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Eventide.

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97.

ARROWS of light from sunset fires
Shoot o'er the evening sea,
Glancing ablaze from the sea-gull's wing,
Silvering the foam where breakers ring
On the beach-sand steadily.

Three bars of gold at the water's edge
Melt into brown and grey,
In the changing blue above the deep
The struggling stars to vision leap
And end a summer day.

Some Flowers and Spiders.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

YESTERDAY I went down to Saint Joseph's Lake to see what changes August had wrought in the million things along the water-brink. Now the apple-orchard behind the boat-house has a deep undergrowth of ragweed, and the trees are weary holding sunward the mellow fruitage. The ground is strewn with apples so closely that one can scarcely avoid treading upon the fragrant wind-falls. It is pitiful that those sweet spheres should be undergoing mere saprophytic disintegration when they might be obliterating the interstices between Minim and waistband.

Along the Novitiate bank the flush of June's wildrose is now overpast, and only the scarlet seed-hulls remain. The pathways are covered with acorns, and the young poplars are brave as Robin Hood in woodland suits of green and silver. A red squirrel, that I startled while

he was carrying home a nut, stopped suddenly and swore in a scandalous manner—and this right near the Novitiate where some novice might have heard and been shocked.

In July the cool green shadows by the lake were lighted by an occasional orange gleam from the wing of an oriole, but yesterday was birdless. The goldenrod was murmurous with innumerable bees that had come down from the Novitiate apiary to gather their winter stores. Brother John's "Franciscans" and "Capuchins" in their brown habits were there, working peacefully with yellow-belted wasps and great booming humble-bees. In one spot the slant sun struck down among the oaks and turned a cluster of cone-flowers into lit tapers. Through the beams of light the faint air-stream setting southward held afloat a thousand long pennants of tremulous gossamer-web, and this stream was thriddled by the glinting diaphonous wings of countless midges.

Flights of minnows shot under clusters of lily-pads which rode at anchor at the western end of the lake. The "white squadron" of the lilies had sailed away to the port of yesteryear. There I came upon a beautiful bit of decorative work. A mighty green and yellow spider, one of those fellows that shakes his web when you frighten him, had drawn two tall spears of purple grass over in a graceful curve towards a single stalk of goldenrod, and the sunlit net was exquisitely perfect. Just as I came before the spider-lace a foolish grasshopper jumped into it, and straightway the proprietor had wrapped this treasure-trove in folds of white gauze. The spider bit the struggling prisoner, and moved aside to avoid all kicks emitted *in articulo mortis*.

The orange milkweed blossoms were replaced by wine-colored pods, and from some of these which had burst hung tassels of glossy white

silk. There are many brown butterflies down there whose vans are pricked out with metallic silver, and they like to drift and tack about when a breeze is driving the green lake-ripples in tiny batallions upon the long curves of froth at the shingle-edge. They lift and fall in the flowing air and sink upon a blossom, where they heel over like the sails of a fairy shallop when the wind touches them. The orange milkweed blossom is a delight for them, but now they have transferred their love to violet iron-weed and to goldenrod and the quaint, tall thistle. At the western end of St. Mary's Lake live the red butterflies with black trimmings. An old path there, like Guido da Montefeltro, promises much and does nothing. It lures you to—a halt. In that place, where no man but myself wanders, those red butterflies are so tame I have repeatedly stroked their wings with my finger.

The pale purple asters have set fair crownels upon their own heads. These are the most mournful flowers of all the year. Their garments are dishevelled, and their wan beauty is that of faces wet by frequent tears. They watch beside the complaining waters while the departing birds under sun and moon bear southward all their singing; they huddle close to one another in the misty dawn when the frost creeps stealthily as a ghost and lights the summer leaves to gold and crimson death. That is cause enough for sadness.

But yet a few days and Autumn herself will wander over the fields, her bronze hair wreathed with rue and rosemary, her trailing raiment rustling through the sheaves of withered maize. She will pass silently through the thin grey haze that clings along the russet meadows, or stand all heedless of the lapsing hours, a dreamer of dreams that cannot be fulfilled.

Go out now where the sere leaves fall and lay up a store of beauty in your memory against the days when fields are white and no bird sings. True, other autumns will come, and there is a comeliness of winter, but no autumn is like another, because we bring to each the changes of our own hearts, and we cannot afford to miss the beauty of today. April may come again with dark hair rain wet and white foot set on tender moss; we may feel once more the glad surprise of finding the first violet where "woods grow misty green with breaking buds," and we may stand grateful under the benediction of the returning swallow's falling song, but there is no beauty like the beauty of autumn which has within it the wonderfulness of death that ends in peace and God. *Then* consider the lilies of the field how they grow.

Don Paolo Pandolfi.

CHARLES M. B. BRYAN, '97.

When Mr. Crawford's "Casa Braccio" first came into the hands of the reviewers it received a great deal of adverse criticism, particularly from Catholic sources. The reviewers in general claimed the novel to be two distinct stories, but slightly connected with each other; the Catholics asserted that the tone of the story was decidedly irreverent and un-Catholic, and the scenes such as did not exist in any Catholic community in any country of the world. With the purely literary critics this article shall have no dealings; others more fitted to judge shall decide whether or not Mr. Crawford violated the literary unities in order to make his story of the requisite length. My aim shall be to demonstrate, if possible, the falsity of the charge his fellow-churchmen bring against him: the charge of irreverence and irreligion. I shall not endeavor in this paper to draw my proofs from the story itself; it has already been shown, at least to my satisfaction, that the author had a good moral end in view in the telling of his story. His purpose was to show the divine retribution which falls upon evil-doers and their issue even to the fourth generation;—at least Mr. Crawford himself, in a letter to the author of an article in this paper on "Casa Braccio," thus stated his purpose.

There is a readiness among a certain class of critics to seize upon some flaw in a novel and magnify it into an inexcusable blemish which almost destroys the quality of the whole work. Indeed, many of them seem to think criticism essentially the same as fault-finding,—a line of conduct which might lead us to repeat what has been said of art critics: "They are men correcting others doing what they themselves would wish to do." Such is not the general class of critics; but there are some of this group, and they are, as a rule, the ones who have so bitterly assailed Crawford's Catholicity. To them the mere fact that the story is based upon the fall of a nun, is sufficient to complete the case against the author. They ignore the fact that good fruits often come from seemingly repulsive sources, and they ignore also the previous writings of the author. Such conduct would be scorned in a court of justice. It should be equally despised when an author is placed before the

tribunal of the literary judges to defend his name from the charge of treason to his tender mother—holy Church. Consequently, I shall endeavor, by referring to Mr. Crawford's previous work, to demonstrate that he has always shown the respect he should to the faith which he professes. For this purpose I shall choose one of the author's earlier works, "Marzio's Crucifix."

This novel is a picture of the lower classes of Italian life, portraying as it does the trials attendant upon the love of Gianbattista Bordogni, a silver chiseller, for Lucia Pandolfi, the daughter of his master. Don Paolo Pandolfi, an uncle of the fair Lucia, watches as a tender guardian over the young pair, and finally accomplishes his end by obtaining the consent of Lucia's father to the match.

