ENVOY.

Butterfly, may she whom fashion guides
 Think of you ever, and may she strow
 Flowers in your path as she thus confides—
 “Butterfly bonnets are all the go.”

J. B.

ANOTHER FOREWORD.

One year gone, a new year come
 Bringing cold and frost for some—
 Happy days for all, we hope;
 Sunlight for the ones who grope
 In the cells of melancholy;
 Evenings cheerful, doings jolly;
 For the lonely, hours of rest;
 For the weary, wishes best;
 To our readers, this our verse,
 Wise and deep, or light and terse,
 Here and there a bit of song,
 Helping Pater Time along.
 All is pleasant; for we never
 Take a line that is not clever.
 And when winter wails without,
 And the snow is heaped about,
 Airy flights of rippling tune
 To take you back to sunny June.

E. J. M.

“Personally Conducted.”

A beautiful thing to be appreciated must be seen. The pen can give but an imperfect picture to an absent eye. Even though it be guided by the most vivid imagination, clothing its objects in the most delightful garbs of fancy, it can never bring the reader to the scene itself. No color of language can supply the color of the rose; no strength of description or sublimity of style can carry the reader to the ocean's side, and make him hear the crash and the roar of the waves, and shudder at the vastness

and the depth of the sea. So, too, one who would know Notre Dame must see it; must feel its spirit, and be moved by the charity, the patience, and the industry which alone enabled its projectors to create and to maintain it.

Taking but a sweeping glance at the grounds one is amazed at the grandeur of the whole. The great semi-circle, with its smooth lawns and pebbled paths fringed with cacti, winding through shading maples, and rich green pines, the cream-colored buildings rising regularly upon every side, and the beds of salvia and canna, whose red blossoms strikingly contrast with the all-pervading green—this is the first view that meets the eye. When one looks more carefully, examining in detail the exterior plan, Science Hall is first seen lifting itself with becoming gravity on one side, and facing the larger and even plainer Sorin Hall on the other. The Institute of Technology keeps it company on the left; and this too has no boastful front. The Academy of Music, like the church, its partner in the half circle, pretends to more beauty within than without. Entering, however, one is lost in admiration at the splendor of the color-scheme of decoration, and the beauty of the details, the arabesque, the scroll-work, and the flower-masses in the dome. Just to the rear of the Music Hall the huge flower-bed, and the quaint forms and letters into which the flushed geraniums, and the pink-and-white sea-shells are set proclaim St. Edward's Park, miniature, indeed, but lovely as a gem.

There is no attempt at pretension in any of the buildings. Simplicity predominates, except in the main hall the size of which does not permit of perfect plainness. The immense wings that spring to the east and west and the massive stone steps, leading to a broad and inviting veranda, make its appearance majestic; and the gilded dome rising from its centre, bearing the Blessed Virgin in a blaze of light, and reflecting the sunbeams upon all, adds new beauty to a scene already beautiful.

Though one is surprised at the massiveness of the exterior, surprise changes to amazement when one enters the main hall. The walls have been touched by the master-hand of Gregori. Upon either side as one enters, the creations of his brush delight the eye. Isabella and Columbus greet the visitor at the door. The great Discoverer is successively before the Court of Spain; in the wilds of the new-found America, in the hands of his betrayer, Bobb-dilla, and finally upon his death-bed surrounded by none but his sons and the monks, those

never-failing friends who had remained with him in all his reverses.

All these masterpieces of art, however, though each in itself beautiful, but prepare us for the thorough appreciation of the grand masterpiece in the dome. High up, so that it almost makes one dizzy to look, the allegorical painting seems a break in the heavens to one standing in the rotunda below. The relief is so perfect that each figure appears to be floating in the air rather than fixed to the rounded wall, and one wonders how Father Time can hold so heavy a thing as the record-book of men when he is kneeling only on a cloud. His scythe and hour-glass he has dropped at his side, while History bends to inscribe new deeds on the book that he supports. Law looks resolutely outward, and proclaims from her throne the two codes that govern all action,—*Lex Moralis, Lex Naturalis* is the legend graven on the tablets she holds in each hand. Here, too, are Music and her symbol, the lute, and Poetry, who has thrown aside the lyre, and with a quill quickly traces upon a roll her inspired thoughts. Philosophy reclines in a contemplative mood upon a throne of fleecy clouds. The chronicles of nature are carelessly lying upon her knee, and with the light of Wisdom in her hand, she sweeps her glance over all her sisters.

Thus gathered in a circle-group these handmaids of Heaven's queen await Religion who, carried upon a sphere in the azure skies, is descending into their midst. Behind her follows the Divine Dove ever inspiring her with His presence, and lending that power through which she gives grace. Then from the blue heavens the Angel of the Resurrection bursts forth triumphantly, trumpeting the tidings of God, and calling all men to arise from the death of error and sin.

In the parlor another treat is in store for the artist and art-critic. Under heavy glass, hangs a picture which attracts ordinarily but little attention. People gaze at it as they would at a chromo, and even St. Mary's girls have overlooked it until told that it is an original by Van Dyke; then admiration and approval are poured forth in superabundance. The delight in many cases becomes rapturous, and often almost ecstatic.

