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The Choir-Boy.

CHARLES L. O'DONNELL, '05.

ONE time, a-weary of the church's throng,
Impatient at the glare the candles gave,
At incense, stagnant in the narrow nave,
Deep in my heart awoke, restless and strong,
Unbidden yearnings: for freedom did I long,
Air of the odorous woods, the glinting wave,
To sit a quiet hour beside a grave
And sing for her who taught me my first song.

I knew I should not weary of the psalm,
But was it sin?—the while I dimly dreamed
I saw my mother from the purple smoke
Bend listening toward me: swift a calm
Made heaven in my heart and, so meseemed
I could, that hour, outsing seraphic folk.

A Modern Moses.

EDWARD J. GILBERT.

THE mighty voice of Patrick Henry in the cause of liberty had been heard, the battles of Lexington, Concord and Bunker Hill had become historic, Washington had passed to another life, and our country was standing a brave, true, but divided nation. The administration of Monroe had witnessed the coming of the Missouri Compromise Bill, and gradually a bitter contest was brewing between the pro-slavery and the anti-slavery men. One faction was enthusiastic for state slavery, the other determined on its extinction. At that moment, when the preservation or downfall of our nation was pending, there spoke and acted in defence of his country's honor, safety and principle, a man whom the world never will or can forget,—Abraham Lincoln.

I need not dwell on the life of this noble American. To all it is familiar. A poor boy reared in the backwoods of a little inland town, without opportunities of education, without the refining influence of good society, without friends, without anybody to help or encourage him save the realization of his own efforts. Yet down deep in his heart there was an ambition for greatness: that voice of genius which told him that work and perseverance conquer all; that difficulties are but stepping stones to greater things.

At an early age Lincoln was deeply impressed by the condition of his country. He realized that oppression was a sword that cuts both ways, and means death to the oppressor as well as to the oppressed. He saw that if our nation was to be a strong and powerful nation, there must be union. Because a nation divided against itself was not only powerless against its own foe, but also against the foe of other nations.

In all his appeals as a candidate for legislation, in all his debates with the great Republican champion, Stephen A. Douglas, these were the sentiments he sought to impress on the minds of his countrymen. He appealed to history, and showed that the Union was older than the Constitution, that the Declaration of Independence was a pledge of its perpetuity; and finally he added that the prime object of the Constitution was "To form a more perfect Union;" that "if the destruction of the Union by only a part of the states be lawfully possible, then the Union was less perfect than before the Constitution, having lost the vital element of its perpetuity."

At no time, however, was Lincoln ever more hostile to the South than to the North. In all his appeals he only sought to give expression to certain overlooked truisms, and practically foretold the unavoidable and dreadful consequences of the national con-

dition. And ere to-day everyone has realized the verity of his predictions, the sad verification of his assertions. He plainly said that the country could not remain half slave and half free. He believed that if Congress had the power to allow slavery, then certainly she had the power to prohibit it; and that this prerogative could gradually be enforced upon the people, and, with their consent and majority, due compensation could be made to unwilling slave owners.

From these noble and far-seeing advices intelligent men at once saw in Lincoln a man of worth, power and nobleness of character. They saw in him that intuition and foresightedness of a great leader; and in 1860, out of four candidates for the presidency, Lincoln was the successful competitor. A more worthy and better custodian of the national existence at such a critical moment could not have been chosen. No president ever took an oath under more trying and discouraging circumstances. He realized the great responsibility placed upon his shoulders, yet he faltered not; he saw the impending tempest, yet he feared not; he heard the mournful knell, yet he heeded not, but assured the people that the nation must and would be united, and that while he had the mind to will, the strength to act, the nation should not perish.

