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Sidney Lanier.

AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

**A**PRIL in gleam and gloom of sun and rain  
Peers startled through gold mist of buds that break,  
Hearing her bluebird's first low warblings shake  
Along a frost of bluets and the greening grain;  
And her tears outwell for all-forgotten pain  
For though the chime of thrush in blossomy brake,  
Nor rounded songs the August medlarks make,  
Are not for her—enough that broken strain.  
But, *ai Adonis!* not for us content:  
We heard in grateful tears your song of spring,  
And through the music's ghostly ravishment  
Saw perfect beauty past the prelude;  
Yet, lured by death, beyond the sun you went,  
Where only God hears harvest songs you sing.

—*Catholic World.*

Some Remarks Educational.

SHERMAN STEELE, '97.

**T**HE question of education has for many years received the attention and thought of many men, and as time goes on the question becomes more complicated and causes greater diversity of opinion. At all times man has, in one way or another, instructed the young; and, indeed, when the savage taught his boy the art of hunting or fishing he followed much the same principle that the man of today follows when he gives his son the education—business or technical—that will fit him best for life's contest. For man has undergone no essential change, and consequently we find that the utilitarian consideration still plays a very important part in matters educational and is a chief factor in forming our educational system.

It was, of course, the monks of the early ages—men and times so much abused—who laid the foundation upon which the educational structure of today stands, and to them we are indebted for the preservation of the classics—those silent but potent agents of civilization and culture. The great obstacle that the early educators had to overcome was the general indifference toward education; it was thought that education was of use only to the clergy, and, consequently, why should any but clergymen seek after knowledge? So it happened that long ago the chief task was to imbue men with a desire for learning, and the important question then was whether or not education was of general use and benefit. Today the desire for education is general, and the question at present is, in what should this education consist?

Until recent years the rigid classical course was generally accepted as comprising all that the graduate need know, and at all colleges the study of Latin and Greek largely made up the curriculum. Today, however, owing to advances in scientific discoveries and inventions, and the increased demand for men with technical knowledge, institutions of learning have been compelled to depart from the well-worn classical lines and to establish courses in science, technology, etc.; new degrees have been instituted, and the "old-fashioned college," as such, is fast disappearing.

It is useless to argue the relative advantages of the training given by the different courses; one very marked good of their general establishment is the increased desire for collegiate education and the consequent increase of college students and of colleges. Were the colleges and universities of this country to drop all but a rigid classical course they would drop at the same time the vast majority of their students, and as a result the number of educational institutions would be sadly diminished.

Today as of yore most men are utilitarians, and they take a college course, because directly or indirectly, it will be of some use. The notion that a collegiate training will of itself enable a man to set the "Thames on fire" is fast disappearing, yet it is appreciated that the college course better equips a man for the race after fame or fortune, and so we find that the utilitarian consideration is usually present even to the man studying the humanities. For the man in the technical course such a consideration is predominant; to force him to study the classics before touching his engineering would be to drive him out of college into a machine shop. No, with the technical Philistine—and I use the adjective with a broad meaning—diplomacy should be used and the humanities dealt out to him stealthily and in small installments.

It must, I think, be generally acknowledged that the division of courses is the natural and necessary outcome of general education. All men are not made in the same mould; all have not the same tastes and talents. There seems to be for every person some branch of knowledge at which he can enjoy working and feel at home when doing so; he can master one study with ease and gain a knowledge of another only with difficulty, and the study that would be pleasure for one might be drudgery for another. The man who is equally at home in all things is very often one who learns by rote, who uses memory, not thought, in acquiring knowledge. It would be quite impossible, in this country, for instance, to force all the thousands of college students, with their differing wants, aims and ambitions, to study any one prescribed course, be it one in humanities, science or technology; and, realizing this, most of our colleges give wide range to the differing tastes of their students, and the greater the institution the greater the diversity of studies and the greater the extent of elective work. Indeed, with us the term university does not necessarily signify graduate work, but rather shows that the institution claiming the name has a complete list of undergraduate courses.

A question that at present is attracting some attention and discussion is how far the course in humanities should depart from the old lines, and whether any but the rigid classical course should lead to the A. B. degree. Many educators of the old school, who, for want of anything else, struggled through the orthodox classical course, are proclaiming against the folly of the endless division and election in our college system, especially when that practice

is brought into the course of arts or humanities. Recent turn of opinion, however, seems to be against the inviolability of the classical course of old, and the doctrine is now accepted that a man can be liberally educated and yet not have a speaking acquaintance with Greek roots. Following up this theory, some of our leading universities now give the A. B. degree for four years of elective work which need not include Greek or even Latin.

By this radical departure the degree is brought to signify not that a man has made any prescribed course, but that he has "received the form of higher education best suited to his tastes and talents." This is, I think, going too far. Every degree should have its meaning and should give some notion of the sort of education required to receive it; but within moderation a more general use of the A. B. would not be objectionable. A college could establish a broad course in humanities with different divisions which would give an education as beneficial as the rigid classical. Let the entrance examinations for these divisions be the same, and so high that a man able to pass them ought to be able to elect intelligently. Now, if two persons enter this course together, the one staying throughout at Latin and Greek, the other dropping Greek, substituting a modern language and paying extra attention to literature and history, both of them will come out with a liberal education; both, if they have been good students, will have acquired all the benefits of a collegiate training, and both will have received the culture that the humanities are supposed to give; consequently, it is drawing rather nice distinctions to give them different degrees. I do not believe in giving the A. B. to one who has not been considerably trained in the humanities; nor should it be used in a course where neither of the great classics is obligatory. But in a course, for instance, where Latin remains a major throughout, it seems to me useless multiplying to give a degree in Letters to one who has devoted most time to Literature, and a degree in Philosophy to one electing most in Science.

In studying the classics as they are usually studied, there is certainly less gained than there might be, and the ultimate end seems often to be overlooked. The average student of either Latin or Greek seems to consider that the only end he need have in view is to translate a text word for word, and that it matters little whether or not the thought is deep, the style superb and the subject grand; his sole aim

is to learn the meaning of each individual word, to learn the grammar not the literature. This is deriving narrow benefit from the study of the classics; it is mistaking the means for the end. Yet it is undoubtedly the way the classics are usually studied. Latin and Greek authors are looked upon as the innocent cause of much work and worry, and when the day of graduation comes they are cast aside with a sigh of relief and not opened again. Now the study of literature should be not a task but a pleasure. Yet the study of this ancient literature, which is unquestionably the greatest, is made the hardest and driest sort of a task, and consequently there is little love for it instilled into the average heart and but a very slim knowledge pounded into the average head. It is surely the study of ancient literature rather than that of ancient grammar which broadens and cultures a man, yet such is the strife for the mastery of the grammar that the literature, or at least a rational study of it, is neglected and almost forgotten. A chair of Latin and Greek Literature to complete a mere technical knowledge of those languages, should be retained in all courses leading to the A. B.; so that everyone receiving that degree might have been broadened by a knowledge of those matchless works of old. Indeed, to give a rational knowledge of the classic literature, even with the aid of translations, would be better accomplishing the end of a course in arts than would the teaching of a technical knowledge of the grammar without acquaintance with the literature.

By applying the foregoing considerations we might obviate the objection that only the old classical course insures the culture given by the humanities. Indeed, by judicial election the man who cuts away from the old prescribed course will come out with a broader, more useful and, in many ways, a better education than his fellow who stays to the narrow curriculum. When a man is taking studies which are prescribed and obligatory, he is apt to look upon his work only as a means—necessary, perhaps tiresome—of getting his diploma, and as a consequence, his sole aim will be to pass out of a class with as little knowledge as possible. If, however, he is allowed to elect most of his studies, he will take what he thinks will be of use to him,—subjects in which he is interested and of which he wishes knowledge, and consequently he is less apt to look upon his work as merely a means, but is inclined to go at it as though it were an end.

### Ireland's Patron Saint.\*

[CHARLES M. NIEZER, '99.]