Throughout the whole story Don Paolo's character shines out like a mighty oak towering over the lesser trees in a forest. He is the refuge of all the Pandolfis in their times of trouble, and even Gianbattista, with his ultra-radical views, looks to this priest for aid. Don Paolo is a man of patience and indomitable courage for the right, ever ready to sacrifice himself to the good, never willing to procure self-aggrandizement by conniving with what is evil. Pure himself, he is unwilling to believe any evil of his fellows; proud only of his faith, he possesses a humility equal to that of some saintly hermit in the times of the early martyrs. Conscious of the justness of his cause, convinced of the rectitude of his course in regard to the young lovers, the direst threats, the most deadly menaces, are unable to make him swerve a hair's-breadth from his course. By nature deeply sensitive, he has so schooled his passions that he remains calm under a fire of insults that prompt his friends to attempt violence in his behalf. Calm and dignified, he imposes his quiet authority and forces respect from even his most bitter enemy, his brother, who unconsciously yields to his good influence. Always worthy of admiration, he rises at times to heights of the greatest heroism.

Don Paolo, however, is not a man who might be defined as a whining, fawning religious; one of those men created by some writers, who have nothing human in them; men who, wholly engrossed in their prayers, are represented as too good for this sinful world. We feel that Don Paolo is not an impossible ideal, but a man; a man refined, purified and holy above other men, but still a mortal with feelings and interests in common with our own. He takes

as deep an interest in the affairs of his niece and brother as he does in the question of the Pope's sovereignty, or the advancement of the Church. Not that he neglects his higher Christian duty for his family ties; but he combines them both, remembering not only that he has a soul, but that his own people also require his attention. He is one of those men whose minds are great enough to consider truly elevating aims without becoming so self-engrossed as to pass smaller affairs completely by; he possesses the elements of true greatness: power to see both great and insignificant, and sense enough to attend to both in proportion to their claims without neglecting either. He is withal a man who takes a practical view of the many puzzling questions of the day. Realizing that men will always strive for impossible communistic ideals, he does not spend his time in bewailing the condition of affairs; he reasons with his brother's apprentice, and by satire and logic shows him his error; he prays for his brother, for Marzio is not open to reason.

Forgiving, peaceable and gentle, he is in his manly piety a true type of the noble men who sacrifice their lives to God in striving to enlighten their fellowmen. Truly does he obey the injunction, "Love them that hate you," for even after his brother has attempted to murder him, he scruples to reveal to the cardinal, to whom he is secretary, his brother's communistic principles. He fears that the revelation may injure his brother's trade, so he withholds the information as long as truth will permit him to do so, and when he does reveal, casts a veil over the darkest blemishes.

Don Paolo's whole character is a tribute to the beauty and strength of Catholicism. He is an irrefutable argument in favor of Crawford's devotion; for no man who could draw such a character in early years could descend to revile purity and truth after half a score of years had added their wisdom to his thoughts. To gain a true idea of Don Paolo's character, however, we must elaborate the very hazy sketch already given of the novel. The story is old now; but stories, like jests, may grow new with sufficient age. I will, therefore, presume to outline this home-like history, as it has now a decade of years to its credit.

Marzio Pandolfi, a prosperous silver chiseller and maker of church ornaments, is blessed with one daughter, Lucia. She falls in love with her father's head workman, Gianbattista Bordogni, a young fellow who shows promise of being able to equal in time the skill of Maestro

Marzio. Maria Luisa, the good spouse of Marzio, and the silversmith himself, are both favorable to this union, and the love of the young couple seems to be running, contrary to all fixed rules, in the smoothest possible manner. Don Paolo, however, is somewhat opposed to the match on account of the views of Gianbattista, who follows the irreligious, socialistic views of Marzio. Gianbattista's views having moderated somewhat, the priest finally gives his consent and good wishes. At this stage of affairs the story opens.

While the young lovers were looking forward to a speedy union, a thunderbolt drops from a hitherto clear sky, for Marzio announces to them one evening his intention of marrying Lucia to Gasparo Carnesecchi, a thorough rascal, whom Marzio fancies because he shares the same socialistic views. Marzio is dissatisfied with Gianbattista on account of the change for the better in the young man, which has led him to abandon his former notions of socialism. The announcement by Marzio of the intended match to Carnesecchi produces a scene in the house, and Gianbattista is prevented from strangling the silversmith only by Don Paolo.

It is at this point that Paolo's character is brought out in relief. Calming the women of the household, and pacifying Gianbattista, he tells Marzio that the law will not permit him to marry Lucia against her will. Marzio raves and rants, but all to no purpose; the priest remains calm, and finally succeeds in restoring quiet to the household by giving Marzio an order from the cardinal for a large silver crucifix. Marzio persists in his intention the next day, and Maria Luisa and Lucia seek Don Paolo, to consult with him and ask his aid. He consents to go and remonstrate with his brother.

In the meantime Marzio and Gianbattista are at work in the shop, and Marzio offers to take the young apprentice back into favor, provided he will kill Don Paolo. This proposition the young man indignantly rejects. Don Paolo then enters and begins to remonstrate with Marzio who refuses to hear him and abuses him roundly. Gianbattista angered at these insults to the priest, and enraged at the intention of Marzio to give Lucia to Gasparo, again threatens Marzio's life, and is with difficulty restrained by the priest. Don Paolo then leaves, intending to come at a more opportune time to reason with the silversmith. Marzio enraged at Gianbattista immediately discharges him. Lucia, returning from the city, then enters the workshop to talk to her father. She

faints on hearing of Gianbattista's discharge, and on her recovery persuades her father to take him back. Paolo coming back to expostulate with Marzio is shown a marvellous crucifix that the maestro had made years before. While he is examining this, Marzio attempts to kill him but fails.

That evening Gianbattista is taken back into the shop, and is sent to put up a grating in a church. Maria Luisa and Lucia go to watch the work. While engaged in this Gianbattista loses his balance, and the ladder on which he is standing falls to the ground. Don Paolo springs forward to catch the ladder, but, being unable to stay it, is crushed beneath it in its fall. His heroic action, however, saves Gianbattista's life. The priest is at once carried to Marzio's house where he rests in an unconscious state apparently near death.

Meanwhile, Marzio, left alone, has been working at the crucifix. As he does so he thinks over the deeds of the day and rejoices that he did not kill his brother. Returning home with the finished cross, Marzio learns of his brother's hurt. He at once repents of his former unkindnesses, being struck with the fear of losing his brother. Paolo revives, however, and Marzio, in the exuberance of his joy, blesses Lucia and Gianbattista and consents to their union.

Throughout the whole story the pervading influence of Paolo is manifest, and it is his manly piety that finally softens Marzio's heart. The whole story really teaches a moral without obtruding it upon us, and we feel better for having read the book. Such a story as this, pure, upright and inspiring as it is, could not be the work of an irreligious traitor to his faith; such a character as Don Paolo could not be created by a man diametrically opposite to every good trait which the holy priest possesses.

His Pitfall.

PATRICK E. REARDON, '97.

He was a studious fellow—Jim Hernshaw, and was always first in his class at the High School. He was the pride of Croton; and old man Jones, the oracle of the little town, often said, "It's a blamed shame to keep that boy from college."

Whether Mr. Hyman Jones' magisterial pronouncement had anything to do with it beyond

enlisting, as usual, the whole village in agreement with his view, or whether Jim had it in himself to carve his way to the mysterious heights of college life, is a question, and will remain so, as long as Mr. Jones persists in withholding his exposition of the why and wherefore. Anyhow, the *Croton Chronicle* came out one Saturday with a big display head to this effect:

MERIT REWARDED!

JAMES HERNSHAW GOING TO BULWER.

And below this were two sub-heads, succeeded by the facts stated in order, and a long paragraph very complimentary to Jim and not at all derogatory to the "city," which nourished such a brilliant son.

The townspeople were glad to hear the news, and, for the benefit of those who might have forgotten his previous decision on the same case, Mr. Jones remarked with solemnity and a nod of the head, "I told you so." The townspeople, as I said, were glad; his parents were gladder, but Jim himself was the gladdest of all. Did he not have a grand opportunity for developing his literary talent? Was he not to come in contact with educated people, refined intellects, broad-minded scholars? And was not entrance to college alone something to be looked forward to with yearning, and something to be proud of when attained?

