

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS•

•VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•
P. A. J.

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A Song from Heine.

(*Mädchen mit dem rothen Mündchen.*)

COLLEEN wid the mouth o' roses.
Wid the eyes so sweet and bright,
Asthore ma chree, tinsy girleen,
I'm thinkin' of you day an' night.

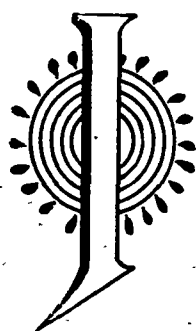
Slow in crawlin' are winter ev'nin's,
Ochone, that I was wid you, dear!
Sittin' by you, colloquin' wid you,
An' divil a wan anigh to hear.

To me lips,—an' well you know it!—
I'd press your little hand an' white,—
Troth the tears would fall upon it,
Mavourneen, jisht for sheer delight.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

The Machinery of the Weird.

ELMER JEROME MURPHY, '97.



IT has always been a mystery to me why people read stories of eery, uncanny things, which fill a shadow with terrible forms, make the head turn quickly when a sound is heard, and send the imagination roaming over the land of ghosts and hob-goblins. How often have we, when children, gone to bed with grim witches hovering above our pillows, who stole little ones at night and whizzed through the clouds on broom-sticks! How often have we played the part of Tam O'Shanter with those hideous faces under the ruffled caps grinning after us in hot pursuit! And on the morrow, when the sunlight had dispelled all these darksome fancies, we clamored for another tale which would make our little eyes open with

wonder and our little selves shrink nearer to the grown-up narrator.

Now all those monstrous dragons and leering witches have faded from our minds like the rhyming fables of Mother Goose. But in their place, the weird tales of Edgar Allen Poe, the fantastic creations of Fitz-James O'Brien, and the murder-mysteries woven and unravelled by Conan Doyle are brought nearer to the sphere of nature and fitted for older minds. But these are few in comparison with the other books written for the delight of humanity. We are more ready to look for the tales of love and marriage and happiness, and every little while we crave a story which leaves the eye dim with the film of a tear. Least of all do we seek the strange narrations, the demoniacal laughter, the thoughts that savor of the opium-den, which make up the prose of the half-mad poet of the "Raven" and "Annabel Lee." And I do not think that anyone whose mind is not half-turned by trouble or laboring under the spell of the poppy, could fabricate such strange things that touch the utmost boundary of the terrible. The more I think of them, the more I wonder that people should read them. They inspire fear and terror, and set the imagination working upon unearthly things. They leave their fret lines printed clearly upon the memory, as a key leaves its form when pressed upon the flesh. The stories of sunshine leave but a dim reflection which soon gives way to other things and leaves no after-thought. To every man the terrible and the unreal have a strange fascination that lingers long after we turn away from the picture.

Perhaps this lack of weird tales is due to the art that is required to make them a success. It is not every reader who can easily be inspired with fear, and it must be a cleverly narrated event which shall inspire even the weaker ones.

Bloody scenes and murders will not do this, unless they are introduced by other incidents, or surrounded with a mist of other ghostly or mysterious circumstances. Terror is different from horror. The first has entirely to do with ourselves and our own safety; the latter is a revulsion of feeling at an object or scene, with intense surprise or fear. Too much gore is disgusting; murders have no fascination, if there is no special mark which distinguishes them from all others. Throats cut from ear to ear, heads severed from their bodies are powerless to make a tale terrible unless pictured with flawless art. We are apt to shudder at a brutal deed; but generally there is no fear to make our nerves tingle for our own safety.

Many hold the opinion that the "Murders in the Rue Morgue" is the most weird of Poe's tales. To me it seems to be little more striking than the stories of Conan Doyle, which are but the picturing of a murder scene, and the disentangling of the threads which make up the plot. But as an example, "The Fall of the House of Usher,"—where one feels the presence of something awful, mysterious, where one suffers agonies of mind—is so vivid that we are half-inclined to close the book and take to something more pleasant.

Very often the glimpse of a long dark by-way which smells of horror is apt to stir up in us more fear than the sight of a murder itself. There, we begin to think, perhaps some one may be lying in wait for us. We cannot see before us. The snapping of a twig will put us on our guard against an assault. At other times we can go through the passage without the thought of anything dangerous. The slightest form waving in the dark is enough to make some persons tremble; on others even the most piercing shriek would have no effect, though it sounded in a dark, desolate place. The effect of a weird story is entirely subjective, and depends upon the state of mind of the reader. At times the most terrible tale will seem meaningless, if we are in a careless mood, and do not give our attention to the little details.

If the story is to produce an effect upon the reader, it must take hold of his imagination. That is the greater part of fear. If it begins with just a savor of something mysterious, if little points are brought out here and there as distorted or unnatural, the mind will begin to take hold of them and draw forth horrors where there are but shadows. Poe, in opening the tale which I have mentioned, describes the House of Usher: "I looked upon the scene before

me, upon the mere house, and the simple landscape features of the domain, upon the bleak walls, upon the vacant, eye-like windows, upon a few rank sedges, and upon a few white trunks of decayed trees, with an utter depression of soul which I can compare to no earthly sensation more properly than to the after-dream of the reveller upon opium, the bitter lapse into everyday life, the hideous dropping off of the veil. There was an iciness, a sinking, a sickening of the heart, an unredeemed dreariness of thought which no goading of the imagination could torture into aught of the sublime."

We wonder why such a feeling should have come over him. Certainly the picture was a dreary one, but why is he so downcast at it? This is what sets the imagination working. It gropes among the white tree-trunks, looks in the eye-like windows, and searches the dreary landscape. The first glow of the grim, ghastly light makes the effect of the weird and grotesque. The meditative occupant of the house plays weird music on his guitar. To drive away the melancholy a poem is read, but that, too, is weird:

"And travellers now within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows, see
Vast forms that move fantastically
To a discordant melody;
While like a rapid ghastly river,
Through the pale door,
A hideous throng rush out forever,
And laugh—but smile no more."

The light glimmers more brightly; the shadows dance on the walls as it flickers, and at last, when Roderick Usher shrieks, it flares up and suddenly goes out. Had all this burst out suddenly, there would have been no effect, it would not seem as the brightening of an unnatural light, we would not lay down the book with trembling fingers.

It all comes of fear. The man who braves the terror of the "Red Room" in a recent "Chap Book" says: "It is the worst of all things that haunt poor mortals, and that, in all its nakedness—fear! Fear that will not have light or sound, that will not bear with reason, that deafens and darkens and overwhelms." It is very true and very well to say to one who is afraid: "You only imagine so," but it is another thing to stifle imagination in such a case. If it were not for imagination, graveyards would not be held in dread, forests would not be ghost-haunted in the night.

To induce the imagination to delve into the mysterious vaults and surroundings is the work of the author. There are the little points

brought out prominently by casting upon them the unnatural glare of madness, of opium dreams. Shroud them in gloom and silence and mystery, and the mind will begin its gropings until it is staggered by the final crash. Look upon the scene with the eyes of a timid person, and if the reader is not strong he will follow.

The principal factor in the make up of terror is ignorance of position. Edmund Burke writes: "To make anything very terrible, obscurity seems in general to be necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. . . . In utter darkness it is impossible to know in what degree of safety we stand; we are ignorant of the objects that surround us; we may every moment strike against some dangerous obstruction; we may fall down a precipice the first step we take, and if an enemy approach, we know not in what quarter to defend ourselves. In such a case strength is no sure protection; wisdom can only act by guess; the boldest are staggered, and he who would pray for nothing else towards his defence, is forced to pray for light." If one is not of a fearful nature, darkness will be a useless weapon. An excitable person will not remain quiet when the oppressive blackness surges around him.