It is almost too dark now in the building to see the library, the relics, and the portraits to advantage, so we may as well stroll down to the lake to watch the sunset. When evening approaches, there is no scene at Notre Dame

more beautiful than the sunsets, for which, indeed, all Indiana is famed. To see the day close with all the magnificence of Nature, one must take his place near the slope that leads to the Lake of St. Mary. There are huge clouds to the west, masses pierced by broad shafts that seem to come from a basin of liquid gold below. Slowly the light fades, and you catch glimpses of crimson and purple and gold as the clouds drift apart and close again. Only the croaking of the frogs mingled with the high, clear notes of the cricket and the katydid remind us that we are still near the lake. When night has really fallen, the brilliant illumination of the dome brings forth new expressions of delight and wonder. The statue, with its crown and crescent of gleaming lights, is even more beautiful at a distance. Buildings and grounds are hidden in the darkness, but the glorious figure lifts itself out of the gloom gleaming with a radiance that seems more than earthly.

And Notre Dame in the early morning! The sight is indeed worth the trouble—if trouble it can be called—of rising before the sun is up. The sky is of a lead-like grey, as it was after twilight the night before; but the grey presently the grey gives way to azure. The dome catches is flushed with pink, then with crimson—and the first bright ray of sunlight and is again resplendent.

Of course, we imagine ourselves alone to enjoy such scenes at this early hour, but one glance is enough to tell us that what we thought was an extraordinary exertion on our part is a common habit with other men. Priests in their long, black cassocks and capes, with a crucifix tucked in at the breast, and black berrettas are seen moving slowly along the paths, their heads bowed over their breviaries, their lips performing a daily duty of which the ordinary world does not know. Presently there is a stir. The bell in the church-tower has sent its call, and the pious Brothers hurry from all parts for matin-prayer. Quickly we slip into a quiet nook near the chapel door to watch them as they enter. Slowly they plod along, some alone; others by twos and threes; some young, and many bending under the weight of years. What a rich field there is for pious fancy! New notions of life come to us who have spent our years in the noise and restlessness of the city. We should have inquired into the lives of each of these men, but we dared not.

When all the Brothers have silently passed in, and the low murmur of prayer—now the

single voice reciting again the words of the Angel Gabriel, then the chorus in response—rises from the shadowy aisles of the church, we leave our corner feeling that the beauty of Notre Dame is not all in the splendor that appears to the eye in the glare of the mid-day sun. Reflecting again upon the whole we become more conscious that, under the magnificence of all, there is a touching, tender beauty that lies hidden from the purely sensuous eye. It is in this suggestion that much of the beautiful is to be found at Notre Dame and in such suggestion, the environment of our University is rich.

One who has seen even the little that we have, who perhaps has peeped also into the home on Mount St. Vincent, has studied the life that goes on within its walls, has listened to the quaint tales of varied life of those who dwell there, and then wanders on through the dreamy lanes along St. Joseph's Lake and through the woodlands, to meditate upon what he has seen, must feel that to the observant eye Notre Dame is full of beauty.

N. C. G.

Book Notes.

APPENDIX TO BENNETT'S LATIN GRAMMAR FOR Teachers and Advanced Students by Prof. C. E. Bennett. Allyn & Bacon. Boston.

The abuse of overloading text-books on Latin Grammar with an extra supply of undigested philological remarks, generally crowded in foot-notes, has probably induced Professor Bennett to offer a remedy. The student in the preparatory classes will notice with pleasure the reduced size of the Grammar; whilst the advanced student will find in a convenient manual the principal phases through which the Latin language passed before reaching its present form. The chapters on Pronunciation and Hidden Quantity will be of some benefit in the study of the dramatic writers, whose versification so far has baffled the efforts of the most ingenious students on the subject, since they have only theories and conjectures to offer instead of a system. Prof. Bennett's book has not solved the difficulty; it merely gives us the latest views in a condensed shape. The chapter on Accent, as well as the whole book, would have gained in value had the examples been quoted directly from the authors, and had they so been indicated that the student could at once refer to the lines in which the

words are used by the author, as it is done in a few instances, instead of introducing Priscian or anyone else as sufficient authority for the statement. In syntax the disposition of the matter is all that could be desired. In fact, the arrangement throughout the book is such that one studies it with pleasure. And if Prof. Bennett's book had not done anything but arouse a desire for deeper research, it ought even then be considered a good book.

—George Eliot's "Silas Marner" is the second volume to be issued in the series known as "Longmans' English Classics." The "Classics" are designed for supplementary reading in schools, academies and colleges, and they are alike admirable from a mechanical and an educational point of view. Professor Robert Herrick, of the University of Chicago, is the editor, and his notes are as helpful as his introduction—a brief *résumé* of George Eliot's life—is charming. Professor Herrick has something very like respect for the youthful mind, which is a quality not all editors possess, and he confines himself to the clearing up of obscure passages, the explaining of obsolete or unusual words, and the pointing out of passages noteworthy for their strength, their quiet humor, or the especial beauty of their style.

