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## In Memoriam.\*

PAUL J. RAGAN.

THE rose is sweetest when at early morn  
Its perfumed petals glisten fresh and bright,  
But left to stand the sweltering noonday sun  
It withers and dies drooping in the night.

He that is gone went at the early dawn,  
When love was purest and when hope was new;  
A flower not withered by the life-day's heat,  
But one whose stalk was broken while it grew.

Not his to toil and struggle all the day,  
To lie down worn and weary at the eve.  
Scarce far enough was he to meet with care  
When angels brought for him a sweet reprieve.

His spirit drifted peacefully away,  
Like fleeting echoes of a song just sung;  
There's no more care nor pain nor strife for him.  
Ah God! this is Thy will—the good die young.

\* LOUIS A. MCBRIDE, died May 14, 1900.

## A Study of Tennyson.†

JAMES JOSEPH TRAHEY, A. B. '99.

IN "the days that are no more," Lord Alfred Tennyson acquired the theoretical knowledge of his art, and mastered the technique of a perfect poem, classic in its grace and dignity. His youth was a happy preparation for his future career—an almoner of the true, the good and the beautiful. He loved nature from the first, and at the dawn of reason he studied the object-lessons of nature's open book. He listened to the sweet notes of the thrush, and he heard the music of the babbling brook. He observed the delicate hues of the hidden violet, the scattered petals of the wild-rose, the grey clouds that

float along the rugged coast of heaven and the seething billows of the deep blue ocean. When speaking to his friends, he would often stop short in a sentence to listen to the black-bird's song, to watch the sunlight glint on a butterfly's wings, or to examine a wild flower at his feet. His inspiration was gathered from the humblest walks of life, and the sere, yellow leaf that drifts at random on the autumn fields drew forth his sweetest songs. A cataract falling over a cliff suggested this metaphor:

Slow dropping-veils of thinnest lawn.

"The year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-three was a period of waiting and uncertainty in English literature. Twelve years had passed since the brief, bright light of Keats went out at Rome; eleven years since the waters of Spezzia's treacherous bay closed over the head of Shelley; nine years since the wild flame of Byron's heart burned away at Missolonghi; a few months since the weary hand of Scott had at last let fall the wizard's wand. The new leaders were dead; the old leaders were silent. Wordsworth was reclining on the dry laurels of his Ecclesiastical Sonnets at Rydal Mount; Coleridge was pacing up and down the garden path at Highgate talking transcendental metaphysics; Southey had ceased writing what he called poetry; Thomas Moore was warbling his old songs to an audience which had almost begun to weary of them. The coming man had not yet arrived. Dickens was a short-hand reporter in the House of Commons; Thackeray was running through his property in the ruinous dissipation of newspaper-publishing; Carlyle was wrestling with poverty and the devil at Craigenputtock; Robert Browning, a youth of twenty, was travelling in Italy; Matthew Arnold, and Arthur Clough were boys at Rugby; . . . In this somewhat barren and unpromising interval, the poetical reputation of Alfred Tennyson . . . was trembling in the balance of criticism."

† Competitive Essay for the English Medal.

The verdict that issued from the stern tribunal of the *Blackwood Magazine* and the *Quarterly* was not at all favorable to the ambitious tyro. Christopher North struck at him with the sharp axe of ridicule; the weapon was unskilfully wielded, and the poet escaped with little or no injury. When Tennyson appeared before the public with his second volume of poems, he was attacked by a more adroit and formidable opponent than "Crusty Christopher"—James Gibson Lockhart. This scorpion, as he was called, used the two-edged sword of irony. He sarcastically apologized for his oversight in regard to Mr. Tennyson's first volume, and he exposed the defects of each poem by extravagant mock praise. After these severe censures, Tennyson retreated from the public arena of poetry, and, like Demosthenes, sought a hiding-place where he might perfect his art. For ten years he worked in silence. At length in 1842 he emerged from his secret nook with two volumes of poems, whose bright glitter, pre-Raphaelite polish, and mature thought, placed him forever among the English poets.

The task that I have proposed to myself in writing this essay is threefold—first, I shall review briefly Tennyson's most popular poems; secondly, I shall give a detailed criticism of his style, dwelling particularly on his shortcomings and weaknesses as a poet; and thirdly I shall endeavor to expose his high merits, and assign him his proper place among the poets of England.

Tennyson is not an interpreter of nature like Wordsworth, nor an absorber of the beautiful like Keats: he is rather the literary artist that knows how to embody another's thought in classic form. Frequently he takes the rose bush, though not by stealth, from his neighbor's garden, plants it in his own rich flower bed, and nourishes its tender sprouts with the fresh dew of poetic genius. Like the sculptor he often works with rough slabs of granite and marble that are not his own. In neither case is the final result less beautiful because the artist made use of another man's material. Since originality (as defined by Goethe) is the assimilative power which takes all the materials of the time but digests them into its own life, we may reasonably grant Tennyson sufficient originality in thought and expression, in lofty conception and polished forms, to make him a classic. Originality does not consist in the utterance or the expression of a beautiful thought such as no man had

ever before conceived. No: the original author is like the honey bee that gathers its nectar from sources external to itself; and he is unlike the spider that weaves its intricate web out of the raw material taken from its own body.

We can easily free Tennyson from the many charges of plagiarism that have been launched against him, if we reflect more deeply on this one word—originality. Some critics, especially those unfriendly to the Laureate, seem to think that the original writer should make a *tabula rasa* of his brain; purge his mind from the influence of whatever thought he has unconsciously assimilated, and then create something absolutely new. This theory is false and meaningless. Originality consists in vitalizing and giving a new stamp to the materials which exist in common for all men. The original writer takes a thought in the bud and nourishes it until the mature fruit appears. He lays his firm hand upon shapes that have floated dimly before a thousand eyes, and he fixes them forever upon the canvas. Nowadays the world of thought has been so thoroughly ransacked and the sweet flavor of the Homeric genius so completely absorbed that the modern artist must rest content if he is permitted to work at the eleventh hour and to glean whatever the morning sickles have left standing. Hence we pay attention not so much to what he says as to how he says it. "A Greek or Gothic temple is not less beautiful because the acanthus leaf may have suggested the capital to a column." The spark of originality lies smouldering in the soul of every artist, and its brilliancy appears in proportion as the dim coal is fanned by the breath of inspiration. Even the greatest poets, painters and musicians, cribbed from one another.

Though Tennyson does not possess the originality of Wordsworth, the strength of Browning and the fancy of Coleridge, he is by no means inferior to any of these three poets in his wonderful command over lyric thought and expression. Like Shelley he is not a dramatist, for he can not grasp and blend many parts into unity; neither is he able to create characters. He lacks the heroic strength of Milton, the fire of Dante, the massiveness of Virgil, the satire of Shelley and the inspiration of Keats. He is rather the poet of idyllic grace, mystic sorrow and household sunshine. "With an inner voice his river runs," and our ears must be well trained to catch its faint murmurs. When he turned

from the smooth paths whereon he had walked steadily to fame, and attempted to climb the rugged strongholds in his old age, he suddenly grew faint and languid—the muse had forsaken him. He was not able to yoke the passions; his hand was not strong enough to curb them. When he approached the Divine flame, he was changed into another Phaeton; his wings melted away in the glowing heat, and he fell to the earth a victim of misguided ambition.

His attempts at epic poetry are almost puerile when compared to the subtle, emotional lyrics in which he gave free expression to the hidden aspirations of his noble soul. If he intended "The Princess" for a solution of the "woman's question," his essay at politics was certainly a failure. As a serious poem, "The Princess" is too amusing, and as a humorous poem, it is too serious. It is all body and no soul. Its fair and vigorous sapplings of poetic thought are hidden by the thickets of overgrown description. The poet's sensuous nature is quite evident from his elaborate picture of the eight "daughters of the plow"—a group of female servants:

Each was like a druid rock;  
Or like a spire of land that stands apart  
Cleft in the main and wall'd about with mews.