We honor men for what they have done. We pay a tribute to their memory in gratitude for the glorious record they have left behind them, for deeds well done, and for virtues they possessed. When we look into the character of a man and there see noble ideals; when we read a heart that was ever yearning for virtue and grace and was ever pouring out the deepest love upon its unfortunate brother; when we catch glimpses of a will that was ever resolute on right and good, and a mind that was constantly thirsting after learning, and, above all, ever willing to impart this to others, our courage is renewed, and we stand without cringing to receive the buffets of ill fortune and sorrow. And as nations and peoples at all times have set aside days of celebration and rejoicing to renew the memory of worthy men and worthy deeds, we fittingly set aside this day to honor the memory of a glorious saint, who was a hero from boyhood to the grave. For we see these traits—yea, even more God-like traits—in this noble character, whose memory has lived, and is as dearly cherished in the heart of every true man today as it was by the Irish people fifteen hundred years ago.

Ever since the dawn of history, the true human heart has been striving after that knowledge and that virtue which we find so manifestly present in the character of this glorious warrior of Christ. If there are any traits in the human soul that are worthy of being idealized and honored, these are an unrelenting zeal after learning and virtue and the desire to impart them to others. Inasmuch as we judge a man's ability and character not by the station he now holds and by what he has acquired, but rather by the way he acquired them; inasmuch as we consider the beginnings from which he arose and the difficulties he surmounted, we have every reason for placing the character of Saint Patrick on the highest plane of human perfection.

At the time our hero was born, all Europe was in a tumult. The strong bonds of unity, with which the Roman Empire had held all civilized countries together and kept peace among them, were now loosening and crum-

\* Oration delivered in Washington Hall on the Feast of Saint Patrick.

bling before the hordes of the northern and eastern barbarians, and the light of civilization seemed to be flickering into eternal darkness. Men who sought intellectual development fled to the motherly support of the Church, which has so often proved to be the great restorer of peace. In so dismal an outlook for mental advancement, and in a country which at that time was particularly disturbed by strife, did the Saint first see light.

The history of his life is so well known that I need say but little concerning it. He was, in early boyhood, carried, as you know, a slave into Ireland, and there for six long years he spent his days and nights in common with the sheep he tended. At length he gained his liberty and went to France, where he studied in the Abbey of Mormontier at Tours, where the great St. Martin was Abbot. In spite of the cruel and desolate lot which had befallen him in the land of his captivity, and the loss of his Roman citizenship, he did not hold back. In his dreams he saw the children of Ireland stretching out their pleading hands to him, begging him to come and bring to them the light of Christ and His baptism. In his ear there sounded the divine command: "Go! deliver that Isle of Destiny!" Let us dwell on this period for one moment. What undaunted courage, strength, and perseverance must this man have possessed to go from the chains of slavery to elevate and enlighten his own mind, until it shone forth like a beacon-lamp for his brethren! What a spirit of superb unselfishness and love for his fellowman must have been within his heart when his only aim was to rise higher and higher in sacred orders, that he might descend to the most humble, yet most noble post of a missionary!

No sooner did the Saint receive the sacred anointing as a bishop than he embarked for Ireland. In England Saint Augustine was received as a stranger; in Germany the roots of the Sacred Oak were bathed in martyrs' blood; but in Ireland Saint Patrick was welcomed as a great teacher among eager and peaceful scholars. Ireland was not, like England and her neighboring countries at this time, a land of intellectual darkness, but it already had the great Ossian, who, like Homer, sang the glorious deeds in arms of her chieftains. The halls of her kings were full of grandeur, and her councils showed marks of an old organization and a high civilization. Still, above all these things, far above the plane of the rest of Europe, stood Ireland's intellectual advancement. This,

the highest of all standards, shows the energy of the Irish character and the genuineness and antiquity of her civilization. When the Roman republic was crumbling, and upon its ruins the empire was rising, Ireland was an enlightened and a civilized nation. Even when the contest for supremacy between the Roman and the Carthaginian was raging, there was no civilization that could overshadow Ireland's.

For four thousand years the world had been preparing itself for the coming of Christ, and how were His teachings received? If we were to judge by the persecutions and resistance with which the doctors of Christianity were met, it would seem that the human mind was not yet high enough raised out of darkness to appreciate them; but let us look into Ireland at this time. Patrick came to this people in the name of Christianity to conquer them. His only weapon was a master intellect, and his only battlefield was their souls. No sooner were the sacred doctrines of Christianity preached to them than they grasped them with unrelenting zeal; they embraced the cross, and confided in its salvation with child-like confidence, and assimilated its virtues into their very being; and they have held them as no other nation has ever held them; and she has sent out from her shores missionaries and scholars for all these centuries to teach the world. But, you may ask: "Has she still this faith and is she still a nation?" Yes; Ireland is almost one in creed and one in nationality. Proud pines may grow on mountain sides and stand columns of strength through the long years, but the huge avalanche sweeps down and crushes them as though they were naught. Proud ships spread their victorious colors on the breast of the storm-vexed ocean, to sink at last and leave no trace over their graves. And thus have nations floated and fallen on the billows of time. They have been dismembered and their people scattered to the winds, and their nationality forever destroyed; but is it so with Ireland? No indeed: it is not thus with her. Despite persecutions and national calamities, Ireland still *is*, Ireland forever *will be*, a nation; for her heart's blood is the heart's blood of her sons, and while these hearts beat she will not die.

When all nations around bowed to the yoke of the Dane, she drove him forever from her shores in the decisive battle of Clontarf. She had a national cause then, and she has a national cause today; and her spirit of freedom will yet burst forth and sweep before it all

tyrannical barriers. Wherever a true Irish heart beats there do the two principles, love of country and love of freedom, thrive; and the true son of Ireland has proved himself an equally worthy soldier of the army of God and of the state. In our own country, Washington once said: "There is no soldier who has followed the dear old banner from Lexington to the signing of the 'Treaty of Paris' as the Irish soldier has." Again, however strong his love for his mother country may be, he never fails in his love for his adopted country. Go over every battlefield of two continents, and you will find the wild-flowers growing red from the blood of Irish hearts.

When Saint Patrick came as a bishop to this Green Island of the Sea, it is true that learning and material power was highly developed; but the regard for moral right, as compared with the Christian standard of morals, was lax; as it must necessarily be where paganism predominates. There, as in the whole known world at this time, the material, the physical merits of a man were the standards by which his rank was judged. The beauty of the soul was not regarded as the price of eternal happiness, nor was religion the means thereto.

Now, although Saint Patrick in his grand mission did not make this Ireland a political unit—this was not his mission—yet he did make it, in the fullest sense of the word, a religious unit. Where men formerly had no common concern to bind them together, he made one, by pouring out into every heart the true spirit of Christian love and unity. He did unify their souls with God; and they have remained a religious unit as no people have ever remained; a nursery of saints; and not one heretic has ever sprung from her blessed soil.

And now in our own day, in this day of religious strife and controversy, this is the lesson which, in spite of all unwillingness, comes from the life of our hero—that we should work with a hearty will for the unity of all Christians under one holy ægis. Let those whose divine calling it is, put forth every effort for forming a unity of all men. Let all others take upon themselves the most humble, yet most noble and glorious of all vocations, that of a missionary. Teachers, go forth to our brothers with a feeling not of controversy, but of love; go to them as Saint Patrick went to the Irish, as a shepherd goeth unto his flock, and, like his, will a glorious victory be won.

In the name of your glorious patron, Saint Patrick—Ireland, may God bless you!

Varsity Verse.

AD TORQUATUM.

(Car. iv., 7.)