Every one who knows the story of Silas Marner, the weaver of Raveloe, will recognize Professor Herrick's wisdom in selecting it for use in schools. George Eliot's clear, firm way of telling a tale, her wonderful gift of dramatic dialogue, and her logical paragraphing, make her novels admirable studies for beginners in the art of writing English. But brilliant and strong as she is, her diction is not always of the best; and Professor Herrick has been careful to note her occasional lapses, and correct them. "Silas Marner" is one of the books that will bear editing. It is full of local color, quaint expressions and half-remembered words, which the young student would find very mysterious and mystifying. With the Longmans' edition of "Silas Marner" it would be very different, and we commend it to all who wish to *study* George Eliot. Professor Carpenter, of Columbia, the general editor of the "Classics," contributes to this volume a Preface and "Suggestions to Teachers and Students" which will be found of no little value. The book is uniform with Irving's "Tales of a Traveller," which we noticed a few weeks ago, in this column, and the binding makes it worthy of a place on the shelves of any library. (Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London.—\$1.00.)

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The Staff.

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JAMES BARRY,	} Reporters
ANDREW SAMMON,	
JOHN J. FENNESSEY,	

—The city of Washington has been much in the public eye during the past week. The Catholic University threw open its doors to laymen on Tuesday; and on Wednesday the sessions of the Eucharistic Congress began. In both events Notre Dame was not a little interested; for two of the University's chairs are filled by Notre Dame men, and Notre Dame is the cradle of the Eucharistic League in America. To both institutions, the League and the University, the SCHOLASTIC extends its heartiest congratulations on the splendid beginnings they have made, and its most cordial wishes that their fields of usefulness may grow ever wider and wider.

—Every day the prospects for a record-breaking Varsity grow brighter. New men drift out on the field, the old ones settle more earnestly to their work, and when the "coach" takes them in hand on the seventh of October, he will find a lot of football in the very miscellaneous looking crowd. There are two candidates—promising ones, too—for every

place that must be filled except that of full-back; and the '95 team will be heavier and faster, perhaps, than any that ever carried our colors to victory in the days gone by. It is too early, yet, to comment on the individual form of the backs and forwards; but the Athletic Editor promises us a column weekly on the men when work has fairly begun. Still, is it not almost time that that daily run around the lake be inaugurated, and my Lady Nicotine banished until Thanksgiving? We have never had a team which could play thirty minutes without rest; shall we have one in the '95 Varsity?

—International contests have been so numerous, of late, that the spectacle of the Union Jack at half-mast has lost something of its novelty. *Defender* and *Valkyrie* completely overshadowed their tiny rivals for public favor, the English half-rater, *Spruce IV.*, and her American opponent, the *Ethelwynn*. But the races went gamely on, and so evenly matched were the little boats that the five races were necessary to decide the contest. *Ethelwynn* was victorious in the first, *Spruce* won the second and third, but the American midget rallied and won the last two of the series, and nailed the Stars and Stripes to the very peak.

Whether or not it will remain there until the turf is green again and the winds blow soft from the south, will be settled before the ink on this page is dry. Yale and Cambridge will match muscle with muscle and skill with skill, this afternoon, and every American collegeman will wait anxiously for the announcement of the result. Yale will probably win; indeed the wearers of the blue should win by a wide margin, and in that case the season of '95 will go down as the most glorious in the annals of American sport.

—It has always been the policy of the Staff—for the Staff is an institution and it has traditions, though its make-up changes with each new year—to make the SCHOLASTIC a *student's* paper. Our one aim has been, and is, to reflect the life that goes on "within the shadow of the dome," to give the student point-of-view on various questions, and, in short, to make our little journal the representative of the student body. For this reason, contributions from members of the Faculty are rarely sought, and then only when a special knowledge of some

subject gives the professor almost a right to speak. We print, in this number, a brief estimate of the work of the late Louis Pasteur, by one who knew him well, and one who was an enthusiastic disciple before the world acknowledged the great scientist's worth. And so we print Doctor Zahm's impression of Pasteur without apology, knowing that the Doctor is better able than, perhaps, any other American to make a true estimate of his services to science and humanity.

Pasteur.

In the death of Louis Pasteur, science has lost one of its noblest votaries and humanity one of its greatest benefactors. France has had many illustrious sons, but none who will live longer in the affections of her people than the one whom the whole world now mourns.

To recount in detail the achievements of Pasteur would require a large volume. This, however, is unnecessary for an adequate conception of the magnitude of the benefits which he conferred on his race. We tell the story of Columbus when we say that he discovered America; we epitomize the life of Washington when we speak of him as the father of his country.

Pasteur, like Columbus, discovered a new world—"the world of the infinitely little, the world of microbial life; a world, which, although unknown when he began his epoch-making investigations a few decades ago, is now, to every inhabitant of civilized lands, as much of a reality as is the hemisphere whose existence was first made known by the daring Genoese navigator four hundred years ago.