The poem's one redeeming quality are the Shaksperian lyrics scattered through its polished verses like precious amethysts half concealed in a heap of pebbles. "Blow, Bugle, Blow" reminds one of the fairy madrigals that the English Dramatist sometimes makes use of to flavor his majestic plays.

"The Idyls of the King," whose inspiration was drawn entirely from mediæval chivalry, are the ripe fruit of twenty-five years' growth. Their composition involved a paradoxical feat. Tennyson began with the end, continued with the beginning and ended with the middle of the story. Although the Idyls are a living proof of their author's weakness and artificiality as a writer of epic poetry, they are something more than "Faint Homeric echoes, nothing worth." The method adopted by Tennyson in writing the Idyls, is neither purely classical nor purely romantic. It is something between these two styles—like the Italian Gothic in architecture. By means of this intermediate style, the poet preserves strict unity throughout his great work: he avoids the confused, fragmentary, inorganic production of the extreme romantic writer, and he observes a due proportion of interest, life, color and

detail—qualities which the extreme classicist can not command.

Tennyson's personages are mere conventional figures as characterless as those on a piece of tapestry. We never see his characters with real satisfaction. They always appear in the twilight and not when the sun is high in the heavens and the earth flooded with light. Their faces are pale, their movements too conscious and voluntary. They do not possess a single trait that would defy analysis. Even the hero is too perfect for human perfection—an angel, not a man. He seems to regard his own character as flawless and his conduct beyond reproach. In his parting interview with Guinevere, "his bearing verges perilously on Pharisaic self-complacency." The characters of the Idyls are vague, and their development depends upon the unravelling of the plot—the reverse of true art. There is not one individual character strong enough to be a unit in himself and to become the resting point or central force of any sustained action.

If Tennyson had the noble contemplation and the anointed vision that reads the heart of nature, he might have become another Milton. But false situations and trivial sentiments have rendered his attempts at the epic and the drama a complete failure. His work in these two grooves is rather an exposition on biology than on the active, emotional life of man. In "The Princess" and in the "Idyls of the King" we readily perceive that the poet's genius has been somewhat forced and even strained—largeness of grasp and character insight are wanting. There is no sweep, no great conception that works itself out in detail. The bare story of "The Princess" is trifling; it also lacks the wit and brilliancy that give life and meaning to trifles. Again, in the Idyls Tennyson shows both his ambition and his weakness as a poet. The Arthurian legends, as he welded them together, are the attempts of a nature too essentially lyric to become epic. Browning came nearer the well-spring of dramatic composition than the Laureate. Tennyson's characters are marble statues devoid of all personality. His skeleton is always beautiful—remarkably artistic in its structure—but the flesh and muscles, the animating principle, have not the flush and energy of the real epic or dramatic poem.

Since the great lyric, in its perfection, is pre-eminently a poem of sorrow, it always finds a responsive echo in our soul, and it touches the most tender cord in the human heart. The

"Lycidas" of Milton, the "Adonais" of Shelley and Tennyson's "In Memoriam" flow naturally and spontaneously from the human breast whither they unconsciously return like the mighty wave rolling back into the ocean's bosom. "In Memoriam" is Tennyson's masterpiece of lyric poetry in originality, imagination and depth of thought. Its sweet melodies reveal the tenderest emotions of the poet's heart, and place before us the intense bitterness of his soul. This sorrow, which is the essence of the great lyric, is always supernatural: it is an outpouring of the soul, not toward man but toward God. Whether we meditate on the mournful sentiments of "In Memoriam," and follow Tennyson in spirit as he wanders alone among the cliffs and dells of poetic England; whether we seat ourselves on the burning sands of Arabia and mourn with holy Job, or lastly should we stand near the Mount of Olives and weep with David—in all three cases we shall find the expression of the soul writhing in supernatural sorrow.

Though "In Memoriam" may be looked upon by many critics as the "voice of the nineteenth century marked by the accents of doubt and faith, science and culture," it is nevertheless a beautiful dirge whose Calvary has a bright Easter. The beginning of the poem is stamped with a sensuous sorrow, and as the poet advances on the ocean of tears, the billows of doubt and materialism threaten to sink his fragile skiff. Suddenly the roar of the tempest dies away and the angry waves recede. The clouds of darkness disappear, and a mysterious hand removes the veil that hides the eternal beauty from the poet's withered soul. The sorrow that was sensuous at first has become spiritual, and his once dwarfed soul is now expanded, elevated, and illuminated by the bright light of faith. He frankly exclaims when the victory is secured:

My own dim life should teach me this—  
That life shall live for evermore.

In this lyrical drama of the soul, Tennyson, like Petrarch weeping over the death of Laura, lingers lovingly upon the past, and recalls the different scenes and incidents in which his friend played so prominent a part. Like Dante he soars into the regions of speculation and grapples with the difficult problems of the age. Each of the one hundred and thirty-one lyrics that contribute to make "In Memoriam" an organic whole, is complete in itself, and the last verse of every stanza seems

to be a résumé of the foregoing thought. "In Memoriam," like Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," is a series of beautiful pictures and poetic images, not a rhetorical development of the leading idea—sorrow. "In Memoriam" has cast around the tomb of Arthur Hallam an immortal light, which succession and change have no power to dim, for its life proceeds from eternity.

Tennyson's best lyrics are short and periodic. He is unable to sustain a long flight such as we find in Shelley's "Sky-Lark." This weakness is in part redeemed by the wonderful unity of thought and expression so conspicuous in many of his later poems. "St. Agnes' Eve" is almost a perfect sonnet in conception and expression. It has the vital unity of thought required for a Petrarchan sonnet, which falls asunder like the acorn into unequal parts of a perfect organism. It is a rocket that flashes suddenly into light and then fades away in a soft shower of brightness. The picture in "St. Agnes' Eve" is so vivid, and the last stanza dies away so calmly and serenely, that we fancy we have heard the footsteps of the angels commissioned to lead earth's fairest and purest bride to the Spouse of eternal Love.

The wholesome atmosphere of Greek poetry gave life and color to the poems of Shelley and Keats. Tennyson also found refection and repose in this atmosphere of classic beauty, and his reproductions of the old Grecian idyls reach us as gales of melody blown from a far-off region. His favorite poet among the Greeks was Theocritus, whose idyls on the Sicilian woods and the musical "contests of shepherds," were a source of inspiration to the English Laureate. Seven of Tennyson's poems are on subjects taken from Greek Mythology—The Lotus-eaters, Ulysses, CEnone, The Death of CEnone, Tithonus, Tiresias, Demeter, and Persephone. He has shown considerable originality in the treatment of these subjects, and he has given them, by his versatile use of blank verse, a harmony and majesty of movement analogous to Greek sculpture. His impassioned love for Greek models caused Carlyle to exclaim in his own pleasant way: "See him on a dust-hill surrounded by innumerable dead dogs."

"CEnone" has the deep, rich coloring, the sensuous, ornate style of Keats, and a touch of the weirdness that we find in Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner." When Tennyson speaks of the swimming vapor that puts forth an arm

and creeps from pine to pine, he goes beyond the sphere of our imagination and strikes the keynote of fancy. Though he is always a classicist, at least in style, he shows a strong tendency toward Romanticism throughout "Cenone." There is a certain picturesqueness about this poem which rivets our attention upon its subtle ebb and flow, its quick transitions of thought and sentiment, its happy blending of the real with the ideal, imagination with fancy. It is an idyllic poem of the highest order, and it has the proper setting for a sonata in music. The beautiful vision that Cenone presents to our interpretative faculties suggests Beethoven's "Moonlight Sonata." We "see the harvest moon glittering and quivering with the light of heaped diamonds as it does when caught among the boughs of trees." Seumer's poem, "Die Reterin," the pleader, furnished the inspiration for the "Moonlight Sonata." The evanescent music, the deep pathos and childlike pleading of love-sick Cenone, would certainly be suitable material for another Beethoven to work upon.