The greatest of all things to make our cheeks blonde and bodies tremble is the fear of death. Place a corpse in a cold, still room, with pale, flickering lights which make the shadows dance fantastically upon the walls, and it will make many shrink back in fright. Poe makes use of this principle in the story of "Ligeia." The hero is an opium-eater. He cannot tell whether the strange noises, the sweeping of a dress over the chamber floor, the shadows, are fancies of his drugged mind or things that really exist. The Lady Rowena empties the goblet into which the four ruby-colored drops are thrown, her breathing grows fainter and, at last, her head sinks back in death. He sits upon the ottoman, watching the opium-laden dreams pass to and fro before the ebony bed and pall-like canopy. No light comes through the single colored pane to cast a grewsome light upon the oak panels. Suddenly he starts, for a soft sob comes from the corpse. Through the long night this is repeated; but each time the ruddy glow fades and the lips lose their red. At last, when the grey day struggles through, the sob comes again, the eyes open, and a mass of black wavy hair falls over the shoulders. Each

sob sends a shock through the reader. His imagination is led on so far that he almost feels the thick, heavy darkness fall around him. And so it is with other scenes, if they are gradually worked up, and shown in this phantasmagoric light.

There is another way in which writers use death as a means of inspiring terror. It is best illustrated by a tale from *Blackwoods*, by "Maga." A man is imprisoned in a dungeon of iron walls. One morning as he wakes he notices the cell has grown smaller. At first he takes it to be a fancy; but every night the walls come in bit by bit. At last there is no space left and he bows his head to death. There is no hope. Every morn when he awoke the plate of food was beside him, the walls had crept in closer. Victor Hugo, in a chapter of "Les Miserables," has given a terrible description of death in quicksand. It is a horrible thing to feel yourself sinking slowly in the grave. The sands creep up; you cry, but it fills your throat, your eyes; a last lock of hair flutters and, as Hugo puts it, "the sinister effacement of a man." Poe, in his tale of the Inquisition, produces the same feeling by having a large knife swinging like a pendulum and coming imperceptibly closer at every stroke, over the couch upon which the hero is tied. The method is the same for all, slow but inevitable death.

There are many other ways of filling one with fear, but they are mere points which are useless if not handled with great skill. To have a sudden sharp light flash out in the darkness is enough to make some people fear. After it are left only two bright spots dancing before our eyes, and the world around seems to be darker than ever. A steady light is a very friendly thing to one who is lost in the dark, for it shows a human habitation. Intermittent lights appearing at different places are also fear-compelling.

In most of the stories, I have noticed that every thing is quiet and the hero is alone. If one is with a companion or even any other person, no matter whom, the scene will be less grewsome, and the fear can be dispelled by conversation. Silence seems to be almost necessary to make the scene weird. Fearful thoughts seem to rush upon the mind and overwhelm the will; the pulsations of the heart seem to grow stronger and stronger and shake the whole body.

Cast upon the picture a fantastic light, deep shadow and glaring white; let it struggle through a dim pane of stained glass, as Poe did,

and its feeble colors cover the panels of oak, the ebony bed shrouding the room with a robe of mystery. There is never sunshine. It is an enemy to fear. It cheers up the darkest chamber, laughs merrily in the silence, and is company when one is alone.

Now, I think I have dealt with fears and fantasies long enough. Some whose hearts are fearless may laugh at this; but others may shudder in contemplation of these tales of horror. It is a fearful subject and, if there is any response to it in ourselves, it were best for us to lay it aside, though we never do so. If it were not for that, the flitting Will-o'-the-wisp would be a beauty; the long rows of white, silent stones that guard the sleep of the dead would be only a consolation; and vast, unknown fields and forests, hid under the pall of darkness, would only breathe to us the greatness of God.

The Cockle amid the Wheat.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

The literary hack, who is himself a product of the increased printing facilities, has introduced into our literature that pernicious element which we call "padding." Confined at first to periodicals, this element has spread until it is now to be found in almost every sort of literature, from the drinking song of the tippler to the sermon of the divine.

While critics disagree as to the passages which merit the name of padding, the general reading public is, I believe, a unit in considering as pad whatever impresses you with an idea of incongruity or inappropriateness. There are passages, however, which, though tabooed to certain classes of literature, yet are admitted freely into others. Consequently, there is no fixed law by which we can distinguish padding wherever it is met. To obtain a comprehensive knowledge of padding we must examine in turn the five great classes of literature—the novel, the essay, poetry, history and the oration. In order to draw a rigid distinction between the necessary and the superfluous in works of a historical nature, it is necessary to outline briefly the true province of the historian.

History is primarily a relation of facts—veracity, not art, is the fundamental requisite. Style is, of course, valuable in rendering attractive the matter of the history; but style can be dispensed with when the matter demands it.

Matter, however, can never be abandoned for a catchy, or even elegant, style. But the office of the historian requires more than the mere chronicle of isolated truths. His incidents must be so related that they shall make up a regular sequence of events. This is the one indispensable requisite as regards style.

Since the historian is, perforce, a relater of facts, any deviation from such relations is considered as padding. Such wild hearsay fables as are related by Herodotus seem ridiculous to our eyes, yet we can find passages of similar exaggeration in our own more modern historians. In Abbot's histories, for example, strict adherence to truth is often sacrificed to give the narrative an interesting character. In one place this veracious author speaks of ants as large as foxes, which were able to overtake the swiftest horse. A remarkable fact, truly, if it can be substantiated, but entirely superfluous in the history of a great warrior with whose career it has not the slightest connection. Many more such fairy tales are told by this author—tales which may interest the children for whom his histories are presumably written. Such distortions of narrative are absolutely inexcusable. True, Abbot qualifies his statements by saying "it is supposed," or "the people said," before some of his most incredible stories. Yet suppositions and idle stories are no more admissible in history than would market reports be in the sermon of a pulpit orator—they are pad, pure and simple.

Another fault into which historians are apt to fall is that of assuming a position and endeavoring to establish it by their histories. Argumentation is absolutely out of place in history. The student does not desire a defence or vituperation of some historical personage; he wishes merely the facts of the case. Certainly the authors of such histories are grossly in error when they claim for their work strict impartiality. An advocate of a cause will always endeavor to cover up its defects and magnify its excellences; strict impartiality on the part of one who has already formed an opinion is an absolute impossibility.

As a conspicuous example of this fault, the histories of Napoleon, written by Scott and by Abbot, may be cited. Take the word of Scott, and the Little Corporal was as arrant a knave as ever died at Tyburn; believe Abbot and the great Napoleon was a demigod. The truth lies somewhere between these two extremes; both authors have been guilty of padding in attempting to establish their view of "the man of destiny."

Other examples are Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Froude's defence of Henry VIII., and Macaulay's so-called "History of England." So far indeed did Macaulay overstep the limits of history that his work has been called by an eminent critic, "An epic poem with King William as the hero."

Another form of padding into which the historian often falls is that of stating the authorities on either side of a question. The province of the historian is fact, not controversy; it is his duty to decide on which side lies the truth, and to present that truth to his readers; they should not be forced to sift a weighty mass of evidence. In short, in a history which carries out its proper functions, facts alone have place; attractiveness must be gained by the style and the arrangement, not by tampering with truths.

Possibly the novel is the field in which the widest latitude is afforded for systematic padding. It is most difficult to decide what is inappropriate, since the authorities so widely differ that almost any sort of novel can be justified by illustrious models.

However novels may have been regarded in former times, the consensus of modern opinion seems to be that the novel is written solely to amuse. As Marion Crawford puts it, the novel is "a pocket theatre." Accepting this modern view, it is easy for each one to decide whether or not the author is filling in his plot with necessary or extraneous matter.

This definition of the novel's field will, if strictly adhered to, lay open to severe censure some of our most eminent novelists; yet as it has come to be the accepted standard in modern times, it must be used as a criterion in judging of the novel. This definition means that all advancement of pet theories, all delicate analyzing of character and long-drawn out descriptions must be excluded. The "purpose" novel will not be by this rule absolutely tabooed as bad literature, but its province will be greatly limited. The average reader is disgusted when the theory of the author stands out too prominently from his work; such books are characterized as "Sunday-school rot," and are cast aside indignantly, whether they be gems of art work or not.