He accordingly got ready with alacrity; parted awkwardly with his chum; kissed his mother tenderly and with tears; shook hands with his father, and mounted the steps of the railway coach amid the blessings of all Croton, who came out to see him off to college and stood bareheaded till Jim's handkerchief disappeared behind the coach window as the train rounded the curve near Hunter's farm.

He arrived at Bulwer College early in the afternoon of September 12, introduced himself to the president and chatted awhile. Having been assigned to a room, he left the president to attend to other matters and took a stroll in the campus. While admiring the grand old elms that lined the path, and the beauty and symmetry of the surrounding buildings, he came suddenly upon a crowd of young fellows, who looked at him with curiosity, and one of whom addressed him with:

"Hello, old man! When did you come?"

"Just got here," answered Jim, struck by the boldness and familiarity of the speaker.

"Well," said the unknown, "I always like to show new students the place; introduce

them to the boys; and—my name is Cushing—Frederic A. Cushing."

"I am glad to meet you," said Jim, "and very much obliged to you. My name is James Hernshaw."

"Hope we'll be friends," said Cushing, shaking hands. "What course are you to take?"

"Don't know; this is my first term at college, and I am rather green, as you must see."

"That's all right," said Fred, "I'll show you how to act; put you on to the place in less than a week, and let you in on all the plans of the set. You see I'm an old student; here six years; flunked twice on the finals, and shall get through next year or quit."

"Can you show me to the students' hall?" asked Jim; "here's a bill for room 64. Where's that?"

"You're a lucky cuss," said Fred, as though he meant it. "64 is the best room in the hall;" and taking Jim by the arm he led him across a beautiful lawn, up three flights of stairs to 64. Not many days passed before Jim was deep in his books. Already he had refused invitations to the most select circles at Bulwer, and he often found it hard to withhold his presence from the midnight pranks of Fred Cushing and his chums.

But the thought that all Croton was looking at him; that Principal Gordon of the High School trusted him; that his father made sacrifices for him; but above all these, that his mother prayed and wept for him—these were the considerations which kept him at his books and away from trouble. Temptations were strong, but Jim was stronger; his studies were hard, but his perseverance was great. His progress seemed to him to be slow—much slower than at the High School—for the professors were stricter and went deeper into matters than his former teachers.

In the ceiling of Jim's room was a trap-door leading to the attic. In room 73 was a similar door, and as Cushing knew every room in the house, not excepting the attic, he determined "to pay off" the occupant of 64 for the many rebuffs he had received, and, if possible, to bring him around to an appreciation of his society and that of his associates.

One night Fred and two other students stole a skeleton from the anatomy room and placed it in the attic. Everything was arranged; phosphorous was placed in the eye-sockets of the skeleton, and Saturday was the night for the "operation."

Saturday night came, and Cushing with his

companions climbed to the attic through trap-door 73. They waited above trap-door 64 until the electric lights were turned off. Jim was in bed thinking, between snatches of Latin verse and Greek prose, of home, and, if the truth must be told, very homesick. He missed a thousand things, but most of all his mother's care. He had never before been away from home, and it was only natural that he should feel, now and then, a twinge of regret. He was too young to feel independent, and yet strong enough for a certain amount of self-reliance. He was of a sanguine disposition and full of life and spirits. Since his arrival he had repressed himself, because he wished to study, to put every moment to use; and this repression made him feel nervous and homesick.

Jim's mind was wandering from Horace to his mother when he saw a skeleton with glaring eyes and grinning teeth descend into his room. He yelled for help, and covering his head with the bed-clothes continued yelling and screaming. The noise brought the prefects to the door, and the students, aroused or already awake and waiting for the signal, rushed into the room to see what the effect was upon Jim. Fred Cushing and his friends were there in their night-shirts, and helped to break open Jim's door. They found him under the bed-clothes, still crying and calling for help. His face was white with fear, and his eyes bulged out as though trying to leave their sockets. The students laughed and showed Jim that it was only a harmless skeleton. By and by he came to himself, and before long—for he was naturally light-hearted—saw the humorous side of the incident, and laughed more loudly than any of his visitors.

From that night Jim was a favorite with the students, or at least with that class of them which recognized Fred Cushing as its chief. He began to neglect his class work, and, I am afraid, his mother too, for his letters home were few and contained nothing but facts about football and the new coach.

The semi-annual examinations were at hand, and Jim was not prepared to meet them. He began to study, but too late. They were over, and Jim's average was far below the standard. He was remorseful and almost heart-broken. What would his parents, what would his mother, say? What would old man Jones and Principal Gordon say? What would all Croton say? These were questions which Jim could not, or would not, answer for himself. His reports were sent to his parents and—Jim awaits a letter.

Varsity Verse.

THE FIRST COMPLAINT.

"ANOTHER year," with waning, drooping head,
The dying hollyhock has softly said;
The cold winds answer wailing, moaning low,
"The flowers of summer left us long ago;
Another year of tears and joy is dead."

The brightest goals of hopes and dreams have fled;
The works of yesterdays have vanished,
And still we wonder why the cold frosts show
Another year.

In footsteps of the past the new years tread
In changeless order. Still the things we've said
In last year's verse, we can't repeat, you know;
And now we plead that each one may bestow
A little rhyme, for now there must be fed
Another year.

E. J. M.

A SORROWFUL SILVERITE.

He sadly gazed at his hogs and heifers,
As the Kansas zephyrs toyed with his peffers.
Then he swore a gol dern at the innocent sod
Because it was covered with *golden-rod*.

F. O'M.

AND THEN THE SCHOOL-BOY.

Swing the door upon its hinges,
Sweep the cobwebs from the wall,
Let the shutters leave the sunlight,
That its rays may inward fall.
Let the dust of months be scattered,
Let the echoes ring once more,
Let the childish, babbling voices
Sing their chorus as before.

'Tis a nation's weal we look to,
'Tis God's honor, man's content;
'Tis society's enactment
That has made our schools, and bent
All the forces not of evil,
All the good that's held in store,
To the culture of God's children—
Open wide the ponderous door.

B. J. K.

POLITICS AND NOMENCLATURE.

'Twixt gold and silver I have no choice,
For I worship them both, I swear,
Since silver there is in my lady's voice,
And gold in her wavy hair.

**

There's a question fate proposes
To flower-growers and consumers:
Should they call two fine "Jack" roses
A stylish pair of "bloomers?"

C. M. B. B.

LET us go to the people, away from the politics and prejudices of the world. Let us go to the workingman, to know him, to love him. Let us go to him to know what he suffers and what he wants.—*Count de Mun*.

What Is True Art?

THOMAS B. REILLY, '97,

It is not given to every man to determine what is and what is not a work of art. They who pass their lives in the atmosphere of the studio say one thing; the educated portion of mankind says another, while the general public has a standard of its own, peculiar in itself, and absolute, so far as its devotees are concerned.

The real artist builds upon ideas and studious thought, resting on a foundation of truth and beauty; the greater the ideas conveyed, the greater is the merit of the work. Be the treatment broad or narrow, there lurk behind it the labor and personality of the artist. The one great thought he had in his mind is clear and distinct, while clustered around it are numberless ideas and images, some complete, others half formed, that make the work a pleasure-ground for the intellect.