The rondo in music is often found as the final movement of a symphony or sonata. "In the musical rondo the recurrence of the refrain in the metrical form is imitated by the repetition of a certain melodic passage after each new episode has been worked out." This musical refrain—the rondo in the sonata—is skilfully imitated by two recurring verses, which mark the transitions of thought and sentiment in Cenone:

O mother Ida, many-fountained Ida,  
Dear mother Ida, hearken ere I die.

Tennyson had neither a theoretical nor a practical knowledge of music; still he could appreciate its hidden melodies. His orchestra in "Maud," composed of a flute, a violin and a bassoon, is simply ridiculous. One day when he had read aloud his "Ode on the Duke of Wellington," he remarked to his friends: "It is a great roll of words, the music of words. For a hundred persons that can sing a song there are not ten who can read a poem. People do not understand the music of words." On another occasion, after hearing Haydn's musical description of chaos, he exclaimed: "The violin spoke of light." In Tennyson's opinion, music takes up the expression where poetry leaves off, and embodies such emotions as can not be conveyed by words. Not even Shelley, whose ear was so well attuned to the melodies of the spirit-world, has written anything on music to excel these lines of Tennyson:

The tides of music's golden sea  
Setting toward eternity.

In "Dora" and "Enoch Arden" Tennyson avoids the false situations and the artificial tableaux of the modern short-story and the cheap novel. He does not mar the desired effect of either by an inartistic conclusion, nor by superfluous amplification, which is detrimental to all real art. He is suggestive, not explanatory. In fact, Tennyson is, by excellence, a master of the suggestive element in art. His best poems abound in musical phrases, graceful cadences, and telling characteristics—such as, "Pilot of the purple dawn," and "The ringing plains of windy Troy." His art is like that of the sculptor: it becomes more pleasing by the mellowing effect of time. How suggestive of a wave-motion is this perfect line:

Our echoes roll from soul to soul.

Tennyson's literary tastes were always classical; consequently he had an accurate sense of form, which has been called the "highest and last attribute of a creative mind." "Dora" stands in relief, like a chaste, unadorned statue, receiving its beauty and fascination from the exceptional simplicity of its design. The fundamental idea is love, which is often, though not necessarily, the animating principle of a short-story. The action is steady, the interest never flags, and the laws of probability and proportion are rigidly observed. The story has symmetry of structure; it arouses the pathos of its readers, and the sweet flavor of originality is everywhere present. "Dora" is one of the glittering diamonds that we find scattered among the rough quartz of the Laureate's productions. Tennyson is seldom simple because of his ornate style, and yet in "Dora" he has left us two verses worthy of the Biblical narrative. He has reached the sublime and almost touched the Infinite:

She bow'd down,

And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,  
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

"Enoch Arden" is more of a novelette than a short-story. It is more complex in construction and less simple in ornamentation than "Dora." The latter has the subdued tone of rural life—the proper setting for an idyl. It is picturesque, and its unity of sentiment, emotion, and character makes it a typical short-story told in blank verse. On the other hand, "Enoch Arden" has the filling out of a serious novelette. The story itself—the bare

material from which the poet wove his poetic tale—is extremely simple. Some one has left us this clever synopsis of the story: "A sailor who sells fish breaks his leg, and gets dismal; gives up selling fish, goes to sea, is wrecked on a desert island, stays there some years, and on his return finds his wife married to a miller, speaks to a landlady on the subject, and dies. This is the skeleton of "Enoch Arden"—simple in itself, but told in classical style, and adorned with many labored situations. The underlying idea of the story is love, and the poem, as a whole, is a personal expression of life—"an intellectual, artistic luxury," a serious, pathetic novelette.

(Conclusion next week.)

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### Quo Vadis.

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GEORGE W. BURKITT.

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Since the translation of Henryk Sienkiewicz's novel, "Quo Vadis," appeared in this country, numerous contentions have arisen in regard to its morality: some people have pronounced it extremely immoral, while others hold that the morality or immorality is entirely dependent upon the reader. Still others admit that a few passages are objectionable, but they maintain that the moral from the book as a whole is so well drawn as to completely efface all vestige of immorality.

Any book that contains passages such as the banquet and the scene on the floating island in "Quo Vadis" must certainly be classed as immoral. In this latter scene especially the description of vice is too open. Vice may sometimes be hinted at, but should never be wrought into such long descriptions and graphic language. This passage alone is sufficient to corrupt the young mind, and for this reason the book should be condemned.

In Lygia, the heroine, Sienkiewicz endeavored to create a noble Christian character; but his effort was a miserable failure. Through the instigation of Petronius, Nero dispatches guards to convey her to his palace. If she refused, death would be inevitable; if she submitted, she must view a scene of debauchery, corruption and vice that was daily enacted in the palace. Through lack of moral courage she chose the latter, and only through the timely interference of Ursus is she saved from disgrace. Must we think this the course for a truly Christian woman to pursue? Even

Eunice, the pagan mistress of Petronius, suffers death rather than become the creature of one that she does not love.

Vicinius, the lover of Lygia, is, to say the least, a very weak hero. He sees Lygia and determines to secure her as a concubine. Failing in this, it is hardly probable that his sensual passion should be transformed into pure love, merely by listening to one sermon on Christianity. When Lygia is thrown into prison Petronius, not Vicinius makes every effort to save her. Again, when she is brought into the arena stretched between the horns of a vicious bull, this brave military tribune, that had not the courage to save her or die in the attempt, sits in the circus and moans, while the Christian giant, Ursus, rescues her by seizing the bull by the horns and breaking his neck, thereby performing a physiological impossibility.

Petronius is the best character in "Quo Vadis." Although a stubborn pagan, a master of flattery and deceit, he is not so corrupt as his associates. In a quarrel this weak, dissipated man seizes the hands of the strong young warrior, Vicinius, and holds him until his anger has abated. Is this possible?

From a historical standpoint the delineation of Nero's character is the best in the book. Some say that it is entirely too ludicrous; but if we study carefully the Nero of history, we shall find that Sienkiewicz has not exaggerated.

The Apostles and their followers are depicted as wholly unnatural men,—men that thought because their Saviour suffered an ignominious death on the cross, they also should be cruelly crucified. The Christians of Nero's time were men and women as they are to-day, and it is folly to suppose that they sought martyrdom in its most cruel form. And shall we think that Saint Peter, the Vicar of Christ, would promise the chaste Lygia to the corrupt tribune Vicinius, and be so anxious to effect their marriage?

The book contains some rather beautiful scenes, as the burning of Rome; but the author spoils them by enumerating too many details. A few concise expressions would have produced a far better effect.

The author of "Quo Vadis" has attempted to write a religious novel that would be both entertaining and instructive; on the contrary, there are pages and pages of dullness and immorality. Far better would it have been for the English-reading people had the novel never been translated.



Varsity Verse.

REVERIE.

I OFTEN trace with tender care  
Her picture in my memory;  
And she is pure and she is fair—  
I often trace with tender care  
Her lithesome form, her bashful air—  
My heart's idolatry.  
I often trace with tender care  
Her picture in my memory.

I often wonder if she knows  
How dear she is to me;  
And still the while affection grows—  
I often wonder if she knows  
The daily prayer that Heavenward goes  
To grant one glad decree.  
I often wonder if she knows  
How dear she is to me.

P. McD.

TO AN ORIOLE.

(Villanelle.)

You dainty, golden-breasted thing!  
Half-hid beneath that locust flower,  
We're glad to hear you sweetly sing.

You can not hide your gay tipped wing,  
Though try you may with all your power,  
You dainty, golden-breasted thing!

Close by the place your nestlings swing,  
Safe from the sun and drenching shower,  
We're glad to hear you sweetly sing.

Sweet thoughts of boyhood oft you bring,  
Of wild-wood strolls and vine-arched bower,  
You dainty, golden-breasted thing.

At first approach of fragrant spring,  
In cheery sport or lonely hour,  
We're glad to hear you sweetly sing.

