

# THE NOTRE-DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## The Boat of Life.

"Sed fugit interea, fugit irreparabile tempus."

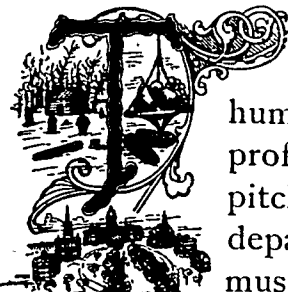
I SEE a boat, it drifts, it floats along;  
O'er ripples lightly dancing now it glides,  
The careless pilot sleeps through joy and song,  
The bark is tossed by waves and cruel tides.

Thus life is past in trifling things outworn,  
No care, no thought, till precious time has fled;  
While conscience swooned, the soul was tossed and  
torn;  
Too late the life-boat comes, the pilot's dead.

W. C. H.

## Concerning Certain Literary Things.

JOSEPH A. MARMON.

HESE closing years of the nineteenth century, when human endeavor, in all the many professions, is at its most intense pitch, when workers in every department of brain effort, with muscles strained and nerves tense, are grasping convulsively for fame, or dollars, or both, shows no busier field than that of writing. This is peculiarly the age of voluminous and haphazard literary production. We are, it is true, no longer afflicted by the wearisome nine-volume novel of Richardson's time, nor do the divinely inspired, in this year of our Lord, seek to rest their fame upon the heroic poem extending through numberless cantos, each one more diffuse than its predecessor. The rapid tendency of all things has, for years, been toward intensity. We love, think, live, move, swiftly as time advances, and in the not distant future our speed may produce, possibly, a state of

incandescence and dissolution. We are like the progressive victim of narcotics, who seeks to stir his jaded senses not so much by increasing the quantity of the drug as by advancing to the use of another more virulent.

Our literary senses demand all the substance of the past in a concentrated form. The nine-volume novel, without loss of its essence or character drawing, is now given to us in the short story of ten pages, while the interminable poem of another day is served to us as the brilliant, polished pregnant quatrain or kindred forms. But to offset the diminution in quantity of individual production, there are now many thousand more persons engaged in the profession of giving their thoughts to the world—for a consideration.

This, together with the evolution of the art of printing, has served to bring into existence a vast amount of writing, both good and bad, the extent of which precludes the possibility that any one person or even group of persons, may ever enjoy all of what is the very best in literature. The printed page surrounds us on all sides. We are preached at, prayed at, implored, commanded; in fact, written at from every conceivable point of view, each one so different from its fellows that, unless one's mind has a goodly share of strength and individuality, one is likely to be in some such condition mentally as the unfortunate gentleman who, having been rendered unconscious through the agency of a brick-bat, wanted to know, upon reviving, "where he was at."

That is it exactly: we do not know "where we are at." A hundred systems of thought, or schools of art, each one containing some good points—and alas! many more bad ones—rear their fronts at the modern reader, and in the perplexity of trying to sift their merits he

weakens for a moment, is undecided; they advance in overwhelming numbers, and lo! from that moment he is the servile slave of every wretched literary charlatan who can beg, borrow, or steal an idea which is new or startling.

The new, the strange, the novel, is the watchword of a great number of writers,—laudable enough an object, if moderation and legitimate means were used to attain it. But everywhere we see false straining after murky effects,—a tendency responsible for innumerable crimes of literary abortion. In themselves, the sensual panegyrics of some few minds would possibly serve to occupy the moments of degeneracy to which, I think, almost every nature is subject, and which, the normal brain pulse returning, would be cast aside without having deeply injected their poison. But the tendency is a fad, and the fad is a craze, and a craze is contagious—the rest is plain. I trust that this striving for a fresh sensation may be like the drunkard who, having passed through every stage of intoxication short of suicide, found himself sober one day, through an unforeseen accident, and thinking this strange condition to be a new and advanced form of dissipation, he gave himself up to it and lived forever after a sober life. So it may be with the literature of the day: in the scramble for the strange, some one will stumble upon the rational and true in art; and when he proclaims his discovery aloud the rabble will eagerly flock to the new standard until another fool, or rogue, gains the ear of the multitude.

But to return for a moment to the question of quantity. Where is this never-ceasing output bringing us? If the proportion of increased production, which has prevailed for the past hundred years, continue for a thousand years to come, it does not require the brain of a Poe to imagine life of every description on earth destroyed by the deadly avalanche of books, papers and magazines: the whole surface of the globe covered by a deadly layer of the printed word in doses, each one sufficient to kill. All is silence, desolation, stillness, save one single point where a lone creature, resembling somewhat one of the human race, is struggling desperately to overcome an object which threatens to crush him into the darkness of the black silence. The creature—who is the last man on earth—has been, like three-fourths of his fellow beings before their extinction, an author, and the object against which he despairingly exerts his last strength is no less than a "History of the Destruction of Mankind" in one folio volume.

The end is not far off, for his vital strength is used up in the struggle, and with a despairing groan he sinks back into his lonely grave. All is stillness, but the man in the moon smiles on.

In the great field of present-day literature, there is a shady and alluring walk along which the man who is of the time may stroll pleasantly to his destination, and it is called Periodic Literature; and from under its leafy shade leads a lane which may be used as a short cut, and it is called the Way of the Weeklies. From it branch numerous paths which are rougher and usually traversed with rapidity; but of these we have now no interest more than their natural connection. Now there are men who labor in this Way to make it pleasant and interesting for its devotees, and incidentally to reap some share of wealth or fame. And although their work is not of the highest, nor does it enable them to live in palaces with brown-stone stoops and liveried footmen, their skill is great and they perform their task with cheerfulness, nor do they hanker after the moon.

Dropping the simile, which, after all, is a poor make-shift, except in the hands of genius, this branch of periodic literature, the weekly, is divided into two parts—those published in New York City, and others; and it is with the former that we have to do.

The literary centre of the United States has been successively, Philadelphia, Boston and New York, which latter city now enjoys the distinction and probably will continue to hold it indefinitely: in part because of its situation geographically and still more on account of the nature and character of its population. In New York are printed each week almost innumerable publications of every description, nationality and class interest. The most important among them,—those which are of general interest, such as *Harper's*, *Life*, *Puck*, and others—belong to all sections and are known familiarly by every class of readers from Bangor to Sacramento and farther. Each paper has its special characteristic, and whether its mission be to tell the news of the week, regulate the next presidential election, or make the bilious merry, it is eminently successful, at least in the eyes of its adherents.

Widespread as is their circulation, it is doubtful if more than a few of the readers of the weeklies, attend greatly to the names of those whose brain and tissue go to make them what they are. This is an age of many noted names and those who are not giants, but merely plain persons, quietly, cheerily performing their

allotted task, and to the best of their ability adding to the gayety of nations, are apt to be overlooked in the rush to gaze at the lions' features. What is it that Poe wrote about lionizing at Fum-Fudge?—but, as Mr. Kipling says, that's another story.

The men and women who write for the weeklies are a heterogeneous class, but none the less a distinct force for that. Many, possibly the majority of them, are newspaper people, connected with the dailies; others are free-lances, owing allegiance to no tyrannical city editor, and if their work is good, their lot is by no means a hard one. Among the men whose work is purely literary and whose recognition has been won in the service of the weeklies, a few names run the gamut of the most prominent.

James L. Ford has written for many years in the pages of *Puck*, *Truth* and the more prominent dailies, and much of his work, consisting of sketches and stories, strongly satirical in nature, has been published in a few volumes characteristically titled. Of these, "The Literary Shop" is the most notable. In it he treats historically and interspersed with many interesting reminiscences, the various phases of magazine literature since the fifties. Essentially a satirist, as all natural writers must necessarily be, he occasionally mars the remarkable truth and force of his pictures by an approach to malignancy or a descent to the burlesque. Many of his papers, however, are avowedly the latter. Mr. Ford's touch is broad and human and true, and the shams of life are pitilessly arraigned by his pen, as manifested in a little story called "Bohemia Invaded" and many other charming sketches. In this connection must be mentioned Edward Townsend, who, though connected less with weekly literature, has worked in much the same strain as Ford. He is probably best known by his "Chimmie Fadden" stories, but these are not his strongest claim to recognition. Townsend has for many years been connected with the *New York Sun*, and his best work has appeared unsigned in the columns of that paper, his types being from the nether world of the great city. The suffering and sin of the city's men and women are his themes, and if their tone is not always cheerful, neither is life a continual affair of "beer and skittles," and his drawings of character are none the less humanly true.