THE snows have fled and grass comes back again,  
To dress the fields and leaves, to clothe the trees;  
Earth's semblance now is changing, and the streams,  
Decreasing, glide along within their banks.  
Grace with sisters twain now dares to lead  
The dance, thin-clad, together with the Nymphs.  
The year and hour, which steals the pleasant day,  
Give warning lest we look for lasting things.  
The frosts are softened by the breath of western winds.  
The spring is soon by summer pushed aside,  
Itself to die when apple-bearing Fall  
His treasures yield. Dull winter then returns.  
Withal the swiftly-moving moons repair  
Their monthly wanings in the heavenly deeps.  
When we descend to where Æneas dwells,  
Where Tullus rich and Ancus, too, lie dead,  
Mere shadows of a dream and dust we'll be.  
Who knows if gods above to this day's sum  
Will add the reckonings of another day?  
Whatever to your friendly soul you give,  
That from the hands of greedy heirs shall flee.  
When once you're dead and Minos shall have framed  
His dread decisions, touching of your fate,  
Nor race, nor eloquence, nor piety,  
Torquatus, can recall you from your doom.  
Not e'en Diana, from infernal dusk,  
Can liberate Hippolytus, the chaste;  
Nor is mighty Theseus able to unlink  
Lethæan chains from his dear Pirithous.

W. B. G.

TO A SHAMROCK.

Thou tiny spray, by Irish breezes fanned,  
Oh, bind me faster to my native land,  
Though weak thy tender spire;  
And let thy leaves late sparkling with the tears  
Of Irish skies, that weep these many years,  
Be as a stir to patriotic fire!

J. B.

MY LADY'S MUSIC.

Perhaps beneath Venetian skies  
Italian maids with lustrous eyes  
And wondrous beauty are;  
Yet my fair lady yields no place  
To these, as with a queenly grace  
She bends o'er her guitar.  
  
Romantic are the dark lagoons,  
And mellow are Italian moons  
That bathe the "queen of seas;"  
But romance is there, too, when I  
Ugazing at my lady lie  
Beneath the silvered trees.  
  
And classic is the music played  
In Venice when romantic maid  
Plucks strings with skilful hand;  
Yet I prefer the humble songs,  
The notes my lady's hand prolongs,  
At home in Dixie-land.

C. M. B. B.

## A Criticism of Wordsworth's Sonnets.

MICHAEL M. OSWALD, '98.

To feel for the first time a communion with his mind is to discover loftier faculties in our own.—THOMAS M. TALFOURD.

Poets, as well as painters and all men devoted to the fine arts, have their distinguishing characteristics. Wordsworth, who never wrote anything base, stands in the wide range of English literature surrounded by many contemporary poets, such as Byron, Moore, Shelley, Keats, Landor, Hood, Coleridge and others; yet none of them is so peculiar in his diction as is Wordsworth. He discarded "fine writing" from his poetry and brought back simplicity. He is, therefore, often censured and accused of bringing novelty into English poetry. The truth of such a criticism, however, is not so firmly established as to admit it wholly, nor are there sufficient reasons to blame a master in poetry because he did not follow closely in the footsteps of other great poets. From Wordsworth's creative mind came forth sonnets and beautiful lines scattered through all his songs that are worthy of Milton or Shakspeare. Where, for instance, in English literature can be found better poetic diction and a more perfect sonnet unity than in "The World is too Much with Us," "Scorn not the Sonnet," "Nuns Fret not at Their Convent's Narrow Room," "It is a Beauteous Evening, Calm and Free," "Milton, Thou Shouldst Be Living at This Hour," "To Toussaint l'Ouverture," "Such Age How Beautiful," and others?

It is true that in most of his poems, Wordsworth has his own form and style, in which few, if any other, English bards resemble him. Like Homer, he is plain in his words and style, simple in his ideas, original in his thoughts and noble in his manner. His poems have all the freshness and simplicity of a primitive age and the charm which we attribute to the childhood of the world.

In order to criticise the sonnets of Wordsworth properly, it is not sufficient to observe his forms of versification alone, lest by doing so we be reproached indirectly in the words of Terence:

"Dehinc ut quiescant porro moneo et desinant  
Male dicere, malefacta ne noscant sua."

We must study also the poetic diction of the great poet and above all his ideas.

As regards the first quality, it is extremely difficult to make an adequate and exact criticism.

One who has carefully studied the Petrarchan sonnet form; with all the rules that underlie its structure, is liable to get, at first sight, a false impression of Wordsworth. The fact is that he never, as a rule, adhered strictly to the normal sonnet type. He adopts all kinds of feet, which, as a consequence, partly destroys the harmonious sonnet movement and lessens the music that should be found therein. In some lines he has more trochees than iambics. Other lines, for instance,

"It is not to be thought of that the flood,"  
or

"Two voices are there; one is of the sea,"

do not admit of any possible scansion that would be in accordance with the mechanical rules of the sonnet, because of the forced accents; still the lines are rhythmic. Wordsworth is by no means a mechanical versifier. He is more; he is a true poet in the full sense of the word. Hence he is not a slave to the rules which govern the strict sonnet form. In this he resembles Shakspeare; and because the laws of this kind of composition have been deduced from the sonnets of Petrarch it does not follow that an English poet must closely adhere to them.

The drama of antiquity and that of Shakspeare are entirely different representations of action on the stage. Wordsworth may appear to some critics to have followed many sonnet writers in his sonnet forms, and this would account, to some extent, for the variety of his sonnets; but it seems to me that he followed none. He runs counter to all the rules of the normal sonnet type. Thus, for instance, he has commonly three rimes in the octave; sometimes he has even four rimes in the octave, as in "They dreamt not of a perishable home." He often forces the accent or pronunciation of words to get the right measure or rime. In a few sonnets, as in "When I have borne in memory what has tamed," he throws in parenthetical clauses that have no connection with the main thought, and these must be considered as defective. There are other flaws in rime and in the poetic diction for which we can not in any way justify Wordsworth as long as a sonnet remains a sonnet. Now, if we would criticise him under these conditions only, we would be obliged to find a place for him among the minor bards. This, however, would be doing a foolish injustice to the great master of English sonnets.

The general rule which we have to follow when we criticise Wordsworth's sonnets is to

bear in mind that he never deemed it worthy to envelop anything base or flattering in a pompous dress, but he always clothed truth and beauty in simple raiment. He himself assures us of this fact when he writes:

"Blessings be with them, and eternal praise,  
Who gave us nobler loves and nobler cares,—  
The poets who on earth have made us heirs  
Of truth and pure delight by heavenly lays!  
Oh! might my name be numbered among theirs,  
Then gladly would I end my mortal days."

In the same way, as he shows us so forcibly in his lyrical poems, he always preferred the heart of man to the dross of accidents and circumstances. He is not at all artificial; but he rarely fails in the *sonnet unity*, which is the principal element in a good sonnet. His sonnets are, moreover, deep sources of thought and imaginative suggestion.

The second character of Wordsworth's sonnets is their poetic diction. To some extent he is inconsistent in his style. At times he writes in an elevated and elaborated manner, and again he assumes the language of common life; but no matter how much he changes the way of expressing himself, he is always a sincere lover of nature and a zealous admirer of the good, the true and the beautiful that can be found in the heart of man. For the majority of his compositions, however, it may safely be said that he treats his subject in the most natural manner. If we can rely on the phrase "unadorned is adorned the most," we may well apply this praise to Wordsworth's sonnets. The reason that he is not appreciated fully is that his best works are often preceded or followed by poor productions from his pen, since he is never on the same level in any number of successive poems. Another reason why more attention is not given to him is because people are generally more attracted by emotional characters than by good descriptions of nature, of man or of the human soul. From these three sources Wordsworth took all his subject-matter. He never treated of any great and heroic subject, nor did he ever celebrate national events in an elaborate form.

The third and highest quality which we study in Wordsworth's sonnets are his thoughts and ideas. In this light we can only heap praises upon him. He is an original genius. His mind moves in the realms of thought from the noble to the ordinary, from himself to other men, from the city to the country, from nature to man. He always aims at truth, to which his strong imagination, guided by his observing and penetrating intellect, leads him faithfully. Only

when he interprets the elemental powers of nature does he cross the boundaries as a poet and comes within the domain of philosophy. Here he has many passages which might indicate pantheism.

In order to appreciate Wordsworth fully, he must be studied well and read carefully, for, as Mr. J. C. Shairp says: "What is best in him lies not on the surface, but in the depth." His mission was, in the world of nature, to be a revealer of things hidden, a sanctifier of things common. . . .—in the moral world, the awakener of men's hearts to the solemnities that encompass them; deepening our reverence for the essential soul, apart from accidents and circumstances; making us feel more truly, more tenderly, more profoundly; lifting the thoughts upwards through the shows of time to that which is permanent and eternal, and bringing down on the transitory things of eye and ear some shadow of the eternal."