The grand ceremonies of Lincoln's installation had scarcely passed before shot and shell began to fly. The South had fired on Fort Sumpter, the Confederates had captured the citadels at Harper's Ferry and Norfolk; troops under General Lee were rapidly advancing towards Virginia, and Washington was in danger. Lincoln plainly saw that the dreadful tempest was at hand. He saw that the nation must either be united or fall; and like a loving father he exhorted all loyal sons to fight as they never fought before, assuring them that the cause was just, their stand true, and that the intercession of a higher power would not be wanting. Days, months, years passed and heavier grew the burden on Lincoln's shoulders. With defeat and victory came hope and despair; yet Lincoln faltered not. That noble-mindedness and patriotism which had always ruled his life now consecrated his deeds. And as the flickering flame of the national existence rose and fell, Lincoln was laboring and trusting in that cause which was so dear to him. When other men would have despaired, Lincoln hoped; when other men would have flinched he stood firm with a hand that ruled all. It was the despotism of a father that loved his own. Never for a moment did he forget his promise to the people; never did he lose sight of the gravity of the cause he was defending, but stood faithful and true at his post until the last cannon in the Shenandoah was hushed, and Grant was standing triumphant before Richmond.

Look where you will in the archives of history from the time the great Alexander conquered down to the present day, and you will not find a man that was more faithful and true to his country's cause than Lincoln. Other men have sacrificed their lives on the battlefields for their country's honor; others have been swept away by fire and sword in defence of a principle or doctrine, but at no time did any man ever take a more noble stand than Lincoln.

I love to think of him as a man, to admire his pertinacity of purpose, his devotion to Liberty. Other statesmen may have been more learned, more eloquent, but Lincoln was more of a philosopher, more of a diplomat. In everything he said there was that firm conviction that made a deep and lasting impression. He did not appeal to the fears of men, but rather to their love. He strove to move the feelings and honor of men, to warm the hearts of the indifferent, to satisfy the doubter, to gain the admiration of the skeptic. In everything he said or did there was that grand and noble sentiment: "With malice towards none and charity for all."

Other statesmen and heroes may come, and by their noble deeds and lofty sentiments immortalize themselves in the archives of history, but long after their name and fame have been crowded back in the shadows of forgetfulness, the name of Abraham Lincoln will survive in the grateful remembrance of all true Americans.

A Bargain.

EUGENE P. BURKE, '05.

"Let's change positions," said Mrs. Wiley to her husband. They had been engaged for the last half-hour in a controversy on woman's share of the work. Mr. Wiley, a collector for an insurance company, had called his wife's house work mere playfulness when compared

with the patience and labor of collecting bills from close-fisted customers.

"That would be impossible," he answered. What could a woman do with business men; who would pay a bill to a woman?"

"Change positions," said Mrs. Wiley calmly. "I will wager that I will do your work as perfectly as you do mine."

"We can't think of it."

"Then give in that my work is more difficult," interrupted the wife.

This was too much, and Mr. Wiley replied:

"All right, then, if you think you can do my work, I surely can keep house."

"Give me, then," said his wife, "the names and addresses of those people of whom I am to collect."

He handed her a card containing the necessary information.

"Now," continued the wife, "you want your directions?"

"If you have any that I do not already know," said Wiley.

"Well," she said, "this, is Saturday. The bread ought to be baked and cake for to-morrow. Then you will scrub the dining room floor and the front and rear porches. Don't forget, too, that the stove must be polished, and get that roast of lamb ready for supper. You can get your own dinner, of course. I have ordered some beef-steak at the butcher's, and don't fail to wash the dishes and scour the pans."

"Oh! that's all easy enough," said the husband. "Now let us part."

Mrs. Wiley left with a smile and went to collect her first bill. She went up to the cashier and presented the bill. He might have turned Wiley away, but he could not tell a woman that he was "unable to pay till later." She took the money and went off. At other places she was equally successful.

But Mr. Wiley, how did he fare? He took the dishes from the table and poured the hot water over them. "Whew! that's hot," he cried as he drew his hands out of the water. "Guess I'll let them soak and finish them later." He decided to leave the baking till the afternoon.

"Now for the scrubbing," he said. He poured the water over the floor.

"I'm not going to get down on my knees," he said. But he had promised. He put on a pair of overalls and scrubbed for ten minutes.

"My back!" he cried, putting his hand on his back and getting up when he had finished one half of the floor, "I can't stand this pain." He got a mop and the remaining half of the floor was washed far from immaculate. He got dinner—and scanty it was. The dishes were put to soak with those of breakfast in fresh hot water. Now the stove must be polished.

"Is there no rest?" he said, as he began to rub. He succeeded fairly well and then began at the bread. He mixed flour, milk and water, but he had forgotten about the yeast.