The great Charles Dickens may be accepted as model by those who aim at this kind of literature. Although every one of his novels is written to show the evil of some existing institution or condition, the reader does not feel that the purpose is continually thrust upon him. We sympathize with Smike and the students of

Dotheboys Hall; and we are disgusted at the sluggishness and delay shown by Chancery in the case of *Jarndyce vs. Jarndyce*; but at the first reading we never suspect that to destroy these abuses was the primal object of "Nicholas Nickleby" and "Bleak House." Charles Reade was also a writer of purpose novels, but his purposes are not so well veiled as were those of Dickens; his stories are built on the Sunday-school plan.

While purpose novels have within the last few years become unpopular, those which derive their interest from some new scientific discovery seem to have taken a new lease upon existence. Hypnotism, Brahminism with its mahatmas, and all the fads or fancies of the hour, are speedily embodied in the novel. Works of this sort have, it is true, some popularity; but it is due, not to the novel but to the theory expounded. Such theories are out of place in the novel, and are, for one who reads novels purely for pleasure, decidedly wearing. George Eliot, with her deep metaphysical reasoning, may have been acceptable in a day when men liked to mingle work even with their play; but in these days, when labor and recreation have their separate periods, the works of our masculine woman novelist are set down as "padded."

There are modern authors, however, who allow the theories to stick out prominently from the story. Strange as it may seem Marion Crawford stands out pre-eminently in this class. His first novel "Mr. Isaacs" does not become interesting until we have waded through one hundred and fifty pages devoted to an explanation of the methods of a mahatma. If we use Mr. Crawford's own simile, "his pocket theatre" would have been deserted by the audience before the end of the first act. Lengthy description is the breach through which most of the padding creeps into the novel. There is a large school of novelists who feel themselves in duty bound to describe the scenery which surrounds their hero or heroine. Instances are even on record in which authors have made trips to certain spots in order to describe the scenery correctly. Such authors accept Scott as a model, and with a perversity born of literary pursuits imagine that they can attain the high standard of that novelist by imitating his faults. They seem totally unmindful of the fact that Scott was a poet before he became a novelist, and that the bits of brilliant description that occur here and there throughout his books are due to his poetic instinct. Scenery is necessary

as a background for the characters upon the stage of the theatre. Shakspeare's dramas, however, were played before bare walls. In the "pocket theatre" some scenery is necessary, but when too great regard is paid to the stage centres the drama of the novel degenerates into an extravaganza. Such description is all padding. Deep psychological study is also to be considered as padding in the novel. It may be excellent art to have a man lay bare his secret soul in the pages of a book, but amusement not art, is the end desired. Great artists are never forced to vivisection: the action of the plot serves to delineate plainly all the deepest emotions. We can call the introduction of such deep analysis of character nothing but padding.

In laying down these methods of distinguishing padding in the novel, it is not intended to assert that novel-reading is a pure waste of precious moments. There is good to be obtained—deep insight into human nature may be given, sound moral principles inculcated, description and character delineation may be used, but not so as to grate upon the reader. The pill must be heavily sugar-coated; we must derive benefit when we seek only pleasure; but we must not perceive that we are being dosed.

Poetic license is so abused by those who claim to have personal acquaintance with the Muses, that it is hard to point out any superfluous matter which they are not able to excuse. It must be admitted that the juggling of words necessary to secure the rhyme and metre produces some lines and some matter the introduction of which would otherwise be inexcusable. Still even the widest extension of poetic license cannot justify many of the passages that occur in poetry. The general rule for poetry, exclusive of the lyric, is the same as for good prose—nothing that is extraneous to the subject must ever be admitted. Descriptions may be more minute, union less intimate and connection less evident; but if any of these qualities is so evident that we can recognize it as a separate and disagreeable element it is pad. Of course, the same test of pleasing or not cannot be applied to poetry; it is often instructive, sometimes even dull on first reading. The only true test is to question whether we are able to see the joints and fibres which cover up the skeleton, standing forth conspicuously and mixed in with inferior elements.

The form of "padding," however, which is peculiar to poetry is what is called the "poetic

peg." This is a word or line entirely unconnected with the context, which is introduced to finish the stanza with the proper rhyme. Padding of this kind may be often seen in rondeaux, sonnets and ballads, particularly such as emanate from the budding genius of certain undergraduate students; such padding is always easily recognized when seen.

That nondescript production, the essay, offers the most fruitful fields for padding. Writers of essays, knowing that every style of matter, literary, political or scientific, may be treated in the essay commit the fault of crowding them all into the same essay. Often in essays on literary subjects, deep scientific or political theories will be intruded. The essay, it is true, aims to instruct the reader, but it must give its instruction on one subject at a time. Unity is no less essential to the essay than to every other literary production. The style may be rambling, but the thought must be one; unity of thought is necessary to bind together the scattered parts. Digressions from the subject in hand can therefore be considered as pure padding.

The orator uses repetition frequently in order to impress his facts upon his hearers. Consequently many things, that would in other compositions be considered as faults, are in orations not only permissible, but also beautiful. Cicero's description of Cataline's departure from the city forms an excellent climax in the oration; in an essay it would be miserable prose. The oration, however, must possess perfect unity. If an orator begins to speak on the Civil War, he is not permitted to drop back upon the Revolution unless by way of parallel. A good rule for testing the oration is to see if it pleases when pleasure is its aim, and convinces when conviction is its object. As in the novel, if the skeleton sticks out from its padded clothing the fact will easily be discovered. But the writer himself can tell better than anyone else when pad is used; let him then resolve to curtail his matter rather than to fill in with useless paragraphs. Abandon padding to the literary hacks; write only the essential, and the nineteenth century may end an abuse which existed even in Horace's time.

"TRUTH is naturally so acceptable to man, so charming in itself, that to make falsehood be received we are compelled to dress it up in the snow-white robes of Truth; as in passing base coin it must have the impress of the good ere it will pass current."

A Question of Color.

LOUIS C. WURZER (LAW), '96.

"Well, Tom, to change the subject, how do you like our northern winters?"

"Oh! I don't mind them much, Jack; but it seems to me as if most of the poetry about them was composed indoors, with a blazing fire in the grate, and the room as warm and comfortable as this."

Jack and Tom were college chums. Jack was a frank, happy-go-lucky young fellow from Michigan, and Tom was a typical Southerner, gallant, full of family and social pride, and with all the dash and impetuosity of his race. The two boys had agreed to spend the Christmas vacation together, and because Tom had never seen a real winter he yielded to Jack's entreaties, and came with him to spend the holidays at his home in Detroit.

On this particular afternoon they were talking about old times in Jack's cozy "den," for outside everything was cheerless. The snow fell monotonously, mingled with sleet; the streets were deserted, and the wind blew in dismal gusts. It was one of those dull and dreary winter days on which one hardly knows what to do, and the gayest feels lonesome and dejected. Jack and Tom had caught the spirit of the weather, and that is why they had remained at home. Both had sunk themselves in huge easy-chairs before the hearth. Jack brought out his Turkish narghile, a Christmas gift, and from it the two inhaled the sweet fumes of "Oriental tobacco," and poured them forth again in dense volumes, or blew them into curling blue rings. The flames flickered merrily in the grate, and the glowing anthracite threw a reddish glamour over the room and banished all suggestion of the dreariness without.

The boys had just been discussing the race question. This was always a pet subject with both, for it was the only bone of contention between them. The controversy was growing bitter. Tom declared that the negro could never rise to the level of a white man, that he cannot be educated, that he is unfit to be more than a slave and that a southerner would as soon live with baboons as place himself on a social equality with a "nigger." Jack saw the dangerous turn which the conversation was taking, and, with his usual tact, he changed the subject.

When Tom had made his half-humorous, half-satirical reply, he laid aside the amber stem, and

walked to the window. In silence, with his hands thrust carelessly in his trouser's pockets, he stood looking out, apparently absorbed in contemplating the white flakes that were chasing one another to the ground, and the merry troops of youngsters that flitted by with their coasters. Suddenly he wheeled about, and, forgetful of his bitter words with his friend, said:

"Jack, who is that pretty girl in the window opposite?"