The sincerity of Wordsworth we can study from no better source than from his own life. "But one thing," he says, "is a comfort of my old age, that none of my works, written since the days of my early youth, contains a line which I should wish to blot out because it panders to the baser passions of our nature. This is a comfort to me; I can do no mischief by my works when I am gone."

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#### Intemperance and Pauperism.\*

JOHN T. DALY, 1901.

In a recent article in the *Catholic World Rev.* F. W. Howard gives some facts about the relation between intemperance and pauperism which are, to say the least, exceedingly interesting. His article is founded on the report of Mr. Horace G. Wadlin, Chief of the Massachusetts Bureau of Statistics of Labor.

Mr. Wadlin's report was taken from an investigation of "The Relation of the Liquor Traffic to Pauperism, Crime and Insanity," which was ordered by the following legislative enactment:

"The Bureau of Statistics of Labor is hereby directed to ascertain, from all sources available, facts and statistics showing the number of commitments to all institutions, penal and charitable, resulting from the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors; the number of crimes of

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\* Read at a meeting of the Temperance Society, March 7.

each class committed; the number of paupers whose present condition can be traced to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors by themselves, or by their parents, guardians or others; the number of persons who have been pronounced insane, and whose condition can be traced to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors by themselves, their ancestors or others; and, in general, such other data as will tend to show the relation of the liquor traffic to crime, pauperism and insanity in this commonwealth, and the period of time to be covered by this investigation shall include not less than twelve successive months." This inquiry, carried out according to instructions, has been the most thorough and exhaustive of its kind ever undertaken in this country. As each case has been carefully investigated, there can be no doubt as to the accuracy of the results.

The question was studied in all its different lights, its causes as well as its effects. The causes were found to be three: First, weakness of will; second, influence of heredity; third, unfavorable environment. Of these the most important is weakness of will. In nearly every case is this cause prominent. Very seldom—almost never—do we find an habitual drunkard who really desires to be such. His manhood is so deteriorated that he can not resist the allurements of the curse to which he has become enslaved. The influence of heredity was shown in only a comparatively few cases, and even then there was no way of knowing to what extent this was the cause. That environment is an important factor there is no longer doubt. Persons who would be temperate under favorable circumstances become the veriest drunkards when surrounded by degrading influences. For instance, a person is more apt to become intemperate in a crowded, filthy tenement than in a comfortable home. More notice is being taken now than formerly of the good influence of healthy surroundings. Temperance men are giving less attention to pleading and more to practical work. Philanthropy is doing more every year in the way of providing comfortable homes for the poor.

Although a study of the causes of intemperance is interesting and instructive, it is with the effects that we have to deal. Mr. Wadlin's report bears directly on these effects and the relation between intemperance and pauperism, crime and insanity. By noting the relation between these evils we are enabled to judge as to how far intemperance is an aid to the others, and of the importance of temperance

reform in its relation to reform along other lines. If we find that intemperance causes a great many evils, then it follows that if we destroy intemperance we shall have done a great deal towards exterminating those other vices. But we must not forget that intemperance is a great evil in itself, and one very ruinous to society, both morally and politically.

The following tables taken from Mr. Wadlin's report, show the direct relation between intemperance and pauperism. The total number of cases investigated was 3230. Of this number 2633 were males and 597 females. Four questions were asked of each person and the following results obtained:

(1) "Is the person's present condition of pauperism due to the use or abuse of intoxicating liquors?"

Yes, 1274; No, 1472. Not ascertained, 529.

(2) "Did the intemperate habits of one or both parents lead to the pauperism of the person considered?"

Yes, 156; No, 2734. Not ascertained, 340.

(3) "Did the intemperate habits of the legal guardian of the person, other than the parents, lead to his or her state of pauperism?"

Yes, 47; No, 2856. Not ascertained, 340.

(4) "Did the intemperate habits of others, not parents or guardians, lead to the pauperism of the person considered?"

Yes, 99; No, 2784. Not ascertained, 347.

Thus we find that out of 3230 paupers, 1576 attributed their condition directly to intemperance. From another table it is shown that of this 3230 paupers 15.63 per cent. were excessive drinkers; 49.63 per cent. were moderate drinkers; 7.93 per cent. whose habits in this respect were not ascertained, and only 26.81 per cent. were total abstainers. That is, 65.26 per cent. of the whole number were addicted to the drink habit.

The actual number of total abstainers in this 3230 paupers was 866. Of these, 281 were children under ten years of age, and 294 were women over ten, leaving, out of 1967 male paupers, the almost insignificant number of 291 total abstainers. Excluding all males under twenty and all females under thirty, we have left 2568 adult paupers out of the 3230 considered. In this 2568 only 312 were total abstainers. Now that the terrible effects of this vice are thus simply stated, it only remains to give a few reasons why we, as college men, should go actively into this work and do our best in the crusade against intemperance.

The movement for Total Abstinence is a work



in which every Christian should engage, and college men more than others; for men who receive a college education have an immense advantage over those not so privileged. People generally recognize this fact, and the college man wherever he goes, is looked up to as a leader. His course is noted and, in a many cases, carefully copied by others. His influence is great, much greater than he imagines.

If he is a thorough gentleman, a total abstainer himself and a man who uses his influence, even in a quiet way, for the abolishment of drunkenness, he can not but do much good in his community. But if—as is too often the case—he is numbered among those who ridicule the “cold water fanatics,” as they are called, it is not unlikely that he will go down hill himself, and it is absolutely certain that he will drag others down with him.

Statistics prove that 75 per cent. of the crimes and 80 per cent. of the pauperism in our country owe their existence, directly or indirectly, to intemperance. Are not these figures enough to make every true patriot tremble for the welfare of his country? Now, who should be greater patriots than college men? Do we not receive more benefit from our country than others? Are we not at college to better ourselves in every possible manner; to become better citizens as well as better men? Then surely we should be more patriotic than others, and should show the patriotism in our actions. But we can engage in no work which will be more beneficial to our country than this. We can do an immense amount of good in this line if we would try; and we can not but derive pleasure from the knowledge that we have done something to make us worthy citizens of our beloved America.

#### A Lenten Thought.

THOU, Lord, who didst the tempter's power destroy,  
 Be Thou, my guide, when from the world to prayer  
 I go with Thee, Thy peacefulness to share,  
 Where Satan's host can not our souls employ;  
 With Thee to soar to higher realms 'tis joy  
 No earthly pleasures know—to feel Thy care,  
 With Thee commune, through faith to see Thee there  
 Foreshows a happiness without alloy.

O Prince of heaven! I bow before Thy throne,  
 Who from above didst come on earth to dwell,  
 To sacrifice Thy life that man might live;  
 O when the heavenly gates of pearl are shown,  
 More glorious than human tongue can tell,  
 Have mercy on my soul, my sins forgive!

W. C. H.

#### Magazine Notes.

—*The Bachelor of Arts* for this month retains its crimson hue, and exhibits throughout the brilliancy that is its wont. By far the best article in the magazine is the first one—“The College and the University.” It is an exhaustive exposition of the relations that should exist between the small country college and the great university. The author makes a strong plea, also, for religion, and, in this connection as well as in the consideration of philosophy in a college course, he pays a just, though reluctant, tribute to Catholic colleges and to Catholics in general. “Distrust,” by Jane Sylvester, is as strong a story as we have read lately. Entirely opposite to this in character and equally good in its way is “The Experience of an Amateur Etcher.” He certainly had experiences. The notes in the *Bachelor* seem to be losing their old-time brightness and vigor, although they still have much to boast of in this line.