The door opened and his wife entered. She displayed a roll of bills which she had collected.

"And now, how have you succeeded?" She looked about. The dirty dishes of two meals were still soaking, the roast lamb not ready, the bread in a muss.

"Will you agree now that the woman has her share of work?"

Wiley muttered something about men being made for hard business labor and not for housekeeping and left the room, while the business woman cooked the roast of lamb.

Hunting Dogs.

LOUIS F. FETHERSTON, '04.

Among the sports afield there is perhaps none that appeals more strongly to the lover of out-door pastime than hunting. Every year thousands of sportsmen flock to the vast stubble fields of the Dakotas and Minnesota, where prairie chickens abound, for a few days' shooting. I say a few days, for so plentiful are the birds in these districts that after a short while the shooting ceases to be a pleasure.

In considering the sport, however, two classes of hunters are to be noted. The "game hog," one who kills for the mere love of killing, who gives the bird no chance for life and whose only delight is a well-filled bag, regardless of the manner in which the contents were secured. The other is the market hunter,—one who has not yet arisen from the first state of man and makes his living by hunting. These two classes make hunting a matter of business, and consequently never experience the real enjoyment of the sport. The amount of game killed is not the chief enjoyment for the hunter. It is the difficult shots made and the almost human intelligence displayed by the dog in finding and holding the birds that make the sportsman's heart beat with honest pride. And around the dog, even more than around the

gun, is centred the fascination of hunting.

The full-blooded hunting-dog is, no doubt, the most intelligent of dogs. He may be either a pointer or a setter. The origin of either is a disputed question, but the most satisfactory explanation seems to be that the pointer is the result of successive crosses with a hound and a bulldog, and a setter the result of crosses with a hound and a Scotch collie. There is but one pointer, the English pointer, while there are several different kinds of setters, the English, the Gordon, the Irish and the Llewellyn.

The names "pointer" and "setter" arose from the different positions taken by the two dogs when finding a bird. The pointer stands erect, his nose and tail being almost in a direct line; whereas the setter formerly assumed a crouching attitude, but has been so trained that now there is very little difference in the position of the two dogs. This position is known as a "stand." The right forefoot is, in the case of both dogs, sometimes lifted, although this is not necessary to a perfect stand and is caused merely by the fact that the dog is taking a step when he is halted either by the strength of the scent or a sight of the birds.

The training of these dogs requires a great deal of patience; for to develop the faculties which make him valuable to the hunter he must be trained in direct opposition to his instincts. It is not the pure fondness of the sport that makes the dog display such energy and ambition in the field. His aim and that of his master are identical: they both want the bird, and the master trains him away from this by giving an equivalent. He is taught to hold the bird when found and to retrieve it when killed. The only natural faculty possessed by the pup is the scent. All the others are merely the result of careful training. There are, however, some things which a dog can learn only by experience, such as to stand and, perhaps the most remarkable bit of intelligence displayed, to take advantage of the wind in ranging.

The pointer is generally conceded to be the better of the two dogs. He is faster and has more endurance. True the setter, protected by his long, thick hair, can work in places where a pointer can not go, for example, among brush and thorns; but it is also true that in a field infested with burrs a setter is practically useless.

To watch the action of either of these dogs is perhaps the most interesting part of the hunt. On the way to the field we see him slouching along behind his master like a common cur. But when the scene of action is reached, and after patiently and anxiously watching his master adjust the gun, he hears the welcome "all right" and sees the wave of the hand, what a change takes place! He is off at full speed, crossing to and fro before the hunters, running with his nose now down to the ground, now in the air, in order that the slightest scent may not escape him. At last the game is located. Slowly and cautiously he moves up and finally stands, as though chiselled out of stone. When spoken to by his master he flushes the game and at the first whirr, drops to the ground, and when the shooting is over, he is sent out to retrieve the birds killed. In this the dog is invaluable for very often the bird is merely "winged" and hides in the long grasses or brush where it would be safe from the hunter. It can not, however, escape the dog, who with but little delay brings it in triumph to his master.