And when our cares aside we fling,  
And castles high in day dreams tower,  
You dainty, golden-breasted thing,  
We're glad to hear you sweetly sing.

J. L. C.

TIT FOR TAT.

A little maiden on a "bike,"  
A spiteful friend she did not like,  
A row of tacks across the way,  
When maid and wheel came past one day.

A lovely vision wheeling nigh,  
With reckless speed and careless eye,  
A sudden "pop!"—a nervous squeal,  
A tearful maid, a punctured wheel.

Determination to repay  
The wrong thus done, some future day,  
Then filled the breast of this fair maid;  
"I'll pay him back in kind!" she said.

The maid to beauteous woman grown,  
Once met this boy whom she had known,—  
A hasty flight of Cupid's dart,  
A sweet revenge, a punctured heart.—H. E. B.

Painting.

FRANCIS J. MAURIN.

Literature, since the invention of painting, has easily eclipsed the popularity of the latter still we can assume that the pictorial art will hold a high place among civilized peoples until the end of time. Even if literature now surpasses the popularity of painting, painting can justly claim by far greater priority in point of time. For the earliest specimens of painting came down to us from prehistoric times, when the men who dwelt in grottoes and caves etched on bones and antlers the forms of the rude objects that environed them. Next we see its productions on the monumental walls of ancient Assyria and Babylonia and on the pillars and obelisks of Egypt, assisting the cuneiform characters and hieroglyphics to narrate the histories of kings and nations. From the East painting was brought into Greece and Rome whence, after the decline of both these nations, it was cultivated chiefly at Byzantium. It was reserved for Italy and the Romance countries farther west to develop painting to its highest possibilities.

The Gothic period of Italian painting begins with Cimabue, a great artist, but still fettered by old methods. The glory of this period belongs to his pupil, Giotto, who advanced the technique of painting wonderfully; Fra Angelico is noted for his religious fervor, which he well expressed in angelic faces. Among the noteworthy painters of the early Renaissance are Filippo Lippi, Botticelli, Perugino and Bellini. To the High Renaissance belong Andrea del Sarto, Michael Angelo, the painter of power and sublimity; Raphael Sanzio, the painter of harmony and grace; Correggio skilful in form, and Leonardo da Vinci, the artist and teacher of art. Titian and Paul Veronese, the great colorists, and Tintoretto, with many others, belong to this period. The decadence of Italian painting is marked by a lack of originality and servile imitation. The most noted of this period are Carracci, Caravaggio and Salvator Rosa.

Painting among the French is divided into numerous antagonistic schools. The greatest early painters are Watteau, Lorraine and Poussin. The Classicists are represented by David and Ingres; the Romanticists by Delacroix; the Orientalists by Fromentin and Deschamps, and the New Greek by Gérôme.

Greatest among the late French artists are those of the Fontainebleau-Barbizon School; it numbers Corot and Daubigny, Millet, the painter of the peasant, Rosa and Augusta Bonheur, the animal painters. Meissonier has established a reputation for his military paintings, and Manet founded Impressionism.

In Velasquez the Spanish have one of the greatest painters that ever handled a brush; proficient in all branches of painting, he was a great colorist besides. Murillo is also classed among the great Spanish painters, while the modern period is best represented by Fortuny and Rico.

The history of Flemish painting begins promisingly with Van Eyck, and is made glorious by Rubens, the colorist, and Van Dyck the great portrait painter. It does not seem strange that Holland, the land of foggy and saturant atmospheres, should produce Rembrandt, the greatest master of light and shade; other Dutch painters are Hals, Pieter de Hoogh, Hobbema and Israels.

The initiative in German art was made by Meister Wilhelm and Wolgemut, but its greatest lustre was shadowed forth by the genius of Albrecht Dürer, the father of engraving. The two Holbeins are also deserving of praise; among the moderns are Leiberman, Leibl, and numerous others.

Notwithstanding the fact that the genius of England finds its best expression in literature, she can boast of numerous painters of more than ordinary power. Hoggarth is a satirist in painting; then come Sir Joshua Reynolds, the friend and contemporary of many authors; Gainsborough, possibly the greatest of English painters; Turner, the theme of Ruskin, and his protégés in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Hunt, Millais, and Rossetti. Blake and Landseer among the early and Burne-Jones among the modern painters are also noteworthy.

Europe is the home of painting, and not long ago it was absolutely necessary for an American artist to go there to complete his education. Now, however, with the growth of its numerous art galleries and with its long list of painters whose pictures do honor not only at home but also abroad, America, in spite of her commercialistic tendencies, is a fit nursery for the artistic temperament. Copley, West, Stuart are our pioneers; in Whistler we can assert that we possess the greatest of painters, so great is he that the nations of Europe would fain call him their own. Other

promising men are Sargent, Davis and Chase.

No less interesting than the history of painting is the study of the means and ideas with which the painter works. Only in the study of these can we reasonably expect to be capable of appreciation. The first requisite of a good painting is that the idea or concept must be capable of expression in colors; it must be a pictorial idea. It is a well-known fact of criticism that poor painters tell stories and poor poets make pictures. A picture that has true art needs no name or story in print ticketed to it as an interpreter. Van Dyke points out a flaw in the *Angelus* because painting can not represent sound, saying that if the ringing of the *Angelus* should be abolished the picture would in the course of time be meaningless.

A painter is confined to subjects universally known to men; the expression of the workings of universal passions and emotions is often done through arbitrary signs interpreted by all men. Lessing, in his *Laocoon*, says: "Painting in its coexistent compositions can use but a single moment of an action, and must therefore choose the most pregnant one, the one most suggestive of what has gone before and what is to follow." Then there is the self-evident condition that the idea must be beautiful. Unless a picture has moral and physical beauty, it merits the attention of no man, no matter how much technique the creator has prostituted for it. Even the ancient pagans made art amenable to civil law, and the Greeks had laws against caricature.

Among the rules deduced by Lessing is the one against representing emotions at their greatest tension since they then leave nothing to the imagination, and become violent and disfiguring. "That only is fruitful which allows free play to the imagination. The more we see the more we must be able to imagine, and the more we imagine, the more we think we see. But no moment in the whole course of an action is so disadvantageous in this respect as that of its culmination. There is nothing beyond; and to present the uttermost to the eye is to bind the wings of Fancy and compel her—since she can not soar beyond the impression made in the senses—to employ herself with feebler images, shunning as her limit the visible fulness already expressed."

A good picture among modern critics is judged according to its individuality. Mr. Van Dyke in "Art for Art's Sake," says that this individuality may be lyrical, sentimental, epic



and sublime. Corot's picture of morning light, I think, may be called lyrical. Michael Angelo's works stand first and unequalled in sublimity. "In sublime art," says Van Dyke, "the idea or individuality of the artist is predominant over all forms." Lessing says: "In many pictures and statues limbs are out of proportion, yet this, instead of detracting from its beauty, really adds beauty."

Even though Ruskin says that painting, with all its technicalities, difficulties and particular ends, is nothing but a noble and expressive language invaluable as the vehicle of thought, but by itself nothing, we can not but think that, since in painting execution is more difficult than invention—as Lessing tells us,—great stress must be laid upon technique. A painter may possess a great concept, but from lack of technical ability the effect of his work is nil, whereas a painter with surpassing technique can produce art from commonplace objects in still life. To painters themselves technical ability appeals with the greatest force. Each clever sweep and suggestion with the brush is as gratifying to them as to a stockman are the markings and shape of a blooded Holstein cow. Technical ability "discovers and reveals to us beauties by artistic ideas of form, color, light, shade, atmosphere and their kind."

Painting attempts to represent things as they appear to an "innocent eye," not as our experience tells us they are. "It is the attempt," says Mr. Van Dyke, "of every true artist to paint not reality, but the appearance of reality." From experience we all know that the leaves of trees are green, but in certain lights, atmospheres and distances the color varies infinitely; it is the province of aerial perspective to indicate these lights, atmospheres and distances. Van Dyke says: "The dissipating effect of atmosphere upon colors and intensities may be comprehended better if, in our daily walks, we take the opportunity of comparing like with like at different distances."