But Pasteur did far more than open up a new world to the gaze of the students of nature. By means of a series of experiments, which were as brilliant as they were original, he disclosed the presence and action of the denizens of this world of the infinitely little in fermentation and disease. And yet more. Not satisfied with what was more than sufficient to insure him immortality among his fellows, he went systematically to work to see if he could not discover some means of destroying those microbes which are pathogenic, or, at least, of combating their work and neutralizing their influence.

He was successful beyond his fondest hopes. Not only did he lay broad and deep the foundations of the science of bacteriology; but, for the first time in their history, he put medicine and surgery on a scientific basis. Before his time they had at best been nothing more than empirical arts. He raised them—especially surgery—to the dignity of an exact science. He showed that Jenner's great discovery of vaccination could be extended almost indefinitely, and his marvellous success in inoculation against several dread forms of disease, especially hydrophobia, won for him the plaudits and the gratitude of an admiring world. Prior to his time the deaths from

—Indiana is to have a centennial—the hundredth anniversary of her organization as a territory. It seemed fitting to Governor Matthews that the event be celebrated in splendid style, and to that end he appointed a commission of citizens to arrange for the celebration. Colonel Hoynes, the genial Dean of the University's Faculty of Law is one of these; and the Governor would have found it not an easy task to fix upon a man more able or more worthy. Professor Hoynes' many friends—and they are almost numberless—will rejoice with us over this honor which has come, all unexpected, to him. Such of them as are Hoosiers will thank Heaven that Indiana has such public-spirited, unselfish and progressive sons to serve her. We give the text of the appointment in full:

The State of Indiana,

to all who shall see these, presents greeting.

WHEREAS, the 59th General Assembly of the State of Indiana authorized the Governor to appoint a Commission for the preparation of a plan for the proper celebrating of the one hundredth anniversary of the Establishment of the Government of the Territory of Indiana. And

WHEREAS, reposing confidence in the ability, integrity and fitness of

WILLIAM HOYNES,

THEREFORE, know ye that I do hereby appoint and commission

WILLIAM HOYNES

member of said Centennial Commission from the 13th Congregational District to serve as provided for by the Act Creating same.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused to be affixed the seal of the State at the City of Indianapolis, this 2nd day of October, in the year of Our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-five, the 79th year of the State, and of the Independence of the United States the 119th.

(Signed) CLAUDE MATTHEWS.

(Seal) By the Governor.

(Signed) WILLIAM D. BREEN,
Sec. of State.

rabies had amounted to from fifty to eighty per cent. His researches and discoveries have reduced this awful mortality to a fraction of one per cent., and hydrophobia has, in consequence, lost all its terrors. A generation ago there were certain surgical operations that meant almost certain death, or, at least, long months of acute suffering. Thanks to the antiseptic and aseptic treatment suggested by the French savant's researches, such operations are now almost absolutely free from danger; and instead of many months being needed for the recovery of the patient a few days, or, at most, a few weeks are all that are required.

Considering Pasteur's services to the silk and wine industries of France, as well as those rendered by him to stock-raising and agriculture, the late Professor Huxley did not hesitate to declare that they were equal in value to the five milliards of francs which were paid to Germany as an indemnity after the Franco-Prussian war.

And yet Pasteur lived and died a poor man. The French government, it is true, allowed him a certain annuity, during the latter portion of his life; but it was a mere pittance in comparison with the greatness of his services to his country and to mankind. It is to be hoped that the nation he so singularly honored and served so well, will, now that he is no more, redeem itself by erecting a monument which will be worthy of the man, and which will, at the same time, perpetuate the noble work to which he devoted his life.

Pasteur's was a deeply religious nature, and he had no patience with the infidel and materialistic professions of the *soi-disant* modern school of advanced thought. He had the tenderness of a woman and the simplicity of a child, and no one could come in contact with him without recalling the words of the peerless bard of Avon:

"His life was gentle; and the elements
So mix'd in him, that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world: This was a man."

Well do I remember my last visit to him in his country home at Garches, a short distance from Paris. He was even then weak; but I thought I never saw him more hopeful or enthusiastic. He talked especially of the continuation of his work by various investigators in Europe and America, and was particularly sanguine about the result of a number of experiments that were then being conducted under his direction. When I told him how his friends in America rejoiced in his success, he

was pleased, but modestly replied: *Ah! oui, c'est quelque chose d'avoir reussi.*—"Ah! yes, it is something to have succeeded.

I felt when I bade him good-bye that I should not see him again. With a warm grasp of the hand, I shall never forget, he said repeatedly, in the most affectionate manner: *Au revoir, mon Père, au revoir!* May this meeting, this seeing again, be in a better and a happier world, where we trust the noble soul of one of humanity's greatest benefactors is now at rest!

J. A. Z.

Exchanges.

