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THE REV. DENIS A. CLARKE, B. S., '70, M. S., '72, A. M., '74,
Columbus, O, who will deliver the Baccalaureate Sermon, Sunday, June 10.

To Very Rev. John A. Zahm, Provincial, C. S. C.

ON HIS SILVER JUBILEE, JUNE 4, 1900.

WITH a silver pen and diamond pointed,
Heart's best wishes let us write to-day;
Since to Christ and one of His anointed
Grateful homage it is ours to pay.

Blessed, thrice blessed, the day when holy *Chrisma*
Touched the hands which lift the Christ on high;
Blessed the day, when, with a sacred stigma,
Every sense was pierced with that sweet sigh:—

"Thou, O Jesus, Thou, O Priest and Saviour,
Now canst claim me as Thy very own;
Gone the world's rule o'er me; fear or favor;
Thine am I, O Master, Thine alone!"

Five and twenty years of benedictions
Now have rested on thy tonsured head;
What is time, O what its light afflictions,
When such gracious years have come and sped?

Yet we pray: "O Heart of Jesus, gift him
With the Wisdom which is born of Love;
Gift seven-fold, that here, on earth, can lift him
To the peaceful region of the Dove!

Heart of Jesus, Heart of Mary, grace him
As of Holy Cross a chosen son;
Till the Father, while His arms embrace him,
Breathes the everlasting joy: "Well done!"

ELIZA ALLEN STARR.

King John in History and in Shakspeare.

FRANCIS B. CORNELL, 1900.

It is said that when Richard I. was passing from this world, he declared John, his brother, his successor and the heir to one-third of his property. So when Richard was dead John took possession of Chinon where the riches of Richard were deposited. From here he went to Touraine, Maine and Anjou, but to his surprise found that most of the people were in favor of Arthur for their king. As John was anxious to be crowned as soon as possible he wasted no time in trying to bring the provinces under his sway, but his vengeance was directed against the two capitals, Maine and Anjou, which he completely destroyed. Thence he rode into Normandy, and all acknowledged him king. In Poitou and Aquitaine also all submitted to the dominion of their new master, Duke John. Finally he returned to England and was crowned. An uninteresting war broke

out between him and the king of France. It was soon suspended by an armistice and ended in a peace.

Twelve years after John had been married to Johanna, the heiress of the Earldom of Gloucester, since her estates were of little consequence to him, a divorce was readily granted by the Archbishop of Bordeaux. John then wished to marry a Princess of Portugal, but being captivated by the beauty of Isabella, daughter of the Count of Angouleme, he was married immediately to her. From this unlawful marriage dates the decline of the Plantagenet family. By that unlawful act John made new enemies. Another war broke out between him and Philip, in which Arthur was captured and put into prison by John. Suddenly the boy disappeared, and no one seems to know how, but all believed that King John himself murdered that weak, helpless lad. Philip's court of peers declared John guilty of the murder and summoned him to appear before them. John refused, and the court declared all his land in France confiscated. Philip then started to lay waste the castles of King John, and the English ruler paid no attention to Philip but stayed at home gratifying his low, animal passions. He was entirely abandoned to pleasure; and though he knew that Philip was reducing castle after castle he would not budge out of his debauchery to save them from being taken. He was so utterly taken up in pleasure and showed such indifference that it was said he was spellbound by witchcraft. "Let him alone, I shall some day win back all that he is taking from me now," John said to many of his friends. Within a short time he had lost the whole of Normandy, Anjou and Maine and parts of Aquitaine.

John was soon involved in another quarrel. At his coronation he promised by an oath that he would maintain the immunities of the Church. He broke his oath, and in 1205 his great quarrel with the Church began. John refused to have as Archbishop of Canterbury, Stephen Langton, one of the most pious and learned men of the day, and because the monks of Christ's Church had chosen him as Archbishop he drove them out of England, and in a letter to Innocent III., the reigning Pope, he avowed that Stephen Langton would never set his foot in England in the character of primate. Innocent in reply threatened England with an interdict, and in 1208 the threat was put into effect. John seized the

property of the clergy who obeyed the interdict, and for fear that the barons would turn to the aid of the clergy he demanded everyone to give to him his eldest son as a hostage. In 1200 John was excommunicated.

Amid the gloom which overcast England, John had all the time a cheerful look on his face. He paid no attention to the interdict nor to his excommunication, but continued in the gratification of his passions. At last Innocent's patience was at an end, and he announced that if John would not submit he would threaten him with deposition. John at last gave way, chiefly moved by a prophecy that on the next Ascension day he would no longer be King of England. The difficulty with the Church was settled.

John had another quarrel to settle. By his cruelty and perfidy, by his personal vices, his murder of Arthur, and his extreme taxation he had incurred the hatred of his barons, and they absolutely refused to go with John to France and help him to fight Philip. John went to France, but was soon forced to sign the treaty of Chinon. When he returned to England he found all against him. He was obliged to grant the demands of the barons, and at Runnymede on June 15, 1215, he signed the Great Charter.

He had no peace for the remainder of his life. War after war he had to fight, and for the most part he was unsuccessful. In his last war while he was crossing the Wash, the tide rose rapidly and all his treasures were lost. John escaped with difficulty, and a short time afterward died.

John was King of England for seventeen years. For seventeen years England had been held in the clutches of a tyrant. Over and over again within those unhappy years she had been defeated by the arms of France, and toward the end a great part of England's continental possessions had become the property of France. Within those years England had been completely changed, and from the death of that unworthy king we mark the beginning of a new era.

The tutor of the court saw within John the germ of future greatness, but—says Doctor Lingard: "history has recorded only his vices. His virtues, if such a monster could possess virtues, were unseen or forgotten."

King John was one of the worst kings that ever ruled a people. There was never on the throne of England a man, so incapable of ruling, so utterly indifferent to the affairs of

the kingdom as King John. He was mean and cowardly. A murderer, a dissimulator, an impure man. He was ambitious, and it was death for anyone who would dare to oppose him. Arthur, a weak, defenceless boy, was a victim to John's love of power. He would have murdered a million if they prevented him from attaining anything that would gratify his ambition. Seldom was there a king with a heart so callous to the cries of suffering. He was witty only at the expense of his victims.

II.

"What would France with us," says John to the French ambassador in the first lines of the play. Chatillon then tells him the reason of his coming and receives in reply a bold message from King John:

Here have we war for war and blood for blood,
Controlment for controlment, so answer France.

At the beginning of the second act we find the forces of Philip before the walls of Angiers, and presently the French ambassador comes bearing England's reply. Then King John and his forces appear. Both England and France before beginning the siege ask the citizens whom they wish for their king, and on receiving no direct answer John and Philip agree to

"Lay this Angiers even with the ground
Then, after, fight who shall be king of it."

A little after the beginning of the third act we have the quarrel between John and the legate Pandulph. It starts with John telling Pandulph

That no Italian priest
Shall tithe or toil in our domain,

Pandulph answers John saying,

Thou shalt stand cursed and excommunicated,
And blessed shall he be that doth revolt.