Robert Bridges, who writes under the pen-name of Droch, confines himself mainly to criticism and comment upon literary people and things. His column in *Life* has become

famous. There were first printed those charmingly playful sketches called "Overheard in Arcady"—fanciful jugglings with the characters in well-known books, in which he voices, through the agency of these puppets, his views of the author, and that too with a very keenly humorous touch. Another volume of the same general nature, "Suppressed Chapters," has been issued. Metcalfe, the virile dramatic critic, is a collaborer with Droch on *Life* which, by the way, is the most artistic and finished of the weeklies.

Then of the poets who use the dainty exotic forms, and write society verse after the manner of Dobson, much justifiable praise may be said. They often rise in their humor to the height of true pathos and their dainty etchings, though light, are charming, especially when interpreted by the pen of one of those skilful illustrators for which our publications are noted the world over. Among these men,—such as Arthur Grissom, Tom Masson, Harry Romaine, Roy L. McCardle and R. K. Munkittrick, the name of Guy Wetmore Carryl stands forth prominently as the result of his polished verses in *Truth*. Exquisite in form and substance, these unique fancies did much to make *Truth* popular for a time, and promise much for the future of the author who is yet but a very young man.

Bliss Carmen, one of the strongest of the younger American poets, although not legitimately belonging to the group which the men already mentioned go to form, contributes verses to *Town Topics* very frequently. His is about the only name that is ever printed in that curiously mocking sheet where pen-names are the rule, not the exception. And speaking of *Town Topics* brings to mind the fact that the man, or men, who write the "Saunterer" in that paper often say some very forceful things in the cleverly insulting style which is affected.

Then there is John Kendrick Bangs,—who does not know the author of the "House-Boat on the Styx" and other innumerable and very funny stories, farces and poems, and the foremost of our purely funny writers? Bangs is a product of the Harpers, and most of his work has appeared in the *Weekly*. "Mephistopheles," a travesty on Faust and styled by the author a "profanation," is delightful. Mr. Bangs is happily (?) settled in politics now, but fortunately he has not discontinued his literary work.

*Harper's* has other well-known writers on its staff—such specialists as R. F. Zogbaum whose drawings and sketches of naval life and affairs are the works of a very excellent artist. Then

Gribayédoff is inimitable when writing of public men, and E. S. Martin, in "The Busy World," adds greatly to the paper's attractiveness

To think of *Puck* is to bring to mind that prolific genius, its late editor, Mr. H. C. Banner, whose death less than a month past, is sincerely mourned. To speak of this man's work to readers of his paper is like telling a drowning man that he is in danger, but it may not be generally known that in the early days of his editorship, he wrote almost the entire paper—jokes, sketches, editorials, everything, in fact.

A few of the more prominent of the group of writers connected with the weeklies have been named, but there are others—many others—whose names do not often appear to the public, yet whose work is a part of one of the most vital forces in public life of the day—they and the young men of the great daily newspapers.

A great brotherhood is this association of earnest men and women whom we call journalists, or, as they sometimes prefer it, newspaper people; for, leaving aside their mighty influence in moulding the nation's opinion, they are a distinct part of the city's life. In no place can be found brighter minds or more energetic, forceful natures than these same newspaper folk who, often scorning the conventionalities of life, are yet the keenest, most open-hearted and broad-souled of mortals. The philistine, the churl, the selfish one, it is true, here, as in all other ranks of life, are not absent, but they are the chaff which may be sifted; and the initiated, if he is of the right sort, finds himself in a country where law is naught but the spirit of loyalty and comradeship, and where one may sing with the joy of realization:

"Oh! I long for the glow of a kindly heart  
And the grasp of a friendly hand,  
And I'd rather live in Bohemia  
Than in any other land."

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THE NIGHT STORM.

Behind a cloud to well-earned rest,  
The sun dropped down into the west,  
And shades of twilight slowly died;  
Dark clouds appeared, the wild winds sighed,  
And pushed on high from ocean's breast  
The lurid banks to heaven's crest;  
Sharp lightning flashed, as if in quest  
Of man's weak heart, then off to hide  
Behind a cloud.

Harsh thunder's boom sounds far and wide,  
Imparting awe on every side,  
Till sky its darkness must divest,  
And thus the thirsting earth is blessed,  
The strife's surcease doth now abide  
Behind a cloud.

W. C. H.

The Journey of Damasticos.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

There lived many years ago in a little town of Greece, a certain tailor whose name I have now forgotten and whose exact address I never knew. This tailor was a very good sort of a man who would make clothes six days of the week and attend church on Sunday, and, in time he became a prominent, well-to-do citizen of his native village. Our friend, the tailor, had an only son whose name was Damasticos and who differed in many ways from his father. The sterling qualities of industry and good sense, which characterized the tailor, were, I am sorry to state, lacking in Damasticos, who was, to be candid, completely lazy and utterly devoid of intellect. The tailor had discerned his son's weakness of mind while the boy was still very young; and by the time he grew up it became evident to everyone, save his mother, that Damasticos was a fully developed idiot. At the age of twenty he was given, by unanimous vote, the position of town fool. His chief occupation was to mount on a store box or some other crude rostrum and harangue as long as anyone would listen to him. As few of his fellow-citizens had anything else to do, Damasticos usually had a large audience. His mother, who was very proud of her son, would stand by at these performances, applaud him very loudly and frequently cry out: "Neighbors, what do you think of that? Isn't my boy a second Demosthenes?"

Damasticos early familiarized himself with the history of his great prototype, Demosthenes, and when he first heard that tale about the great orator putting pebbles in his mouth and talking to the sea, he proceeded immediately to the river bank, filled his mouth full of stones and tried to talk. The result was that he swallowed a boulder or two, and was ill for a week; he never tried it again, but would say to himself: "Some orators are born, others made; I am of the first sort, while Demosthenes was probably of the latter." It was useless for the tailor to object to Damasticos' course; should he protest that his son ought to work more and talk less, his wife would turn upon him and tell him very frankly that he had not mind enough to appreciate Damasticos. She would reproach him by saying that he prevented his son from cultivating a wonderful genius; and as the tailor was a sensible man he would light his

pipe, say no more and end the dispute. The tailor often tried to imbue his son with the principles of industry and to impress upon his mind that some day he must work for himself; but Damasticos would reply in a calm way: "Take life easy, father, you'll get to the end just as soon." As this observation was certainly true and in a way rather unanswerable, the argument seldom continued. Time went on, the tailor grew old, and finally, one spring, retired from business, thus forcing the young men to trot down to Athens for their spring suits.

Before the summer had passed the poor old fellow died and left to the care of each other his wife and son. These two were, of course, very much grieved over the death of the tailor, but they found consolation, not only in each other but also in the snug little fortune which the good man left. Damasticos went his way much the same as ever for about a year after his father's demise; but the spring following that event he became restless and decided that he must go forth to see the world, and thus broaden his education. His mother was horrified at the thought of parting from her son; but Damasticos tried to cheer her by expatiating upon the many benefits to be derived from travel. He demonstrated to her that this was a preparation for his glorious career, and closed by saying that she should not be selfish. "You are right, 'Mascie,'" whined his mother, using the diminutive she often applied to him. "I should not be selfish, I who am a poor, worn-out old creature." And so it was arranged that Damasticos should have his educational journey.

The necessary preparations were speedily made, and early one spring morning he set out for Athens carrying his luggage tied to a stick over his shoulder. He had many *sestertia* in his purse, and he went forth quite gaily, despite the fact that his mother stood in the doorway, weeping copiously at his departure. It was an entirely new sensation for Damasticos to walk, as he had never before been away from his native town, not even for a stroll in the country, and everything that he saw was entirely new to him. He passed by an orchard as he journeyed on, and his interest was attracted by the sight of a man shaking apples from a young tree. "What a wonderfully good plan that man has," thought Damasticos, "of bringing to his feet things that are above his head. I shall make a note of it as it may be of use to me," and drawing forth a tablet from his hip-pocket he wrote down what he had seen.