The greater portion of mankind demands that sentiment be a criterion in art, while the less, of keener mind and better judgment, is imperative in its claim for thought and idealism. The first class picture to themselves the artist as a being of genius or talent, who journeys to a land beyond the material, where he catches the beauties which may appeal to his soul, but which they call stupid and dull. They forget that the artist is an apprentice in the hardest of workshops—nature itself—where his task is never finished, nor his graduation even possible. They do not remember the long years of training, the slow process of an education in the discovery and representation of the subtle beauties of Nature and Life. All the finer sensibilities of his nature have undergone the test of years; some have been developed, while the potency of others lies latent and cold. He was educated that he in turn might educate. The fact that the artist possesses a heart in perfect sympathy with every mood of nature; that he sees at a glance the thousand and one beauties that lurk in the green-gray trees of a landscape, the crest of a breaker, or the lines of character in a portrait, leads him to expect a too-early appreciation and comprehension of his teaching from the prosaic world about him. He, in turn, imagines that his public is educated in all the finer mysteries of being, and can take an intellectual delight in works that reach the seat of thought through the senses. Hence,

between the true artist and most of humanity there is a contention bitter and obstinate.

The truth and beauty of the artist's standard are not sentimental; they are moral. He works for a purpose—to fashion one thought, great and good, to express an ideal. On the other hand, his patron clamors for a "picture," a story-telling bit of color, that he can hang on a parlor-wall, and that will tell him over and over again the same story as often as his heart desires. The local color must be as near the truth as possible; it must have finished details, and in the corner he must find the signature in gray or red, for that appeals to his vanity. Such works show little of the character of the painter; the thought is shallow, and the idea, as a rule, commonplace. True art is not here. There is nothing in the whole scheme of such a work to start the mind upon a train of thought, or to rouse the soul to ennobling and elevating emotions.

These are the two classes of pictures—those that educate and those that delight; the one priceless, the other worthless. The one may be said to be a reflection of the inmost heart of human nature, that will live through and appeal to all ages; the other is simply the shadow of a special phase of life that must perish with its period. The true work of art, then, must educate; it must lift to a higher plane of thought the minds of its patrons. Since it is true and good it will give pleasure; but this delight shall be of the intellect and not of the senses. The sentimental public and the workers in the studios must make to each other concessions broad and liberal, if harmony is to reign between them. Humanity must allow itself to be educated, and the teachers of art must grade their lessons to suit the masses; gradually lifting them from the sensual to the intellectual, showing to them the shallowness of their standard of excellence, and the great depth of moral truth, goodness, and beauty.

Serious thought appeals to the educated mind, and its presence in any work will guarantee the existence of that work in the future. The serious man thinks, and his thoughts are found expressed in his work; it may be but a word or a phrase, a stroke of the brush, perhaps, but with it go his character and personality. And so for the artist; he must think seriously of the work before him. A conscientious study is required, if it would have merit. His search for truth and beauty must be rigid and untiring. His sentiment will be found in certain tones,

and his seriousness in the thought expressed and the ideas conveyed. He is an universal teacher, for his language is the one common tongue of all nations. The import of his work is recognized as well by the hardy Germans of the North as by their warm-blooded neighbors in France.

Nature sings a song for every heart; "she has a mood for every humor," and the reflections of these on the canvas sheet, if caught with proper spirit and refined in the crucible of conscience and truth, are works of art. A modern critic has given forth this rule of judgment—and it may not be out of place to give it here: "A painting," says he, "which shows seriousness in study, ability in execution, depth in conception and motive, is a work of art." And the same author shows clearly, and with just anger, that it is the men who paint to sell and who work for "results," that have been the cause of the fallacy now prevalent among the people—that sentimentality is the alpha and omega of all art. In the studios of today rests the future of the painting and the painter. Depth of thought, a clear conception of Christian truths, and an earnestness of study, shall alone save the dawning century from the dross, muddy as it is with immorality and sentimentalism, that comes from the "pot-boilers" of our own day. For the true artist is sensitive and receptive; rejecting the useless, seizing the valuable, taking the sunshine with the shadow—for this is life, the best gift of God—a shadow of whose brush is the true work of art.

Salmon Fishing.

One of the most profitable occupations, during the summer months, for people living on the sea-coast of Ireland is salmon fishing. This is not so because salmon are extraordinarily plentiful there, but on account of the enormous price which they always bring. To witness a salmon-throw, that is, the process gone through in catching salmon, affords much pleasure to him who seeks it, as well as distraction to those who are not engaged in the work itself.

The crew of a fishing boat consists of seven men. One of these is stationed on the rock to which the boat is attached by a coil about twenty fathoms long. To the end of this coil the net is, at the same time attached. The work of the man on the rock is to hold this rope

when the net is thrown so as not to allow the end of the net too far from the rock, otherwise the salmon, which are very sagacious, would make their escape. One would think that this is an easy occupation as compared with what the others have to do, but such is not the case.

The most important position of all is held by him who throws the net. His place is at the stern of the boat where the net is piled; and when the signal is given that salmon are approaching, he at once begins to throw the net, the boat, at the same time, being rowed by the other four men. What makes the work of the net-thrower so difficult is that he must vary its throwing with the speed of the boat: if he is too slow it will be drawn too far from the rock, and if too fast it will be liable to entanglement.

The position of the remaining man is at the bow, that is, the forepart of the boat. Here is placed a pile of stones, which, when work begins, he throws as far as he is able, to keep the salmon within the scope of the net. The size of nets varies. Those used in shallow places need not be so wide as those used in deeper water. What is necessary above all is that it reach the bottom. Stretched along either side are two ropes, to one being attached pieces of cork at intervals of six feet, while at double this interval are suspended from the other side stones of oblong shape, which, after their purpose, are called sinking stones. It is when the net is all thrown out that the hardest work begins. The next thing to be done is to bring both ends together, and this requires much labor. The salmon if once encircled would be sure of being captured, but oftentimes they escape between the boat and the shore before this is done.

When both ends of the net are brought together, the men, three at either end, begin to haul it. This is continued until all the sinking stones are brought in, and then comes the heaviest pull of all, especially if the number of fish caught is large. If it is too heavy, however, to be hauled in at once, it is divided up into several bags and these brought in at leisure.

H. S. G.

A SORT of fatality, attaching itself to human affairs, would seem to command that in the relation of historical events those of the highest importance should descend to posterity only through the justly suspected narratives of the conquering parties.

Books and Magazines.

Der Familienfreund für das Jahr 1897. B. Herder.
St. Louis, Mo.

A good almanac must not only amuse, but also instruct the reader. A glance at the table of contents of the Familienfreund reveals the names of authors whose reputation is well established. The disposition of the various articles is judiciously done. Poetry, history, the short story, interesting to both young and old, and especially the exquisite illustrations—all of which are reproductions of some work of art—make the Familienfreund for 1897 a true friend of the family.

—"The Fundamental Principles of Christian Ethics" is the title given by the Rev. James Joseph Conway, S. J., of St. Louis University, to five lectures delivered by him on this subject. The aim, principles and conditions of the human act are clearly set forth in the first chapter; while the criterion of good and bad in human actions, the primitive grounds of moral conduct, the individual arbiter in moral conduct, and the doctrine of right, receive diligent attention and careful handling in the remaining four. The book belongs to the Catholic Summer and Winter School Library published by D. H. McBride and Co., Chicago.

—The *American Catholic Quarterly Review* for July offers a tempting menu of timely and able articles to the educated reader. Father Hewitt continues his critical analysis of the tendencies of modern thought, and St. George Mivart his critique of Balfour's philosophy. There is a charming sketch of Madame Roland, by Dr. James Field Spaulding; Richard H. Clarke, LL. D., discusses "George Washington in his Relations with Catholics;" and an excellent review of "Catholic Missions in Africa" is contributed by the Rev. John T. Murphy, C. S. P. And there are others not less noteworthy. The *Review's* table of contents shows that it knows how to satisfy readers of the most various tastes.