It is sad to see the amount of padding in the college exchanges of this week. Mr. So-and-so has returned to college; Miss Such-a-one will not return; the school of oratory has opened its doors; the department of music will send forth sweet sounds; this professor will lecture in chemistry; that in mathematics—items such as these are stretched into paragraphs, page after page. Of course, these things may have place, but not to the exclusion of more serious effort. A college periodical exists primarily to afford an opportunity to students to show their companions what can be done in a literary way and to provoke others to imitation. Essays—critical, moral, descriptive and scientific; poetry, original or imitative—efforts in this direction, be they never so bald and crude, are what one expects, especially from the hoarded strength that has been growing during the long vacation.

* * *

The *Northwestern* is a great sinner in this respect. From a body of young men of resource and talent something more than football news and local items is expected. But the *Northwestern* seems to be primarily a newspaper.

* * *

The *Blair Hall Breeze* is the mouth-piece of Blair Hall, Blairstown, N. J. Its chief feature is an article on "Chautauqua," as viewed from the standpoint of a lazy boy. This lazy boy's ideas are a trifle hazy.

* * *

The *Mid-Continent* is from Washburn College, Topeka, Kas. The "Real Napoleon" is its real attempt, but it makes the hero a great deal less real than he has hitherto been to us. Historical accuracy, avoidance of worn-out commonplaces and attention to grammar and rhetoric would make the article a little interesting.

We read that one of Napoleon's greatest acts was the framing of "the Concordat making Catholicism the state religion (then much better than the none of the Revolution)."

If the Indiana University has at heart the success of the *Student* it had better bestir itself. The "Two Friends," a story of the Siege of Paris, is its only effort. It puts us in mind of the good stories by good young boarding-school girls; everything about it is so nice. Poor Napoleon III., already so burdened with responsibilities, is accused of continuing the dreadful Siege of Paris! Doesn't the writer know that a sovereign is not a French coin? Isn't it a high price to pay for hair-cutting?

It is a pleasure, in the general meagreness of material in college magazines, to light on one like, the *Hillsdale Collegian*, that tries to show what such organs should be. The paper on James Russell Lowell is a praiseworthy effort on a subject interesting to all college men. The writer has acquitted himself with great credit. But we young men must be modest. The great expectations raised by the grand flourish in the opening paragraphs—by which we are led to hope to see unfolded the elements of Lowell's genius, the qualities of his learning, the characteristics of his critical powers—are not realized in what follows. We are told in a parade of words that Lowell had scholarship, culture, sympathy, independence of judgment and originality; that his critical method is made up of comparative analysis and sympathetic optimism, and his style of elasticity and copiousness of diction, interspersed with wit and humor. Cannot all this be said of any creditable critic, and by anyone? Why are we not told in a more enlightened manner, in what consist the qualities of this great critic? We think the writer capable of doing this; but his copiousness of words and his skill in manipulating them have tickled his ear at the expense of his judgment. Nevertheless, the essay is a fine effort, and reveals the presence of a power full of promise.

The University Extension system, which is spreading so fast and doing so much good, has an able advocate in the *Literary Bulletin*. The system is viewed from various standpoints by writers who know what they are writing about and who are enthusiastic in the work. We are sure their efforts will induce their readers to partake of the benefit brought within such easy reach.

Personals.

—Thomas D. Mott, Jr., LL. B. ('95), was with us for a short time last week. He was on his way East.

—James A. Murray (student, '95) is reading law in the office of his brother in London, Ohio. He expects to return to Notre Dame next fall to take his degree in Law.

—Daniel P. Murphy, A. B. ('95) returned last Tuesday, and was right royally welcomed by his hosts of friends. He will enter the University Law department.

—Edme V. Chassaing (LL. B., '95), our crack second-baseman and manager of last season's baseball team, has entered the Law school at Ann Arbor to take an advanced course in Law.

—Burton W. Oliver (student, '95) made us a short visit last week. He expects to enter the medical department at Ann Arbor this fall. His many friends at Notre Dame wish him every success.

—James B. Dillon (student, '80), of Louisville, Ky., in renewing his subscription to the SCHOLASTIC, writes: "The Jubilee edition is a credit to the grand old University. Notre Dame has reason to be proud of her record."

—Hugh C. Mitchell, C. E. ('95), has accepted a position as engineer in Olivia, Texas. Hugh was one of the editors of last year's SCHOLASTIC. In a recent letter he writes: "It is hardly necessary for me to say that I wish the SCHOLASTIC all the success which the work of past years would warrant one expecting. Here in the 'wilds of Texas' my most welcome visitor will be the weekly messenger from my *Alma Mater*."

—Last week we were honored with a visit from Dr. Lewaskowski, a member of the Austrian Parliament, and Herr Sigismund Balicki, a lawyer, of Lublin, Poland. These gentlemen are distinguished politicians of Austrian-Poland, and are in this country investigating the condition of their former countrymen in the United States. They expressed themselves in terms eulogistic of the University, and seemed well pleased with their visit. Dr. Lewaskowski said that our church would compare favorably with many of the cathedrals in Europe. The gentlemen left here to attend a Polish meeting in Grand Rapids.

Local Items.

—The Carrolls enjoyed a walk last Thursday.