As the afternoon progressed Damasticos had,

or thought he had, an opportunity to make use of his experience. In a tree, under which he was resting, there were lodged a great number of birds, and it occurred to Damasticos what a fine thing it would be to capture a few. So he arose, rolled up his sleeves, and proceeded to shake the tree violently; but alas! to his astonishment the birds went up instead of down. *Exceptio probat regulam!* exclaimed Damasticos consulting his dictionary, and he sank on the ground to consider the phenomenon.

It seems hardly necessary to record the details of Damasticos' trip to Athens; nothing further of note happened to him except only his experience at the "Olympic Inn" which, as all know, is situated some forty miles north of Athens. Here it was that Damasticos, unfamiliar with new inventions, was closed up in a folding-bed and slept all night with his head down and feet up. Having no brain, nothing fatal resulted; in the morning the landlord rescued him and while the poor fellow's face was quite flushed, yet he declared that he had passed a pleasant night. He reached Athens finally, and was much bewildered at the sight of such a large city. His first care was to purchase a commutation ticket at a popular lunch-counter, and then he went out to see the town.

Early in his wanderings he came to a book-stall, and his attention was drawn to a large book with a green binding, and glancing at the title he saw that it was "The Personal Memoirs of Diogenes or Life in a Tub." He purchased the book, read it, and was especially struck by the tub episode. What impressed him also was a passage in Vol. I, page 289, which said: "It is not so much to be wise as to make people believe that you are." "This is very true," thought Damasticos. "Now all I want is fame immortal, and if living in a tub will bring it to me let me forthwith purchase a tub." The result of this was that the next day Damasticos appeared in the public square seated in a large tub; he held a lighted candle in his hand, and cried aloud: "I challenge thee, O Athens, to bring me an honest man!" A large crowd gathered around him, and while, I doubt not that there were several honest men present yet none dared to stand forth in the light of Damasticos' candle, and declare himself. That evening the papers came out with large headlines all about the "second Diogenes." But best of all, a dime-museum man hunted up Damasticos at his lodgings and made him a proposition, and the next day Damasticos, tub, candle and all, were on exhibition.

Damasticos was very proud and happy over his success; he, of course, sent marked copies of the newspapers home to his mother. She showed them to the neighbors, and with a shake of her head would say: "Didn't I tell you that my boy would be famous; didn't I tell you?" And then to herself. "How I wish I could get these papers to my husband." For a week or two Damasticos drew crowds to the museum, for after all human nature has always been much the same, and the people of those days loved to be humbugged just as they do now. Before long, however, the novelty wore off, and the manager told the "second Diogenes" that at the end of the week he would be no longer needed.

"Alas"! sighed Damasticos, "I had hoped that the day had come when genius was justly appreciated, but I see that I am wrong. However, I am rather glad of this, for I was growing tired of living in a tub, and do not see how my noble preceptor, Diogenes, kept the thing up so long." The end of the week came as such things, unlike a fortune, are sure to come, and Damasticos bade good-bye to the museum and tub, and went forth once more into the world. Here again it seems unnecessary to dwell in detail on what Damasticos did. Suffice it to say that he roamed about, made friends, dropped pennies in the "slot" and enjoyed himself generally; his mother kept him supplied with money, so he had no cause to worry. After about a year of this sort of thing he determined to broaden his experience by further travel and decided to visit Rome; he made arrangements for his transportation, and then went about saying good-bye to his friends. His old employer, the museum man, as he bade him farewell said to him: "By the way, old man, when you get to Rome you might work the tub racket again. I'll give you a note to a brother manager; your fame might be kept up longer in Rome, for those westerners are so slow, you know." And so it was that, armed with a museum recommendation and bearing the good-will of many friends, Damasticos embarked for the Eternal City on the twenty-third day of June.

Here also it becomes necessary to pass over details, and I must state immediately that on the evening of the third day of the voyage the wretched little ship bearing Damasticos was struck by a fierce storm; our hero like Diogenes, had seldom placed water in his tub, and consequently the sensation of being struck by the spray as it swept over the deck was a most unpleasant one. All night long the

storm raged, and the poor ship was tossed and tumbled about; toward morning the rain fell thick and fast; the wind blew still harder, and the waves rose and deluged the deck. All hands were working hard to save the boat except Damasticos who ran up and down hindering rather than helping the sailors.

The wind had driven the ship back very near to the Archipelago south of Athens, and land was almost in sight, when the captain cried: "She's sprung a leak and is sinking fast; look to your lives, men!" The water was surging in below deck and she was settling rapidly. Those on board were not slow in quitting; they lashed themselves to broken masts and other buoyant things and jumped into the sea to swim for land. Damasticos was still on deck half wild with fear, apparently not knowing what to do. "Grab something and jump in," shouted the last sailor to leave, as he led the example by seizing a plank and plunging overboard. This plan had not occurred to Damasticos until the sailor spoke, but now he was quick to act. The anchor suspended by a small rope hung over the side of the ship; Damasticos espied it, rushed to the spot, let himself down, was soon arranged between the iron prongs, and then drawing his knife, he cut the rope. His mother, the gossips say, mourned him long as the wisest of men.

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#### On the Madness of Hamlet.

WALTER B. GOLDEN, '97.

The question of Hamlet's real or feigned madness is one on which the critics of Shakspeare have always been divided. Why this should be is hard to understand. We are the more surprised when such able and penetrating students of Shakspeare as Prof. Dowden and Mr. Hudson hold the view that Hamlet's insanity was not simulated. Hudson frames his argument under four headings—that for one to undergo what Hamlet does and still retain the rational use of his faculties were wellnigh impossible; that "it is a part of the old ghost-lore that the being talked with by a ghost finds a man mad or makes him so"; that Hamlet is thought to be insane by the other persons in the play, and, finally, that physicians, most skilled in the knowledge of this disease, have given their unanimous opinion in favor of Hamlet's real insanity.

These proofs are elaborated into what might

be considered, by those of Mr. Hudson's opinion, a strong argument. To one holding the opposite view, however, they do not seem so formidable. Why, in the first place, should Shakspeare's genius evolve probably the greatest tragedy ever written, if the central characters were to be only that of a madman? The first of Mr. Hudson's reasons is, undoubtedly, his strongest one. Hamlet surely *does* experience misfortunes enough to overthrow the soundest mind. But the fact of his having a mission to fulfil is so strongly stamped upon his soul that any other force, however powerful, is not sufficient to counteract it. The idea that he can more readily accomplish the plans of vengeance which he has conceived, by feigning madness, is naturally suggested to his mind. He knows well that one afflicted with this most pitiable of diseases receives kindness and toleration in a special manner at the hands of his fellows. He also knows that this feigning is the only safeguard which will protect him from his villainous uncle. What then can be more natural than his pretended insanity?

Mr. Hudson's last three reasons are, in my opinion, very weak. It is a noticeable fact that when Shakspeare wrote he never followed to the letter any historical or legendary material on which he based the action of his dramas. He changes characters and traditions to suit his purpose. The fact that the other persons in the play believed implicitly in Hamlet's insanity is the strongest proof that it was pretended. Certainly his imitation *was* perfect. I do not see what physicians who have been—those too busily taken up with their profession to make literature a study—should have to do in deciding such questions. It is another tribute to Shakspeare's deep insight into this disease, not a proof in favor of Hamlet's real insanity.

I think the fact that Hamlet's condition was a pretended one can be easily proved. In the first act, after Hamlet has talked with the ghost of his father, he returns to his friends in a disturbed state of mind. He tells them:—

“As I, perchance, hereafter shall think meet  
To put an antic disposition on—  
That you, at such times seeing me, never shall  
With arms encumbered thus, or this head shake,  
Or by pronouncing of some doubtful phrase,  
As ‘Well, well, we know;’ ‘or, ‘We could, an if we would.’  
Or such ambiguous giving out to note  
That you know aught of me:—this not to do,  
So grace and mercy at your most need help you.  
Swear!”