—The vacation number of the *Bachelor of Arts* is deserving of great praise. It contains articles on various subjects, the first of which is a short sketch of the life of the late William Eustis Russell, ex-Governor of Massachusetts. The proposed American "Henley" receives very proper treatment. It is not necessary to go beyond the first paragraph of "The Monetary Standard" to find out which political party the writer favors, but the article, on the

whole, is very fair. It is very well told how Poe wrote "The Raven." Canada's change of government is commented upon at length. "A Day at La Guerre's" is a wandering piece of work, and brings to mind a boat loosed from its moorings and drifting whithersoever the wind or the current directs it. The verse in the present number is very good, and the editorial notes, as is usual with the *Bachelor*, are delightful. The Book Notices are cleverly done, and the College Notes are full of that pleasant gossip, which has the power of forcing the attention of the reader. The most interesting article, and the longest, too, is that entitled "The Roman Catholic Church vs. Science," written by Henry G. Chapman. The essay is a discussion as to whether Catholics are hindered in scientific work by the decrees and councils of the Church, which decide questions of faith and morals for all members of the faith. The essay is a very good review of Dr. Zahm's books on Science and Religion; and though the tone of the article is necessarily Protestant, it is a very fair and impartial estimate of the Church's work in science. The last paragraph begins with the following sentence: "We conclude, therefore, that the Catholic man of science is not untrammelled in his work, but that he does not know what to think about new scientific theories until they have been approved by theological authority."

—The *Records of the American Catholic Historical Society of Philadelphia* for this quarter is remarkable for the diversity of its researches. The themes are lengthy, and show that much labor has been expended in their preparation. The establishment of the first vicariate of America, which took place the year after our country was discovered, is fully explained, and a copy of the document, signed by Pope Alexander VI., is given in the original Latin. An exhaustive history of Commodore John Barry takes up most of the space in the present number, and will be continued. This is full of facts not hitherto published concerning the first navy officer commissioned by Washington. Many of his official letters are published, and copies of paintings, illustrating important events in his life, are added. The story of his disrespect of authority is told, and we are given to understand that the sturdy Commodore came very near losing the commission by which he placed so much store. Mr. Martin I. J. Griffin, who has done much work in this line, is the author of the history, and deserves our thanks for the successful manner in which he has set it forth.

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The English Medal.

Essays for the English Medal must be handed in before the first day of May, 1897.

The Competition is open only to full seniors of the English and Classical Courses.

Each competitor will present three copies of his essay (preferably type-written) signed with a pen-name. The pen-name, with the real name and essay-title, should be given in a sealed envelope to the Prefect of Studies on May 1.

The choice of subject is left to the competitor, with the restriction that the paper be a literary essay, technically so-called, either in subject-matter or in method of treatment.

The Professor of English reserves the right of withholding the medal, if the best essay be not up to a standard which he will consider befitting.

GRADUATION ESSAY.

Required from Members of the English and Classical Courses.

This essay must be literary, and be, at least, 3000 words in length.

The graduation essay may be presented in competition for the English Medal. In that

case four copies will be made. The fourth copy should be given to the Professor of English on May 15.

This essay will be considered one of the four essays required in the Catalogue from the seniors of the Classical Course.

—We are very happy in extending to *The Scientific American* in its Golden Jubilee our congratulations. It has lived its first half-century, and has advanced shoulder to shoulder and step by step with science herself. It has grown like the industries it has helped foster, and has won success like the mighty enterprises to which it gave powerful support. Every division of science owes not a little of its success to the co-operation of this periodical, and the wealth and prosperity of the nation may be attributed, in no small degree, to the earnestness of this scientific advocate. The cause of truth—for the cause of science is the cause of truth—has received willing, eager and honorable support from *The Scientific American*, and this fact, if no other, would prompt us to wish it more glorious success in the years that are to come than that which crowned its efforts in the years that are past.

—Now that the scholastic year has begun in earnest, there is no doubt that the students will bend all their energies to the attainment of the end for which they matriculated—that of acquiring an education. The term education must here be taken in its broadest sense, and must cover the spiritual, mental and physical training of which each of us stands in need.

The Reverend President of the University has already visited each of the halls and explained at length the rules and regulations which obtain in each department particularly, and throughout the college in general. We, however, may be permitted to say a word by the way.

There is no doubt that order is necessary in study as in all creation. Authorities are constituted for the maintenance of this order, and these authorities are respected, because self-interest, in itself, demands it.

It too often happens that students, whether hampered by homesickness or wilfully blind to their own interests, let the first few weeks of the college year pass by without making any effort to master their daily tasks. This mistake is the cause of much of the heart-

burning and dissatisfaction which come upon many students in the course of the year. A firm foundation is required in any study whatever, and the time to build that foundation is the present.

Now is the time to study. Do not put it off, for such a course would be disastrous. Set to work with willing hearts, and remember that on your present efforts may depend, in a measure, your future career. It is a very serious question, and appeals to each and all for solution.

—Football is, at present, receiving a great deal of attention from the undergraduate body of all our colleges. The American youth every day engages in many learned and earnest discussions respecting the art of "bucking" the line, punting, tackling and all the other points of this fascinating game. At Notre Dame, interest in football among the student-body generally is as intense this fall as it has ever been, and the chief topic of conversation during leisure hours is the team and its prospects.

As usual, we were a little slow in beginning work this fall, a state of things which could not well have been avoided, owing to the peculiar circumstances in which we found ourselves placed at the opening of the college year. The failure of both our captain and our manager to return was a sad handicap to early practice. However, the Executive Committee acted promptly and well. The vacancies were at once filled by men well fitted for their respective positions. They both began to work immediately; and athletic affairs at Notre Dame have again assumed their normal shape. If the enthusiasm with which every Notre Dame man seems filled will only exhibit itself in outward acts, there is no reason why Notre Dame, with a little effort and earnest labor, should not turn out a team which will win fresh laurels for us on the gridiron.

Within a few days after his election, our manager secured for us the services of the best coach possible to be obtained. Before this sentence shall have been printed, the coach will be with us, and the writer is confident that he will work wonders with the material at Notre Dame in a very short time. Mr. Hering played the game two years under the personal coaching of Stagg—that past-master of the science and art of football—and knows his game perfectly. Last year he made a particular study of the University of Pennsylvania game, and, in addition to all this, he has had much

experience in coaching. He has combined a knowledge of theory and practice, and comes to Notre Dame unqualifiedly recommended by all who have had an opportunity to observe his abilities both as a player and a coach. We are sure that our high expectations will be more than fulfilled by the results of his work.

Nevertheless, the coach, however well qualified he may be for his position, cannot, by his own exertions alone, make a winning team. He should receive the earnest support of everyone who has the interests of Notre Dame athletics at heart. The student body especially should rally round him, and endeavor to make his labors not only as light but also as effective as possible. The trouble with us has usually been a too decided inclination, on the part of some, to stand on the side-lines and shout the team on to victory when they themselves should be in the thickest of the fray. That optimistic spirit which always views the team in the best light, which never owns defeat until time is called, which exhibits itself in hearty yells and shouts of approbation, is a good one to cultivate; but that quieter enthusiasm which induces a man to put on canvas, and make one candidate, at least, play his best for his position is far more commendable. It should matter little whether a man thinks he can make the team or not; personal ambition should be kept entirely out of the question; our college asks only for a man's best, and that should be given cheerfully. With every true son of Notre Dame, it should be a question of how he could best aid his college in sustaining her reputation in athletic circles, or in adding new laurels to those already won. Ambition and convenience should not for a moment be placed in the same scale with the honor of our *Alma Mater*. To the "scrub" team, as much as to the "Varsity," belongs the honor of each victory. If the "scrubs" did not play the game, they had a great deal to do with the formation of the team, and compelled it to attain a higher standard of perfection.