—*Harper's Monthly* for March has an article of no ordinary interest on the “Astronomical Progress of the Century.” As the title suggests, the paper is principally historical, yet it contains much that is new to the student of astronomy. Another article of a scientific nature is that written by Captain Mahan on the “Preparedness for War.” Though the title is somewhat heavy, the paper is very interesting, and its author concludes with the startling statement that “every danger of a military character to which the United States can be exposed can be best met outside her own territory—at sea.” The second part of Mr. Charles F. Lummis’ “The Awakening of a Nation” is of much more importance than the first, and gives one an excellent idea of Mexico as she is and as she has been. “La Gommeuse” is a clever story. Barty, in the “Martian,” falls into great distress on account of his failing sight; he loses all sense of the north pole and he prepares himself for self-destruction. But in the nick of time, a being of mysterious nature comes along and removes the cause of suicide and writes a very nice letter to Barty. This story is not so great as “Trilby,” or even as “Peter Ibbetson,” but it possesses all the charm of mystery with which du Maurier could so well surround his characters. In “Love and Death” Mr. Howard Pyle shows that he can paint in words with as much effect as he can draw in figures.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—The greeting with which Very Reverend President Morrissey was received last Monday on his return from the South and East showed the affection in which he is held by the students. Only the fact that the refectory is not considered a fitting place for the college yell, prevented a thunderous outburst. As it was, the students of Sorin and Brownson expressed their enthusiasm in the only way that was open to them,—by honest and hearty clapping. Father Morrissey seems very much improved by his short vacation in the warmer climate of the places he visited.

—We take great pleasure this week in copying from the *Catholic World* for March the initial poem in the present issue. We find on looking over the papers that some editors have considered the poem to be a sonnet. We beg to state, however, that it was written merely as a quatorzain, a form of versification which Dr. O'Malley has described in class. The fact that a poem has fourteen iambic pentameter lines arranged in a certain rime scheme does not make it a sonnet. The rules for the quatorzain, which are less stringent than those for the sonnet, are followed out in this poem with remarkable success.

## Saint Patrick's Day and the Columbians.

The Church of the Sacred Heart was filled last Wednesday with a congregation who wore the green,—students, Faculty and Community. They went to hear Mass and to listen once more to the recital of the deeds of St. Patrick and to eulogies of the people which has kept for fifteen hundred years unsullied and intact the faith St. Patrick planted on the Irish soil. Very Rev. President Morrissey sang Solemn High Mass and Rev. Father Burns preached a very eloquent sermon. After this fitting beginning, the University Band issued from the Academy of Music and played the sad and the lively airs of Ireland at each of the Halls of the University.

As is usual on St. Patrick's Day at Notre Dame, the principal part of the celebration was held in the afternoon, when the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Association of Brownson Hall presented a drama in four acts, "The Ticket-of-Leave Man." The years pass by and the Columbians change with the years. The old members of the society give place to the new and cross the campus to Sorin; but the excellence of the Columbians' acting never fails. It seems to grow in breadth and power with each succeeding year and stands a model for the other actors of the University. The oration, which appears in this issue of the SCHOLASTIC, was delivered by Mr. Charles M. Niezer, '99. It was a splendid effort. Mr. Niezer has a magnificent voice, an imposing presence, and a graceful delivery.

"The Ticket-of-Leave Man" is an English play with plenty of bar-room business, a villain or two, a very sharp detective, a wily Jew, an Irishman somewhat down in his luck, and a young man that falls into the hands of the heavy villain and later on regrets it. The first two acts are rather prolix, but the third and fourth are more interesting. The story is a sad one with a bright and wholly unexpected ending. Bob Brierly, the hero, takes to drink and falls in with a dyed-in-the-wool scoundrel familiarly known to his friend the Jew and to his enemy Hawkshaw the detective as the "Tiger." He borrows a few sovereigns from the "Tiger," and, after spending them freely, discovers to his dismay that they never saw the British mint. He is picked up by officers of the law and sent to Portland Prison to do five years. His good conduct recommends him to the prison officials, and in three years he is released on ticket of

leave. He is wholly reformed and determines to earn an honest living. Through the kindness of a friend whom he had formerly benefited, he secured employment in a broker's office. He wins the confidence of his employer and, in spite of fate, is getting along very well in the world until the Jew, who has designs upon the broker's safe, determines to denounce him as a jail-bird. He is discharged on his wedding day, and is pursued wherever he goes by the unrelenting cruelty of the Jew. He can not on that account secure honest means of living and is driven to the verge of despair. He meets again the "Tiger" and the Jew when he is about to enter upon a laborious but respectable business. His secret history is revealed and his companions avoid him as though he had the plague. When the two scoundrels see to what straits he is reduced they make him tempting offers of assistance in case he takes part with them in a contemplated burglary. He joins in their schemes, but only for the purpose of ending their criminal traffic. He finds a messenger, who turns out to be the ever-watchful Hawkshaw, to carry the news to the owner of the house. The thieves are captured after a violent struggle and Bob Brierly is reinstated in the good graces of his former employer, and at last is able to live as his conscience directs him.

Though the play was not what might be called a first-class drama, there were in it some thrilling situations which admitted of clever acting. Mr. Thomas A. Lowery was leading man, and in spite of a decided leaning to "stogy" flights was often very effective in his work. The part was, no doubt, a hard one to perform, and Mr. Lowery deserves credit for certain scenes that demanded a good deal of talent.

Mr. Louis H. Gerardi as James Dalton, otherwise known as Downey and "The Tiger," was, without doubt, one of the cleverest men in the play. His part was one of the best, and offered him grand opportunities for brilliant acting. He was entirely cool, as becomes a daring villain. His cold-bloodedness was admirable; nothing could surprise him. His narrow escapes seemed only to heighten his delight in evil-doing, and up to the very end he was the same cold, calculating scoundrel. Mr. Gerardi's make-ups and disguises were remarkably clever.

Mr. John H. Shillington as Melter Moss, the Jew, was a typical stage Hebrew. There were humor and aptitude and observation in this character. The Jew was most convincing in his eloquence and always prompt to take a hand in any affair that might give him ample

remuneration, provided the element of danger was removed. There was no faltering in the manner in which Mr. Shillington played his part, which was evidently well rehearsed. He was strong and confident, and carried out the meaning of his lines with an accuracy truly remarkable.

Hawkshaw, the famous detective, was well done by Mr. Robert E. Brown. This part did not call for what is called tragic acting, and Mr. Brown kept himself well in check. His business was action and dissimulation, which he practised with much effect. Mr. Gibson, the prosperous broker, was acted by Mr. Louis C. M. Reed in a manner that deserves the highest commendation. He appeared as the cool, conscientious, kind business-man that he was meant to be. His voice was clear and resonant. Mr. William W. O'Brien as Sam Willoughby, and Mr. John T. Daly as his grandfather, Mr. Willoughby, did very good work. The extravagant mannishness of the one and the goodness and solicitude of the other were well brought out. Maltby, the proprietor of the public house, was a good example of a London bar-keeper. Mr. Eugene Campbell acted the part with great originality. Harry Edwards, Bob Brierly's friend, was remarkably well done by Mr. Joseph J. Tuohy.

Green Jones and Pat Carmody were two characters which made the audience laugh rather immoderately. They did not seem to have much to do with the action of the play, but for all that they were funny, particularly Pat Carmody, the dandy Irishman. Mr. Edward B. Falvey and Mr. Thomas J. Dooley played these respective parts. Mr. James H. McGinnis and Mr. William P. Monahan were formidable looking detectives. Messrs. George J. Hanhauser, Vincent B. Welker and Edward O. Brown were effective in their humble rôles. The citizens can not be passed over without a word of praise; they added much to the success of the play. On the whole, the entertainment was a great success, and to their Rev. Director no less than to the actors themselves, is credit due.

One feature of the performance that calls for special mention was the clearness of enunciation of the actors. Each could be heard throughout the hall without effort. The music by the University Orchestra was highly appreciated. The programmes, which were tastefully printed on stiff cards, bore the colors, green and white, of the Columbians. The same colors decorated the stage.

## Various Things.

This is the motley-minded gentleman.—JACQUES.