This passage is very clear and is susceptible of but one interpretation. It is a proof which needs no comment; it explains itself. There

are stronger reasons than this, however, to support the argument against Hudson. Hamlet's language in chiding his mother is clearly not that of a madman. The clinching proof, and one which is impossible to gainsay, is, that Hamlet is mad and sane at will. When he talks to the King, Queen, Polonius, or the King's creatures; Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, he is very incoherent throughout the whole play. But on no occasion is his speech with Horatio other than that of a man in his right senses. Experience has never shown this peculiarity in persons really insane. It is not the case with Lear or Ophelia or any other of Shakspeare's mad characters except Hamlet. In the second act Hamlet tells Guildenstern in rather a sarcastic manner: “I am but mad north-northwest; when the wind is southerly I know a hawk from a handsaw.”

Mr. Hudson, after bringing up many arguments *pro* and *con* to support his standpoint ends with a few words which would naturally lead one to believe that he is in doubt himself as to Hamlet's real condition. He says: “If any see fit to call this feigning, so be it; the question is not worth the wrangling.” If that is the case I cannot understand Mr. Hudson's object in trying, in a long article, to prove what is not worth the proving. In view of these facts I think it is only fair to conclude that Hamlet's condition is a feigned one. If we admit Hamlet's insanity to be real, the play at once loses half its power. For what interest can we have in studying the character of one madman rather than another?

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With Certain Roses, Yclept Marechal Niel.

THE bravest of the flower-host,  
The gayest of the knightly throng,  
*Le Marechal*, the pomp and boast  
Of *trouvere* tale and minstrel song,  
I choose to ride a parlous quest:  
For cheek of knight less true might blanch  
At legend-hazards he must dare;  
And golden casque is none too stanch,  
And golden cuirass none too fair,  
For herald pricking to the West.  
Not dragon den or robber keep,  
Fares forth *le Marechal* to storm,  
But chatelaines who never sleep,  
Must he surprise and deeds perform,  
As never were true knighthood's test.  
Because the warder-dogs of stone  
Look out so grimly on the world  
I dare not send my knight alone,—  
A dozen pennons, lo! unfurled  
A dozen lances laid in rest!

A. S. K.

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JAMES BARRY, '97;  
ELMER J. MURPHY, '97; SHERMAN STEELE, '97;

### REPORTERS.

JAMES B. BARRY,  
FRANCIS J. O'MALLEY, JOHN F. FENNESSEY,  
FRANCIS J. CONFER.

—The last of the "triples" is over, and we have a fortnight's breathing spell before the finals come down upon us. Promotions depend very largely upon the examinations of Commencement week, and it behooves every one to get ready for them. With the prospect of eleven weeks of vacation before us, it surely should not be difficult to do honest work for as many days. And Commencement seems all the jollier when you feel that you have earned the right to enjoy it.

—Some weeks before the flag-staff was wrenched from its foundation by a particularly unpatriotic gale, '96 determined to provide a service flag for daily use. Encampment week came, and Old Glory went down before the gale; and it looked as though the Class would be unable to unfurl its flag on Memorial Day, which had been selected as the most suitable for that ceremony. But it happened that a new staff was to be raised over the main building, and the fears of the graduates were set at rest. This morning, then, at ten o'clock, the military companies and the University Band will assist the Class in sending their flag up to the peak in royal style. Mr. Francis P. McManus will make the presentation address, and our Very

Reverend President will accept it on behalf of the University. A service flag has always been the pet project of the SCHOLASTIC and we rejoice to see it a reality. '96 has, we trust, inaugurated a custom which will be held sacred by the men of the coming years.

—Since last Tuesday, our stock of prophets has increased a hundredfold, and every man Jack of them thinks it his unquestioned right to abuse our team, from the Captain down. Now the Varsity is far from perfect; it has the weaknesses which are common to all young ball-players, faults which only long and faithful practice could have eliminated. We have always been handicapped in the race for baseball honors, by the fact that we have no "cage," in which the men might work into form. Without a "cage" and a professional coach, it is impossible to develop raw material into perfect fielders and batters. It is asking too much of any captain to expect him to take a score of new and untried men, and, in two month's time and without assistance, make of them a team of champions. If Notre Dame is to keep in the front rank in college athletics, we must consider the changed conditions and adapt ourselves to them. Ten years ago, no Western college attempted to touch the professional level; and we were safe in depending upon chance to develop our teams. Now they have changed all that, and if we would still be considered, we must adopt their methods, begin our training in mid-February and engage a coach for, say, the last two weeks in April, to put a finish on our work.

Last year's team was an exceptionally strong one, and it was a plucky thing for us to attempt this year to keep in our old class. Minnesota was not ashamed, in '95, to cancel all their engagements when their team disappointed them; and it was no humiliation to be beaten by a team that plays ball like the Illinois gray jackets. There is some comfort in the reflection that our "school-boys" hit Arthur almost as hard as did the veterans of Michigan's strong team, on the day before; and that the uncertain and miserable work of our fielders was largely due to the recent changing of their positions. It takes some time to sift the wheat from the chaff, when the winnowing process begins in the middle of April, and a harassed captain is responsible for everything but the business management. As a whole, the Varsity has done its best, and the conduct of individuals should not reflect on the team.



## Silhouettes and Sketches.

## V.—THE WALK TO THE STILE.

You may take anyone of the dozen paths that unroll westward from the college their shaded gravel-ribbons of grey, and it will lead you unerringly to "the Stile." Long ago the Sorins chose for their own the way that dropped gently down past the church and "the grotto" and the General's garden; and when the vandal-masons came and, disputing their right, erected the barrier-sacristy, they dived in mockery through the sashless windows and held true to their old course. But presently appeared the frost-rime and the glaziers; and Sorin sought a new thoroughfare, and found it to the west of the Community House.

The pavement comes abruptly to an end; and you have hardly time to take an impressionist note of the bold tracery of the sycamores silhouetted upon the gleaming waters of St. Mary's Lake, of the graceful spires of the Academy outlined against the low-lying purple hills beyond the river, before you plunge awkwardly downward, over scattered boulders and through yielding sand, to the ancient level of the lake. Indeed, you wonder that the romping waves battling with the willows' picket line do not fling themselves gaily over the flag-lined brim and claim again the kingdom man has stolen from them. Forty years ago, when that splendid old sycamore yonder was a hill-side weakling, all this basin was under water, and St. Vincent's was, in very truth, "the Island." Then a light foot-bridge spanned the tideless strait that lay between the College and the House of the Professed, and the walk to the Stile was a delight yet unimagined. The very road that skirts the base of "the Island" cost three weary summers of an old man's life—a gentle religious who, after his superiors had

given him surcease of labor, took up the work of his own accord, and rested not until it was finished. And you may cover the four hundred yards of it in as many minutes as the years he spent in the building!

There are many manners of walking to the stile,—the journey is so short and the scenes shift so rapidly that you may take it with your bitterest enemy—as enemies go at Notre Dame,—and yet find scant time to quarrel. A better plan is to do it with your chum, or some fellow who knows you well enough to make pretence of any sort an absurdity. If you have much to talk of, the solemn oaks and frivolous cottonwoods will stalk by like the remembered phantoms of a pleasant dream, or a splendid stage-setting—beautiful, but unheeded because

of the action of the drama. You need not waste adjectives on the venerable pile of St. Vincent's, its pale gold walls the brighter by contrast with the sombre mass of the maples and elms that encompass them. In April the pink of apple-blossoms and the snow of cherry-blossoms jealously shut in the creamy walls, and win the eye from the stately poplar-grenadiers and the silver-



THE STILE.

flecked cotton-woods that shake off great clouds of down, with fibres as delicate and wonderful as the snow-crystals of January. In August, the crimson and purple and magenta of larkspur-sprays shine out from the duller background of the Chapel of the Portiuncula, that tiny quaint church of the Great Pardon, so full of tender memories for the men who have grown old with its walls. St. Vincent's is the last of the old Notre Dame, the only pile undesecrated, not given over to the commonplace. The ancient glory of the chapel has fled, but it is all the more venerable in its seeming desolation. Just before its doors blow the first violets of the spring-time, while the hepaticas are still debating whether it is safe to unfurl their modest banners of blue.