Jack turned lazily in his chair and gazed through the window. "That—why that is Iona Stephenson," he replied, glad at Tom's return to cheerfulness. "She is staying with her aunt across the street, but until now I have not had the pleasure of seeing her."

"Iona Stephenson," repeated Tom, "what a sweet name! Iona! Iona! Well, Jack, I must meet her before I go back to college, and you must devise some scheme to get us acquainted. You are good at schemes, anyway."

"That is the easiest thing in the world, Tom," said Jack. "Miss Stephenson goes skating at Belle Isle every evening, and there you can always find some excuse to speak to her, even if there is no one to introduce you. She seems to be unacquainted."

"Thank you, Jack, you are a good fellow, anyway, even though you do sympathize with lazy negroes. I'm going to Belle Isle to-night. About half-past nine, you'll meet me in the lunch-room of the 'St. Clair,' and I promise you that I shall introduce Miss Stephenson to you there."

That evening the boys took an early dinner. Then Tom sat before the window with his eyes fixed on the opposite house for he wanted to make sure that Iona would go skating on this night. His hopes were soon satisfied. The door opened, and a little figure slipped forth. It was she, for a pair of skates reflected the gleam of the arc-lamp on the corner, and no one else in that house would carry skates, thought Tom. He hurried for his heavy coat, reminded Jack to meet him at the "St. Clair," and then he was off.

It had grown colder since the afternoon, and it was even more cheerless. The sky was murky, and the moon hid herself behind black clouds. The thick gloom of the evening was broken only by the pale glimmer of the electric lamp within the narrow circle of light at every square or two. The heavy snowfall had ceased, and the frozen crystals swished under Tom's soles as he hurried along. It was bitterly cold for his thin blood; the wind stung his face and the frost nipped his fingers-ends, but he cared not

for all that; he was bent on meeting Iona. Presently he halted. A pair of skates gleamed again, and he saw a figure passing from the darkness before him into the radiance of the electric light, and then into the darkness again. "That must be she," he said to himself. "She looks like the figure I saw at the door, and then she came from that direction too. Well that makes it easier for me to find her on the ice. I shall keep a block behind her." The two walked on, the dark figure appearing and disappearing at the corners, and Tom laying his plans and inventing excuses to address her without offence.

When the bridge was reached, Tom drew nearer, for the crowd was growing dense. He kept his gaze fixed on the black bonnet tied with a heavy brown veil which had become the distinguishing marks. Indeed all girls wore bonnets and veils; but Tom thought that the one he watched was tied more daintily than the rest, and to him the pretty bow-knot in the hair was in itself enough to distinguish Iona from the other girls who were flocking to the ice. Once Tom lost her, but not long before he reached the island he found her on an empty bench endeavoring to adjust her skates. Several times she placed them in position, but something appeared to be wrong. He watched her for a few moments, and then it dawned upon him that this was his chance. It took no second thought to bring him to her side.

"Pardon me," he began, "I see you are having some trouble with your skates. Can I be of any assistance to you?"

"Oh! thank you," she replied, "the clamp is loose on my skate, and it is so dark here that I can't see well enough to fix it."

"Well, if that is all," quoth Tom, "we'll have it mended in a jiffy. But you must promise to skate with me."

After a moment's hesitation the girl promised, and Jack mended the skate. The pair was soon gliding over the smooth surface of the lake. All evening they skated together, chatting merrily about all things but the window-episode in the afternoon, for Tom had too much pride to mention that. He would have no girl believe that he had followed her.

When the bell in the church tower across the stream struck nine, Tom asked his companion for the privilege of taking her home. She granted it with a little murmur of gratitude, and they started across the bridge once more. Few words were said during the long walk, for the wind blew furiously down the river, and its

roar and the crashing of iron-shod hoofs and the rumble of carriages upon the pavement stifled their voices. Tom was happy despite the cold. He drew his coat closer, thrust his hands deep into his pockets, and with his coat-collar nearly up to his eyes he breasted the biting "norther" and walked beside his prize, musing about his victory and wondering what Jack would say.

It was a happy idea, he thought, to have Jack meet him at the St. Clair. It would give him a chance to have another look at the pretty face of Iona. He had quite forgotten it since the afternoon, but now he remembered. On the island and on the bridge it was too dark to catch a glimpse of her beauty. The lunch room would be just the place.

Jack was already waiting at the St. Clair when Tom and his new companion entered. He met them at the door and escorted them to a table on which a tempting lunch was spread. Tom took a seat opposite his new friend that he might catch the first rays of her smile while she lifted her veil to sip the steaming coffee. But he was disappointed; she refused to eat or drink. He saw that she was uneasy, and was nervously fingering the loose knot of her veil. While attempting to draw it tighter, it became untied, and one side of the opaque gauze fell. Tom sank in his chair; Jack, thinking that his friend was seized with a sudden swoon, sprang to his aid. He had not noticed their new friend yet.

"What is the matter, Tom," he cried.

"Oh, great heavens!" gasped Tom, "I've been skating with a 'nigger'" all evening.

Jack turned and looked after the girl who was quickly leaving the room.

"Bravo, old boy!" he laughed, "there's your Southern gallantry. That's Stephenson's colored servant girl. How in the deuce did you ever happen to meet *her*."

Touching the "Dark Ages."

PAUL J. RAGAN, '97.

In this age of invention and discovery, when people travel in horseless carriages, when men's brains are photographed by means of the wonderful X rays and when machines are made to talk, we are prone to look back upon our ancestors as men of little knowledge. They seem to us to be benighted pilgrims groping in the dark, with nothing but superficial or superstitious

ideas. This is what has led to that false name, "Dark Ages," to which so many now point in scorn and senseless vanity, for the centuries preceding the perfecting of the art of printing. Though it is true that the men of the Middle Ages were without our modern improvements and conveniences, we cannot call these the outgrowth of our century alone. They are the result of painstaking investigation which was made ages ago, and which has led up step by step to the high state of perfection they have reached. After all, this is only the physical side of the question. Improvement in this line simply marks an epoch in the advance of invention. The genius and wisdom of a people are not measured by the instruments which they use, or the comforts which they enjoy. It is the intellectual development of a period that makes its history noteworthy.

In this respect, at least, I think the men of mediæval, or even of ancient times will bear comparison with the men of the present day. Can anyone who wishes to be considered a cultured man maintain that they were not our equals, or many of them even our superiors, in intellectual acquirements? Far back in legendary times we see towering up the form of a man who has given the world an idea of the heroes and sages who lived in those prehistoric times; whose work as a masterpiece is unrivalled; who is, and ever will be, the inimitable Homer.

Some may say that Homer lived before the Dark Ages, or that he is only one man among millions, and that we cannot judge the worth of that age after inveighing him. This objection is easily answered. If Homer lived before the "Dark Ages," then let us take him for a starting-point, and travel up through the centuries until we reach that unenlightened period.

Take ancient Greece, for example. Why was she called the mother of learning and the arts? Surely not on account of her modern students. Rather because of the eminent men who lived and flourished there before the Christian era. Where is there a brighter page in the history of great nations than that which contains the names of Euripides, Sophocles, Æschylus, Plato, Aristotle and Demosthenes? Where are the obligations and duties of a statesman more clearly pointed out or more beautifully laid down than in the "De Corona"? At this early period, does not Demosthenes, in this same "De Corona," say: "It is not right or just to compare men of our day with those of by-gone times—with men whose works are colossal."

The Dark Ages are certainly not met with here. Do we find them in Roman history? A glance at it is sufficient to give a negative answer. The centuries during which Tacitus, Livy and Cæsar wrote, during which Virgil and Horace sang and Cicero poured forth his orations—*perfectum ingenio elaboratum que industria*—can scarcely be called unenlightened.