The legate turning to Philip exhorts him,

On peril of a curse
Let go the hand of that arch-heretic.

Philip then turning to Pandulph, says in substance: "Make my person yours. I have sworn that I should be ever a friend to him and ever ready to help him. Now how can I say to him, I am your friend no more." Pandulph finally persuades Philip to break the bonds of friendship existing between them and to espouse the cause of Rome. War follows; Arthur is taken prisoner by John, and is put into the Tower.

We see John next as King of England. Finally we find him submissive and repentant. The Dauphin, who has been preparing to fight John, is met by Pandulph and told to go back

to France, for John has submitted. The Dauphin refuses and continues to fight. Finally we behold King John a dying man, poisoned, burning to death with the fever he has within him.

To construct a tragedy upon the character of King John as history records him would be a difficult task; and therefore instead of a man polluted with all vices, Shakspeare makes him courageous and noble. Look at the bold and defiant answer he gives to Chatillon when the ambassador tells him to put the usurped sword into young Arthur's hands. Again when France asks him:

How comes it, then, that thou art called a King?

John quickly answers:

From whom hast thou this great commission, France,
To draw my answer to thy articles?

And when again Philip claims all the lands in France in right of Arthur and tells John to lay down his arms, Philip receives a bold reply—

My life as soon! I do defy thee, France!

And the coward, the debauchee, the murderer, the man polluted with all vices, the immoral man of history becomes a bold and a powerful, defying king. There is within his heart some remnant of that courageous spirit of the Plantagenets that gives him a lofty and gallant bearing, that makes him win from us admiration and respect. In this principally has Shakspeare metamorphosed the man; and for the building up of his play it was necessary. The cowardly John of history would make a poor hero.

From now on he merits our hatred, for we see the old John of history. All his vices are visible. We need nothing but the two scenes with Hubert to show us that the King John in the last half of Shakspeare's play is exactly the old King John as he lived. In the first scene with Hubert by his low flattery and cowardice he put the murder of Arthur on Hubert. Hubert consents to do the will of the king and to murder Arthur. In that powerful scene of the fourth act between Arthur and Hubert, the poor defenseless boy conquers the hard and evil heart of his murderer. Further on in the act when everyone is turning against the king, John throws the whole blame of the murder on Hubert.

John is afraid, for all seem to be against him, and it is therefore natural that he should throw all the guilt of that deed upon his instrument. War follows and as victory is about to be announced the king is poisoned and dies.

The Poet's Prayer.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '97.

ONE deathless song though singing it be death!
O God, one song in the full-throated prime,
One song—delicious cadences, soft rhyme,
To mingle in men's souls as breath in breath,
There linger as the sea voice lingereth
Forever in the sounding shell; to chime
With saddened thoughts and merry in their time,
Music immortal, beauty's shibboleth,
Breeding sweet thought, begetting sweeter deed,
Stirring fine souls to finer enterprise
In every land and unto every age—
Who would not barter life for such a meed,
Content to live in heavenly harmonies
Spirit of an imperishable page?

—*The Atlantic Monthly.*

The Pure, the Ornate and the Grotesque Styles.

ANTHONY F. DORLEY, 1900.

"Art, indeed," says Lubbock, "must create as well as copy." Creation, not imitation is the artist's duty. The real without the ideal is wanting in purity and beauty, for these can not consist in a mere copy of imperfect nature. And yet, art can not be entirely creative, for the real is needed to add life to the ideal. The artist will find within himself nothing true to nature, nothing that does not savor of self. The ideal and the real are both required; the real gives the suggestion, and the artist must look into his own mind and into his idea of beauty for that which nature does not supply. "In landscapes," says Emerson, "the painter should give the suggestion of a fairer creation than we know," and Ruskin adds that, "In true art, the hand, the head and the heart of man go together."

A stiff-necked realist once exclaimed when he saw a Turner landscape, "I never saw a sunrise like that." It is true, he never did, for Turner, like a genuine artist, was not a mere copyist. He did not select a beautiful scene and reproduce it with all its details; and man never will see a scene like those of Turner's creation. Yet this can not be called a lack of truth. By a subtle interpretation that consists neither in altering nor in mutilating nature, it was his aim to convey an impression like that which nature would give under the

most favorable circumstances. His business was with the perfect type toward which reality tends and to which nature gives only the hint and suggestion. She furnished the model with its flaws and imperfections, and his exquisite imagination added that which gives us the insight into nature's wondrous beauties.

It is thus with all high art. The poet as well as the painter must seek throughout nature for what is loveliest, what is purest. "He should know that the landscape has beauty for his eye," as Emerson says, "because it expresses a thought which is to him good." The ordinary man gazes on sights, and is impressed by those extraordinary individuals we call "striking characters;" but what he sees and feels is little more than sights and impressions. The artist, however, perceives in these same scenes and characters a great deal beyond them. He seizes what his senses bring to him, and grasps what others see and yet do not comprehend. He discerns in lines, in colors and in actions not only what is beautiful and what is not, but also what is typical and characteristic. He will give the "gloom of gloom and the sunshine of sunshine." He picks from a countenance or a character those portrait lines which make that face or character different from all others; those lines that produce their full effect upon the ordinary eye and yet are lost to it. These cullings of his senses he arranges into one harmonious system; his imagination must supply where nature leaves a gap, and he fashions this collection of lines and contours into a form that we call the type. Then he opens our eyes from the blindness of custom by directing our attention to the loveliness of the world about us, until we are surprised at the charm that surrounds ordinary things.

It is to be expected that different artists with various temperaments should exercise an originality, an individuality in the selection of their subject-matter and in their methods of description. This individuality, this peculiar way of "looking at things," is more or less marked in every individual, and in an artist is called his style. Style is the artist's mental mould which is itself fashioned by a hundred and one accidents of birth, nationality, education, religion, and childhood impressions, and through which in turn all his thoughts must pass before they find expression.

The object of art is, then, to present an idea, a character, a type, to

give to airy nothing

A local habitation and a name.

An idea in the abstract is vague and intangible. It must have a "setting," some accessory details to bring it before the "mind's eye," and the vividness of the impression will depend upon the choice of these accessories. When a type is presented in its simplicity and perfection, and is described as it really is without any enhancing circumstances or unnatural glamor, the style is said to be pure. Pure art uses the "fewest strokes" that will bring to the mind a perfect image of the artist's conception. The type is introduced in its true color "under the broad light of the sun," and produces one harmonious effect without attracting attention to any one detail. The accessories are so harmonized and so merged into the central thought that they seem to lose their identity and grow together into a finished and complete creation.