According to Ruskin, there is no such thing as outline; all form is produced by light and shade. Van Dyke speaks thus of light and shade: "Night and day, light and dark, sun and shade are opposing forces; antithetically they counteract and restrain each other; complementary they emphasize and relieve each other. Each shade is a light to a darker shade; each light is a shade to a higher." "As smoke," says Da Vinci, "loses itself in the air, so are your lights and shadows

to pass from one to the other without any apparent separation."

Many other terms in painting have various meanings among artists of different schools and countries. According to Mr. Van Dyke, harmony is the relation of color-qualities; tone is the relation of color-quantities.

"Where there is comparison there is value—in a picture it reckons only with the quantity of light or dark shown by a tone or shade, but the quantity of light or dark may be produced by several different causes. First the original difference in the light or dark of colors; 2d, the different light received or reflected by similar colors placed in slightly varying positions; 3d, the influence of the atmosphere."

Pictorial composition is the arranging of the objects in a picture so as to produce unity. A group of persons in a good picture are sympathetic and show unity; just the contrary of a photographic group where each individual is busied with the thought of looking his best. Textures are among the most difficult technicalities of painting. They indicate the different shades of color in the folds of a garment of one color and discriminate different textures of the same color. There are also the textures of wood, stones, clouds, skin and of the many other objects in the physical world. Painters show great skill in textures when they paint a whole picture in one color.

There are among artists two kinds of drawing—Classic and Picturesque or Naturalistic. The classic drawings, those of David for instance, show great skill in line, but are stiff, mechanical and often lack unity in groups. Naturalistic drawing cares little for line, but gives great character to the objects it represents; life and elasticity take the place of the classic immobility. "This then," says Mr. Van Dyke, "is the object of all expressive art, to convey by a symbolic language to people's minds through their eye's conceptions, impressions, ideas or emotions of pictorial beauty."

#### Day Dreaming Again.

I planned me a castle long years ago  
When I looked ahead at the future days,  
And I waited impatient for time to grow  
Till I'd fix it up in a thousand ways.

I planned, that was all; for I went my way,  
And I builded as humble as other men.  
The castle and all I had promised that day  
Are left with the things that might have been.

P. J. R.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—It is too late for us to give any extended account of the splendid lecture on Agnosticism that was delivered before the students by Archbishop Keane. The distinguished churchman's coming to Notre Dame was a surprise, but no sooner was it known that he had arrived than the question was asked whether he would lecture or not. When this was answered in the affirmative and the hour for the lecture set at 7:30 p. m., everyone made arrangements to be present. The Archbishop was greeted with much applause when he appeared on the stage.

—For the student body in general we desire to call attention to the fact that from now on the managers of the SCHOLASTIC will be looking about for men to fill the vacant places on the board of editors next year. The appointment of men to take the places of those that leave here in June will be made strictly on merit. Record will be kept of all contributions handed in between this and the close of the year, and those men that prove themselves capable of doing the best work will be the ones chosen to form next year's staff. At present there seems to be much available

material at hand; in the last three years we have not had so many promising candidates as are now looming up in the Literature and Criticism classes. We urge therefore those that would have the honor of being on the staff of their college paper to begin at once and make their best efforts to secure that honor.

—After the excellent lecture on Cardinal Newman that was delivered here last fall by Dr. Adams, there was a great desire among the students to have this able lecturer address them again. Their desires were gratified during the past week when Dr. Adams came back, as he himself expressed it, "to take another crack at them." This time we were favored with two lectures.

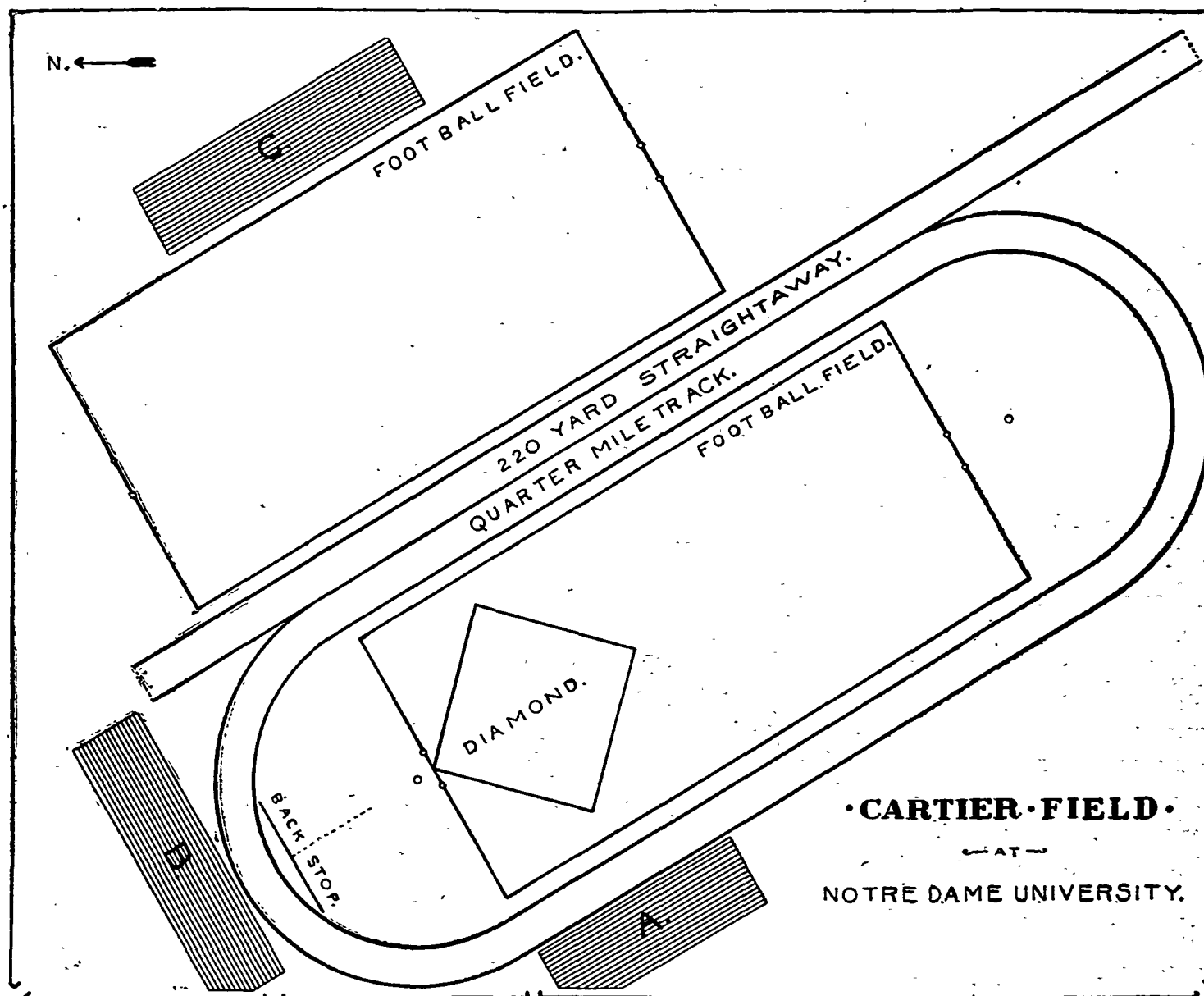
Tuesday evening the lecturer spoke on Dr. Windthorst, the famous German that was the only man to stand against the man of "Iron and Blood" and regain for the Catholics of Germany the freedom of religion that was denied them by the passage of the "May Laws." After first giving a graphic description of the conditions prevailing in Europe, and also of the wondrous power that Bismarck possessed at that time, the lecturer then went on to consider the important part played by Windthorst in gaining the repeal of laws that otherwise might to this day exist as a blot on the pages of German civic freedom. Of all men in Germany, Windthorst alone was the one to hurl defiance at the teeth of Bismarck and wring from him that freedom for which thousands were crying.