There remains but one period for us to examine—that extending from the birth of Christ to the present day. It will not be necessary to go over this in detail. A few names will recall to the reader's mind men whose acts will never be duplicated. Take Marcus Aurelius and Constantine I.; take Gregory VII., one of the greatest diplomatists and workers in the cause of civilization and morality. Of warrior-kings, take Clovis or Charlemagne. In the Christian hierarchy, look at St. Augustine, St. Ambrose, St. Athanasius, St. Patrick, St. Basil the Great and the many others whose learning has been celebrated throughout the world. What can we say of the author of the "Divina Commedia," a poem which Longfellow says is "like the trump of doom?" What of Raphael, or Michael Angelo or Cardinal Ximenes, the ablest politician, the most penetrating genius that Spain has ever produced?

The time from the thirteenth century down to our day need not be mentioned. Its history and the names of its great men are too well known to be repeated. We can easily see that in literature, art, politics, architecture and sculpture the Middle Ages have produced men who will ever rank with the world's heroes. In philosophy they are our superiors, in fact our teachers; for we must admit that the greater part of our modern systems of logic and metaphysics are taken from Plato, Aristotle and St. Thomas.

I do not wish to be understood as saying that the standard of great men is gradually growing lower. I rejoice that our century has as many famous characters as any preceding century; that our laws and government are far better than theirs. But it is wrong to suppose that there was no culture or refinement before our time, or that the geniuses of our day are infinitely superior to those who lived before them. A mere glance at history will teach us otherwise. We see that men had ideals just as lofty as ours, when Godfrey was king in Jerusalem, and Spain had not yet closed for the death-struggle with the Moorish power. The so-called "Dark Ages" have cast forth a flood of light which will shine forever.

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—Like an echo of the G. A. R. encampment which lately glorified our neighbor, the city of many smoke-stacks, comes the announcement that the Very Reverend William Corby has been made a first-rank comrade of the military order of the Loyal Legion of the United States. The Legion is made up of the commissioned officers of the Federal Army, who made spotless records during the Civil War, and of the eldest sons of dead commanders who have succeeded to the honors of their fathers. As Father Corby held the rank of a captain of cavalry and bore himself with distinguished bravery throughout the long struggle, the only wonder is that he has not been a member of the Legion these many years. Our Reverend Provincial was responsible for one of the most beautiful certainly the most unique, scenes of the Civil War. There was a touch of pathos and of the faith that made possible the Crusades in his action before Gettysburg, when, mounted on a little heap of stones, in defiance of bursting shell and death-laden shot, he addressed the soldiers of the Irish Brigade, and, like another Peter the Hermit, pronounced a general absolution over the bowed heads. Father Corby deserves well of his country, and in honoring him the Legion fulfils the wish of every patriotic American.

—'96 will be made Bachelors of all the arts or of various sciences, on the morning of the 18th of June. So runneth the legend on the cards of invitation which are swelling each day's outgoing mail to metropolitan proportions. On the evening before,—which reference to your calendar will tell you is Wednesday,—there will be, after the manner peculiar to commencements, a symposium, by three members of the Class, upon some subject of present interest and importance, and afterwards, an address by that cultured gentleman and honored jurist, Judge Thomas A. Moran, of Chicago. The subject chosen by the undergraduate speakers is still a mystery, but the names of the trio have been published. They are Messrs. Arthur W. Stace, of the SCHOLASTIC, John G. Shannon and John G. Mott, all men clever in stage-craft and the art of putting thoughts into words. For Valedictorian and Class-Poet no better selections could have been made than Richard Spalding Slevin and William P. Burns, with whose work in prose and verse our readers are familiar. The fifty-second Commencement of old Notre Dame will be no less impressive than the ones which have gone before. '96 has our confidence and best wishes.

—There is crape in our button-holes and hope in our hearts. Wisconsin won yesterday's game by the narrowest of margins—for again and again the men from Madison "scratched" their runs—and we may expect the Varsity to do great things next Tuesday afternoon. A victory over Champaign is worth a half-dozen beatings, for Illinois is famous in baseball circles; and there will be no question of our standing if we send Champaign home with the promised guarantee and an unexpected defeat. The Varsity showed wonderful improvement in fielding and batting—indeed, Browne's work on third and in the batter's box was the most brilliant feature of the game—and Gibson's arm is anything but a wooden one. And the rooters—Heaven bless 'em!—are a bit hoarse and weary, but Tuesday will find their voices ready for the wear and tear of another game. The impromptu orchestra were better disbanded; for the energy wasted on those retired milk-cans could be used more advantageously in just plain cheering, with horn-blasts as an auxiliary. The "bleachers" were as picturesque to the eye and ear as is a Chinese theatre on the climax-day of the drama; but if there were less of variety and more of unity in our yells they would be far more effective.

Silhouettes and Sketches.

IV.—WHERE PEACE IS.

Beloved of the stately, warm-hearted old man who dreamed, in his fiery youth, of a college great and far-reaching in its influence, and lived to see his vision take on the sober color of reality, was the tiny garden that was called, before his name was written with those who see God, "Father-General's." The windows of the Presbytery, when the afternoon sun slants kindly down upon their multitude of panes, look out upon it, and sometimes send an errant sunbeam faring downward to break the cool and quiet of its shadows. Morning and evening the little plot and all it holds within its hedge of evergreens are steeped in shade; it is only when the sun is high in the heavens that the delicate tracery of the willow branches, instinct with grace, is etched in darker greens upon the sun-kissed sod. Yet the grass is always virid and healthy: in March its translucent scimitars flash out of their earth-scabbards before the passing of the snow; and in mid-summer, when lawn and pasture have lapsed to a neutral joyless brown, here tree and shrub and flower are as quick and blithesome as though it were April and they had but just felt the first burst of Spring's alchemist power.

Until the workmen came with picks and shovels, a month or two ago, to chop in its lower edge a niche for the new grotto of Lourdes, the garden was quiet as the village of Goldsmith's love. It was not deserted, for the deserted is always desolate; and this is a cheery spot in all manners of summer weather. Mayhap it is the fresh hues of the willow leaves, buoyant and graceful even when the sequent breeze flings down a new shower of rain-drops from their slender tips; mayhap the glancing brightness of the silvery cottonwoods that stand without the bordering hedge, swaying tirelessly to and fro, on guard against melancholy. The chairs on the balcony that springs out from the cream-gray wall, hint of a life that overflows regularly into the garden. You feel that the view from that arched doorway must be too beautiful never to lay hold of the

imaginations of the dwellers in the Presbytery and compel them to nearer acquaintance.

If you are curious you may go up and put your conceit to the test. The willows lose none of their comeliness; the statue of the Queen of May is fairer, for, of late, no hand has laid fresh color on where the winds have clouded it, and the distance softens the contrasts. It is easy to fancy yonder patch of lilies fragrant with delicate flower-bells. A dull undertint subdues the brilliancy of the lawn, like the earth in cheap water-colors; but the trees have put on a thousand fickle tints of green, from the topmost turquoise that blends with a sky of amethyst, to the lifeless emeralds lurking in the shadows.

This was Father Sorin's garden, created for him by the hands of his children in Christ.



UNDER THE WILLOWS.

Once upon a time,—the minor history of Notre Dame is as dateless and legendary as the chronicles of a certain Bluebeard, for the fire robbed us of more than a library,—the ground sloped down from the west wall of the church to the water's edge, thirty yards distant; and after the garden was planned, it took many tons of earth to build the broad terrace. But it was all "for Father General," and the work grew apace. Rose bushes sprang up, and flowers of all sorts. Then came the great fire and the plot was suddenly widened. The lake was driven backward, and the fallen walls of

the college buildings went into the foundations of a new and broader addition. And so it flourished for his sake, tended by the hands of the men whose hero-Superior he was, and to whom the irregular oval, with its prim border of arbor-vitæ, will always be dear because it was Father Sorin's. During his last years it was his favorite retreat, and here he walked and talked with the best-loved of his friends, and made plans for the future of the University, his ideal and life-work. Before the end came, he was content to sit and look out upon the waning of its glory, thinking, perhaps, how like are the autumns of men and of years. If you knew him and his ways, you cannot pass his garden without thinking of the gentle, wise old General, and his faithful lieutenants, Father Granger, the meek, and Father Walsh, the many-sided,—whose names are as a benediction among the men of Notre Dame.

D. V. C.

Notre Dame, 13—Rush Medical, 12.