There has been a great deal of trouble this year in this regard. The captain's life has been anything but one of happiness for the last week or so. He has been compelled to beg men to go on the field to play football. This should not be the case. There may be good reasons for the failure of some of the men to appear on the field, such as an unusual rush of work; but it is to be hoped that, after the arrival of the coach, no man who has any football at all in him will refuse to go on the

football field determined to do his best. No college man of spirit should think twice before going on the campus to help his team in every way in his power when required to do so. Never let it be said that a student of Notre Dame stood listlessly by while his college team was in need of his services.

There is another point concerning our Athletic Association which should be of the greatest importance to every student at Notre Dame. We elected our treasurer to collect the dues of the association and not to make the money, which we must have to defray the expenses of the season. The manager has received many satisfactory replies in answer to his requests for open dates, and we may expect the best football schedule this fall which we have ever had. But money is necessary to pay these teams and the sooner it is forthcoming, the more satisfactorily will the season run. Let every man then come to the treasurer with his dues like a *man* and don't be trying to escape around corners whenever the treasurer is in sight.

Exchanges.

A neat, copious and interesting issue of the *Dial* is the "Alumni Number," pleasing in design, attractive in illustration, and varied in contribution. The issue was prompted by a new advance in the life of St. Mary's college. An association of the alumni was formed at the time of the last commencement with a view to spread a knowledge of the usefulness of the college throughout the land. The formation of the organization was attended with a vigor and enthusiasm which imply a determination to embody devotion to the college in a practical form; and as the duties of the members are comparatively light, there is hope that they will be successfully carried out. It is refreshing to receive this edition of the *Dial* at a season of the year when most of our exchanges may be said to be in the torpid state. The managers, before leaving for the holidays, exerted a supreme effort to keep in touch with their readers and to provide them an agreeable pastime during the slack-season. Such zeal speaks volumes for the *Dial* and cannot be too highly commended. The tone of the present issue is redolent of the charming reminiscences of the past, and enthusiasm born of devotion seen in the contributions of the former students; or of the melancholy sentiments of those who are

about to sever their immediate connection with their *Alma Mater* forever, and whose sadness is naturally mingled with much of the imagination which is usually developed on such occasions.

* * *

The Catholic Reading Circle Review presents a very attractive number. The second paper on Macbeth, considering the play from an ethical standpoint, is a close, thorough and successful analysis of the drama. The writer brings to bear on the subject critical insight, appreciation, wide reading, clear thinking, and an attentive study of the play. By numerous quotations from the text, the writer fully illustrates the ethical quality which, like a leading note, is heard throughout the tragedy—which quality is a necessary condition of legitimate unqualified commendation.

One of the most charming features of the play is with great judgment brought forward. The reverence generally shown by Shakspeare for religious personages and practices is strikingly manifested in Macbeth. The sanctity that religion gives is gravely respected. This is capitally illustrated by the poet's treatment of the incident in the play in which mention is made of Edward the Confessor. The memory of the pious king is treated with becoming reverence and truth. Here one cannot help contrasting Shakspeare's love of justice with the irrelevant scoffing of Tennyson, whose picture of Edward distorts the gentle and holy king into a drivelling fanatic. Macbeth is a striking evidence that the reverent, large-souled Shakspeare was above the narrow intolerance of so many writers after him, who never mention the sacred name of God, except to deny, call in question, or otherwise discredit His existence.

The paper on Ruskin and Newman will fully repay a careful reading. The writer boldly attacks one who is generally considered a god among English writers, minutely insisting on his exaggerations and absurdities. Ruskin's ethics are addled. He is an enthusiast who would reconcile absurdities. Like Emerson and Carlyle, he has mastered the art of expressing platitudes in a technical language; and it was only when well past middle life that he began to see and to deplore his wasted energies. Much of his reputation as an art critic is conceded as just; but when he abandons art criticism and posés as a moralist, he is, from beginning to end, a reiteration of twaddle. An altogether different and very pleasing estimate

of Newman follows; an estimate that indicates the wide diversity between Ruskin's inanities and Newman's unquestionable strength.

Newman is the "Prince of English Letters," his claim to which he has vindicated morally as well as intellectually. Newman had that fine sense of beauty which so often betrayed Ruskin into dilettanteism and intolerance; and it can be safely asserted that, had he cultivated the gift to the same degree as Ruskin had, we should have had a Newman in art not inferior to Newman in literature. The writer's convictions are bold, but she has the courage of her convictions, and they are put into clear, vigorous and trenchant language.

"A Canadian Singer" is an appreciation of the poetry of Mr. O'Hagan. His chief characteristics are love of country and of home, expressed through a thoroughly Canadian and intensely Celtic nature; a lofty and pure spiritual feeling; and a keen sense of melody. His volume of poems, "In Dreamland," is a graceful and acceptable contribution to Canadian literature, and one which gives promise of still sweeter and greater notes. The extracts from the life of the present Pope are little interesting details showing the solicitude and care of Leo XIII. when cardinal, in the progress and efficiency of his diocesan seminary at Perugia. He could be expected in the schools at any moment, entering quietly and listening attentively to the proceedings of the class. Both teachers and pupils profited by these visits; for he knew how to convey to both, with equal tact and delicacy, whatever defects he had noticed, as well as to praise and encourage what was meritorious.

* * *

The ever-growing taste for fact and fiction, which has invaded our Catholic homes, and which must be satisfied with wholesome food, unless we wish to see our youth poisoned by the tainted literature of the present day, can scarcely be better satisfied than by such periodicals as the *Carmelite Review* and the *Monthly Visitor*. Both these magazines are conducted with great success as regards both matter and manner.

"THE Infinite always is silent:

It is only the Finite speaks;

Our words are the idle wave-caps

On the deep that never breaks.

We may question with wand of science,

Explain, decide, and discuss;

But only in meditation

The Mystery speaks to us."

Personals.

—On Thursday last the Hon. L. W. Royse, republican candidate for Congress, paid an informal visit to the University, and seemed well pleased with all that he saw.

—John H. Gallagher (Law '96) has opened an office in the Central Bank Building in Chicago. He proposes to play centre among the attorneys of the Garden City. He knows well how to tackle a judge and box a jury.

—Mr. P. L. Garrity, one the old timers of "ye golden times," whose genial disposition makes him a welcome visitor to the University, called on the Very Rev. President during the past week. Mr. Garrity was a student here in the sixties.

—Rev. Fathers Richard J. Sadlier, Battle Creek, Mich., and Frank C. Kelly, Lapeer, Mich., made a short but pleasant call upon their friends among the faculty on Wednesday afternoon. It is hoped they will find time to call soon again and make a longer stay.

—The SCHOLASTIC has received from New York two excellent photographs of Hugh Arnott O'Donnell (Litt. B. '94). One is very familiar to us and shows us the Hugh of college days almost unchanged. The other represents him in costume as a member of Miss Fanny Davenport's company. Hugh will make his mark on the stage.

—Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Krug and Mrs. John Stengel, of Dayton, Ohio, were welcome guests of the University in the early part of the week. Mr. and Mrs. Krug are no strangers at Notre Dame, and the many warm friends they made on former visits were delighted to see them again. It was Mrs. Stengel's first visit, and she was so charmed by all she saw that she promised to call again.