—Basket-ball is still the favorite game of the Carrollites.

—Brother Hilarion has a good thing. Come around to see him.

—Rev. Father Hudson's sermon last Sunday was much appreciated.

—Prof. Edwards was away in Indianapolis for a few days this week.

—Did you see that Brownsonite climb over the desk when the soap-bubbles exploded?

—From present indications the St. Cecilians promise to exceed in membership any other society.

—"I thought you 'swore off' smoking?" is a common expression in the Brownson grounds. How about it?

—Competitions will be held next week. These are monthly examinations which determine class standing.

—"Do you want a soft-snap?" asked a fresh Brownsonite of his friend, as he handed him a newly-baked ginger cake.

—An interesting game of football was played upon Carroll campus on the 29th. Spillard's eleven was victorious by a score of 2 to 0.

—The Carroll "gym" is beginning to be occupied during the recreations by hand-ball players, whose enthusiasm far exceeds their skill.

—There is a scarcity of canvas backs on the gridiron during recreation hours. At this rate we shall make a glorious feast for our opponents.

—The lectures on Criticism during the last week were very interesting. Dr. O'Malley spoke on poetry in general and the epic in particular.

—Gravitation is defined in Physics as the attraction one object has for another. Is that what makes the Carrolls so reluctant to rise in the morning?

—The Indian summer is here in all the glory of the cloudless sky and the yellow leaf. The mornings are chilly, but the afternoons—oh! they are delightful.

—The second elevens of St. Edward's hall are rejoicing over a new set of football suits. They are of the latest make and excellently padded. Rev. President Morrissey kindly presented them.

—The promoter's of the League of the Sacred Heart will meet next Monday evening immediately after supper in the office of the Director of Studies. All the promoters are requested to be present.

—The fall styles in beards are gotten up principally for comfort. Full beards are the fashion when the goods are dark, when light or pepper-colored the cut is generally in the form of two "side-burns."

—The funny man is around again. "Ah!" remarked he the other day, seeing a "Law" walking along carrying an enormous volume of Reports, "That young man has more law in his arms than in his head."

—During the past week Dr. O'Malley has been lecturing to the class of Literature upon the various forms of French verse. "The

Healing of the Daughter of Jairus" was announced as the subject of the next essay.

—Our football games are drawing near. Every student should hold up his colors, and yells should be rehearsed. Last year the pennants especially were noticed at the baseball games. Why not have them for football?

—The Library has received several strange curios which were collected by Prof. Edwards during his recent visit to Europe. They will soon be placed on exhibition in the Museum, and that department will well repay a visit.

—The Carrolls found last Thursday too warm for football, so they attempted a game of baseball. Cornell and Lowery were captains. Cornell's men won by a score of 16 to 12. The chief features of the game were the errors and the umpiring.

—It discouraging to notice that the captain of the football team finds great difficulty in getting men for practice on the gridiron. When they realize that the honor of Notre Dame is at stake, the brawny students should line up as if they meant business.

—Reverend President Morrissey spent part of the week in examining the classes and getting acquainted with the new pupils in St. Edward's hall. He seemed well pleased with the earnestness and good-will with which all have entered on the work of the scholastic year.

—A peddler of trousers-stretchers and coat-hangers made the annual round among the students Thursday. His terms were a half-dollar to those who had previously ordered, and fifty-cents to ready furnishers. He raked in over \$50, and there is now enough wire on hand wherewith to build a fence.

—A hotly-contested game of basket-ball took place between the north and south sides of Brownson hall Thursday evening. The score was even at the finish, when it was noticed that there were about fifteen more men on each side than when the game started.

—There is a new man who is cultivating an attachment for the bass viol in the Orchestra. "Chass" is absent and "Murph" takes his place. We do not think that those heavy groans, which lately issued from the Music Hall, were from the bass, but some have their opinions, and we dare not dispute their titles to them.

—Somebody has discovered that a special policeman guards the avenue leading to St. Mary's. He is dressed, we are told, in a blue suit with brass buttons, a helmet, a nickel star and a heavy club. The boys say he can speak plainly; but whether to take this information in its figurative or literal sense we cannot decide.

—New subscribers cannot be supplied with No. 1 of the SCHOLASTIC'S present volume; it is out of print. As there are only a few copies remaining of the "Jubilee Exercises" edition, those who wish to be supplied should apply

at once. This edition contains a full account of the three days' celebration, and a *verbatim* report of the speeches and addresses delivered during the Jubilee. All the old boys, especially the students of the Golden Jubilee year, should have copies.

—The other day a young gentleman in Sorin Hall was *studying* "Puck," and by mistake skipped two pages which contained the best joke of the season. A friend, to whom he gave the "joker" a short time afterwards, laughed so immoderately that the host wanted the joke to be repeated. When he discovered that that particular joke was strange to him he swooned at the thought that he might have missed it. They fanned him with a fresh "Life," and he revived immediately.