But now the road creeps up through the

*Bro. Simon*

wood about the Seminary. The trees are all slender oaks, with here and there a giant, spared by the ax to grow old and ill at ease, like a Sorin abandoned to the mercy of a crowd of Minims. Over there, on your right, where that cross gleams from the shadows, is Calvary, once a shrine of favorite resort. The May-times of the sixties were notable; for then we were fonder of the open, and the evening devotions were seldom confined to the church. The three departments would troop down to the chapel of the Portiuncula, or sweep past the Infirmary and so round the lake to the Novitiate, where the services ordained for the day were carried out in simple, fervent style. But it was oftenest to Calvary, the graybeards tell you, and then fall silent for thinking of the Golden Age.

There are paths innumerable rambling and turning amid the trees, some of them still carpeted with the dead twigs and rustling leaves of last autumn, others wholly given up to fallen branches and the invading host of blue-grass spears. The anemones have put away their finery for another Easter-tide; and the amethyst cluster of the spiderwort is the only challenger of the errant wild-rose. As you draw to the edge of the oak-belt, on your left lies God's acre, with its needless paling. The men who lie here are brothers even in death. There are no lonely graves; these soldiers of the cross lie shoulder to shoulder, as comrades should, with naught above them but the symbol of their faith—the standard they bore in battle. Seven score of crosses, perhaps, and every one means a life freely given for Christ and Our Lady!

This is the last turning, and now the way lies down an avenue of maples, pushing boldly across a fallow desert of red-brown weeds. A thousand lights play over the coppery surface, vibrant to the touch of the west wind. Off to the south, beyond the dull silver streak of the lake and the red blur of an abandoned dredge, the wheat-stalks rise and fall like the lances of a mighty company of galloping knights. And before you the picturesque lines of the Stile grow clearer—the rough boards and rougher carpentry, the rickety gate and the wind-tormented hedge-tree guarding it. An alien fancy might go far afield, seeking to define the charm of the place. It needs your Notre Dame man to explain it; and he may only smile mockingly, when you ask him, and hum a bar or two of a song you know:

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw  
I dearly like the West."

D. V. C.

### An Honorable Defeat—and Another.

NOTRE DAME, 6—WISCONSIN, 9.

The score was against us, but the visitors left the field dazed and wondering how it happened. The Varsity played with a snap and vim that was a joy to all, and the story would have been different if our usual luck had not been with the team. Individually the boys played great ball. Browne and Hindel batted superbly, and Daly's aldermanic steals simply took the breath out of the "fans." It was understood that Campbell knew some baseball, but his playing in Friday's game was one of the many rib-tickling surprises sprung on the crowd. Hesse at first and Daly at second played like old-timers, and the chronics forgot the teams "that used to be" when Browne and Hindel got in their field work. Little Willie O'Brien was there getting, of course, a hit and a few stolen bases. Last, but not least, comes our plucky little pitcher. The way he sent the horse-hide across the plate was a caution. The fact that the visitors got but five scattered hits is the best evidence of his effective work; and that grand stand stop in the ninth—it split his finger, but he is too full of enthusiasm to mind a little thing like that.

Wisconsin put up a splendid game. Torrison, George, Runkle, and Spooner doing the hitting. Their infield work was clean, and their wary base running was undoubtedly due to our own team's quick work. Hayden pitched a great game, always having the ball under control except when Browne and Hindel took matters out of his hands and sent the ball hedgewards. Taken all in all, the game was by far the best of the season. Clean playing and absence of kicking were very noticeable throughout. Umpire Cross gave excellent satisfaction until the last inning, when he grew excited and made a couple of erratic decisions.

The game opened with the visitors at the stick. Gregg fanned furiously at the first ball and then waited for a walk. Karel dropped out in a foul fly, but Torrison pushed a blistering liner to Daly who fumbled, missing a chance for an easy double play. Both scored on Runkle's safe hit. George and Runkle fell victims to swift base play. Browne was the first up in the Varsity's half, and pushed a two base hit off toward the bicycle track. He got around to third, but was put out trying to get home on Daly's grounder. This was the only

chance for a run as Hindel dropped out on a sky scraper and Hesse fanned, leaving Daly on second. In the second, both sides had three men out, all but one retiring on easy infield hits, but in the third there were fireworks. For the Cardinal, Hayden took a walk and Gregg followed suit; Karel pushed a little one over to Hesse, sending Hayden up a notch, but getting Gregg caught at second. Torrison dropped a safe hit behind second base and scored on George's long fly. Runkle got his base on a slow infield hit, and Falk's sacrifice sent Torrison home. Runkle sent his men to the pasture, by permitting Gibson and Hindel to catch him napping.

Wilson was up for Notre Dame. He suffered from stage fright, but managed to find the ball for a fly, getting to second on a stolen base. Browne was next, taking four balls. Hindel came up smiling, and before anyone knew what was up the centre fielder was chasing the ball towards the south hedge. It was a pretty hit, netting the Varsity two runs and "Billy" three bases. Hindel scored on Campbell's sacrifice. Daly took a walk, and made a record for himself by stealing second and third, finally stealing home with the ball not ten feet from the plate. It was reckless in the extreme, and stopped the circulation of many of the "rooters." Hesse and Gibson retired the side by fanning.

Gibson settled down to steady work and was given fine support until the eighth when a base on balls, an error and three nicely bunched hits sent three of the visitors across the rubber. Notre Dame failed to score until the seventh, when Browne swiped a triple that raised local baseball stock away up. Hindel flew out to Dorschell, but Browne scored before the ball could get to the plate. In the eighth O'Brien got a safe hit, but could not score. When the ninth opened, the score was 9 to 5 and enthusiasm was at its highest. The customary ninth inning concert was well started before Hayden came up to bat. Hayden took a seat on an easy grounder to Hesse; Gregg drove a liner about three feet above Gibson's head. Gibbie was not napping, though, and he was thrown out at first. Karel and Torrison got to base on four balls and an error, but failed to score as George flew out to O'Brien.

The Varsity came up beaming. Sauter batted for Wilson, landing a safe hit back of first base. Karel started for the road when Browne came to bat and captured a long fly. Sauter grabbed second and scored on Hindel's hit. Hindel tried his best to get the plate on Campbell's

hit, and, to all appearances, succeeded, but the umpire would not have it that way, leaving the field because the crowd geyed him. He was coaxed back, however, and stayed until Campbell was caught at third, ending the game. With three hits in one inning, it was really too bad that we could not get more runs. The boys were too daring, having hooks out for everything in sight. The steals of Hindel and Campbell were reckless beyond all reason, and at any other time would have been inexcusable.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browne, 3d b.	2	3	0	3	3	1
Hindel, s. s.	1	2	0	0	2	0
Campbell, c.	0	1	1	6	1	0
Daly (Cap't), 2d b.	1	0	0	3	3	1
Hesse, l. b.	0	0	0	12	4	2
Monahan, r. f.	0	0	0	0	0	0
O'Brien, l. f.	0	1	0	1	0	1
Gibson, p.	0	0	0	1	2	2
Wilson, c. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Sauter,*	1	1	0	0	0	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>6</b>	<b>8</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>*26</b>	<b>15</b>	<b>7</b>
WISCONSIN	R.	H.	S.H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Gregg, s. s.	1	0	0	1	2	0
Karel, l. f.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Torrison, c.	3	1	0	10	3	2
George, 2d b.	2	1	0	1	3	2
Runkle (Cap't), 3d b.	0	1	0	2	1	0
Falk, l. b.	1	0	1	11	3	0
Spooner, c. f.	0	1	0	1	0	0
Dorschell, r. f.	0	1	0	1	1	1
Hayden, p.	1	0	0	0	1	0
<b>Totals</b>	<b>9</b>	<b>5</b>	<b>1</b>	<b>27</b>	<b>14</b>	<b>5</b>

\* batted for Wilson one inning. Dorschell hit by batted ball.