Pure art aims not so much to express as to suggest. The poems of Wordsworth, who is pre-eminently the master of the pure style in English literature, are not so much poetry as collections of hints or keynotes, from each of which the reader is to make out a melody for himself. He sketches, and expects the reader to fill the details. It is impossible to appreciate Wordsworth's lines unless the reader bring his mind to co-operate closely with that of the poet, and owing to this necessary mental effort his works are so little read and less understood. His art is like the paintings of Fra Angelico, that to an observer with the love of form and elegance of the Renaissance at first seem awkward and stiff, but on closer inspection and study are found to contain an intensely religious feeling. The uninitiated mind can not enjoy his poetry, or at best can but faintly feel its emotion, on account of a seeming vagueness that the mature mind finds to be true philosophic depth, serene and contemplative.

The discreet use of ornament and the strict subordination of detail to the central thought are the distinctive features of the pure style; it guards lest the attention be drawn to any accident of surroundings, for this can only happen at the expense of the idea. What is known as the ornate or romantic style answers to our notion of the "exquisite" in art. Like pure art the ornate chooses only such types as are good and beautiful in themselves, but it differs radically in the treatment of its subject-matter. When a person looks through a window at a landscape his attention is riveted upon the scene, providing the glass of the

window is perfectly clear and offers no obstruction to the view; but should the window be tinted to give the scene a "delicate unreality," a coloring that he knows does not belong to it, he looks at once to learn the cause of this unreality. Like clear crystalline glass, pure art shows things in their true color and employs only such details as are necessary to give a perfect embodiment of the idea; while the ornate style surrounds its type with the richest and brightest ornaments that are consistent with truth. Every incident and circumstance that can be associated with the type is admitted until the composition is really the "gay confusion" to which Newman refers. The brook must "chatter over stony ways, in little sharps and trebles," and "make the netted sunbeam dance against my sandy shallows." The "sweet forget-me-nots that grow for happy lovers" receive such unusual surroundings, and are put into so unreal an atmosphere that we scarce recognize these modest little friends of our summer walks.

Tennyson is undoubtedly the exemplar of the ornate style in English literature. He is above all the poet of extreme refinement and culture and love of the artistic form. His pages are rich in beautiful passages of the rarest imagery and the most striking freedom and versatility of composition. In finish of detail his style is second only to that of Shakspeare, while in the exquisite and subtle adjustment of word to thought he is possibly without equal among English writers. And yet we feel there is something lacking in his art,—something that pricks the conscience for fear we are admiring that which is not chaste. It is the depth, the dignity, and the purity of Wordsworth that are not there. The eye is caught by this gaudy art and its gay and elaborate creations, but the mind is soon fatigued and turns elsewhere.

"Art helps us to see," says Lubbock, but there are many things that would not be pleasing to look upon if presented as they really are, and still they often furnish becoming subject-matter for art. Many rugged types of human nature, for instance, we would not care to meet and associate with in real life, and if they were described in books in their absolutely true and bare selves they would hardly be attractive. Such types pure art can not treat. By its very nature it is restricted to the highest and noblest ideas that will bear the strong light of truth. For these lowlier conceptions ornate art is most admir-

ably fitted, and in the treatment of these it is most effectual. What is coarse and uncouth and yet intrinsically good is placed in surroundings that conceal what is repulsive and bring into relief whatever is beautiful.

Besides the pure and the ornate styles there is a third which differs from those two chiefly where they resemble each other most. What is known as grotesque art does not place the type under the most artistic and favorable lights and shades, but surrounds it with associations compromising in the extreme. These associations do not tell us directly what the type is in its perfection; but by intensifying the flaws and difficulties that surround it in a particular instance they suggest what the type would be with less entangling accessories. The grotesque style aims to turn our attention to the beautiful not by presenting the type in its loveliness, and purity but by showing its chance imperfections and least enhancing situations. The method is a kind of *reductio ad absurdum*, and resembles that of the moralists who forever hold up for our dislike the repulsiveness of evil in order to excite our admiration for the good.

We often meet people in everyday life of whom we say, "they work by contrasts." They describe things not by telling what they are but by pointing out what they are not. Such minds impress us chiefly by their lack of straightforwardness, or what might be called a mathematical symmetry. Their descriptions may be striking and full of surprises; the method may be most effectual in the domain of moral philosophy, where bare truth alone is sought; but in poetry, whose truth is the "truth of madness," such descriptions are not always agreeable.

The grotesqueness of a style like Browning's, his ruggedness and peculiarities, may prove a relief from the tinselled pages of Tennyson, but his meaning, vexingly obscure at times, can not help but repel most readers. His lines abound in sudden and unexpected similes, but his grotesque and weird combinations leave an impression of uncanniness on the ordinary mind. Such poems as "Caliban on Setebos" must necessarily render his circle of worshippers small. The patient student and persistent admirer may find such poetry a "mine of thought," but the hasty reader of the present generation, with his insatiable thirst for amusement, has not the endurance to pierce the rugged exterior for the nucleus of truth within.

To the Class of 1900.

PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

Cras ingens æquor iterabimus.

HA! my boys, the day is at hand
And the bay spreads clear before us;
Now put we our life-craft out to sea
While the morning sun shines o'er us.

What though this port has been gay and free
And its ties have fondly bound us;
What though the breast of the deep may surge
And her billows thunder round us,—
There's none of us with a faltering nerve,
There's no one here to quail, boys,
We'll brave the storms with a good stout heart,
And there's none of us to fail, boys!

Let's steer our course for the deepest sea
Where the pearls of life are found,
Come back with our life-craft safely manned—
Honored and honor-crowned.

Join hands then, boys, at the shore to-day,
For to-morrow our ways must sever,
But the friendship that binds us one and all
Will never be shattered—no, never.

Then here's to you, old college chums,
Here's health where'er you roam, boys,
Here's life and love and happiness,—
God bring us safely Home, boys!

The City of Worms.

ARTHUR W. MERZ, 1901.

Worms is, from an historical point of view, one of the most interesting cities in Germany. It is situated on the left bank of the Rhine in the grand duchy of Hesse-Darmstadt, one hundred and twenty-five miles south of Mainz and twenty miles northwest of Heidelberg. The city is of unknown antiquity, but archæologists commonly think that it was founded by the Celts under the name of Barbetomagus. The modern name is usually connected by legendary mythology with *wurm* or *lindwurm*, the German word for a dragon, which is said to have been slain there by Siegfried, the figure of which once formed the city's arms. In past times there was to be seen there an ancient, strong *riesen-haus* (giant's house) and many a memorial of Siegfried—his lance eighty-eight feet long in the cathedral, his statue of gigantic size on the Neue-Thurm on the Rhine, etc., and lastly the Siegfried's chapel in the pri-

meval pre-Gothic architecture, not long since pulled down. Drusus is said to have erected a fort on the site of the town in 14, B. C. As a settlement of the Germanic tribe of the Vangiones, Worms existed under Roman protection till about the middle of the fifth century. The Burgundians then took it and made it their capitol. There is a tradition that Attila lived there for a time.