—Among the many visitors who drove through the main gateway during the past few days and beheld "old glory" floating above them, none felt prouder of the scene than did Mr. Samuel T. Murdock, '87, through whose liberality the erection of the mammoth flag and staff was effected. Mr. Murdock spent a few pleasant hours with his friends among the faculty, and promised to return whenever he could pull himself away from business.

—H. Lamar Monarch (Litt. B. '93) is conducting a weekly paper during the present campaign. Lamar is out strongly for gold, and his utterances are commanding attention. His leading editorial in the first issue of the paper provoked a high compliment from the leading silver organ of his city. He has made several speeches in favor of sound money, and probably no greater praise could be given him than the words of a native of his own state: "I tell you, sir, he has set Kentuckians in this county athinking."

Local Items.

—Willie is here!

—Lost—An infielder's glove. Finder, will please return it to F. J. McNichols, Brownson Hall.

—The Carrolls soon expect to have a handball association formed. This would regulate the games.

—There will be an important meeting of the Athletic Association after dinner tomorrow. A full attendance is desired.

—The Very Rev. President was in Kalamzoo last Sunday, and preached at the evening services in St. Augustine's Church.

—Two elevens played an interesting game of football on Carroll campus on the 20th inst. Taylor's side was victorious. Score, 4 to 0.

—Hering began with the football men last Friday afternoon. If he can coach half as well as he played in Chicago, we shall have a good team.

—"I say, Coxey," said Raymond, "where were you all day yesterday?" "Infirmiry. Friday dinner did it. Fish always makes me seasick."

—"Say," said Confer, and the stillness of death settled over the assembled multitude, "I wonder if Cypher and Naughton are cousins?"

—The Minims and ex-Minims contested for supremacy on the gridiron on the 20th. The ex-Minims retired, conquered by a score of 14 to 0.

—The Carrolls took an enjoyable walk last Thursday morning. On their return they stopped to see the Grotto. All were impressed by the grandeur of the structure.

—Alas, for the lawyers, the historic "Annex" is a thing of the past! Its former occupant has sought more congenial quarters, and McGruder invariably forgets to leave the latch-string out.

—"Funny," said Atherton, as he wiped his pen on his hair, "how Golden is a silver man and Steele is for gold;" but the man from Pennsylvania, stroking his embryo mustache, seemed lost in thought.

—The Carroll Hall boys have a new amusement. They now work off their superfluous energy and bad temper on a stocking bag in the gym. The new bag has just been hung, and the enthusiasts are continually at work.

—The debate which is to take place in the Law room tonight was misstated in our last issue. It should read: "Resolved, that the present gold standard should be maintained until international bi-metalism can be established."

—There will be a meeting of the Law class immediately after Vespers tomorrow, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, selecting class pin and colors, and organizing a

football team. A full attendance is requested.

—One of our patrons who has no ax to grind writes thus concerning our paper: "We consider the SCHOLASTIC a good advertising medium, and we have every reason to believe that we have received good returns for the amount of money invested in that manner."

—Willie is here. There is a brown stetson set rakishly over the right eye this year, and the new cap has been relegated to the back-ground. Now, if we only had the running mate here, fresh from the gold fields of Cripple Creek, what an overflow of financial knowledge we should have.

—Just received a full line of fine fall goods. For a few days only we shall donate an athletic ticket to every purchaser of a pair of our fine black socks. Come early and avoid the push. Fair-haired Charley's place, "The Corner Grocery," Poverty Row and the Midway, Brownsonville.

—The daily essays have been discontinued in the class of rhetoric. No more will the dignified Brownsons be forced to roam in anarchistic style for want of time to apply a razor to their chins. The professor announces only four essays for every week. Rejoice, ye sons of the pen! Only four essays a week!

—Judging from the energy with which the Minims play football and from their air of self-possession and contentment, a visitor to the Princes' campus would at once conclude that the little men have fully recovered from homesickness, if, indeed, they ever were homesick. They play their games with the vim and intelligence of older boys, and their brightness and agility are things to make one happy.

—The Carroll Hall campus has recently been renovated, and now presents a very pleasant appearance, indeed. Those who attend the football games of the Carrolls on Thursday afternoons will find it hard, unless these future Varsity line-buckers play a too fascinating game, to fix their attention on the intricacies of the play, for all around are new scenes to be witnessed and new pleasures to be found.

—There is another Taylor in Carroll Hall, but he is from New York. Taylor No. 1 claims him as a cousin. Taylor No. 2 resents the claim of relationship. Thus the matter stands. As soon as Father Knickerbocker consents to adopt Miss Chicago we may expect a falling on necks between the cousins. Taylor No. 2 is slight of build, and so we suggest that the bigger cousin play the oak to the slighter one's ivy.

—A reorganization of the St. Cecilians, at which only old members were present, was held last Wednesday evening. F. O. Druiding was elected chairman. Several names were proposed, and it is expected that the membership will be larger than last year. The aim of the society is to render its members proficient

in the art of debate, declamation and literature. A play will be presented during the latter part of November.

—That orchard just above the boat-house has great attractions for the young Sorinites just at present. The trees are literally groaning under the weight of apples, so rosy and tempting that the young fellows can hardly be blamed for stuffing themselves to the exclusion of all other articles of food. Kegler and MacDonald were seen there a few days ago, filling their pockets and their arms with great big apples, but the poor fellows have not been seen in public since.

—Father Regan had a new flag-pole placed in position near the Observatory on Thursday last. The object of this additional pole is to enable us to float the Gold and Blue while visiting teams are playing here. Our colors will be raised tomorrow for the first time. There is no excuse for you, baseball stars, to strike out now. While you are at bat in the ninth inning of a two-men-out-score-nothing-nothing-man-on-third game just glance at those colors for a bracer—and slam 'er out.

—Every student of the University should connect himself at once with the Library Association. All will find much that is interesting and much that is profitable in the Library. The poets are there in full array, and the novelists, the philosophers, the ascetics, the historians, the theologians, the essayists, are all there ready to be consulted. The tables are covered with all the principal American and European periodicals treating of all the subjects under the sun. The librarians will answer questions of information, and give what directions are necessary. The Library is open for reference all day and until 8:30 p. m. in the evening.

—The work of beautifying the ground in the vicinity of the Grotto moves on with rapidity and before the grass shall have ceased to be green and the flowers to bloom, this part of the University grounds will have other claims to our attention than that of devotion. Already the newly-formed mounds have assumed a pleasant verdure. The work of grading and leveling has nearly reached its end, and the filling in of the deep spaces beside the big stone steps is in operation. But the tall maples in the hollow, near the entrance to the Grotto, are shedding their brown leaves and, when the sun shines, cast ghostly shadows upon the rocky sides of the Grotto's walls. The place is fitted to inspire holy and serious thought, and if you go there during the day you will find many kneeling in supplication on the rude benches before Mary's statue.

—He has left us. Let us now store up a large supply of sackcloth and ashes, and prepare to mourn for the rest of our days. The Good, the True, the Beautiful, has left us, and nothing remains but the Bad, the False, the Ugly. He was our reference library, our

Congressional Record, our Statistician, our encyclopædia Britannica, our coin's Financial School, our very memory, in short. He added an air of scholarship and authority to our arguments, and, like Neptune, he had but to raise his tridentless hand to quell the storm which the hot tempers of his disciples evoked. He harmonized the different shades of our life; made clear that which was cloudy, and sifted the shadows from the sunshine. Let us have black borders pasted on the edges of our note-paper, and clothe ourselves "in customary suits of solemn black." While with us we appreciated him much, 'tis true; but when gone, alas! we rise too late to a full realization of his greatness. In the words of his favorite poet, we are now like

"Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out the sky."