SUMMARY.—Earned Runs, Notre Dame, 3; Wisconsin, 3. 2 Base hit, Browne; 3 base hit, Browne, Hindel. Stolen Bases, Daly, 5; Hindel, Campbell, Hesse, Monahan, O'Brien, 2; Sauter, Karel, 2. Bases on Balls, off Gibson, 5; off Hayden, 6. Struck out by Gibson, 3; by Hayden, 7. Passed Balls, Campbell, Torrison, 2. Time, 2 hours. Umpire, Cross.

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ILLINOIS, 22—NOTRE DAME, 7.

After the second inning, last Tuesday's game was the massacre of the Innocents all over again, with Champaign playing a star engagement as Herod's executioners. The Varsity lost its grip in the first of the third, and after that the final result was never in doubt. The bad form shown by our men was a dreadful revelation to the men on the bleachers, who were confidently expecting a close and exciting game. Campbell's injury in the second was the greatest of misfortunes, for it brought Browne in from third and upset the whole infield, and gave Illinois an easy victory. Gibson was in splendid form, for all his mangled finger, and pitched a smart and speedy game. His support was practically a minus quantity, for the infield was full of great gaps, and the men in the pasture were slow and uncertain in their pursuit of fly-balls.

Until his retirement Campbell's playing was a delight, his harvest of Fulton's sky-piercer bringing a roar of approval from the men behind the ropes. Browne played a quick and steady game, throwing to bases in beautiful style; Rauch made a clever stop of Sconce's scorching grounder in the eighth, and Hesse captured an occasional "pop-up."

Illinois played ball from the start. It was no "off" day with the men in gray flannels. Arthur, who held Michigan down to two runs in four innings in Monday's game was effective until the eighth, when our belated run-getting began. Champaign's double line was impenetrable, and every hit we made was a clean one. Haskell's work at short was simply spectacular.

There was a professional tinge to the first two innings. Gibson was unsteady, and three men joined Hesse without having to sprint. Sharp infield work, however, kept them from doing more than half the circuit of the bases. Champaign's work was flawless, and the Varsity was content with two flies and a fan. In the second, ragged fielding gave Sconce and Hadsall a chance to steal bases; but Gibson let out a link, and two strike-outs, and a high foul sent Champaign to the open. Arthur's delivery was still a puzzle to our boys, and only Monahan, the third up, touched the horse-hide for an easy fly to Fulton.

Then began the butchery. Hindel fumbled Carnahan's grounder; Gibson did some target-practice on Haskell's ribs, and Browne muffed Gibson's throw from Frees' hit, filling the bases. Butler punched a safe one to right, scoring the three and making second. He crossed the rubber on the ball which disabled Campbell. Sconce, Hadsall and Kingman studied Gibson to no purpose, and the Varsity took off its mitts. Carnahan was under Gibson's fly; Haskell made a pretty stop of O'Brien's grounder; Wilson hit safely to right and stole second; Browne's punch to Kingman was an easy out.

Slow play gave Champaign another quartette of runs in the fourth. Hindel had four chances, accepted three and put one runner out. Browne caught the other two men at second. Arthur and his backstop did all the work in Notre Dame's half, Hindel, Rauch and Daly striking.

"The lucky fifth" was the bright spot midway. Kingman and Arthur were satisfied with a bowing acquaintance with the ball, and Rauch threw Fulton out at first. Monahan's eye was good, and he stole second and third, while Hesse was vainly trying to make connections

with Arthur's delivery. An inshoot on the forearm gave Gibson first and he cantered down to second without delay. O'Brien hit a warm one to right, scoring Monahan, but was caught asleep on first and sat down. Wilson flew out to Hadsall. Illinois added five in the sixth on errors and scratch hits, Gibson striking two men out and Daly catching a fly. In the second half, Browne rolled one to Kingman; Hindel was hit by a pitched ball, but was caught at second; Rauch dropped one behind short and was left at second when Daly fanned.

On a combination of errors by Wilson and Hindel, a hit by Butler and a triple by Hadsall, Illinois tacked three to her already long score, while Notre Dame was blanked again, two fans and a fly finishing the inning. The eighth was a repetition of the sixth. Fulton, Carnahan, Haskell, Frees and Butler, scoring on hits and errors. The rooters had their opportunity in the last half. Wilson's bat was defective, but Browne made first on a limp. Arthur gave Hindel and Rauch their bases; Daly hit past third, scoring Browne and Hindel, and retiring on Monahan's roller to Haskell. Hesse got first as a present, and Gibson hit safely to left, scoring Monahan. O'Brien failed to hit it, and the rooters stopped to take breath.

In the ninth Arthur fanned; Fulton was run down by Daly after getting first on a sore rib, and second on a steal, and Carnahan fouled out to Hesse. Of course, the game was long since hopelessly gone, but the last chance was not lost by our boys. Wilson dropped one behind short, stole second, took third on Browne's hit past Kingman and scored on Hindel's hit to right, which also sent Browne over the rubber. Hindel was caught at second; Rauch poked the wind and Daly ended the game with a long fly to Hadsall. Tuesday was clearly an "off" day for the Gold and Blue. There were errors on all sides, reckless base-running and wild attempts to send the ball to the hedge,—any one of which would have lost us the game. The combination of the three all but disgraced us.

## THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Browne, 3d b. and c.	2	1	9	4	2
Hindel, s.s. and 3d b.	1	1	2	1	4
Campbell, c.	0	0	4	0	1
Daly, 2d b.	0	1	4	0	3
Monahan, r. f.	2	0	0	0	2
Hesse, l. b.	0	0	8	2	2
Gibson, p.	0	1	0	1	0
O'Brien, l. f.	0	0	0	0	0
Wilson, c. f.	1	2	0	0	2
Rauch, s.s.	1	1	0	2	1
<i>Totals</i>	7	7	27	10	17

ILLINOIS	R.	H.	P.O.	A.	E.
Fulton, 2d b.	1	0	2	0	0
Carnahan, c. f.	4	0	2	1	0
Haskell, s.s.	4	3	2	1	0
Frees, l. f.	5	1	1	0	1
Butler, c.	5	2	11	3	0
Sconce, 3d b.	1	2	0	0	0
Hadsall, r. f.	1	1	2	1	0
Kingman, 1st b.	0	0	7	2	0
Arthur, p.	1	0	0	0	0
<i>Totals</i>	22	10	27	8	1

SUMMARY—Earned Runs, Notre Dame, 2; Illinois, 5. 3 Base Hit, Hadsall, 2 Base hit, Gibson, Frees. Struck out by Gibson, 11; by Arthur, 13. Bases on Balls, off Gibson, 6; of Arthur, 4. Stolen Bases, Notre Dame, 6. Illinois, 5. Passed Balls, Campbell. Brown, 2; Butler, 2; Hit by Pitcher, Gibson, Hindel, Hesse, Browne, Haskell, 2. Umpire, Cross.

Exchanges.

We read with great pleasure that capital little sketch, "A Summer Campaign," in the *Round Table*. The disappointment and despondency that blight the courage of the hopeful book-agent and the ridiculous predicaments into which he may sometimes be thrown are depicted with great felicity, while the conclusion is more effective than many a sermon.

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The *Wabash* deals with the three great types of evil in literature—Milton's Satan, Goethe's Mephistopheles, and Shakspeare's Iago—but says nothing noteworthy except that Iago is the greatest creation and excites the greatest interest inasmuch as he is the only one of the trio that is human. It is the human fiend revealing the audacity and cunning of the supernatural fiend that attracts more of our interest and shows the mind of the greatest master.

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As the *Sibyl* is issued but once in two months, it is not unreasonable to expect it to render a better account of its time and opportunities than it does. Four or five articles, no one of which is much above the average college attempt, seem to have exhausted the productiveness of its contributors. Bearing as it does the usual form of the magazine, the *Sibyl* greatly disappoints the reader; a little more zeal and activity would make it more like the magazine in substance, and cause it to be a source of satisfaction to those who opened it. Photographs of the musical societies decorate the present number, and lead us to think that the students take greater pleasure in picking mandolins than they do in writing.