—The other evening while four or five young men were walking on the east side of their campus they heard, as they thought, some one back of Science hall imitating their loud conversation. As the disturbers would not "let up," the young men started across the campus prepared for battle; but found when half way that they had been talking to the echo of their own voices. They then retraced their steps and finished their loud conversation, the echo of which must have been heard at South Bend.

—Why is it that the young man of to-day is not more anxious to take physical exercise? It seems that he prefers to "wrestle" with a corn-cob pipe or a cigarette than to fall on a football. The boy who sits quietly under an apple tree or in the smoking-room is generally "dumpish" in spirits; has no appetite for his meals, and becomes constipated and cranky. Notice how the boy who takes plenty of exercise at any sort of game will devour the victuals placed before him and is seldom heard growling.

—St. Edward's hall is preparing for a fitting celebration of Founder's Day. In times past this was especially the gala-day of the hall, and the Minims of to-day are determined that it shall so continue. The track events will include one hundred dashes, hurdle, sack, and three-legged races. Each event will be divided into three classes. The greatest interest centres in the bicycle race, for which a gold-and-blue sweater is offered as a prize. Bro. Cajetan has secured a number of choice rewards for all the games.

—Mr. Daniel P. Murphy, '95, returned last Tuesday and was given an ovation in the Brownson refectory. After supper, Mr. Bryan, as orator of the Class of '97, spoke a few words of welcome to Mr. Murphy in the Sorin hall reading-room. Mr. Murphy replied in his usual lively manner, and said that he was glad to return to Notre Dame and to be again among his college friends. Four hours after his arrival he began to carry his right arm around in a sling. Its swelling is decreasing and there are now no fears of amputation.

—At last we may say that the Band is full,

and that it is better than ever before. There are twenty-six members and all are masters of their instruments. Already difficult overtures are being learned, and selections that were very hard last year are easy now. In a short time a concert will be given, which will show to all that their labors are not without success. The Jubilee band was most successful; but, though there are no hosts of visitors to listen to their music, the members of '95-'96 will finish the year with a most glorious triumph.

—Active training has already begun for the field-day events on the 15th. The other evening a sport, who said he could run the bases on the diamond in 18 seconds, started to do so and his friend held the watch. As the evening was somewhat dark, and the two or three spectators watched for the arrival of the sprinter from the direction of third base until 18 seconds had elapsed, a search was made for him. He was found all "wrapped" up in a wire that had been placed in position that day for a guard of the football ground. It passed by the second base.

—To the Sorin Hall students there looms up a great question: Will the Lengthies win, or will the Shorties? No one can answer it. It can be decided only by a long and furious contest. Every Shorty says: "We will shut them out," and together the clan make plans of what they are going to do when the game is over. The Lengthies seem not to heed their gibes, but stalk on, too dignified to notice them. The Shorties are already on the field under the captaincy of Pritchard, while Brennan acts as coach and Cavanagh as centre. Marmon and Burns are the Lengthies' captains, and "Rosey" holds down centre. The first game will come off next Thursday.

—The Philopatians met last Wednesday evening. Six new names were added to the list of members—Messrs. J. O'Malley, G. Dugas, A. Coquillard, W. Scherrer, A. Spillard and E. Reinhard. An interesting programme entertained the society for an hour and a half. Every number was good. Milton Kirke began with a paper on "Some Queer Experiences with Dogs"; T. Watterson followed with a reading from Fitz-James O'Brien's short stories. Then came a recitation by C. Shillington, a comic reading, "How Uncle Podger Hung the Picture," by E. Gainer, and a paper on "My First Impressions of Notre Dame," by V. Welker. There will be a spirited debate at next meeting.

—The St. Cecilians held their second regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The election of the remaining officers then took place and resulted as follows: J. Tuohy, 1st Censor; F. Ward, 2d Censor; J. Leonard, Sergeant-at-Arms. The programme of the evening was then carried out. A declamation by Frank Druiding, a mandolin solo by Joseph Tuohy and an essay by Joseph Shiels were exceptionally good. The following programme was

arranged for the next meeting; T. Burns, a reading; W. Morris, a declamation; F. Cornell, a song; F. Schoenbein, a recitation; A. Kaspear, violin solo, and J. Fennessy, an essay. After a few stories by Richard Harding Davis had been read, the meeting was adjourned.

—The Philodemics reorganized last Wednesday evening. Father Cavanaugh called the meeting to order and made a few encouraging remarks, hoping that the work of the coming year would be as successful and beneficial as in former years. The society then proceeded to the election of officers, with the following result: Promoter, Rev. J. W. Cavanaugh, C.S.C.; Literary Critic, Dr. O'Malley; President, Mr. D. P. Murphy; Vice-President, Mr. J. G. Shannon; Recording Secretary, Mr. A. W. Stace; Corresponding Secretary, Mr. J. B. Barrett; Treasurer, Mr. A. Pritchard; Critic, Mr. W. P. Burns. The committees on Credentials and Programme will be appointed by the President later on. The society will meet every Wednesday evening in the Law room.

—Reading lists for the students in the English Classes for the first term 1895-'96:

BELLES-LETTRES.