On Wednesday morning Dr. Adams spoke on Thomas More, a character dear to all readers of history. In this, as in the preceding lecture, there were many touches of sparkling humor that set the audience roaring. The first part of the lecture was spent in showing the analogy between the times in which More lived and the present age. Like ours, More's age was one of transition and unrest. The next point touched upon was the wonderful talent and ability possessed by More even when a student at Oxford. Lastly the lecturer spoke of More's unswerving fidelity to justice and right. Even when adherence to them meant the loss of his life, the great chancellor could not be induced to give one word that would indicate any disposition to change. This steadfastness is what has given History one of the most admirable characters that ever lived.

## Our Field, As It is Laid Out.

The accompanying cut of Cartier Field illustrates the manner in which the grounds were laid out. It is proper to record here that the quarter mile running track has two parallel sides, each 375 feet in length and 178.44 feet apart. They are connected at each end by semicircles having a radius of 89.22 feet. These measurements give the position of a wooden curb which marks the inside

The plans for the field were made by one who was formerly a member of Notre Dame's athletic teams. The distribution of materials for the building of the track was left to Mr. E. W. Moulton, of Vanderbilt University. In accordance with his directions the hard gravel bed of the track was covered with seven layers of material: 1st, three inches of coarse cinders; 2d, a spreading of earth; 3d, three inches of medium cinders; 4th, a spreading of earth; 5th, two-thirds of an inch of fine cinders and loam mixed; 6th, the same; 7th, the same, only finer



of the track. The quarter mile running line, being measured 18 inches from the curb, is found by using a radius equal to 90.72 feet.

The grand stand, which has a seating capacity of nearly five hundred, is situated about 26 feet behind a low back stop. The latter is 42 feet in length, and being only 6.2 feet in height, does not obstruct the view from the grand stand. There are eleven boxes in the grand stand and six large rooms underneath. Convenience is therefore afforded athletes for receiving the attention of their trainers during contests.

still. Each layer of materials was sprinkled and rolled. The final hardening of the track was done by a seven ton steam roller.

Owing to the fact that the 220 yard straightaway was built, the oval was banked more steeply than others. For this reason the oval is as fine a combination of running and bicycle track as can be found anywhere. Both tracks are 20 feet wide and are bordered by sod. Before the track was built the best athletic authorities in the country were consulted, and Notre Dame has now an athletic field equal if not superior to any college athletic field.

### The Championship is Here to Stay.

Any way you figure it out, it comes to the same conclusion: the championship of the state in track and field athletics is anchored at Notre Dame, and seems likely to stay here for an indefinite number of years. Our heaviest competitors can do little better than to win half as many points put together as our men can win, and the struggle is not for first place, but for the first position after Notre Dame. There is satisfaction in knowing that without our champion, Fred Powers, the Varsity came within two of scoring as many points as they did last year.

It was a glorious opening of Cartier Field. Captain Corcoran made his first appearance since Feb. 27, and set the rooters howling by winning the one hundred and the two hundred and twenty yard dashes with apparent ease. O'Shaughnessy was an easy second in both events. Gaffney's and McDougall's clever work on the "bikes" was the feature of the afternoon, and it won sixteen points for us. "Mike" Connors ran splendidly in both the mile and the 880 yard races. The two Pick brothers were very much in evidence both

on the track and in the field. Eggeman, and Sullivan were successful in their events. Herbert went after the hurdles fast enough to win first place in one race and second place in the next. Endsley, Thompson and Adrian were Purdue's best performers, while Neher, Teeter, Elfers and Foster carried away the medals for Indiana. The summary for the afternoon's events is as follows:

100-yard dash—Corcoran, N. D., first; O'Shaughnessy, N. D., second; Thompson, Purdue, third. Time, 0:10 1-5.

One mile run—Connor, Notre Dame, first; Neher,

Indiana, second; Miller, Purdue, third. Time, 4:55 4-5.

Four hundred and forty-yard run—Teeter, Indiana, first; E. Pick, Notre Dame, second; Murray, Notre Dame, third. Time, 0:55 3-4.

One hundred and twenty-yard hurdle—Herbert, Notre Dame, first; Endsley, Purdue, 2d; Coughlin, Indiana, third. Time, 0:16.

One mile bicycle race—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; McDougall, Notre Dame, second; Adrian, Purdue, third. Time, 3.

Two hundred and twenty-yard dash—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; O'Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, second; Thompson, Purdue, third. Time, 0:23.

Two hundred and twenty-yard hurdle—Thompson, Purdue, first; Herbert, Notre Dame, second; Rector Indiana, third. Time, 0:27.

Five-mile bicycle race—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; McDougall, Notre Dame, second; Adrian, Purdue, third. Time, 21.

Half-mile run—Connor, Notre Dame, first; Teeter, Indiana, second; E. Pick, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:08 4-5.

Running broad jump—Corns, Purdue, 1st; Klipsch, Purdue, second; Shockley, Indiana, third. Distance, 20 feet 5 inches.

Throwing sixteen-pound hammer—Elfers, Indiana, first; Eggeman, Notre Dame, second; Meyers, Purdue, third. Distance, 116 feet 5 inches.

Pole vault—Endsley, Purdue, first; Foster, Ind., second; Sullivan, Notre Dame, third. Height, 10 feet 5 inches.

Discus throw—J. Pick, Notre Dame, first; Elfers, Indiana, second; Eggeman, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 104 feet.

Running high jump—Endsley, Purdue, first; Sullivan, Notre Dame, second; Hallman, Indiana, third.

Height, 5 feet 7 inches. Putting sixteen-pound shot—Eggeman, Notre Dame, first; J. Pick, Notre Dame, second; Corns, Purdue, third. Distance, 40 feet two inches.



### Varsity Wins from Nebraska.

Hard upon the track team's masterly victory over Purdue and Indiana, after the Nebraska boys had looked on at a most clever exhibition of skill and endurance, and had seen of what metal we are made, they were treated to

a severe drubbing at the hands of our baseball men. The game was ours from the start. Nebraska was never in the hunt except in the third when she rolled up three runs, making a total of four to our six. After that the result was simply a question of how many runs Notre Dame would make.

The Nebraska men showed the wear of their long trip. They played well at times, just enough to show that some could play better; but on the whole their work was of the yellow sort. St. Clair at short and Bliss at first were the worst offenders. Some of the other men were guilty of very stupid playing. Twice during the game easy fly-balls were allowed to drop to the ground when they could and should have been caught. One of these balls was let drop in the first inning, that, had it been caught, three runs would not have come in. Our fellows were also guilty of this miserable playing on two occasions. Some method of calling the player's name who should catch the ball ought to be adopted; for in one of these mix-ups some one will be hurt. A notable feature of the game was Drewes' steady work in the box. He had good control, giving but three passes to first, while he struck out three more and allowed only five hits, two of them the merest scratches. Drewes made the second home run on the new field with a drive nearly to the fence in left. Fleming and Donahoe scored each a two and a three-base hit, and all the men secured at least one hit.

Nebraska was blanked in the first, but made one in the second. Bolen, the first man up, struck out. O'Neill missed the third strike, and McDonald dropped Phil's throw. Rhodes followed with a single past Lynch. Gordon struck out. Bell forced Rhodes at second, Bolen going to third on the out from where he scored when Fleming dropped De Putron's long fly. Lucky went out from Daly to first, leaving Bell on third and De Putron on second. In the third, Nebraska took a brace and landed three runs. After St. Clair had struck out Blair took a free pass to first. Bliss fouled out to O'Neill. Bolen walked and Rhodes reached first on Drewes' error. Gordon swatted the ball to left where it took a bad bound just as Fleming was about to grab it. When the ball was returned to the diamond Gordon was on third and three runners had crossed the pan. Bell ended the inning with a short fly to Daly. Nebraska made no more until the ninth. Gordon, the first man up, died from Lynch to McDonald.