"Kinveth's Work" is a short story agreeable as to the wording of it, and written with a

desire to show that a few good words casually heard by a man may have power to make him, even against his will and at great sacrifice to himself, refrain from doing evil. Though we do not believe that a man of Kinveth's sort would act as he is pictured to act, we approve of the spirit of hopefulness for humanity that is prominent in the story. "With Poker and Tongs" is an interesting story which would have been improved by inserting the poker and tongs and by uniting a little more carefulness in thought and expression. The heroine flirts with some kinds of men, and "perhaps the secret of it was that she cared *just a little* for every man whom she took the *trouble* to talk to, yet not enough to bias her *common-sense* view of matters." However, this does not mean anything, as she marries a man before the end of the story.

Personals.

—Mr. A. J. Kasper and Mr. P. J. Kasper, of Chicago, spent Sunday with their sons of Carroll Hall.

—The Rev. Fathers Bleckmann and Jern, of Michigan City, Ind., were among last week's most welcome visitors.

—Rev. Father Thièle, of Aurora, Ill., spent last Wednesday with his brother John, and numerous friends at the University.

—Mr. Frank, of Chicago, accompanied by his brother, Dr. Frank, of the same city, visited his son of Carroll Hall during the week.

—Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Regan, of San Francisco, spent Sunday at the University. They have been making an extended tour through the Eastern States, and came on to visit their three sons, Alfred, of Brownson, and Paul and Edgar, of Carroll Hall.

—John Atkinson, of St. Edward's Hall, enjoyed a most delightful visit from his mother and sister last Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. and Miss Atkinson during their brief stay made many friends who trust that they will soon favor us with another and longer visit.

—Among the graduates of the University Law Department, who have attained success in their chosen profession, are Mr. T. F. Griffin (LL. B., '88) and Mr. T. T. Ansberry (LL. B., '93). Mr. Griffin has been honored by the citizens of Woodbury County, Iowa, who have made him their County Attorney, while Mr. Ansberry has been the Prosecuting Attorney for Defiance County, Ohio, during the past few years. Both gentlemen are learned in their profession and are well worthy of the honors they have received. We congratulate them on their present and past success, and wish them still greater prosperity in the future.

## Local Items.

—The Triples are over.

—Too much Champaign!

—Did you subscribe for a copy of "the Gold and Blue"?

—"Watch me soak that hand-ball!" said Golden, as he knocked it into a pool of water; but his long-suffering partner merely heaved a sigh.

—"I say, Vic, can you lend me ten?" queried Forbing, as he came out of the lab. "No—what do you want it for?" "Oh! just trying a new sort of X raise." "Um!"

—The Brownsonites are anxious to hear from Sorin Hall in regard to the boat-race. Of course, the Sorins have no time to train now—but they had when the challenge was issued.

—Thanks to Captain Daly, the Lacrosse Club have been granted the use of the Varsity grounds and baseball suits for to-morrow afternoon when their initial practice match will take place.

—Several interesting games of Hilarion cricket were played in the yard Thursday morning. The game is a good one, and under the patronage of the genial inventor promises to become a popular branch of sport at Notre Dame.

—The bleachers seem destined to have an ephemeral existence. Each game leaves them in a more dilapidated condition, and it is a question whether they will last the season out. Did it ever occur to the vandals that those modest bleachers might be of use next year?

—"I was never so struck by a scene in all my life," remarked McCarrick, as he washed the rouge from his lips. "Tell us about it," said the Easy Man. "Why, it got loose from the flies and dropped on my head!" And George was gone before the E. M. could ask what kind of flies they were.

—The Brownson wheelmen took a ten-mile spin up the country last Sunday, returning to Hayney's in time for supper. The boys report a good time, and tender a vote of thanks to Willie Fehr for the unique and practical way in which he illustrated his story of Bart Monahan's fall from a wheel.

—There is a rumor afloat in the yard that our little California full-back will spend the coming vacation in the East. We shall not be surprised to hear of his bringing the summer girl to his feet, or making New York delirious with a practical demonstration of life as it is in the West. Well, Al, whatever you do, don't forget that you've a reputation to sustain.

—We presume the poetic editors are already writing their elegant editorials on the month of June. No doubt Lowell's old worn-out gag will be quoted again, and every newspaper in the

land will ask in chorus, "What is so rare as a day in June." The answers may be many,—each prompted by the condition of its author. We submit ours: "A new quotation to match the season."

—Now that the Lawyers have discontinued their debates, one has only to walk around the Brownson Campus and hear the pugnacious gentleman from Illinois declaiming the benefits of arbitration, while his tall opponent from Montana mildly but stoutly maintains the necessity of war. Brucker can tell you all about the marriage question, and Walsh is anxious to explain his scheme for transporting the Esquimaux to Cuba.

—The Terriers gave another defeat to the St. Josephs on the latter's grounds last Sunday. The game was close and exciting and one of the best played here this season. With the score standing 5 to 3 in the ninth inning, it looked like a victory for St. Josephs, but two bases on balls and timely hits by McGuire and Geoghegan netted the Terriers three runs and the game, the St. Josephs being unable to find Chase in their half of the inning. Score, Terriers, 6; St. Josephs, 5.

—In the afternoon the Terriers went up against their old-time enemies, the Junior Specials, and defeated them in a rather loose game, the final score being 18 to 10. Notwithstanding his hard work in the morning, Chase proved wellnigh invincible, and few runs were made while he was in the box. The fielding of McGuire and Geoghegan, Duperier's batting and an almost impossible stop by McNichols were the features.

The military companies were on dress parade Thursday and presented an attractive and soldierly appearance. After the drill was over Colonel Hoynes spoke a few words of advice to the officers, and complimented them on the high state of efficiency to which they have brought their commands. The annual competitive prize drills were finished last week. The gold medals were won by Stephen J. Schultz of Company A, Joseph Tuohy of Company B, and Master Miles Flynn of Company C.

—The reorganized Terriers crossed bats with the Anti-Specials on Thursday morning in a game replete with brilliant plays and exciting situations. Chase for the Terriers pitched a phenomenal game, striking out eighteen men and allowing his opponents only five hits. Monahan pitched his usual good game and had eleven strike-outs to his credit, while the excellent support accorded him prevented many a run by the elusive Terriers. With the score at 8 to 8 and two men out, the game was called in the Terriers' half of the ninth inning.

—Professor Preston treated the members of the Band and Orchestra to a May party on Thursday, and right royally did the musicians enjoy themselves. Two games of baseball

between the "Terribles" and the Horribles" helped to arouse their appetites, and all did justice to the culinary productions of those famous cooks, Finnerty, Lantry and Bro. William. In the course of their rambles the boys ran across a country school house, which they proceeded to decorate after their own fashion. Forbing wrote some original Latin verse on the blackboard; Cornell carved his initials on the windows with his diamond shirt-stud, and Wheeler executed a double shuffle on the teacher's desk. After they had extricated Rosey from a small boy's seat, into which he had fallen, the jolly company started homeward, everybody voting the party a grand success.

—Boru was engaged in cleaving, "with pliant arm," the glassy wave of St. Joseph's. Floating, "treading" the water, chest and back movements, diving, swimming under the surface, splashing, shouting, spluttering,—all these were part of the exhibition. The crowd on the pier admired, and the moments flew until at last it began to pour, and Boru did not happen to have rented a locker on the bank. He wasn't afraid of getting wet himself. For that matter he could stand it all day, but up there under a tree were scattered in careless confusion a few articles of apparel of Southern manufacture. His shoes, when worn, were waterproof, but now they invited the biggest drops from the clouds. Boru dashed up the incline, doffed his bathing suit and donned his heaven-anointed clothes in a jiffy. He walked home in the rain, and to those crouching in the doorway of the boat-house ventured the assertion that he "reckoned it was time to dress for supper." Brother "Gus" has a force of men working on a suit of clothes ever since. They will be ready by the 17th of June.