Friday, the 15th, was the day set for the Varsity to redeem itself and win a game from the doctors from Rush. The Varsity and the rooters were there and very much in evidence, and many of our city friends were there, outside the fence, and all rejoiced, for the Varsity played what appeared to be good baseball, and won its first game for this season.

The game opened with Sommers of Rush at the bat. He kept up his reputation as a good hitter by pounding the first ball pitched over, against the east hedge for three bases. His attempt at horseplay was a dead failure, because Browne and Fagan were too quick for him. Frost, who followed him, hit safely and was more lucky, trotting home on an error and a wild throw. Daucer dropped out on a fly, and when Blake fanned, the Varsity had its first chance. Browne was first up. He hit the ball fairly, but Fails was under it. Hindel watched the ball and drove a red-hot liner to centre field, immediately stealing second. Daly's grounder and Shultz's error sent him home. A stolen bag and a hit brought Daly around, and Notre Dame's score was two. Gibson struck out, retiring the side. In the second inning Rush scored one on a long hit and a passed ball, but the Varsity took seats in one, two, three order.

In the third, Frost took a walk, stole a couple of bags and scored on Samuels' hit. Samuels failed to run and was called out. Two strike outs sent Rush to the pasture. An error by Sommers, a wild pitch and slow play allowed Campbell to tie the score in the Varsity's half.

When Rush came to bat in the fourth, there were new developments at once. Price got to first on an error and grabbed third on Fails, but Hageboon pushed a hot liner to centre, scoring Price and Fails and getting to third on a slow play. Sommers took four balls and Frost filled the bases with a little hit. Blake next came to bat and did his duty by touching Fagan for a hit which resulted in a score of 8 to 3 in favor of Rush. The Varsity's attempt to hit the ball hard resulted in two high flies which were promptly gathered in. A strike-out retired the side.

The fifth inning had hardly opened when Rush added one run to their list, getting it on an error and a hit. The game looked doubtful, but the Varsity had a surprise up its sleeve. Campbell and Monahan hit the ball for two lengths, and when Daly's three bagger scored

them, Rush fell to pieces, allowing two bases on balls and assisting, by wild play and a brace of costly errors, six more Varsity men to cross the plate before the end of the inning.

This practically won the game. Gibson was put in the sixth, doing remarkable work, striking out eight men in four innings. In the sixth Rush added a couple more runs by bunched hits; Notre Dame did likewise, and then no more runs were made until the ninth. Rush tried hard to get in two, but only succeeded in getting one. The game, although anything but perfect, was exciting and was marked by terrific hitting and fair individual work. The boys surprised everybody by the improvement they have made since their defeat by Northwestern.

For Notre Dame Daly, Monahan and Hindel led the batting, while Campbell, Gibson, Browne and Luther came in for timely hits. O'Brien was put in the sixth and distinguished himself by a splendid throw from left field to the plate. If the boys had been less afraid of making errors Rush would have gotten fewer hits; but they did well, and deserve all praise.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browne, 3d b.	1	1	0	2	1	1
Hindel, s. s.	1	2	0	0	2	1
Campbell, c.	2	1	0	13	2	0
Daly (Cap't), l. f. and 2d b.	2	3	0	1	1	1
Monahan, r. f.	2	3	0	1	0	0
Gibson, 2d b. and p.	1	1	0	0	2	1
Luther, l. b.	2	1	0	8	0	0
Hesse, c. f.	1	0	0	1	0	0
Fagan, p.	0	0	0	0	1	1
O'Brien, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	13	12	0	*26	9	5
RUSH MEDICAL	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Sommers, 2d b. and p.	2	2	0	7	0	2
Frost, c. f.	3	1	0	2	1	0
Daucer, l. f.	0	0	0	1	1	0
Samuels, 3d b.	1	2	0	1	2	1
Blake, (Cap't),	0	2	0	2	1	1
Shultz, s.s.	1	1	0	5	3	2
Price, l. b.	2	2	0	1	0	1
Fails, r. f.	2	2	0	0	0	1
Hogeboon, c.	1	1	0	4	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	12	13	0	*23	8	8

* Gibson out for not running. Samuels out for not running.

SUMMARY—Earned Runs: Notre Dame, 4; Rush, 5. Two Base Hits, Samuels, Fails. Three Base hits, Daly, Sommers. Stolen Bases, Notre Dame, 13; Rush, 5. Struck out by Fagan, 5; by Gibson, 8; by Blake, 3. Bases on Balls, off Fagan, 4; Gibson, 2; off Blake, 4; Sommers, 2. Hit by pitched ball, Fagan. Passed Balls. Campbell, 2. Wild Pitch, Blake. Time; 2 hours 40 min. Umpire, McManus
McR.

Exchanges.

A Criticism in *The Mountaineer* on "Childe Harold" contains some good qualities, such as a fair acquaintance with the merits of the poem and with some of its defects, some knowledge of the poet's life and opinions, a spirit of comment, and facility of expression. On the other hand, it has its defects, the most disagreeable of which are profuseness, haziness of thought, incorrectness and obscurity of expression. It is a pity that there are so many instances of these defects in an essay that exhibits a tendency in the right direction—to treat literary subjects from a critical point of view. Some of the opinions contained in the essay are novel, such as that the popularity of Byron in his own time, is to be ascribed more to his romantic life than to his poetry; that the first two cantos of "Childe Harold" are much inferior to the second two; that Byron's expressions of tenderness for his daughter are hypocritical, and that Scott (as a poet, presumably) is rising in popularity, while Byron is sinking into neglect.

The Hamilton College Monthly is one of the few exchanges that at this time of the year do not show a falling off in the interest attaching to their articles; there is no indication in the *Monthly* of a necessity to fill space by dullness or triviality or by patchwork from sources outside. On the contrary, no other issue of the *Monthly* has, we believe, exhibited more signs of a desire to progress than the present. The matter is varied and fitly chosen, and the manner careful and pleasing.

In the sketches of Edgar and Edmund the circumstances of environment as tending to develop the differences in these two characters are considered. The writer feels inclined to attribute Edgar's winning qualities to his happy surroundings, and to condone the vices of Edmund because of his untoward position. Yet, immediately following this, we are told that if Edmund had a conscience he would be a better man. Such inconsistency more than counterbalances the merits of the article. Moreover, these characters—one radically good, the other radically bad—could not be influenced in an appreciable extent by circumstances; for, at times, circumstances that would otherwise be capable of twisting them from their natural bent, actually surround them, yet do not affect them.

Personals.

—Rev. Father McGlaughlin, of Niles, was one of our most welcome visitors on Friday last.

—Mr. Peter Kuntz, of Chicago, visited his sons and many friends at the University on Sunday.

—Mrs. J. Naughton, of Chicago, visited her sons of Carroll and Brownson Halls during the latter part of last week.

—Rev. Father Dominick, of Avilla, Ind., and, Rev. Father Ege were among our welcome visitors on last Wednesday.

—Mr. and Mrs. H. B. Snyder, of Indianapolis, visited Mr. Ralph Palmer on Thursday, May 14. Their visit was an enjoyable one and we trust that it may soon be repeated.

—Miss Bergie Eyanson, of Columbia City, Ind., spent a few days of last week at the University. She was the guest of her brothers, Frank and Lew, and her cousin, Mr. Charles Niezer.

—David McKernan, of Indianapolis, one of the "old boys," was a welcome visitor last week. The old boys are always welcome and their visits are enjoyed as much as Mr. McKernan's was. We hope he may soon visit us again.

—Among those who attended the services on Ascension Day were Mr. and Mrs. Charles Curtis, Mr. John Kelly and Mrs. Darce, all of Chicago. They were here especially to be present at the First Holy Communion of their sons, to whom their presence lent an extra happiness on that happy day.

—Mr. W. W. Dodge (B. S. '74), of Burlington, Iowa, is one of the latest of the old students to respond to Father Corbett's request for a photograph for the collection of photographs of graduates which Father Corbett is making. Mr. Dodge is in partnership with his brother, also a graduate, and the firm is one of the most prominent in the legal profession in Burlington, Vermont.