An event which excites the keenest rivalry among the owners, is the "field trial." In this, however, the dogs work entirely different, so different in fact, that a field trial would be a detriment rather than an aid to the hunter. No "stands" are made, no retrieving done. A "stand" would be as serious a mistake in a field trial as a failure to "stand" in a hunt, for this takes time and time is everything in an affair of this kind. The dogs merely locate the birds and flush them regardless of whether the hunter is within range or not. In so doing they depend not only on their nose, but also on their sight. Five points are given for finding a covey and one point for each single bird. At the close of the trial, the dog having the largest number of points is declared winner: The "field trial" does not, however, bring out the intelligence of a dog. It is but a race in which speed and endurance are the principal factors. But in the hunt, where his steadiness of action almost leads one to believe that he feels the dependence of his master upon him, is that strength of instinct displayed which is almost akin to reason and which justifies his title "king of canines."

Jewels.

Much of life is merely bubble,
But two things endure like stone:
Kindness in another's trouble,
Courage in your own.

J. L. C.

Varsity Verse.

WORDS OF COMFORT.

(Horace, Odes I, 24.)

WHO is ashamed to mourn a friend so dear?
Meltomene, begin thy saddest strain,
Since Jove himself has made without a peer
Thy low, sad voice to sigh away all pain.

'Tis true, alas! that endless sleep hath claimed
Quintilius. O Chastity, and Right
Unsullied, and stern Truth, well may ye weep,
For whence shall come again so strong a knight?

Tho' at his passing all the good may mourn
Dear Virgil, grief hath ne'er been found like thine;
In madness thou wouldst e'en recall the mood
That did commend his soul to care divine!

Couldst thou re-soul the Thracian's mystic lyre
That oft to trees enraptured spirits gave,
Not then thou couldst this soulless dust inspire,
Nor call him back from o'er dark Lethe's wave,

For Mercury there herds his silent throng
To realms where gates nor close nor ope by prayer.
'Tis hard; but if resigned, endure not long
The griefs immortal gods may bid us bear.

C. I. H.

OUR HALL OF FAME.

H. C. S.

Excelsior! whene'er of thee I think
Perfections's heights I newly strive to mount;
No task is great, no labor makes me shrink—
Past pain I drown in Lethe's soothing fount.

To-day, on thine account, in mere repairs
Of wounded themes my work consists. Dost blame
Such art?—Behold who now usurp the chairs
Of worthy men within Our Hall of Fame.

T. C.

UP-TO-DATE.

Mary had an "autobub,"
'Twas painted white, you know,
And everywhere that "auto" went
Herself was sure to go.

It started out for town one day,
Our Mary snug within,
And when it reached the down-town streets
It raised an awful din.

Rushing down the boulevards
It went with awful speed,
It seemed as if it ne'er would stop,
Still Mary paid no heed.

The "auto" kept a-going
Till it hit a garden wall,
But it couldn't quite climb over
So Mary took a fall.

Men closed their eyes in horror,
They thought her time had come;
The lass arose and softly chirped,
"Oh fudge! I've lost my gum."

J. P. O'R.

NATURE'S NONSENSE.

Into a bowling alley
I went, a game to roll,
But was surprised while playing
To see the sugar-bowl.

The club was in the open,
A large one, yes, immense.
The garden gate took down the foils;
I saw the picket-fence.

Into the field I wandered,
And through the beans did walk,
When hark! the sound of voices,
I heard the large beans talk.

Another sound came to my ears,
Its cause I could not tell;
Just then I heard the grapevine growin'
And heard the peanut shell.

C. J. D.

TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!

His conduct showed his mind had fled,
And in their wise deduction,
The neighbors said that William Green
Was bent on self-destruction.

Determination marked his brow,
His face was white and grave;
One day he seized a razor, sharp,
And used it—just to shave.

G. E. G.

NONSENSE VERSE.

Said Dr. Will to cousin Bill,
"What is it makes Chicago ill?"
Said Bill "those noisy college boys
Just make Chicago Illinois."

C. J. D.

ECONOMY.

Mike Murphy went to town last week,
To have a tooth extracted;
He asked the dentist there for gas—
To see just how it acted.

When told how high the price would be
Mike said with thoughtful mien,
"Begorra, make it fifty cints,
And give me kerosene!"

T. E. B.

ET CETERA.