—Our office has a new "devil." He was never in the business before, and he came to us with great awe, for he was told that writers for "them papers" knew everything within the ken of mortal man. The wealth of our library stunned him. "Hullygee!" he was heard to say "de fellers wot wrote dem tings must a stayed up all night." The precise man on our staff undertook the "enlightenment of this young barbarian," but his efforts failed at the first attempt. "Wot you tink I am?" the "kid" scornfully asked when his reformer handed him a primer. "Dat one year-old! Dis is de ice-wagon I'm gamblin' on; "and he sat on 'our "International." He has been wrestling with Webster's polysyllables ever since, and his attempts to make use of "dem bloke's long-handers" usually results as follows: One day he was sent by the Chief to the Local Ed. to ask him if a clipping was not to go in brevier type. "Ink-on-his-Face" put the question thus: "Say, de Whole Push wants ter know wedder dis is to be shoved inter de breviary or not?" And again when he was sent to us to know if a note intended for the locals might not go in

as an editorial, he gave a hitch to his trousers, shut one eye and asked: "Is dis to go in as criminal or not?"

—Despite the threatening clouds on Thursday morning, every member of the Band and Orchestra shouldered his rain-coat or umbrella determined to see that picnic. After a very pleasant march in "C flat" the party arrived at a little school-house where Professor Preston wisely suggested that they take a rest while the shower played a few bars. Bro. William favored the motion and soon the sun shone once more, and the band played—ball. Kegler and Rauch picked teams, and the diamond was laid on the southwest quarter of the northwest half of section 25, range 45, town 125. Through a new method of umpiring by Prof. Preston, the score was kept down to 6 to 5 in favor of Rauch's team. The magnificent work of Kegler and Forbing in the box and Rosenthal at first surprised the herd of cattle and horse in the bleachers. The game was stopped on account of dinner, Wheeler being left at bat and Davila in the hole. The banquet surpassed all previous spreads of the scholastic year, and after it was over all joined in returning thanks to the Rev. President, Prof. Preston, Bro. William and the culinary department. In the afternoon Barton and Marmon appeared on the diamond with two picked teams. McPhee was chosen as umpire, but he allowed the score to run as high as 22, despite the efforts of the ex-umpire who was now relegated to the position of scorer. It was emphatically decided, after the tenth inning, that the band members could do more than give concerts.

The following is clipped from the *Catholic Columbian*:

Hangin' in the club-room of the St. Cecilian Society at Notre Dame is a little photograph, narrowly framed and generally insignificant in appearance. Nevertheless it is worth more than passing notice and has an extremely interesting history. The picture shows the great Napoleon immediately after he had breathed his last, and is probably the most faithful likeness of the Emperor in existence. The dead man, white and worn from illness, is supported in a half sitting posture, just as he was when death called him. The gown open at the throat, and the brooding face with closed eyes is calm, even happy, as if the great hero of many battles on field and in closet was glad to say farewell to the scene of his checkered career. On a chair by the bedside is a uniform, while one of the dead man's hands rests gently on the hilt of his sword. This latter point may or may not be an embellishment of the gentleman who made the original sketch. At any rate, the picture is a rarely beautiful one, and there can be little question as to its authenticity. The following is its history:

The sketch was made immediately after the death of Napoleon by the attendant physician, and presented by him to a family who idolized the dead Emperor. They had a painting made from it by one of the best artists of the day, and they held, and still do hold, it among their most valuable possessions, refusing through years every request to copy or exhibit. However, after the Franco-German war a fair was held for the benefit of the sufferers in Alsace and Lorraine, and the picture was loaned for the exhibition. Its exquisite beauty excited such enthusiasm that a photographer stole into the hall where it was hung and made a copy secretly, selling many of the cartes before the fact came to the knowledge of the owners. An injunction was laid on the negative at

once, and the copies still in possession of the photographer were seized and destroyed. One of the cartes had previously been purchased by an American tourist, and from it this copy was made and presented to Rev. Father Hudson, C. S. C., the Editor of the *Ave Maria* with the request that it should never be reproduced.

—Professor Edwards, who had charge of the Notre Dame Exhibit, which attracted so much attention at the World's Fair, has just received two medals of award and their accompanying certificates from the Treasury Department at Washington. The medals are enclosed in aluminum cases lined with velvet. They are of bronze and very massive. On the face is the figure of Columbus, looking intently across the sea. The dates 1492 and 1892 in Roman figures, and the words, "The World's Columbian Exposition" are engraved upon it. On the obverse side of the medals are set forth their object and the name of the recipient. One of the medals is awarded to the University of Notre Dame for the drawing of the University grounds, made by the Engineering class of '93, and for specimens of the work done in classics, science, engineering, etc. The other medal is awarded to the Bishops' Memorial Hall for the collection of portraits of prelates, church relics, numerous books and manuscripts dating back to 1470. The certificates of award may bear description. Each certificate is a large sheet of parchment paper, 36 x 26. There is a wide margin, and around the words, which state the fact of the award, appear very beautiful engravings. Near the top is a magnificent arch, whose keystone is adorned with the coat of arms of the United States. In the semicircle bounded by this arch is a picture of the beautiful White City, as seen from Lake Michigan, with the ever-memorable dome of the Administration Building in strong relief in the centre. In the foreground, where the sweep of the arch begins, is the figure of Peace, resting her right arm on the shoulder of a reclining buffalo, while the left is stretched out over the World's Fair toward which she looks. At the base of the arch on the right are figures representing the three races in American history—the Indian with his arrow, the Caucasian with his book and hammer, symbolizing culture and industry, and the Negro, with a cotton-plant, glancing eagerly at the open book of the white man. At the foot is a boat, on whose side appear the coats-of-arms of Spain, Italy, Great Britain, Germany, France, Russia and the Netherlands. The boat is rowed by figures representing the four principal families of the human race, while Columbus appears holding a sphere surmounted by a cross in his right hand, and with his left handling the rudder. Between this vessel and the "White City" appears a herald, bearing a wreath of bays in her right hand and a trumpet in her left. The diplomas and medals are beautifully printed and engraved, and those who visited our exhibit during the World's Fair know that the awards are well deserved.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Brennan, Burns, Bryan, Costello, Eyanson, Mulberger, J. Murphy, Mott, McManus, McNamara, Magruder, Marr, McDonough, Palmer, Pulskamp, W. Weaver,

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Armijo, Atherton, Byrne, J. H. Browne, Brinker, R. Browne, J. W. Browne, Blanchard, Berthelet, Brucker, Crilly, John Corby, Carney, Confer, B. Daly, Delaney, M. Daly, Dowd, Dukette, Eyanson, Forbing, Foulks, Fitzpatrick, Flanigan, Fox, Goeke, Gibson, Gilmartin, Golden, Galen, Hay, Healy, Hoban, G. Hanhauser, A. Hanhauser, Haley, Heirholzer, Hennebry, Hindel, Hengen, Hinde, Johnson, E. Kelly, J. Kelley, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kearney, Lindau, Mingey, Mattingly, Medly, Murphy, R. Monahan, Meyers, McGinnis, McCarty, McCarrick, McPhee, McKenzie, McCormack, Menig, Niezer, Naughton, O'Malley, Pietrzykowski, Piquette, Pulskamp, Phelps, Paras, T. Ryan, Regan, Rauch, J. Ryan, Sammon Smith, Schermerhorn, S. Spalding, R. Spalding, Sheehan, Scott, Schultz, Stuhlfauth, Smoger, Shillington, Tracy, Thiele, Thacker, H. Wurzer, Walsh, Wheeler, Ward, Wagner, L. Wurzer, Steiner.

#### CARROLL HALL.

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

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

A. Allyn, L. Abrahams, J. Atkinson, C. Bode, F. Bode, A. Bosworth, Francis Breslin, L. Weber, I. Bergeron, Resee, F. Brissenden, N. Brissenden, W. Blanchfield, F. Cottin, C. Campbell, P. Cotter, R. Catchpole, J. Coquillard, C. Cressy, J. Caruthers, F. Caruthers, K. Casparis, J. Cunnea, R. G. Davis, Buell Davis, A. Davidson, G. Dugas, R. Dowling, Weise, 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.