—It is with deep sorrow that we announce the death of Mr. Joseph A. Larkin, who died at his home in Wheeling, W. Va., on Friday, May, 8. Mr. Larkin was a student at the University during the eighties and a graduate of the Commercial Course. While here his winning ways and sterling qualities won him the affection and respect of his teachers and fellow-students alike. He was but thirty-two years of age when death cut short the successful career his talents had predicted. In his social and business life he was as popular and well liked as in his college days, and a host of friends mourn his untimely death. The SCHOLASTIC extends its sincerest sympathy to his afflicted relatives. May he rest in peace!

Local Items.

—The Laporte wheelmen paid us a visit last Sunday.

—LOST—A fountain-pen. Finder, please return it to Students' Office.

—FOUND—Some money. Apply to J. M. Byrne, Brownson Hall.

—The Triple Competitions will be held next Wednesday and Friday, May 27 and 29.

—All honor to the rooters! Rush would never have had that fatal sixth had it not been for the awful bleachers. Let the good work go on!

—LOST—In the basement of Science Hall, a Newman's "Idea of a University." The finder will confer a favor by returning it to Andrew Sammon.

—Accounts with students will be closed in the Office on Monday, June 1. Those desiring stationery and incidentals should procure them next week.

—LOST—A briar pipe with a heavy amber mouthpiece, attached by a gold band. Finder, please return it to Edward E. Brennan, Room 33, Sorin Hall.

—Many of the Carrolls wish to know when field-day is to be. No definite date has been assigned, and they wish to know whether there is to be one or not.

—The Carroll Anti-Special and Second Nine Special played a tight game of baseball Thursday. At the end of the ninth the score stood 4-3 in favor of the Second Nine.

—Notre Dame vs. Illinois next Tuesday. Our opponents are rated third among the college teams of the West, and as our men are now playing well, a good game is expected.

—All the crews are pulling in fine form, and the indications are that the Commencement Day race will be hotly contested. Mullen says his crew has a cinch on it, but there are others.

—The desire of some men to get up in the world is manifested in the persistency with which the Brownsonites climb the campus trees in spite of Bro. Gregory and sundry "notes."

—Some of the Carrollites went fishing in St. Joseph's lake last week. The catches were very interesting: "Doc" Herrmann caught a tin can; Loomis caught a cold, and Druiding an involuntary bath.

—"I believe Satan has got hold of you," said the professor as he grabbed the frisky Chicago youth by the collar. "I believe he has," asserted Willie, trying to swallow a caramel, paper and all; and then the bell rang.

—The Carroll Anti-Specials, too, were worsted on the 17th. In fact, they put up a poor game against the second nine of St. Joseph's Hall.

Four batteries of the Carrolls were retired during the play. The score was 23 to 8.

—Dead, lost, or left for parts unknown? Where is the Track Team? Even McGuire has ceased his jaunts around the campus. Only a week till field-day—all too short a time to get into condition. Wake up, gentlemen!

—Before another week will have passed, the dreaded Triples will be over. The idle man will find it impossible to cram a year's work, but the conscientious student will have nothing to fear from a review of what he has already mastered.

—St Mary's Boat Club challenges all comers. Gilpin, Miller, Farley, and Cullen are the oarsmen, and Thiele is the coxswain. Their new shell, *The Swan*, is a beauty, and glides through the water like a canal boat. Come on, ye champions!

—The Triple Competitions will be held next Wednesday and Friday. Competitors for class honors—prospective medalists, premium men and desires of distinctions—are hard at work. They realize that hard work alone can bring them to the front.

—Bro. Hugh and Lindau invaded the realm of the quoiters Wednesday morning, and actually worsted the champions, Bro. Hilarion and B. Daly, in a series of three matches. Later in the day, however, the champions returned the compliment, and almost shut the pretenders out.

—We have enjoyed beautiful weather during the past two weeks; the "croakers" and "calamity howlers" to the contrary notwithstanding. Almost every night the cooling rain moistened the parched earth, and the long dry days which would otherwise have been rendered unbearable by the heat, were nothing if not delightful.

—The Carroll campus was the scene of an interesting game on the 17th. For the third time the St. Joseph Specials met and defeated the Junior Specials with the score 10 to 7. The effective work of McCarty in the box, a triple play by Lynch, Singler and Dreher, and the heavy batting of Lynch were features of the game.

—The Stock Company will present Bulwer-Lytton's "Richelieu" sometime before Commencement. The rehearsals have been going on for the past month, and the short time that remains before the presentation of the play is devoted to the touching up and polishing that make the appearances of the company a delight.

—It is with regret that we note the death of B. Daly's pet snake, Growler. Growler was a dear little fellow, and those who enjoyed the privilege of caressing him with a baseball bat say that he possessed an excellently sweet disposition. Only those who have had snakes themselves can properly sympathize with Daly in his sad bereavement.

—Invitations are being sent out for the Fifty-Second Annual Commencement. As in former years, the invitations are works of art. A view of the principal buildings rising out of rolling clouds surmounts the invitation proper. To the left and beneath the view is placed the seal of the University. The invitation asks the presence of the recipient on Thursday, June 18.

—It is generally expected that a college training is the best thing to eradicate conceit from a person, but there are some people whose conceit "bump" is so developed that nothing will reduce it but a little practical experience in everyday life. This fact was illustrated the other day when the Napoleon of the U. B. C. met his Waterloo. He might have vanquished Wellington, but Grouchy proved too much for him.

—The Carroll Special and McGuire's "Terriers" played an interesting game of baseball on the Carroll campus last Thursday. The work of Hermann and Spillard in the box for the Carrolls, and Chase, the pitcher of Mac's team, were the features. Twelve strike-outs are to the credit of the former two, and eleven to the latter. A three base-hit by Joe Naughton, and a two base-hit by Flynn were also well placed. The Carrolls won by a score of 6-4.

—The preliminary arrangements for the Oratorical Contest were made last Wednesday afternoon. Five gentlemen will speak for the Breen medal,—John G. Mott, Law '95, English, '96; Louis C. Wurzer, Law '96; Arthur W. Stace, Classic '96; Edward E. Brennan, English '97; Charles B. Bryan, Classic '97. Each speaker is limited to twelve minutes. The ability of the contestants and their reputation for careful work promise an interesting exhibition of oratory.

—Triple competition in Seventh Lacrosse will take place on Brownson campus Thursday next at 10.30 a. m. It will consist of two fifteen-minute contests between different clubs of promising stick-handlers. Candidates for places on the list of excellence are in active training, and it is expected that this practice match will give some idea of what the game is like. There are no graduation medals for the department this season, though many of the new recruits are doing professional work.

—The St. Edward's Hall baseball teams have entered upon a series of games for the medals. Three games have been played—two ten-inning games, 20 to 19, and 16 to 15. The last game resulted as follows:

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
GRAYS:—	3	0	1	1	2	2	5	2	4—20
BLACKS:—	0	2	3	2	0	3	5	2	2—21

Batteries—Fetter and Breslin; Cottin and Weidman; 2 Base hits, Fetter and Marshall; 3 Base hit Caruthers; J. C. Donovan, Umpire.

—For the past five weeks workmen have been engaged, in the rear of the Presbytery, in making excavations for a grotto to be modelled on the famous Grotto of Lourdes. The founda-

tions are now laid, and the superstructure will be begun next Monday. The grotto will be built entirely of stone and will be an exact fac-simile of that of Lourdes. It is the pious intention to have the spot a place of pilgrimage, and when this new shrine is dedicated to our Queen, no doubt, it will be a source of many and great blessings.

—Father Corbett is doing a work that will bring him the gratitude of all Notre Dame men. He is collecting photographs of the alumni, with a view to hanging them in Sorin Hall. Already he has secured several hundred, and though many of his letters have failed to reach their destinations, he is on the track of the absentees and he does not despair of getting the counterfeit of every "old boy" that claims Notre Dame for his *Alma Mater*. Many of the letters which he has received in answer to his request show the interest which the men of past years have for "old Notre Dame." This feeling seems to grow stronger as years go by the "boy" becomes a very "old boy," when indeed, Notre Dame has loyal sons, and her affection for them is not less ardent than their love for her. The boys of '96 would be glad to see the "older boys" here at Commencement.