My lady's wrath and eyes agog,
Dismissed a boy to court,
The wretch had trampled on her dog
And that was wrong—not sport.

Two thrushes met in blossoms bright;
Their hearts poured forth in song,
When sped a ball, ere one took flight,
And that was sport—not wrong.

E. F. Q.

A PEDAL PUN.

I pray you, sir, keep still awhile,
A deadly silence keep;
Don't talk, or move, or crack a smile,
Because my foot's asleep.

T. E. B.

The Relation between Art and Morality.

WILLIAM D. FURRY.

HISTORICAL ARGUMENT.

The philosophers and artists who assume that Beauty outranks Truth and that Morality must be subordinated to Art, have almost the universal testimony of history against them. The love of the beautiful has always, except by the Puritans after Cromwell, been looked upon as a lawful love, and the attempt to express it in one form or another as worthy the admiration of mankind; but at the same time, the love of Truth and Goodness has generally been looked upon as a noble affection. Whatever applause and fame might come to the lovers of beauty, the champions of Truth, and the lovers of mankind have always awakened in human hearts the warmest enthusiasm and secured for themselves the most enduring fame. The artists, therefore, that would exalt beauty at the expense of truth, and would insist that there is no necessary relation between them, will find the verdict of the human race almost solidly against their project.

It will also be found that the periods in human history when Art has been raised to the first place and Morality subordinated to it, have been periods of decadence both in Art and Morals. "All great nations," Ruskin says, "first manifest themselves as a pure and beautiful animal race with intense energy and imagination. They live lives of hardship by choice and by grand instinct of manly discipline; they become fierce and irresistible soldiers; the nation is always its own army, and their king or chief head of government is always their first soldier. Then after their great military period comes the domestic period, in which, without betraying the discipline of war, they add to their great soldiership the delights and possessions of a delicate and tender home-life; and then, for all nations, is the time of their perfect Art, which is the fruit, the evidence, the reward of their national idea of character, developed by the finished care of the occupations of peace. This is the history of all true Art that ever was or can be: palpably the history of it, unmistakably,... written in the forehead of it in letters of light, tongues of fire, by which the seal of virtue is branded as deep as ever iron burnt into a convict's flesh the seal of crime. But always, hitherto, after the great period has followed the day of luxury and pursuit of the Arts for pleasure only."

The history of Art abounds with illustrations of the truth herewith set forth, by, perhaps the greatest art-critic of the nineteenth century. He held, and rightly so, that "All real Art is rooted in virtue," that "the foundation of Art is the moral character of the individual and the race," and that "great Art is the expression of a great man." All these contentions that are fully justified by the history of Art, must seem to be utterly antagonistic to the prevalent notion that *Art* is superior to *Morality*. Moreover, it is in these periods of decadence that Art discloses its intimate and necessary relation with the whole of life. For when Art withdraws itself from life, which, as we shall see, is wholly moral, it becomes weak in imaginative and creative power, in moral force and energy; it becomes "conventional in thought, exact in form, stiff, pedantic and barren of any real and contagious influence." Such was the character of Art after Pericles. Mr. Mahaffy thus characterizes it: "The whole of this literature was a literature of erudition knowing no other excellence than to copy great ancient models, and rightly basing the perfection of this imitation on close and protracted study. No hint reaches us of popular poetry, no echo of popular stories, no fresh source in this barren land from which some new genius might, like Theocritus, draw a new draught of Hippocrene and attempt the rejuvenescence of Greek literature." Such also was the character of the literature of the Roman decadence, and of English literature after the Restoration.

What is true of literature is true also of the arts in general; and it must be inferred from these illustrations that when greater emphasis is laid on the form than on the substance of Art, and when artists insist that Beauty and not Truth should predominate in individual and social life, that the age or individual is departing from the sources of power. And when Art comes to this, and it necessarily does when it seeks its end in itself alone, or what is better known in our age as "Art for art's sake," it is certainly true, as our illustrations abundantly prove, that it is not only Art itself that is ruined but morals, and even society. We must necessarily conclude, therefore, that in the light of the history both of Art and morals, together with the consequent reaction of the one upon the

other—since the debasement of the one has always been accompanied by a debasement of the other—there must be a close and even vital relationship existing between them.