Under the Franconians, the town was also important. It was the seat of the Austrasian kings, and the frequent residence of Charlemagne and his successors. Innumerable festivals, high-tides and tournaments were held here. The city was frequently visited by the imperial courts and won the proud title of "Mother of Diets." The most famous diet, and the one that will forever be remembered by mankind, was held in 1521, at which Luther appeared to defend his doctrine before Charles V. Four years later the town formally embraced Protestantism.

Worms preserved a tolerable prosperity even through the hardships of the Thirty Years' War, but in 1689 it was laid in ashes by the French—a blow from which it has never thoroughly recovered. The Peace of Luneville annexed it in 1801 to France, but in 1815 it passed to Hesse-Darmstadt; it was then an unimportant town of 6,250 inhabitants. In its prosperous days it is said to have had from 40,000 to 70,000 inhabitants.

Nor is Worms more famous in history than it is in romance whereof many monuments and vestiges remain to the present day. "The city of Worms, had we a right imagination," says Carlyle, "ought to be as venerable to us moderns as any Thebes or Troy was to the ancients. Whether founded by the gods or not, it is of quite unknown antiquity and has witnessed most wonderful things."

The scene of the graceful, though unhistorical romance of Eginhard and Emma, the daughter of Charlemagne, is laid at Worms.

"A pleasant meadow there," says Von der Hagen, "is still called Chriemhild's Rosengarten." The third part of *Heldeubeiech* shows this garden at Worms. It was planted by Chriemhild, King Gibich's daughter, and through it the greater part of the heroes and giants that figure in the hero-book afterward come to destruction.

The rose-garden was fenced only by a silk thread. In it, however, Chriemhild maintained twelve stout fighting men, several of whom, as Hagen, Volker, her three brothers, were of

such unspeakable prowess that they sufficed to defend the garden against all comers. On hearing that Dietrich of Bern was a good knight, Chriemhild challenged him to visit Worms and with eleven men to do battle with the defenders of the garden.

Dietrich accepted. The prize of the victory was a rose garland from Chriemhild, together with "ein Helssen und ein Küssen," that is practically, the privilege of holding Chriemhild in one's arms and kissing her. The Berners won the day; but, strange to say, some refused the kiss that was their due, for all that she was so beautiful a lass.

Far oftener than in the Heldenbuch is Worms mentioned in the Niebelungenlied. It is the home of Chriemhild, no less coy and proud than fair. After a dream that was interpreted to mean that she was to have a noble husband whom she must suddenly lose, she declared warmly for the single state. But though she guarded for many years against love, she was finally won under romantic circumstances by Siegfried.

Here also Gunther and his athletic spouse, Brunhild, held their court. According to the Niebelungenlied, Brunhild was a beautiful maiden, possessed of enormous strength, and the only way in which she allowed anyone to court her was by trying to defeat her in athletic exercises, wrestling and fighting. If the suitor succeeded in subduing her, he was to have her for his wife; if he failed to do so the penalty was the loss of his head.

Gunther, who thought of making her his wife, knew that he could never win her unaided. When he went a-courting he took with him Siegfried, who had a cap that made the wearer invisible and lent him the strength of three men. Between them, but with great difficulty, Brunhild was subdued and had to consent to become Gunther's wife. Then all went to Worms where the wedding was fittingly celebrated.

But here a new difficulty presented itself. Brunhild was to remain in possession of her enormous strength only as long as she preserved her virginity; therefore, on the night of the wedding feast Brunhild laid hold of Gunther, tied him with her girdle, and hung him on a nail high up on a wall. She herself, regardless of his groaning and lamentation, quietly went to bed and slept undisturbed till the next morning when she released him. The next night Gunther again called Siegfried to his aid, and ever afterward Brun-

hild was a gentle, amiable, and dutiful wife.

Before Siegfried left, however, he secretly took a ring and a girdle from Brunhild and gave them to his wife Chriemhild, telling her how he came by them. This eventually led to the destruction of Siegfried, Brunhild and all the Niebelungen. In an angry dispute that arose between Chriemhild and Brunhild as to the merits of their respective husbands, Chriemhild to prove the superiority of her own husband produced the ring and the girdle, whereat Brunhild enraged and filled with shame shortly afterward contrived to have Siegfried killed in revenge. Chriemhild's revenge, which consisted in the slaying of Gunther and all the Niebelungen, took place away from Worms.

One is sorry to learn that this imperial city is no longer imperial, but much fallen in every way from its palmy state. The population has declined to about 21,000 inhabitants who maintain themselves by wine growing, rhine-beets, tobacco manufacture, and making sugar-of-lead.

The chief squares are the market-place and the Dam Platz. Worms formerly contained many ecclesiastical buildings, now represented by eight churches, two of which, however, are no longer used for divine service. The principal building is the spacious romanesque cathedral, which ranks beside the cathedrals of Spire and of Mainz, among the famous ecclesiastical edifices of the Rhine. It has four round towers, two large domes and a choir at each end, and is built of red sandstone. The ornamentation, however, is simple to the verge of rudeness.

Smiles.

FRANCIS J. BARRY.

Smiles make us the joy of our friends and the envy of our enemies. They are a valuable portion of man's inheritance, and as the Creator doubtless gave them to make smooth the ruggedness of the journey through life, they should be used chiefly for that purpose.

We are all gladdened by the presence of a smiling face. The nurse as she watches over the cradle of the sleeping babe, and sees a smile play upon its countenance, like a sunny spot in a cloudy landscape, is made happy and her work becomes a pleasure. The father who calls upon his little son to

do some slight act is doubly grateful when his command is executed with a smiling face. The teacher rejoices in a class full of bright, smiling faces, and the children are no less happy in the presence of a smiling teacher.

To illustrate the goodness of cheerful dispositions let us draw a comparison. Suppose a man begins an undertaking with a cold, ungenerous face, few persons will admire him. No real human sympathy will accompany his actions. His joys and miseries alike will be unthought of by his neighbors. He will lead a life isolated from whatever good this world contains, and when he dies he will be, in the words of the poet,

Unknelled, unhonored, and unsung.

When a man with a genial, smiling face enters with us upon a work, not only do we trust him in business affairs, but we seek his companionship in our recreations. He lives in a world of contentment. His joys are everybody's joys, and the keenness of his sorrow is blunted by the sympathy which all give him.

The true object of smiles is to indicate contentment of mind, pleasure, or joy. Very frequently, however, we find that smiles arise from none of these sources. Sometimes hypocrisy, contempt, and deceit are their sources. Smiles too have their abuses, and man sometimes uses them to hide the true wolf which lurks within him. Such smiles as the smile of contempt and the hypocritical sneer awaken in us, by their presence, no feeling of pleasure. Their snake eyes glitter in spite of the attempted softness which they assume. By reason of their apparent malice, we should not, therefore, class such counterfeits with the true smiles, but should discard them to their viler sphere.