Mrs. Minnie Maddern Fiske, the papers state, has met with unqualified artistic success in the dramatization of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles," recently produced in New York, and what is more, the critics rejoice in the well doing of this great American actress. But Mr. Lyman B. Glover, who writes a column and a half on stage topics for the *Chicago Times-Herald* each Sunday, will not be particularly pleased at any measure of success achieved by Mrs. Fiske. During her recent engagement in Chicago, this gentlemanly critic, who is always mouthing about fair play in criticism, made a violent and entirely unwarranted attack upon the actress. Opinions may differ as to the peculiar characters she has chosen to interpret, but this gives Mr. Glover no right to use her personal qualities as a subject for cheap diatribe. If Mr. Glover could bring the amount of talent to his line of work that Mrs. Fiske puts in hers he would be substantially more worthy of his hire.

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If a stranger,—a college man and one at all acquainted with college customs—should by chance spend a few days at Notre Dame, one of his earliest observations would, no doubt, be concerned with the large number of prominent athletes in daily evidence. In every group is to be found a man or two with the University initials upon his sweater or cap. But when you have to acknowledge to your friend that most of these persons have not earned the right to wear the monogram, and that every Tom, Dick and Harry can decorate himself in this manner at his own sweet will, you change the conversation and wish that your interlocutor had not been so observing. Most of the students at Notre Dame appear to be in blissful ignorance that common usage in all first-class colleges requires that a man must have participated in at least three championship games of some kind, or have accomplished certain things in track athletics before he becomes entitled to wear the college monogram publicly. Regulated in such manner the decoration becomes an emblem with meaning and a reward for merit. This is a matter that should engage the attention of the Executive Committee, and there are many who hope that they will take early action in the matter.

Well, well, at length, after suffering untold agonies and fully half a column of base cruelty and persecution, the poor, down-trodden, unoffending orators have secured a champion to enter the lists and do deeds of valor for them. And what a glamor of poesy does the name of this brave knight conjure up? Touchstone, how truly chivalrous, and, what is more, uncommonly appropriate to the whole subject and his own personality—emblematic of the cap and bells. And what a quaint fellow you are, Touchstone, so impulsive and prone to say things you don't mean. But, Touchstone, don't you know that it isn't polite to call names, neither is it diplomatic, unless you follow accepted usage and do so behind one's back?

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As far as the speech-making question is concerned that is not worthy of answer, for public opinion so overwhelmingly sustains my position that there is nothing to be said. You have written harsh words about me, Touchstone, but I confess to a sneaking admiration of you for it, and for this reason I hate to see you indulge in such platitudes as yours about "the old things" and the dangers of progress. They are unworthy of the spirit you evince, and are a palpable bid for favor of a certain kind. As to Sans Gène's pretensions, he humbly begs to disclaim any desire to dictate. His opinions are his own, and he does not expect any one to accept them unless it can be done with all conscience.

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But there are many human *fungi*, with little narrow souls and clogging minds, that no man can think of and remain entirely calm; and of these, Touchstone, beware. So, after all, you may be right about the "dangerous tendency." It is well with you now, but you are going the way to disillusion and possibly regret. Amid the narrowness and fossilization of ideas that surround you, good, red, coursing blood and honest enthusiasm, such as you seem to have, are not in high favor. You will not meet the enemy in a fair fight, but you will be stabbed treacherously in the back. Take the advice, then, of one who bears no ill-will and who has had some small measure of experience himself. If you wish to avoid turbulency refrain from possessing individuality, from having a God-given mind of your own, and sink into the slough of the commonplace. That way lies peace.

SANS GÈNE.

## Exchanges.

The articles in the February number of the *Mount* are, for the most part, short and interesting. The young ladies who edit the paper are maintaining the high standard they have set for themselves, and every month they present us with something worthy of being read.

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The February number of the *Student* is devoted almost entirely to short stories, and very well written stories, too, most of them are. They all prove that their writers are skilled in the art of writing an interesting short story, and that neat turns of thought and treatment are not beyond their capabilities. "Short Sketches" are especially interesting. It is an accomplishment to hint at an entire story in a few lines; but the readers of the *Student* will discover that it is within the power of its contributors to make such telling hints.

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The *Lampoon* is growing old, but, like old wine, the quality of its humor grows better as the paper grows older. The last number would drive the blues away from the most wretched pessimist in the world. It is filled with clean, wholesome humor, which, while it is not so broad as that contained in many of the professional comic papers, possesses a flavor that every lover of true wit and humor can not fail to enjoy. The majority of comic papers have deteriorated as they have grown older, but the *Lampoon* has never gone backwards. In this respect it is like *Life*, which, indeed, was a direct outgrowth for the *Lampoon*. The *Lampoon* has seen the beginning and rise of *Puck* and *Judge*, and from present indications it will see their decline and passing away, while it remains ever the same.

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Always progressive and up to date in regard to its contents, the *St. James' School Journal* has fallen into line with the *Stylus*, *Villanova Monthly* and others of our exchanges, and now comes in magazine form. Its contents are as bright and sparkling as ever, and the new make-up shows them off to even a better advantage. It is a new and richer setting for the literary gems for which the *Journal* is noted. In regard to literary excellence, the *Journal* is far ahead of many papers coming from colleges, and we wonder how the pupils of a high school are able to turn out such good work. If the paper is not up to the standard of our best exchanges,

it, nevertheless, shows that its contributors have gone a long way on the literary road, and when they have gained more experience they will be far ahead of their contemporaries. If the editors of the *Journal* should enter college after graduating from St. James' School it would be interesting to see what kind of a paper they would turn out in a few years hence. The stories in the last number of the *Journal* are interesting and written in an attractive style. The essays are without the affectation which spoils so many of the efforts of young writers, while the verse is, as a rule, pleasing.

## Personals.

—Professor Green entertained his brother during the past week.

—Mr. Fish, of Chicago, is visiting his two sons of Carroll Hall.

—Patrick A. Curtis, of Carroll Hall, entertained his sister on St. Patrick's Day.

—Mrs. Phillips, of Cincinnati, Ohio, recently visited her son of the Minim Department.

—Mr. Charles Murphy, of Brownson Hall, received a visit from his father on Sunday last.

—J. V. Ducey (student '96) is working in a lawyer's office at Victor, Col. He intends to return to school next year.

—Stephen Schultz, who is well known to the students of the past few years, is the welcome guest of his many friends at the University.

—Rev. Father Paquett and Mr. J. B. Niezer, of Monroeville, Ind., were the guests of Charles Niezer, of Brownson Hall, on St. Patrick's Day.

—Mr. Frank Ewing, of Chicago, spent a few days of the past week with his brother, Professor Ewing, of the University. Mr. Ewing has many friends here to whom his visit was most welcome.

—William Moxley (student '92-'93-'94) paid a pleasant visit to his many friends at the University on Monday last. His visit was very short, but we hope that it may be repeated in the near future.

—Mr. Joseph McCormick, of Brooklyn, N. Y., was the guest of friends among the Faculty on Wednesday last. Mr. McCormick is a prominent business man of Brooklyn, and is at present travelling on business, but nevertheless he had time to spend a few pleasant hours among his friends at Notre Dame.

—We are pleased to announce that Mr. A. J. Dannemiller (student '95) who has been seriously ill at his home in Canton, Ohio, is now well on the way to recovery. Mr. Dannemiller is in business with his father, who is a prominent merchant of the now famous city of Canton. We congratulate Mr. Dannemiller upon his safe recovery, and trust that it may be permanent.

## Basket-Ball.

Fort Wayne boasts of nearly a dozen basketball teams, but it may be truthfully said that the residents of that city never really saw the game until Notre Dame played there on Thursday night. The team arrived in the city about four o'clock, and after visiting the cathedral and other points of interest they prepared for the game. The contest took place in the Princess Rink. The building was plenty large enough to seat comfortably the audience of eight hundred persons, and there was room to spare for the players; but unfortunately the floor was so slippery that it placed the men at a disadvantage. Before the game commenced the band in attendance played a few selections, and then Mr. John Crowe, in the name of the Y. M. C. A., welcomed the Varsity to Fort Wayne, thanked them for the treatment accorded the Y. M. C. A. team upon their visit to Notre Dame, and assured them that they would do their best to return the favor. The Varsity gave the Fort Wayne and the Notre Dame yells after Mr. Crowe had finished, and then the game began.