—Wisconsin did not lose in the ninth, this time. The men from Madison revenged themselves for the defeat of last year by bunching their runs in the third and eighth, piling up nine in all. The Varsity could not go beyond six, and the Cardinal was triumphant. It was the most exciting game of the season, our batsmen sending the ball to the suburbs more than once. The Varsity outplayed Wisconsin in the field and almost out-classed them at the bat, the Badgers winning on two unlucky and almost excusable errors in the third and eighth, which gave them four scratch runs. The bleachers did yeoman service from first to last, and our men gave them many opportunities. Gibson struck out fewer men than usual, but pitched a magnificent game, holding the visitors down to infield hits. Browne and Campbell did some star fielding, and our knight of the Titian hair also added a single, a double and a three-base hit to his string. A detailed report of the game will be given next week.

—And still Costello persists in punning. Here is his latest crime:

"When day goes by and cares relax,
And rest appears on sunset's tracks,
When I my wonted seat enjoy
At Nello's board, no fears annoy,
Then life for me has few drawbacks.

I sip my wine—no churlish quacks
Prepared it;—on its cob-webbed wax
Is '50. Life's without alloy
When day goes by.

My debts are many,—Nello's tax.
For wine, cigars and other facts
Is quite immense. I'm rather coy
To touch him for some more Savoy,—
But he's a daisy, is not lax
When Dagoes buy!"

And the worst of it is, he said it all without "cracking" a smile. Perhaps he's accustomed to "cracking" them—that is, "small bots."

—For some unaccountable reason McCarty neglected to get shaved on Thursday, and thereby hangs a tale. In the afternoon the Specials crossed bats with the Antis in a game that was practically featureless until the ninth inning. The Antis were at bat for the last time; the score stood 37 to 31 in favor of the Specials; two men were out, and six men on bases when the great Carney stepped to the plate. Pete made a terrific swipe at the ball and sent it far into centre garden for what looked like a sure home run. The Antis hugged themselves in glee, for the seven runs would just win the game. But they forgot all about McCarty who was playing centre in the shade of a big tree beside the track. Mac started after the ball and was about to gather it in when his suspenders broke. True to instinct he grabbed his trousers and tried to dodge the ball, but it was too late. Down went War Horse, likewise the ball; and when he picked himself up it was still with him. It had struck him on the point of the jaw and was firmly imbedded in a week's growth of auburn beard.

—Next Saturday will be Decoration Day, and an interesting programme will mark its celebration at Notre Dame. Though our steel flag-staff is no longer in its place, Old Glory will float proudly in the best position that can be found. The day will be notable chiefly for the inauguration of a custom that will gather strength and permanency as years mark the growth of *Alma Mater*. The Class of '96 will set the example to succeeding "grads" in dedicating, with appropriate ceremony, a large flag for daily service, twenty-five by twenty feet. And when the new flag-staff is set in its place, firm enough to resist the fiercest of cyclones—the contractors say that they will have it ready by June 10—the members of the Class will take turns in giving to the breeze and furling *their* flag. But the dedication of the flag of the men of '96 is not the only feature of Saturday's celebration. A gentleman who takes a special interest in our military companies, but whose modesty forbids our giving his name, has ordered for the battalion a beautiful silk flag. The formal presentation will be made with all the companies in line. And last, but not least, among the banners to be unfurled on Decoration Day will be two large standards of old Notre Dame. Blue and Gold they are, the colors which have gladdened the hearts of thousands of loyal sons of *Alma Mater*, and will continue to cheer the hearts of thousands to come, while there rests one brick upon another to tell the story of her labors. The students of this year are not one whit less enthusiastic than their elder brethren, and the cheers that they will give next Saturday will testify that their love is firm and deep.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barton, Barry, Brennan, Barrett, Bennett, Burns, Costello, Eyanson, Fagan, Gaukler, Gallagher, Lantry, Mulberger, Marmon, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, Mott, Miller, McManus, McKee, McNamara, Magruder, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, Reilly, Reardon, Ragan, Rosenthal, Shannon, Sullivan, Steele, Slevin, Stace, Weaver, Wilson.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, Barber, Ball, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Burke, Brucker, M. Campbell, Crilly, Cypher, John Corby, Carney, Crane, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, Dowd, Duperier, Dukette, Eyanson, Finnerty, Forbing, Foulks, Follen, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Fera, Fitzgerald Farley, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Geoghegan, Galen, Golden, Gebhart, Gilmore, Hay, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Harrison, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Howell, Hindel, Hengen, Hinde, Johnson, Kegler, E. Kelly, J. Kelley, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, King, Kerwin, Kidder, Kearney, Landa, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medly, Moran, Murphy, B. Monahan, R. Monahan, Maurus, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarrick, McCarty, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, McGuire, Menig, Naughton, T. O'Brien, J. O'Brien, O'Malley, Pietrzykowski, Powell, J. Putnam, R. Putnam, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Pim, Paras, Quinn, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, San Roman, Sammon Smith, Schermerhorn, Speake, Steiner, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Shillington, Tong, Tracy, Tuhey, Thiele, Thacker, F. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, G. Wilson, Ward, Wagner, Wade, L. Wurzer.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, Beardslee, Brown, W. Berry, Burns, J. Berry, E. Burke, Begley, Bernardin, Curry, Cornell, Crowds, Cuneo, Coquillard, Curtis, Crepeau, Cowie, Darst, Devine, Dugas, Dinnen, Druiding, Erhart, Franey, Flynn, Fuhrer, Fox, Frank, Fischer, Girsch, Gimbel, Goldsmith, Gainer, Herman, Herron, Hagerty, E. Hake, L. Hake, Hoban, Hunt, Jelonak, Keeffe, P. Kuntz, C. Kuntz, Klein, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Kirk, Koehler, Krug, Landers, Leach, Long, Langley, Lowery, Land, Loomis, Moorhead, J. Meagher, Moss, Mohn, Monahan, Murray, Morris, Monarch, Merz, Massey, Mulcare, L. Meagher, McNamara, McElroy, McKinney, F. McNichols, Noonan, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, J. Nughton, O'Brien, O'Malley, Padden, Plunkett, Pendleton, Page, Pulford, Quandt, P. Regan, Rasche, P. Regan, W. Ryan, A. Ryan, Reuss, Reinhard, Shipp, Shiels, Smith, Stearns, Scott, Schoenbein, Summers, Shillington, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Spillard, Szybowicz, Schaack, Stare, Saul, Schaffhauser, Sheekey, Sanford, Thams, Tescher, Tuohy, Watterson, Walsh, Wimberg, R. Weitzel, H. Weitzel, Wilson, Ward, Weadock, Welker, Webb, Lichtenwalter.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, F. Breslin, J. Bullene, I. Bergeron, W. Bullen, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressey, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. G. Davis, Buell Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, O. Ehrlich, E. Elliott, E. Ernst, T. Fetter, P. Fitzgerald, W. Finnerty, A. Flynn, E. Flynn, N. Freeman, Kune, D. Goff, H. Giffin, R. Giffin, L. Weidner, F. Welch, L. Hart, L. Hubbard, W. Hall, M. Jonquet, G. Wilde, G. Kopf, L. Kelly, R. Kasper, C. Kelly, J. Lawton, J. Mulcare, J. Morehouse, W. Maher, G. Moxley, P. Manion, E. Manion, C. Marshall, H. McMaster, R. McIntyre, L. McBride, P. McBride, J. McBride, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, W. Plunkett, A. Phillips, J. Polk, C. Paul, J. Pyle, L. Pattee, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, J. Quinlan, L. Rasche, D. Rasche, E. Swan, D. Spillard, T. Sexton, H. Sontag, L. Terhune, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, F. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, F. Weidman, G. Weidman, F. Waite, L. Weber, Weise, Reese.