In this month of smiles we should cultivate a smiling habit, which will last not only through the mildness of spring, but will outlive the scorching heat of summer, the dullness of autumn and the dreariness of winter. What better time is available to teach us this invaluable accomplishment, than when everything around us is bright and cheering, when we see the sun smiling through the mist, the dewdrops peeping from beneath the green leaves and laughing in the light, when we see the birds, the trees and all the objects around us reflecting a happiness that is eternal? Some one has said that "every good hearty laugh lengthens one's life an hour." If that be true every pleasant smile must add something to one's career. It will add joy at least.

Books and Magazines.

JACK HILDRETH ON THE NILE. By Marion Ames Taggart.

This is a romance full of wholesome daring and adventure. It contains all that is good in the wild-west stories, and joins the whole with a pure code of morality. It teaches what a faithful friend Honesty is even in the greatest dangers. In its wildest exaggerations there is a noble fidelity so interwoven that it destroys any traces of the impossible fairy tale. There is an interest from the first to the last page. The author shows how broad the scope of this kind of fiction is, and deserves the good will of parents and teachers alike. Published by Benziger Brothers.

THE BALDWIN PRIMER. By May Kirk. New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, American Book Company.

The lessons in this primer have been prepared in accordance with well-established principles of mental science and child study. In addition to the things commonly taught in primers, the lessons in this book are made to include primary notions of language, number color and form, which are taught simultaneously with letters, sounds and words. Besides reading, the book contains lessons in stick laying, paper folding, modelling and songs, which in addition to the particular facts they are designed to teach are intended to give the child control over his arms, hands and fingers as a preparation for writing. The book contains a great number of half-tone and pen-and-ink sketches, numerous colored illustrations of birds, flowers, animals, fruit and other familiar objects.

—"The Heiress of Cronenstien," by the Countess of Hahn-Hahn, adapted from the German by Mary H. Allies, published by Benziger Bros., is one of those books that should be read in every Catholic family—the story of the good one woman accomplished in her short but eventful life—a book from every page of which a moral lesson may be drawn. True to life, clear in details, with a pleasing style, the narrative sustains the interest from beginning to end.

—The *Cosmopolitan* has a new departure in its latest numbers in the parts "Hiprah Hunt's Journey through the Inferno" and the "Great Events: Humor and Satire." The latter department is filled with drawings from the world's most famous cartoonists and is usually very clever.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Reporters.

—The Rev. Denis A. Clarke, whose picture appears on the front page of this edition, is one of the leading pulpit orators in the Columbus diocese. This, together with the fact that he is an old Notre Dame student, and was for some years a professor here, makes him eminently fitted to deliver the Baccalaureate sermon, and the graduates will undoubtedly receive a valuable instruction.

—Gentlemen of the Faculty and students, a last word with you now, for the pen that has filled these columns during the past two years, will be put aside to-night, and the man that used it severs his relations with the SCHOLASTIC. During these two years the aim of these columns was to serve the best interests of Notre Dame; to maintain a proper respect for whatever traditions we have; to be the servant of both Faculty and students in helping to advance every worthy enterprise, and to foster a genuine and manly college spirit. On the whole, the work at the editor's desk has been pleasant. With thanks for past favors we give way to the new management. If under his clever guidance your paper is made brighter and better, frown not upon the work of your last servant. Do him the charity to say he held his pen in trust.

Father Stoffel's New Book.

We take pleasure in calling the attention of classical students to a work which has left our press a few weeks ago and has now returned to us in very neat attire, indeed. We can not qualify or describe the work in any better way than by sending with this number fac-simile pages in our "ad" column. The plates are still at our disposal.

We remember having seen proofs of this work years ago, and many an old student will remember with pleasure setting lines and pages of Greek type, at first for the sake of novelty, and then, after he had learned the intricacies of a Greek case, for the sake of accommodation.

As we may gather from the preface, the book is intended to be a counterpart of the Latin Epitome Historiæ Sacræ, Epitome de Cæsaribus, de Viris Illustribus Romæ, etc. It is, in the first place, intended as a stepping-stone between the ordinary rudiments of the language to the reading of classical authors. At the same time it is to be a manual for "Reading at Sight" in the more advanced classes. For this a better subject could not have been chosen than the well-known narrative of the New Testament, and ample matter has been offered. The book contains 324 pages. We notice particularly the simplicity and plainness of the beginning chapters, the gradual increase in lessons, and finally the original treatment of the subject towards the end of the book.

On the correctness of every accent we are not now ready to pronounce. The author himself seems to leave the matter to a second and more careful reading, as he concludes a stickful of errata with the words of Casserly, "Usus te plura docebit."

We can not help congratulating the author of "An Epitome of the New Testament" on the happy selection of his subject. A pleasant and pious synopsis of the life of Our Lord is, indeed, an oasis for Christian students amidst the almost exclusively, pagan character of classical studies. We will welcome with equal joy further Christian elements into the curriculum of our classical studies. A regular and well-graded series of Christian Fathers would make an appropriate sequence to the work commenced. Price, \$1.00. For copies apply to the Reverend N. J. Stoffel, Notre Dame, Indiana.

A Day of Rejoicing at Notre Dame.

On Monday last our community was given over to rejoicing on the occasion of the Silver Jubilee of Very Rev. Dr. Zahm, Provincial of the Order of the Holy Cross. Although Father Zahm did not wish any demonstration to be made, still as an old officer of the institution, an old graduate and a professor, he was pre-

him and wishing him many more years of a successful, happy and useful career.

In the morning the band escorted Dr. Zahm to the college church where he celebrated Solemn High Mass with Reverend President Morrissey assisting as Deacon and Rev. Vice-President French as Subdeacon. Reverend W. R. Connor served as Master of Ceremonies, and Reverend John W. Cavanaugh C. S. C., preached a very able and an eloquent sermon.



VERY REV. JOHN A. ZAHM, PROVINCIAL, C. S. C.

ailed upon to give way to the wishes of the students and the Faculty and permit them to express the joy that the occasion brought to each of them. Thus though our demonstration was very quiet, it was none the less expressive: the friends of the Jubilarin were in hearty unison in honoring the man that has done so much for our institution, in congratulating

At noon a banquet was given in the Brownson dining-hall and the students took occasion of this to offer their compliments through their representative, Mr. James H. McGinnis, 1900. The text of Mr. McGinnis' address was as follows:

VERY REVEREND FATHER ZAHM:

Allow me in behalf of the students of Notre Dame

to thank you for honoring us with your presence here to-day,—the day that marks the twenty-fifth anniversary of your ordination to the holy priesthood. Were it not contrary to your wishes we fain would celebrate your Silver Jubilee in a manner becoming the high position you so ably fill, as head of the Congregation of Holy Cross in America. I trust it will not be too painful to your modesty, however, if we take advantage of this occasion to offer you our congratulations, and publicly express our appreciation of the benefits you have bestowed upon us by your efforts in behalf of religion and Christian education.