During the first few minutes of play the Varsity spent their time becoming acquainted with their surroundings; after that it was plain sailing. All of the men played very well, but the work of Naughton, Shillington, Cornell, Herron and Steiner was remarkable. Kegler advanced the ball in good form, but on account of his weight the slippery floor handicapped him greatly. In the second "third" Donovan took Kegler's place and he was more fortunate in his goal tossing. Burns, who went in Steiner's place in the last "third," did not throw any goals, but he helped the others to do so by the rapid manner in which he advanced the ball. Captain Shepard threw the first goal for the Y. M. C. A. Wilson, who played so well at Notre Dame, kept up the good work at Fort Wayne. He scored the other three points for his team.

THE SCORE:		NOTRE DAME
Y. M. C. A.		
Kensill	Centre	Naughton
Dinius	Right C.	Steiner
Ferguson	Left C.	Shillington (C.)
Shepard (C.)	Forward	Kegler
Zurmuehlen	Forward	Cornell
Dougall	Guard	Martin
Arlinger	Guard	Herron
Wilson (sub.)		Donovan (sub.)
Loveless (sub.)		Burns (sub.)

Goals from field: Shillington, 3; Naughton, 2; Cornell, 2; Donovan, 2; Shepard, Wilson. Goals from Fouls,

Shillington, 3; Wilson. Fouls: Naughton, 2; Dougal, 2; Shillington, Martin, Arlinger, Dinius, Zurmuehlen, Kensill, Wilson. Total points scored by Notre Dame, 21; Total points scored by Y. M. C. A., 5. Umpires, Jones and Wilson; Referee, Hering. Time, three fifteen minute "thirds."

The morning after the game the Notre Dame players called on Right Reverend Bishop Rademacher, but unfortunately he was not at home. Then they visited the large candy and cake factory of Mr. Fox, whose son Robert is a student at Notre Dame. After going all through the factory they finally found themselves on the roof where they proceeded to give all the Notre Dame yells and then wound up with a few choice yells that impressed upon the audience in the street below the merits of Fox's cake and candy. The team extend thanks to the Y. M. C. A. for the pleasant kindness shown them while in Fort Wayne.

## Local Items.

—Rain on "rec" days as usual.

—Marbles is the favorite amusement in Sorin Hall.

—FOUND.—A key; owner, inquire of owner of desk No. 42, Brownson Hall.

—LOST.—A knife; finder, please return to Charles Tomlinson, Brownson Hall.

—The members of the Band return thanks to all whom they serenaded for favors received.

—Quite a number of the boys, including Mr. Costello, have been to Chicago during the past week in attendance at the Grand Opera.

—Solemn High Mass was sung by Very Rev. Provincial Corby on St. Joseph's Day. The sermon was preached by Reverend Father Cavanaugh.

The recent rains brought out the bulbs on the trees, and made the campus a thing of beauty. The beautiful weather is a surprise; spring was never ushered in so pleasantly.

—LOST.—By Mrs. Beardslee, during her recent visit at the University, a gold cuff-button with figure of a flower on the outer face. Finder, kindly return to the Students' Office or to Master Beardslee of Carroll Hall.

—Colonel Hoynes, the genial Dean of the Law Faculty, gave a very clever and interesting talk to the members of the military companies from the steps of Sorin Hall on St. Patrick's Day. His remarks were highly appreciated.

—It may not be known generally that there is a division of opinion as to the pronunciation of the name given to the second day of the week. The standard lexicographers give it as Monday, while many of our local orthoepists insist upon pronouncing it Tuesday.

—A few students went down town Saint Patrick's night to see Father Cavanaugh win that gold-headed cane. They were all very well treated, and wish to return grateful acknowledgments to the members of Saint Patrick's congregation of South Bend.

—The skylight over the Brownson gym was finished last Thursday much to the delight of next year's baseball candidates. There is nothing so satisfying as having work done in time, and the members of the '98 team are to be congratulated on their enterprise and forethought.

—The classes of '98 and '99 of Sorin Hall wore their caps and gowns for the first time on Wednesday last. They are the same as those worn by the Seniors with the exception of the tassel. The crimson tassel relieves the black of the cap and gown and makes a very pretty contrast.

—Last night's short but terrific storm did no more damage than wake a few Brownsons from their peaceful slumbers. The hail-stones are reported to have been as large as duck eggs; the thunder to be as loud as a sound of the bass drum when Rosey whacks it; and the lightning to be as brilliant as Walter Butler's puns.

—New evidence in the case of the State vs. "Fatty" for the burglarizing attempt upon a horse and cutter sets forth that his accomplice in the crime was a young man of hitherto unblemished reputation, who bore the front name of Frank. The case is being watched with interest, as "Fatty" strongly protests his innocence.

—We doubted very much that the spring was really here until Golden appeared with his bicycle last Wednesday. We know the season of robins and poets is here now. Next it will be in order for Hunter to take his "bike" out of the shop, and then the two of them will compel the Infirmary authorities and the Local editor to work overtime.

—For several days the students in the Biological Course have been engaged in dissecting a horse, which passed away some days ago on the other side of St. Mary's Lake. There was strong feeling aroused against the Biologs when Wiseacre informed the students in the other courses that the embryo surgeons were the only men in the college who used a pony.

—Ground was broken last Thursday in the rear of Sorin Hall for the proposed addition. The two wings are to be extended a little farther than the original plan. The steam house will be built in the open space between the two wings. The hall may not be finished according to the original design, but provision will be made for future extension if it be found necessary. The present addition will open forty new rooms. This, with the rest of the hall, will offer accommodation to all the members of the

junior and senior classes. And then will come the erection of a hall for the sophs.

—MATHEMATICIAN.—Yes, the hatful of water found the way to the destination intended for it. Considering the distance from his feet to the base of the door as one side of a right triangle, from the base of the door up to the water another, and the fall of the water as the hypotenuse, it can be proved mathematically. Lack of space forbids us to give the complete demonstration. Take our word for it, however, that he was soaked. We havn't any doubt of it after hearing the soft gurgle of the falling water, and the half-surprised exclamation that slit the inky darkness as the limpid wavelets danced along his cervical vertebræ.

—The Director of the Library wishes to thank Mr. James H. Kivlan, of South Bend, for the following books which he presented: Steam and the Steam Engine; Mechanical Engineering; The Steam Engine; How to Use Wood-Working Tools; Carpenter's Manual; Steam Boilers; Steam Engine Indicator; Roper's Engineer's Hand-Book; Mechanic's Complete Library of Rules, etc.; Simpson's Manual of Screw-Cutting; Everybody's Hand-book of Electricity; Bench-Work in Wood; Practical Draughting; Hints to Sea-going Engineers; The Shop; Reed's Head Light; Teeth of Gears; Wood-Work Elementary; First Lessons in Wood-Working; Complete Practical Machinist.

—This is the programme which was presented on St. Patrick's Day:

Overture—"Echoes from Ireland".....*Schlepergrell*  
 Oration.....Charles Niezer  
 Santiago Waltz.....*A. Corbin*

INTERLUDES.

University Orchestra.

I. Selections from Devil's Deputy. II. Gavotte Militaire  
 III. March—"Veni, Vidi, Vici."

"THE TICKET-OF-LEAVE MAN,"

*A Drama in Four Acts.*

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bob Brierly.....T. A. Lowery  
 James Dalton—Alias Downey, Alias the Tiger  
 .....L. H. Gerardi  
 Hawkshaw.....R. E. Brown  
 Melter Moss.....J. H. Shillington  
 Green Jones.....E. B. Falvey  
 Pat Carmody.....T. J. Dooley  
 Mr. Gibson.....L. C. Reed  
 Sam Willoughby.....W. W. O'Brien  
 Mr. Willoughby.....J. F. Daly  
 Maltby.....E. Campbell  
 Harry Edwards.....J. J. Tuohy  
 Detectives..... $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{W. P. Monahan} \\ \text{J. H. McGinnis} \end{array} \right.$   
 Sharpe.....G. J. Hanhauser  
 Burton.....V. B. Welker  
 Jackson.....E. C. Brown  
 Citizens—Messrs. W. T. Morris, F. J. McNichols, G. Stulfauth, James Bennett, A. V. Long, R. E. Barry, Henry C. Stearns.