Bell walked and stole second. De Putron put a single in left and Bell scored. Lucky went out from Daly to Drewes, who covered first.

For Notre Dame after Lynch had gone out from short to first, Fleming singled past Bolen. Donahoe lifted one over Lucky's head in left for three bases and Fleming scored. Farley dropped a little fly in front of the plate and Donahoe started home. In the attempt to catch Donahoe Farley went to second. Morgan followed with a pretty single over short, scoring Donahoe and Farley. McDonald got a life on Bliss' error and went down on the first ball. Daly put a foul fly in Rhodes' hands, but O'Neill hammered the ball to center scoring Morgan and McDonald. Drewes hit a long fly to left that Lucky juggled but finally held.

The second gave us another. Lynch started things with a single to center and took second on De Putron's error. Fleming put a two-base hit in right and Lynch tallied. Fleming was left at third. In the fourth we drew two more. After De Putron had made a beautiful catch of Fleming's long fly, Donahoe was given a life on St. Clair's error. He went to second when Bliss missed the throw to catch him playing off first, and scored on Farley's hit to left. Farley got second on Lucky's fumble. Morgan hit a fast one at Bliss which the latter let pass, and Farley scored. McDonald flied to Lucky, and O'Neill forced Daly who had reached first on St. Clair's fumble.

The fifth gave three more. Drewes began with a home run to left. Lynch went out from Gordon to Bliss. Fleming cracked a three-base hit to left. Donahoe struck out, but Farley put one down to third too fast for young Bolen, and Fleming scored. Farley stole second and third, and came home when Bolen missed Gordon's bad throw. Morgan fanned, closing the inning. We drew our last run in the seventh. Lynch got a life on St. Clair's fumble. Fleming went out from Gordon to Bliss. Donahoe put at two-base hit along the left foul line and Lynch scored. Farley flied to De Putron, and Morgan died from Bolen to Bliss.

Score by Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Notre Dame		5	1	0	2	3	0	1	0	x=12	14	3
Nebraska		0	1	3	0	0	0	0	1=5	5	9	0

Home run—Drewes. Three base hits—Fleming, Donahoe and Gordon. Two base hits—Fleming, Donahoe. Struck out—By Drewes, 3; by Gordon, 4. Bases on balls—Off Drewes, 3; off Gordon, 3. Wild pitch—Gordon. Passed balls—O'Neill, Rhodes. Stolen bases—Fleming, Farley, 2; Morgan, McDonald, O'Neill. Umpire, Outcalt. Time of game, 1:45.

## Obituary.

## LOUIS ALOYSIUS McBRIDE.

One of the saddest things that has happened at Notre Dame in many years was the unfortunate accident that brought about the untimely death of Louis McBride. While playing with companions on May 7, he was struck by a falling vase, and despite the best efforts of physicians, death resulted therefrom one week later.

Louis was the son of Mr. D. H. McBride of Akron, Ohio, and had been at Notre Dame for five years. He was a remarkably bright child and one of exceptionably fine disposition. White souled and manly in his actions, fearless in games, lovable in conduct, he was one of the great favorites in St. Edward's Hall. His handsome appearance would attract attention at first sight, and his straightforward manliness, for one so young, would tend to make one's liking for him stronger and stronger. He leaves three brothers in St. Edward's Hall to mourn his loss. His father, who was at his bedside during all his illness, had the remains removed to Akron Monday night, Fathers French and Quinlan accompanying them.

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## MR. JAMES O'REILLY.

In the name of the students of St. Joseph's Hall we extend our sympathy to our friend, Mr. John O'Reilly, upon the death of his father, James O'Reilly, late of Cleveland. As fellow-hall members and classmates his joys have been our pleasures, and now, in this great loss, his grief is our sadness; our tenderest feelings of sympathy are with him and all the members of the sorrow-stricken family.

HUGH McCAULEY      JOHN RIGNEY  
CHARLES HUGHES      JOHN MCGINN  
CHARLES FINNER—*Committee.*

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## RESOLUTIONS.

WHEREAS, it has pleased Divine Providence to call to his final rest the father of our esteemed classmate, Mr. James McWeeney, and

WHEREAS, We deeply sympathize with the bereaved and the members of his family, therefore be it

RESOLVED: That the undersigned, as representatives of the Law classes, do tender our sincerest sympathy to Mr. McWeeney, and be it further

RESOLVED: That these resolutions be printed in the Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC and a copy of the same be forwarded to the bereaved family.

WILLIAM MONAHAN.      JAMES FOGARTY  
EDWARD GALLAGHER      JAMES MURPHY  
PAUL RAGAN—*Committee.*

## Local Items.

—"Hal" Jewett, our famous sprinter, is at the University this week.

—Mike says they can't "con" him in a mile run—he's a "Connor" himself. Guess he's right.

—The following were omitted from the List of Excellence last week. Arithmetic—J. Lantry, M. Flynn, M. Scott.

—Isn't Cork an ambitious fellow? He never seems satisfied to stay with the bunch. Martin is also getting pretty much the same way.

—The surveying of the tracks and the measurements for starts and finishes on Cartier Field were made by Mr. John Mullen of the Engineering Department.

—Mr. John S. Hummer, LL. M., '91, now Master in Chancery at Chicago, dropped in at the University last Thursday evening to have a visit among his old friends.

—Mr. and Mrs. Cartier remained at the University over Sunday and went to Chicago on the same train that carried our Varsity away for their Wisconsin trip.

—Last Sunday the Holy Cross second team defeated a team of Carrollites by a score of 22 to 11. The feature of the game was the number of errors made by the Carrollites.

—The baseball team is winding up another victorious trip at Chicago this afternoon. Guess this won't put us high up in the Western championship contest. Nine 'rahs for the baseball team.

—We've also got ambitious men in the baseball team. Matty Donahoe started the "home run" idea some time ago; now it has become a fad. It's a bad habit, and bodes no good for Western college pitchers in the future.

—Another of our Law men has gone out and successfully passed examinations for admission to the Bar. Mr. Norbert J. Savay is now in possession of all papers requisite to entitle him to practise in the State of Indiana.

—The Minims' floral tribute to their departed comrade, Louis McBride, was composed of calla lilies, white roses and white carnations. Several Masses have been said for him in the St. Edward's Hall chapel; the last, a Requiem High Mass, celebrated by Father Morrissey.

—The Preps pulled a game out of the jaws of death last Sunday by a batting rally in the first and last inning. The score was somewhere in infinity as Captain Dameron of the defeated side took upon himself the responsibility of pitcher. The game was called on account of anxiety for Dameron's feelings.

—The Y. M. C. A. track and field team from South Bend came up to Cartier Field last Thursday and made easy work of doing up the Carroll Hall men. The visitors were by far superior to our youngsters, and piled



up fifty-six points against the Carrollites' twenty-four. Lack of space prevents us giving a detailed summary of the events.

—Professor McLaughlin's new Mass will be heard for the first time on Ascension Thursday. The parts to be performed will be the *Kyrie*, the *Credo* and the *Sanctus*. Owing to the Professor's recent illness, the other parts have not been rehearsed sufficiently to be sung, and in place of them Schoepf's *Gloria* and the *Agnus Dei* from the Orpheonist Mass by Gounod will be substituted.

—A baseball game has been arranged to take place Decoration Day between Niles and the Preps; also a track meet between Niles and the Carroll Track. Last year the Carroll Specials won from Niles after a hard tussel by the score of 6 to 3. Last session the Preps' football downed the Niles team by a score of 5 to 0. The games this year are warranted to be as close and interesting as those of last year, but with the odd figure in favor of Niles.

—Some brute, with an eye for beauty, we may say, stole quietly into the Art Gallery on his tip toes one night last week and pilfered the famous pictures—group of Everlastings—which our visitors were just beginning to admire. We feel so annoyed over the theft that after due deliberation we have decided to offer as a reward to the culprit—if he feels not too shamefaced to acknowledge his guilt and claim the reward—two tooth-picks, a pair of glasses and our heartfelt thanks.