Required List:—"Familiar Studies of Men and Books," Robert Louis Stevenson; "Aspects of Poetry," John Campbell Shairp; "The Renaissance," Walter Pater.

Advised List:—"Studies in Literature, 1789-1877," Edward Dowden; "Essays on Poetry and the Poets," Roden Noel; "My Study Windows," and "Among my Books," James Russell Lowell. Article on "Poetry" in *Encyc. Britannica*, Theodore Watts; "Goethe," Thomas Carlyle; "Goethe," Thomas De Quincey; "Dante," Longfellow's Translation; "Literary Essays," Orestes A. Brownson.

CRITICISM.

Required List:—"Essays in Criticism," Matthew Arnold; "Principles of Rhetoric," Adams Sherman Hill.

Advised List:—"The Iliad," Butcher and Lang's Translation. "Poems," Keats; "History of English Literature," George Saintsbury; "Selections from Poems," Robert Browning; "English Prose from Elizabeth to Victoria," James M. Garnett; "The English Novel," Sidney Lanier; "English, Past and Present," Trench; "Technique of the Drama," Freytag; "Poetry as a Representative Art," George Lansing Raymond; "The Science of English Verse," Sidney Lanier.

LITERATURE.

Required List:—"First Two Books of Paradise Lost," Milton; "The Idyls of the King," Tennyson; "The Newcomes," Thackeray.

Advised List:—"Dante," in "Stories from the Italian Poets," Leigh Hunt; "English Lessons for English People," Abbott; "Romola" George Eliot; "Poems," Longfellow; The New Testament.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennnn, Barry, Burns, Bryan, Bennett, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gankler, Lantry, Mulburger, J. Murphy, Miller, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, McKee, McDonough, Ney, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Slevin, Stace, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Anders, Anderson, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Britz, Barry, Ball, J. H. Browne, R. Browne, Brinker, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Brennan, Burke, Clendenin, M. Campbell, E. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, J. E. Corby, J. Corby, Carney, Davila, Ducey, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Duperier, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Fera, Foulks, Flannigan, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Fox, Frazer, Farrell, Fehr, Goeke, Gibson, Geoghegan, Golden, Gilmartin, Galen, Hennebry, Haley, Hay, Hesse, Henry, Hagerty, Healy, Hays, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, Harrison, Hierholzer, Hindel, King, Kegler, J. Kelly, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, E. Kelly,* Moran, Mattingly, McGinnis, McKenzie, Maurus, McPhee, Miler, Murphy, Mathewson, R. Monahan, B. Monahan, Medley, Landa, McCormack,* Mugey, McCarrick, McHugh, McDonald, Murray, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oldshue, Nevius, Niezer, Naughton, Powell, Pietrzykowski, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Hengen,* Piquette, Pulskamp, Pim, Phillips, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rowan, Rauch, San Roman, Smoger, Speake, Steiner, F. Smith, Schermerhorn, Stuhlfauth, Sammon, Straus, Sanders, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Tabor, Ten Broeck, Thiele, Taylor, Tong, Tracy, Tinnen, Tuhey, Tuttle, Walsh, Wurzer, Wheeler, Wigg, Ward, Wagoner, Wensingner, Wade.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Armigo, W. Berry, T. Berry, Beardslee, Barry, Burns, G. Burke, E. Burke, Cornell, Cary, Cave, Curry, Crowds, Cottin, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curris, Crepau, Devine, Druiding, Dugas, Darst, Dinnen, Erhart, Franey, Fennessy, Flynn, Fuhrer, Girsch, Goldsmith, Gainer, Gurza, Gonzalez, Hayes, Hagerty, Herman, Hawkins, Herron, Healy, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hoban, Howard, Jelonak, Jonquet, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Keeffe, Kleine, Kay, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Lovett, Landers, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Murray, Moss, Meagher, Mohn, Morris, Monahan, Monarch, Merz, McElroy, McNamara, McKinney, F. McNichols, W. McNichols, McCorry, J. Naughton, Noonan, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Brien, O'Malley, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Quandt, Rasche, P. Regan, E. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Stearns, Shiels, Shipp, Smith, Summers, Schoenbein, Scott, Stare, Sheekey, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Thames, Tescher, Taylor, Tuohy, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Watterson, Walsh, Wineberg, Ward, Wilson, Wells, Welker.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bloom, Bergeron, W. Bullen, J. Bullene, Breslin, C. Bode, F. Bode, Compau, Campbell, Cotter, Catchpole, Cressy, Clarke, Coquillard, G. Davis, B. Davis, Davidson, Dugas, Elliott, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, A. Flynn, M. Flynn, Felter, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Goff, Giffin, Hart, Welsh, Hubbard, Hammer, Hall, Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Lovell, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, Marshall, P. McBride, Manion, L. McBride, J. McBride, Martin, Maher, O'Loughlin, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Polk, Paul, Pyle, Plunkett, Phillips, Quinlan, C. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, Sontag, Spillard, Swan, Sexton, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, G. Weidman, F. Weidman, Weidener.

* Omitted the last few weeks by mistake.