Twenty-five years of faithful labor in any walk of life is deserving of much credit; but to have spent that time as a priest and a religious, ever faithful to the arduous duties that such a life necessarily incurs, is worthy of the greatest honor. To forsake one's home and kinsfolk, to abandon the success of a worldly career and lay down one's life at the feet of a superior, voluntarily bound by the vows of religion, in the hope of raising man above his low surroundings to an eminence from which he will be better able to attain his eternal destiny, are actions that demand our highest esteem. Yet all these you have done,—and in a manner that has merited for you the honorable, though difficult, position you now hold as successor to the great Fathers Sorin and Corby.

Secluded here at Notre Dame from the bustle and noise of the outside world, your pen and voice are ever busy to promote the true cause of education. Your name as a scholar and educator is familiar in many lands.

Aside from these considerations, there is another cogent reason that prompts us to esteem and honor you. You were formerly associated with us as a friend and teacher. During the years that your name was among those of the Faculty of this institution, Notre Dame became famous among the scientific schools of America. Though you are no longer directly connected with us, we still claim the honor of calling you our own; and thus it is that we desire to offer you our congratulations and good wishes to-day. That your life may be greatly prolonged in health and peaceful happiness, so that the youth of America may profit by your ability and labor in their behalf is the wish that I offer you, Father Zahm, in the name of the students of Notre Dame.

Father Zahm responded by thanking the students and promising that all that his interest or power could do in behalf of the University would be done.

In the evening the Minims brought the Jubilarin over to St. Edward's Hall, and while Master J. Gallart played an entrance march, Dr. Zahm, several members of the Faculty, and visiting friends entered the hall to find it beautifully decorated with silk streamers of gold and blue, pennants, flags, flowers, palms, etc. Master Lawrence Hart read the Minims' greeting, which was followed by a choral selection. The mandolin orchestra and the vocal classes then kept up an interesting program until the gymnastic classes brought on the final number, Musico-calisthenics. Father Zahm then thanked the Minims, and spoke very warmly of their work in preparing

and carrying on the entertainment. In appreciation of their compliment he sent them his feast-day cake.

All during the day many distinguished friends of Dr. Zahm came to express their congratulations. Letters and telegrams came from absent friends in this country and in Europe. Chief of all, there came the blessing of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII. The SCHOLASTIC now adds its voice with all the rest, and wishes the Very Rev. Provincial success and health and happiness *ad multos annos*.
HENRY PECK.

The Preparatory Elocution Contest.

In the Preparatory Elocution contest, heard in Washington Hall last Saturday morning, Mr. George E. Gormley was awarded the medal by a single point over Master Louis Wagner. The other contestants ranked high, and their efforts were very creditable. The work of the young men was so well received that each speaker was forced to acknowledge the hearty applause of the audience.

As both serious and light selections were required, the young men showed very promising ability in reading. It is very encouraging to find the Preparatory students doing such good work.

THE PROGRAMME.

PART I.

- An Episode of the Commune.....Anon
Louis Wagner.
The Polish Boy.....Ann S. Stephens
Galitzen Farabaugh.
The Vagabonds.....J. T. Trowbridge
Francis Hughes.
Tom's Little Star.....Fanny Foster
Louis Best.
Keenen's Charge.....Anon
George E. Gormley.

PART II.

- Tom's Little Star.....Fanny Foster
Francis Hughes.
Sockery Setting a Hen.....Anon
Louis Best.
Oh! I Dunno.....Anon
Louis Wagner.
Larriot Bill.....Anon
George E. Gormley.
Aunt Tabitha.....O. W. Holmes
Galitzen Farabaugh.

JUDGES.

- The Rev. D. J. Hagerty,
Prof. John G. Ewing,
Prof. James D. Barry.
Notre Dame University, June 2, 1900.

One of Our Oldest Graduates Dead.

The merest accident brought to light the fact that one of Notre Dame's oldest graduates died some weeks ago at St. Joseph's Hospital in St. Paul. Strange as it may seem no intimation of his death was received at the University until last Tuesday, when by chance a back number of the *Northwestern Chronicle*, containing an account of his funeral, came under the notice of one of our Professors.

The deceased, Reverend Patrick F. Glennon, received the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Notre Dame in 1852. He and Rev. Dr. E. B. Kilroy, now stationed at Stratford, Ontario, were the only members of the class.

Father Glennon was born in Kingston, Ont., in 1833. In the early forties his parents moved to New York and the young boy did his first studying at the parochial schools in Rochester. He came to Notre Dame in 1847.

After receiving his degree he went to the diocese of Hartford, Conn. Bishop O'Reilly sent him to the Seminary of the Oblates at Buffalo, and later on to St. Joseph's Seminary at Fordham, N. Y. In 1857 he was ordained by Rt. Rev. Bishop Loughlin at Brooklyn on the twenty-fourth day of September. After his ordination he spent six years at Providence, R. I., then five working among the missions in the Buffalo diocese, and in 1868 he entered the diocese of St. Paul. For the first few years he had charge of various missions around St. Paul and Minneapolis, and later was appointed pastor of St. John's Church at Byrneville, Minn., where he labored until his last illness necessitated his removal to St. Joseph's Hospital. He was buried at Byrneville on Monday, March 9, 1900. The best estimate of his life's work may be inferred from the following extracts of the sermon preached over his remains by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Oster:

Father Glennon lived twenty years among you. I need not recall the virtues of his quiet and priestly career. His deeds are sufficiently known to you all. The large concourse that gathered around his remains is ample evidence of the sterling qualities of his character. . . . One of his characteristics was his modest, retiring disposition. He never thrust himself forward. He never sought preferment. Another trait of his simple character was a sensitive consideration for the well-being of others. He shrank from the thought of being a burden to anyone. He was charitable in speech. Criticism of another, layman or clergyman, never passed his lips; nor did he permit the discharge of uncharitable sentiments in his presence. . . . In the church, in his house, amidst his people, he was ever the priest. Through the thirty days of his last illness he was not heard to complain.—*Northwestern Chronicle*, March 23, 1900.

Redmen Routed.

In a game that fairly reeked of home runs and three baggers the famous Nebraska Indian baseball nine went down in defeat despite their long names and their celebrated war-whoops. The team by the way is made up of men who bear far different names from those given them on their roster. The only name on the list that looks anything like the name of an Indian is that of Buckhart who did the back-stop work. The others are ordinary names of the Corbett style, and if one had not seen the braves and was convinced of their nationality he would feel inclined to doubt the veracity of some one. Anyhow, they have been here, and we have had the pleasure of taking a large fall out of them. It must be said in justice to the Indians that they can certainly wield the ash.

Gibson did the twirling for our fellows, and probably for the first time in his life saw an opposing team fall onto him as the Indian team did. The only reason this unusual occurrence has come to pass is that the chilly winds that blew over Cartier Field tied up the arm of our little pitcher. One of the notable features of the game, aside from the numerous long hits, were the many beautiful errors. The Indians are charged with twelve misplays, while our men failed to take advantage of seven opportunities to retire the Redmen.