—Brownson Hall defeated Corby last Sunday afternoon in an interesting game by a score of 13 to 12. The Brownsonites proved superior in both fielding and hitting. Higgins pitched a fair game, but was unable to keep his hits scattered, while the Corbyites succeeded in touching Kelly up only five times. This game is the first of a series of three to decide the Interhall championship. They meet again to-morrow in the second, and, in all probability, the last game of the series.

—Up to the time of going to press the following reports have come from the baseball team. At Madison they had an easy thing defeating Wisconsin by the score of fourteen to two, adding two home runs and fourteen hits to their string. At Beloit they struck a different proposition and lost the game by the small score of two to one. Beloit's two runs came in the eighth and ninth innings, the winning run being made after two men were out. Evidently it was a game of that kind that it is no disgrace to lose.

—Mr. Patrick O'Dea, perhaps the most talked of man in football in the last two seasons, was the starter at the track games in Cartier Field last Saturday. He remained at Notre Dame until Monday morning and then accompanied our baseball men to Madison. During his short stay here, Mr. O'Dea found many inquirers anxious to hear him tell some

of the experiences he had in great football games that he had played. He has many amusing things to tell and can tell them in first-class shape. His appearance at the Brownson-Corby baseball game last Sunday was greeted with cheers.

—The "Youthful Prodigies" of Carroll Hall, led by Captain Scott, ventured to measure bats with the "Infant Phenomena" of the Seminary, with a most disastrous result to the former. The Seminary boys, skilled in the tactics of the forest, outclassed their opponents, and easily won the "Battle in the Wilderness" by a score of 22 to 11. Professor McLaughlin, the popular umpire of the younger students and prime favorite of the two competing teams, umpired the first five innings in a way that did credit to his ability for making quick, close and unerring decisions. He was not able to stay longer, so John Farley took the vacant position and gave full satisfaction to both teams. Messrs. Schoonover for the Carrollites and Zipperer for the Seminarians were conspicuous for the star plays which they did not make. Both pitchers deserved well of their halls.

—Big "Shag" went swimming the other night and had a wonderful experience. He was floating along very peacefully on a plank when, to his great surprise, the plank flapped over and began to float on him. "Shag" felt himself going down in the water, and at the same time a big fish yelled at him: "The soak is on you." A turtle came up on the other side and whispered gently "get in the swim, old horse." After a gallant fight he succeeded in getting on the plank again, but right there the plank balked and refused to move. It looked as though they would both stay in the middle of the lake all night. In the few minutes that followed the silence grew more and more oppressive. Nothing could be heard but the breathing of a distant snake near an apple tree, and the snoring of the ducks as they slept upon the bank and dreamed of wondrous blue eggs and of the next boat club banquet. "Shag" had too much grit to be frightened, and as he is very ambitious his only regret was that he was losing time. Suddenly remembering that the oratorical contest was near at hand he stood up on the plank and began to deliver his oration to the quiet waters. That was enough. Before he got near his climax every animal in the lake was rushing him toward the shore and bidding him a hurried good-night. He says he will cut the plank some day soon.

—WEATHER REPORT.—The weather reporter has recovered from a severe attack of the prevailing epidemic, "Spring-fever," and announces that the weather forecasts will once more become the object of his earnest solicitations. The following mixture of good and bad may be looked for next week:

SUNDAY: A 40 horse power sunshine will shrivel up everything in the neighborhood.

MONDAY: An N. D. U. cyclone will sweep over Cartier Field, and the market value of "Badgers" will go down like the price of oats in an automobile village.

TUESDAY: Easterly hot winds. Picnic parties advised to carry a barrel of lemonade per fat woman.

WEDNESDAY: Cross between a cloud-burst and a drought.

THURSDAY: Hot enough to make a "Hub social" pleasant.

FRIDAY: Variety dry. Tries to have all four seasons at once.

SATURDAY: A Gold and Blue rain-storm followed by a dreamy afternoon and a general inclination to wander along the river-bank—two by two.

—The delegation from Iowa is having a warm time of it these days planning for their trip home in June. There are four honorable members from Iowa, and each member considers his plan the best. There's where the rub comes in. They have been holding meetings every four minutes, and during these meetings the argument is carried on with such warmth that a stranger—one from Illinois—by the name of Hennebry—is kept busy carrying water, separating disputants, bandaging wounds, and furnishing tobacco. The dispute is still going on with the usual number of meetings—and each man is still firm in his decision not to listen to any other plan than his own. Coffee has sent to Le Mars for a guide book (If they have one in stock) to prove his assertion that his plan is the best. Featherstone says experience ought to be sufficient guide for them; Harrington says walking is the best—good road, no cinders, no jolting, save money and you can get a glimpse of the country (He also has had experience), and Glasheen, just to be contrary, wants the four to hire an automobile. Poor Hennebry! for his sake we hope they will soon decide the question.

—Everything is quiet these days, even Wade. Edgar has ceased to rant on coupling pins, freight trains, and Lafayette and spring fever is the rage. Even Drachbar finds himself immeshed in the monster's net. Koonce has not made a speech in a long time; Angelo has locked up his inspirations and donned a weary look, and Crimmy and his golfies—the loudest ever—have separated to meet in Aurora bye and bye; Brown and his golfies, ditto. The only happy person in the whole yard is Billyibus Laden. He feels contented because his crusade against golf suits has been partly successful, but he is not making any noise over it. Ma anananny, the Stockyard Warbler, and Leach the "Mocking Bird" have their voices in a repair shop, and Hennebry's corns prevent him from shaking his trilbys as of

yore. Wrenn has not had an argument with Meyers in a long time, over which the Count feels very thankful and waxeth fat. Some of the energetics have been trying to raise a disturbance, but their attempts are pitiable. One of them, Claudy by name, wrapped his longitudinals in a couple of flour sacks, fastened them at the knee with anarchical ideas, and labelled them golfies. He then appeared among the fever victims, and for awhile there was a little noise, but only for awhile. Claud is wiser now. Leo's tie is a little loud at times—but his whiskers deaden it somewhat.

—The Philopatrians had a picnic, yes they did. That's about the only name for it. Did you ever have a picnic at a picnic? If you did you can imagine what a time the Philopatrians have when they have a picnic. If you don't believe me ask McCormick and Higgins. Ask McCormick to tell you of the time he had last year at a "Philo" picnic, how he nearly drowned in three inches of water, and was nobly rescued by Higgins. Well to tell you the rest of my story the Philopatrians left the college in the morning after Mass and didn't get back till study hours commenced that night. It tried to rain, but when it found the boys would not stand for it, it stopped. When the boys arrived at the grounds some commenced to get things in order for dinner, while others wandered thoughtlessly through the great wood. When the "chuck" wagon arrived the cooks arranged themselves around the monstrous fire and began to fry steak, roast potatoes, etc. When a supply sufficient for six month's camping had been dished up, the boys sat down to dinner. The best way to tell the story of how they ate is to tell you they sat there for over an hour and a half.

After dinner the fun commenced; a baseball game between the society and the faculty. After a hot discussion the society secured the outs, and extinguished the faculty men in one, two, three. The society team then came in and by hard hitting and fine base running, scored four runs. In the second inning the faculty got back with three runs. After that the game was "nip and tuck" till the sixth inning when Prof. McLaughlin was removed from the box for the general welfare of both teams. The game was called after eight innings on account of the time for eating ice-cream being announced.

Dr. Powers was present with his camera, and while the group was sitting by the bridge he managed to get a snap at them. He took another picture of the Philopatrians afterward. After another round of ice-cream the boys took a last look at the smoking woods, and then returned to the college singing songs and giving cheers, the most prominent of which were nine 'rahs and a cheer for Bro. Cyprian, whom all the boys join in thanking for their day's outing.