—He and his wheel are from the Oil Regions of Pennsylvania. Last Thursday they—he and the wheel—decided to accompany a party from Sorin Hall who were going to Niles, and thereby hangs a tale. Everything went smoothly till the Red Mill was reached. Roads were in good condition. Mr. E. Sanger Mingey was scorching in beautiful style (he is a fast rider, too) and every one was feeling lovely. But somehow they got on the wrong road. The rest of the party managed to bounce gracefully over the immense boulders, and to wade through the saharas of sand with ease; but the man from the Oil Regions struck a snag, so to speak. He was spinning along with his back "humped" like the letter Z, coat-tails lashing in the wind, columns of sand, large stones and birckbats sizzing up from the back wheel, and a great many other things in commotion, when something happened. Nobody seems to know just what it was; but it happened. There was a dark brown crack in the atmosphere, followed by a dull, sickening thud; and when the smoke cleared away they found the man from the Oil Regions doubled up in a small wad over in a neighboring field. They wrapped him tenderly in what remained of the pneumatic tires, and sorrowfully returned to Notre Dame, while the wad whistled a muffled, dead march beneath the folds of rubber. Mr. Mingey and the other good riders are going to Niles again; but the man from the Oil Regions will not be with them. After he gets out of the Infirmary he is going to make a few century runs to the Post-office and back before he tries any more long rides.

—The early frost has played sad havoc throughout the entire University grounds, but nowhere is the blight more noticeable than in the Minims' little paradise, St. Edward's Park. Usually this garden holds precedence for beauty of all the parks, natural or artificial, throughout the West; and the bright colors and the green leaves remained bright and green until St. Edward's Day. But this year

the frost came too early and carried off much of the beauty at the Princes' Park.

—The St. Joseph Athletic Association held its first regular meeting on Monday afternoon. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Bennett, the Vice-President of last year. The following officers were elected: President, James Bennett; Vice-President, Joseph Sullivan; Treasurer, Rufus Jones. Joseph Sullivan was chosen captain of the first, and George Fredell captain of the second elevens. Francis Lyons was elected manager of the team. Watch out for the St. Joseph's Hall football team this year. There are several very promising candidates, six of whom will tip the scales at 175. Captain Sullivan will begin at once to practise his men.

—President Cavanagh called the Class of '97 to order in the Law room on Wednesday evening to settle the question of organizing a debating society. The report of the committee on constitution and by-laws was read by J. Barry. The constitution was unanimously adopted, and the society took the name of The Senior's Debating Society of Notre Dame University. Its object is to meet every alternate Wednesday evening for the purpose of holding a debate between four members selected by a program committee. The following are the officers elected: Spiritual Director, Rev. J. A. Burns, C. S. C.; Honorary Critic, Prof. Austin O'Malley, LL. D.; President, John A. McNamara; Vice-President, Edward P. Brennan; Secretary, Paul J. Ragan; Treasurer, Elmer J. Murphy; Critic, James D. Barry; Sergeant-at-Arms, Thomas T. Cavanaugh. Mr. McNamara took the chair, and after a brief but pithy talk appointed Messrs. Reilly, Brennan and Steele as program committee to arrange for a debate to be held on Wednesday evening, October 7th.

—The practice of the football men, while it has not been steady, has developed the fact that when our candidates don canvas they do not intend to shirk work. On Wednesday and Thursday they lined up and worked fairly well with signals. The plays were made rapidly and the practice was hard, but the men went at it with a vim, and few complained of stiffness and soreness after it was over. One part of the training has been attended to too infrequently—the daily run around the lake. It is a very necessary preparation for a game, and no candidate should be missing at the start from the Brownson reading room at 9.30 a. m. If a man cannot secure a position on the Varsity eleven he may find a place on the reserve team. Games will be arranged for the second eleven, so that every one may get a chance to play. And, then, the training the men get on the gridiron is of a kind that cannot be gained elsewhere. Of course, it is too early to place candidates. Hering will be able to arrange matters soon. The reserve team should be an especially strong one this year.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Barry, Bryan, Bennett, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, McGruder, Mingey, McDonald, McDonough, Miller, Medley, Marmon, E. Murphy, O'Hara, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, Piquette, Pulskamp, Palmer, Rosenthal, Reilly, Reardon, Sheehan, Sanders, Steele, Spaulding, Steiner, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, Baab, J. Browne, Blanchard, Byrne, Brucker, Barry, E. Brown, R. Brown, Burk, Cuneo, Cullinane, Crowley, Cavanagh, Conway, Crowds, Crawford, Cypher, Campbell, Corby, Desmond, Dooley, Donovan, J. Daley, Duffy, Dukette, Dreher, Davies, Duperier, M. Daley, Fadley, Fetherstone, Foster, Fisher, Fitzgerald, Franey, Farrell, Frazer, M. Flanigan, Follen, C. Flanigan, Foulks, Fitzgerald, Fehr, Guilfoyle, C. Garza, Gilbert, Grady, Girardi, Gilmartin, R. Garza, Hartung, Hay, Hessel, Howell, Hayes, Hoban, Hagerty, Haley, Hermann, Hengen, L. Hake, E. Hake, Hanhauser, Jelonak, Kidder, Kraus, Kearney, Konzen, Kurze, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Lutz, Landers, Lowery, McDonald, McKenzie, McConn, McNichols, McCormack, McCarrick, McMillan, McGinnis, Massey, Martin, Miller, Maurus, Monahan, Mulcrone, Morris, Morrisson, Moorehead, Meagher, Meyers, Neizer, F. O'Shaughnessy, M. O'Shaughnessy, R. O'Malley, F. O'Malley, O'Hara, O'Brien, Pickett, Pendleton, Putnam, Quandt, Quinn, Reed, Rahe, Reinhard, Rowan, Singler, Schulte, Shillington, Stulfauth, Smoger, San Roman, Stearns, Scott, Speake, Spaulding, J. Tuohy, Tong, Taylor, C. Tuhey, Thiele, Thams, Tomlinson, Voght, Welker, Wiczorek, Wheadock, Wimberg, Wade, Whitehead, Wigg, O. Zaehne, E. Zaehne.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, P. Armijo, R. Armijo, Beardslee, Breslin, Becker, Burns, Burke, Berger, Cowie, Cornell, Coquillard, Curry, Conklin, M. Condon, T. Condon, Curtis, Corby, Davidson, Devine, Drejer, Druiding, Dellone, Dinnen, Darst, Dugas, Ellwanger, Elliott, L. Fish, A. Fish, Flynn, Frank, Fox, Fennessey, Funke, Foley, Girsch, Gonzalez, Gimbel, Grossart, Houck, Hagerty, Hoban, Herron, Hawkins, Johnson, Keiffer, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Kirkland, Kiley, Klein, Kelly, Kilgallen, Krug, Land, Lyle, Leach, Lovett, McIntyre, J. McMohon, O. McMahan, McCarth, McElroy, McNamara, McMaster, McNichols, McDonald, McCallen, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, Morgan, Mohn, Moss, Mooney, Moore, Merz, Moxley, R. Murray, J. Murray, T. Murray, Maher, Morrissey, Meagher, Noonan, Newell, Nolan, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Malley, O'Connell, F. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, Ordex, O'Neill, Pyle, Peterson, Pulford, Padden, Powers, Putnam, Pohlman, Quinlan, Richon, Rudnicki, Reuss, Swan, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schaffhauser, Sexton, Shiels, Sample, Sullivan, Shillington, Schmitt, E. Sheekey, J. Sheekey, Selvin, Shea, Sanford, Stengel, J. Taylor, F. Taylor, Tong, Watterson, Waite, J. Ward, F. Ward, Ward St. Clair, Wilson, Wagonman, Wells, Walsh.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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