THE SCORE:

NOTRE DAME	A	R	H	P	A	E
Lynch, s s	6	0	1	0	3	1
Fleming, l f	6	3	2	0	0	0
Donahoe, c f	5	3	2	2	0	0
Farley, r f	3	3	0	1	1	3
McDonald, i b	4	1	3	10	0	0
Daly, 2 b	5	4	2	4	3	1
Morgan, 3 b	4	2	2	3	1	2
O'Neill, c	5	0	1	7	0	0
Gibson, p	3	0	0	0	4	0
Totals	41	16	13	27	12	7
INDIANS	A	R	H	P	A	E
Green, l f	6	2	1	2	0	1
Ninham, c f	6	2	2	1	0	1
Corbett, s s	6	3	2	0	4	0
Graham, 3 b	6	2	4	5	3	4
Buckhart, c	5	2	2	1	2	0
Miner, 2 b	6	1	2	3	2	2
Dupuys, i b	5	0	1	11	0	1
Anderson, r f	4	0	2	1	1	1
Taylor, p	4	1	2	0	4	2
Totals	48	13	18	24	16	12

Two base hits—Taylor, Miner. Three base hits—Fleming, Morgan, Buckhart, Taylor, Ninham. Home runs—Ninham, Farley, Morgan. Sacrifice hits—Farley, McDonald. Double plays—Lynch to McDonald to Morgan. Passed balls—O'Neill, Buckhart (2). Time of game—2:25. Umpires—Drewes and Eyler.

The Western Intercollegiate.

Without the assistance of our famous track captain of last year, with Corcoran, Connor and Eggeman out of condition and with only six fit entries in the big meet, the Notre Dame team came back with seventeen points tucked securely under its belt and had obtained the not unenviable position of fifth place among the crack colleges of the West. If we had been more fortunate, and our cripples had been in condition the small silk banner that goes to the winner would very likely have come to Notre Dame. Corcoran in good shape could have walked away with the hundred and two hundred and twenty yard dashes without any trouble; Connor had an excellent chance for at least a second in the mile and the half mile runs.

But it is no time to talk of what we could have done. The fates were not to our liking, and the result stands just the same. The other teams likely had as many mishaps as we did and may have beaten anyhow. The only thing we can do is to accept the defeat philosophically and calmly await the next Western Intercollegiate great meet. Then we shall have time to crow. All the men on the team this year, with very few exceptions, will be back next year, and with Fred Powers to lead them on they will make the hardest kind of combination for the other teams to beat.

The greatest credit for the points we had the good fortune to bring home is due to Gaffney, McDougall and Pick. Gaffney has the distinction of carrying away the quarter mile bike race for two consecutive seasons. This year added another medal to his assortment by winning the mile event from McDougall

in an hair-raising finish. McDougall did some pretty riding in the mile race, but Gaffney's spurt took the event after Mac had piloted him the whole distance. McDougall failed to qualify in the quarter on account of a miserable start.

The biggest surprise of the afternoon was Ed. Pick's beautiful race in the quarter mile run. He got off the mark with the bunch and stayed well up the whole distance. When the fast moving field reached the stretch, and after two-thirds of the eighteen entries had

stopped, Pick cut away from the bunch for Moloney and Teetzel who were racing ahead. A few long strides put Pick ahead of Teetzel, and Moloney, almost in distress, was only a few yards away. Pick gained steadily, but the course was too short; he finished a good second

The only other point made by the Notre Dame contingent was captured by O'Shaughnessy in the hundred yard dash. Corcoran ran in this event and beat a fast field in his trial heat, but the tape found him lame and he did not go in the finals. Pick made a close call for a point in the discus throw, losing third place by only two inches. Sullivan fought hard for a place in the pole vault, but he was

unsuccessful. Herbert ran some game heats in the hurdle events, but the field was the fastest he had ever met, and he did well to make a good showing. While our men were working hard to make a creditable performance for old Notre Dame the other contestants were breaking records and making a fitting close to one of the best and most exciting inter-collegiate meets ever held in the West.

THE SUMMARY OF EVENTS.

One hundred yard dash—First heat, Westphal, Michigan, first; Anderson, Nebraska, second. Time, 0:10 3-5.



Second heat—O'Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, first; Broughton, California, second. Time, 0:10 3-5.

Third heat—Cadogan, California, first; Nufer, Michigan, second. Time, 0:10 2-5.

Fourth heat—Corcoran, Notre Dame, first; Nash, Knox, second. Time, 0:10 2-5.

Semi-final heat—Anderson, Nebraska, first; Nash, Knox, second. Time, 0:10 4-5.

Final heat—Cadogan, California, first; Nash, Knox, 2d; O'Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, third. Time 0:10 2-5.

Two hundred and twenty yard dash, 1st heat—Drum, California, first; Hammond, Chicago, second. Time, 0:24.

Second heat—Nash, Knox, first; Westphal, Michigan, second. Time, 0:23 3-5.

Third heat—Cadogan, California, first; Nufer, Michigan, second. Time, 0:23 3-5.

Fourth heat—Pick, Notre Dame, first; Breitenbach Michigan, second. Time, 0:24.

Fifth heat—Senn, Wisconsin, first; O'Shaughnessy, Notre Dame, second. Time, 0:23 4-5.

Semi-finals, First heat—Drum, California, first; Nash, Knox, second. Time, 0:23 1-5.

Second heat—Cadogan, California, first; Senn, Wisconsin, second. Time, 0:23 1-5.

Final heat—Cadogan, California, first; Drum, California, second; Nash, Knox, third. Time, 0:22 2-5.

Four hundred and forty yard run—Moloney, Chicago, first; Pick, Notre Dame, second; Teetzel, Michigan, third. Time, 0:51 2-5.

Half-mile run—Moloney, Chicago, first; Hayes, Michigan, second; Baker, Northwestern, third. Time, 2:02.

One mile run—Baker, Northwestern, first; Hulbert, Chicago, second; Hahn, Wisconsin, third. Time, 4:33 2-5.

One hundred and twenty yard hurdles, First heat—McLean, Michigan, first; Hamlin, California, second, Time, 0:16 1-5.

Second heat—Moloney, Chicago, first; Bockman, Minnesota, second. Time, 0:16 2-5.

Third heat—Trude, Chicago, first; Boyd, Illinois, second. Time, 0:17 1-5.

Fourth heat—Horton, Chicago, first; Herbert, Notre Dame, second—time, 0:17 2-5.

Fifth heat—Schule, Wisconsin, first; Manning, Chicago, second. Time, 0:17.

Sixth heat—Martin, Illinois, ran alone. Time, 0:20.

Semi-finals, first heat—McLean Michigan, first; Hamlin, California, second. Time, 0:16 1-5.

Second heat—Moloney, Chicago, first; Boyd, Illinois, second. Time, 0:17.