USHERS.

Joseph J. Rowan,  
 George P. McCarrick Charles M. Niezer  
 Stephen J. Brucker Peter E. Follen.  
 John D. Landers.

—There are a few barrels remaining in the upper corridors of the main building. Happily

they are not filled with water, so the Board of Health is out of a job. Some one suggested that the barrels be filled with salt water. Probably he thinks that if a fire wanders around the premises it might be easily captured by salt water, just as little birds are caught with the salt, minus the water. But even if they be filled with briny fluid the upper corridors are not the place for those barrels with self-supporting odors. There is a vacant lot midway between here and Chicago which would offer splendid accommodation to these aged barrels. And the nearest town is eight miles distant, so there is no danger to be feared at the hands of violent men with disinfectants. This lot would afford a safe asylum for the barrels in their declining years.

—Elmer saw the pretty white marbles in the Tribune Store windows a few days ago, and taking Jean Jacques by the hand he went into the store and asked the clerk for "five cents' worth for Joey Marmon." At any rate, that is what the clerk says. The advent of the marbles in Sorin Hall caused a ripple of excitement in athletic circles. Already there are two teams formed, and it is reported that an intercollegiate marble association will soon be organized. The game is not only very fascinating, but statistics show that it is not near so brutal as croquet or prize-fighting. The candidates for the Sorin Hall teams are working from morning till night, and many hard-fought games have already been played. Brennong was ruled out yesterday for "snatching," but as he did not know that this was against the rules he was reinstated. The St. Edward's Hall team will play the Sorin team at an early date.

—In former years the candidates for the Sorin Hall baseball team, better known as the S. M. Specials, have donned their uniforms at the first fluting of the robins. This spring, however, they seem to be slow about their practice, such promising material, too! There is Geoghegan, for instance, the crack third baseman of last year's "Tarriers"; Delaney, erstwhile bat-carrier on the Lykens, Pa., "Tail Twisters"; Wiseacre, who was the star pitcher on the Carroll "Antis" until he was succeeded by Chub Dugas; Bill Sheehan, who sold grandstand tickets last season for the Handcock "Beauts," and who knows a thing or two about the game; Golden, who scored for the "All College" team of Butler, Pa., during the summer of '95; Reilly, formerly the heaviest hitter on the "Cuban Joints," and dozens of others who have been connected with baseball in one way or another ever since they were able to tell an "in-shoot" from a "home-run." It is bad policy, of course, to give the management of the "Hardly Ables" and other rival teams such a knowledge of our promising material, but it must be done in order to get the men out. Candidates please take notice and hand in their names at once to John Byrne, Coach.

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, H. Bennett, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanagh, Costello, Crilly, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler, Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Minge, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Piquette, Reardon, Rosenthal, Sullivan, Steele, Sheehan, Sanders, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Armijo, Arizpe, W. Berry, J. Berry, R. Brown, E. Brown, Brucker, Barry, Bouwens, Boze, Baloun, Bennett, Bommersbach, Crawford, T. Cavanaugh, Campbell, Cypher, Crowley, Cullinane, Conway, A. Casey, J. Casey, J. Cavanaugh, Dreher, Duperier, Dowd, M. Daly, Duffy, Donovan, J. Daly, Dooley, Desmond, Davis, Dixon, Ellison, Fetherstone, Fadeley, Foster, Follen, Foulks, Fehr, Farrell, Franey, M. Flannigan, Falvey, Fleming, Grady, R. Garza, C. Garza, Gilbert, Gerardi, Guilfoyle, Guerra, H. Gray, G. Gray, Hoban, Hayes, Hengen, F. Hesse, Howard, E. Hake, Hanhouser, L. Hake, Hermann, Haley, J. Hesse, Henry, Hessel, Hartung, Hindel, Hurst, Johnson, Jurado, Kidder, F. Kaul, I. Kaul, Kraus, Kearney, Kuhl, Koehler, Lyons, Long, Landers, Lowery, Lichtenwalter, Lutz, Lieb, J. Murphy, Meagher, C. Murphy, Mullen, Morris, Mulcrone, W. Monahan, Meyers, Monarch, T. Monahan, Miller, McCarrick, McCormack, McGinnis, Maurus, McConn, McDonald, McKenzie, Niezer, Nye, F. O'Shaughnessey, M. O'Shaughnessey, O'Hara, O'Brien, Pickett, Paras, Pim, Quinn, Rowan, Reed, Rahe, Smöger, Stuhlfauth, C. Schermerhorn, Shillington, San Roman, Schulte, Singler, Scheubert, Sockalexis, Thiele, Thams, Taylor, Tomlinson, Tuohy, Toba, Vogt, Weadock, Ward, Welker, Wiczorek, J. Wimberg, Wade, H. Wimberg, Williams, Wynne.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Abrahams, R. Armijo, P. Armijo, Alexander, Beardslee, Becker, Berger, Breslin, Burke, Burns, Brand, M. Condon, Corby, Cowie, Curry, Curtis, Conklin, Davidson, Dellone, Devine, Dimmen, Druiding, Drejer, Dugas, Delaney, Elliott, Ellwanger, Ernst, Fennessey, Fox, A. Fish, L. Fish, Funk, Frank, Friedman, Fleming, Gimbel, Girsch, Grossart, Garrity, Hoban, Houck, Heffelfinger, Hinze, Herbert, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, Keiffer, Kelly, Kiley, Kirkland, Klein, Kilgallen, Krug, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Land, Leach, Lovett, Lyle, Maher, Meagher, Moore, Mohn, Mooney, Morgan, Morrissey, T. Mulcare, J. Mulcare, T. Murray, R. Murray, Moxley, Mueller, Merz, Michels, McCallen, McCarthy, McElroy, McIntyre, J. McMahan, O. McMahan, McMaster, McNamara, W. McNichols, McManus, McDonald, T. Naughton, Nolan, J. Naughton, T. Noonan, Newell, Nast, F. O'Brien, O'Brien, O'Malley, O'Neill, Ordetx, Padden, Peterson, Pohlman, Powers, Putnam, Pyle, Page, Quinlan, Reuss, Richon, Sample, Sanford, Schaffhauser, J. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Schmidt, Schmitt, E. Sheeky, J. Sheeky, Shiels, Shillington, Shea, Slevin, Stengel, Sullivan, Szybowicz, Swiney, Schwabe, Taylor, Tong, Wagenmann, H. St. Clair Ward, F. Ward, Walsh, Wilson, Weadock.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Arnold, Abercrombie, Abrahams, Allyn, Butler, Bosworth, C. Bode, F. Bode, Blanchfield, Beardslee, Burton, Cowie, Casparis, Cressy, Cunnea, Cotter, Coquillard, Craig, Davis, Dorian, Dugas, Dougherty, Dessauer, Ellis, Edgerton, Ebbert, Ervin, Englemann, Frost, Fetter, Freeman, Frane, Griffith, Garrity, Hinsey, Hall, Hart, Hubbard, Jonquet, Kasper, Kelly, Leclerque, Lovell, Lawton, Leisander, P. Manion, E. Manion, T. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, P. McBride, L. McBride, J. McBride, Willie McBride, J. McMahan, J. McConnell, W. McMahan, G. McMahan, McMaster, J. McGeeney, E. McGeeney, F. Phillip, Paul, A. Phillips, G. Quertimont, E. Quertimont, Robbins, Ryan, Rees, Redpath, Rennolds, Spillard, Steele, Strauss, Shields, Strong, Seymour, Tillotson, R. Van Sant, L. Van Sant, J. Van Dyke, F. Van Dyke, Veneziani, Welch, Wilde, G. Weidmann, F. Weidmann, Weber, Wigg.