Third heat—Bockman, Minnesota, first; Schule, Wisconsin, second. Time, 0:16 2-5.

Final heat—Moloney, Chicago, first; McLean, Michigan, second; Hamlin, California, third. Time, 0:16 1-5.

Two hundred and twenty yard hurdles, first heat—McLean, Michigan, first; Woolsey, California, second. Time, 0:26.

Second heat—Moloney, Chicago, first; Thompson, Purdue, second. Time, 0:27 4-5.

Third heat—Bockman, Minnesota, first; Schule, Wisconsin, second. Time, 0:26 3-5.

Final heat—McLean, Michigan, first; Moloney, Chicago, second; Bockman, Minnesota, third. Time, 0:25 3-5.

Quarter mile bicycle race, first heat—Sudheimer, Minnesota, first; Goodenow, Chicago, 2d. Time, :34 1-5.

Second heat—Pettet, Chicago, first; Schmirer, South Dakota, second. Time, 0:34.

Third heat—Brown, Chicago, first; Loss, Knox, second. Time, 0:33 2-5.

Fourth heat—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; E. Sudheimer, Minnesota, second. Time, 0:35 4-5.

Semi-finals—Goodenow, Chicago, first; Loss, Knox, second. Time, 0:33 2-5.

Final heat—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; Brown, Chicago, second; G. Sudheimer, Minnesota, third. Time, 0:33.

One mile bicycle race, first heat—McDougall, Notre Dame, first; Pettet, Chicago, second. Time, 2:45 2-5.

Second heat—Goodenow, Chicago, first; Taylor, Wisconsin, second. Time, 2:32.

Third heat—Loss, Knox, first; E. Sudheimer, Minnesota, second. Time, 3:43 4-5.

Fourth heat—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; Brown, Chicago, second. Time, 2:37.

Semi-final heat—Pettet, Chicago, first; Brown, Chicago, second. Time, 2:41.

Final heat—Gaffney, Notre Dame, first; McDougall, Notre Dame, second; Loss, Knox, and Goodenow, Chicago, tied for third. Time, 2:53.

One-mile walk—Bredsteen, Wisconsin, first, Richberg, Chicago, second; Walsh, California, third. Time, 7:00.

Pole vault—Dvorak, Michigan, first; Wheeler, Wisconsin, second; Juneau, Wisconsin, third. Height, 10 feet, 3 inches. In trial for second he cleared 11 feet, 6 inches, which according to rules will stand as record.

Hammer throw—Plaw, California, first; Mortimer, Chicago, second; Brew, Nebraska, third. Distance, 156 feet 3 inches.

Discus throw—Granke, Wisconsin, first; France, Mich., 2d.

Local Items.

—Lack of space prevents printing the beautiful address read to Father Zahm by the Minims.

—Last Sunday night the University band made its first appearance and gave a splendid concert on the bank of St. Joseph's Lake.

—The work of the art classes will be on exhibition in the University parlors on Monday and Tuesday. The students in that department have done well this year.

—The Alumni Association of Chicago will run a special train to the University next Wednesday. This train will leave the Van Buren Street station between 7 and 8 a. m.

—A letter recently received from the entomological division of the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., was very flattering to those here in charge of the Notre Dame Apiary. The "Notre Dame device" for beehives accomplishes what so many bee keepers have been looking for—a means of protecting and enabling the bees during brood rearing to produce the best possible results. The bees are protected against cold and all currents of air within brood chambers. The honey-yields effected by means of this device is remarkable, being in some cases from 60 to 70 pounds per hive from February to June 14.

—The following is the official programme for commencement week:

SUNDAY, JUNE 10.

8:00 a. m.—Solemn High Mass, Very Rev. President Morrissey, Celebrant.
Baccalaureate sermon by the Rev. Denis A. Clarke B. S., '70, M. S., '72, A. M., '74, Columbus, Ohio.
2:20 p. m. Solemn Benediction and Te Deum
MONDAY, TUESDAY, WEDNESDAY, JUNE 11-13.

Examinations.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13.

8:00 a. m. Closing Examinations
10:00 a. m. Regatta
12:00 m. Dinner
2:00 p. m. Closing Exercises at St. Edward's Hall
3:15 p. m. Baseball Game on Cartier Field
6:00 p. m. Supper
6:30 p. m. Band Concert on the Quadrangle

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13 7:30 P. M.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES IN WASHINGTON HALL.

March—"La Pere de la Victoire,".....*Ganne*
University Orchestra.

Typical Artists of the Renaissance.

I.—Oration....."Architecture: Brunelleschi"

Mr. Anthony J. Dorley (Pennsylvania).

"Dedication Ode".....*Auer*
Double Quartette.

II.—Oration....."Painting: Raphael"

Mr. James H. McGinnis (Massachusetts).

Waltz—"Wizard of the Nile".....*Herbert*
University Orchestra.

III.—Oration....."Sculpture: Michelangelo"

Mr. William D. Furry (Indiana).

"Evening Song,".....*Kreutzer*
Double Quartette.Oration of the Day by the Right Reverend John J.
Glennon, D. D., Bishop of Kansas City, Missouri.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 8:00 A. M.

Washington Hall.

"Coronation March".....*Meyerbeer*
University Orchestra.

"Home, Sweet Home,".....Double Quartette

Mr. John J. O'Connell, Mr. Louis C. Nash,

Mr. Miguel L. Beltram, Mr. William W. Wimberg.

Mr. Francis B. Cornell, Mr. William C. Kegler,

Mr. Leo J. Heiser, Mr. Charles L. Euart

Class poem.....Mr. Patrick J. Dwan (Ireland.)

Valedictory.....Mr. Vincent D. Dwyer (Indiana.)

Conferring of Degrees Awarding of Honors.



Inter-Hall Champions.

Much praise must be given to the members of the Corby Hall baseball team for their many victories, and especially for carrying off the inter-hall championship pennant. In the series of games with the other halls, Corby lost but one game. Three games from Sorin, Carroll and St. Joseph's Halls, and two out of three from Brownson is Corby's record in the championship series. The team further proved its superiority in defeating the best team that could be selected from the other halls in the University. William Higgins and Jeffrey Burke deserve considerable prominence as the battery of the team. Members of the other teams recognize Higgins as the best pitcher outside of our "Varsity" staff. James Duggan, captain and left field, easily carries

off the batting honors, and commanded the respect and encouragement of all interested in the team by his conscientious work. Dominick Groogan at short stop and Frank Winters at first base distinguished themselves as the bulwark of the infield. Thomas Noonan at second base and Thomas Murray at third base played a steady game, and always managed to pick up everything that came. John Powers, Alexander Macdonald, Arthur Hayes and Neal Dempsey made up the rest of the team. Powers and Macdonald were two of the strongest batters on the team, and always got in timely hits. Hayes and Dempsey were strong fielders and pulled down many flies that promised to be hits. The evenness of their all around team work won the banner for Corby.