ARGUMENTS FROM THE ARTIST.

There is another class of artists in our age that do not openly deny that there are relations between Art and Morality, but insist that the two are distinct; that if Art is not superior to Morality, it is at least independent of it; that Art has its own laws and standards with which Morality has nothing to do whatever; that Art may be good as Art and yet suggest or teach immorality; and finally, that the artist need not necessarily give himself any concern whatever regarding the moral character and tendencies of his art. This tendency of artists to make their specialty an *Imperium in imperio* is only one of the manifestations of a spirit too prevalent in our age: to divide human life and its various activities into separate and exclusive departments. Accordingly, we find men that insist that "politics is politics," "business is business" and "religion is religion;" but inasmuch as these three realms are wholly distinct from each other, it follows that religion and politics, or religion and business, have no relations whatever with each other. This tendency has been vigorously contested in our age, and as a consequence, the prevailing opinion is, that it is not only right and natural to apply the moral teachings of our religion to politics and business, but that it is our duty to do so. The experience of the human race teaches that a nation, no less than an individual, must "abhor that which is evil and cleave to that which is good," and that when a nation ceases to do this, it is only a matter of time until it shall be weighed in the balances of morality and justice, and, if found wanting, must yield its place to another more worthy to occupy it. This indeed is the teaching of history as well as the revelation of God, and need not be further discussed. There is no danger, however, that the whole world will ever accept the philosophy that the various activities of man are exempt from the moral law. Such a philosophy, is, indeed, suspicious; and experience has warned us to watch carefully that man that would divorce business or politics from Morality.

Experience would also warn us to exercise the same caution toward those artists and their productions that would separate Art from Morality; for it is evident that the doctrine, "Art for art's sake" is closely related to the doctrine that "business is business," or "politics is politics."

This notion of "Art for art's sake," or that Art as a human activity is independent of moral law, can best be refuted by showing the close relationship that exists between human life and Art, that the highest forms of Art deal almost exclusively with human life, and that human life is essentially moral.

The history of Painting shows that, while painters have always dealt more or less with natural objects and scenery, the highest art of the painter is to paint human life in some of its aspects. Indeed we do not go too far in saying that the great paintings of the world are those in which human action and character are represented.

The history of Sculpture shows that it has been almost exclusively confined to the human form. It is true that animals and sometimes natural objects have been used by sculptors; but in sculpture more than in any of the sister arts the choice of subjects is exceedingly limited; therefore, as Dr. Bascon says: "Sculpture is bound to choose the nobler themes. It will find these in man. Man is the chief, wellnigh its exclusive subject. This also arises from the only symbol of its disposal, form. The vegetable form can not meet the mechanical conditions of sculpture, can not sustain itself in stone, and is too little expressive to become an object of art. Animal life is of so feeble a character, is so little on the surface, is so overlaid with shell and hair and hide as to make no considerable figure in sculpture aside from immediate connection with man. On the other hand, the smooth, uncovered skin of man, undulatory and minutely expressive, with the soul on the surface, makes him a fit subject for an art dealing only with a single symbol, form."

Poetry may, and usually does, give us in words what painting gives us in colors. Poetry, therefore, like painting, is much concerned with natural objects and scenery. The great secret of poetry, however, is not the faithful reproduction of these in words, but the skill with which the poet invests them with human qualities and infuses them wiht human interests and sympathies.

What we have said of painting and sculpture may also be said of poetry: that while it draws its materials and subjects from many sources, the best and greatest poetry of the world is that which has man for its theme,

and that deals with the hopes and fears, the aspirations and struggles and the defeats and triumphs of man.

It is to be seen, therefore, that in the greatest arts man is the principal subject, and that these three great arts are concerned, not in ministering to man's pleasure, not in illustrating the genius and the technical skill of the artist, but in reproducing in one way or another the feelings and actions of mankind, and in interpreting human life.

If this last statement concerning the function of Art is accepted as true—and the whole history of great Art justifies us in making it, and corroborates it—it is not easy to perceive how artists can ignore the relations that must necessarily exist between Art and Morality, either by subordinating Morality to Art, or by placing each in separate and independent realms. Artists will certainly not deny the statement that the primary function of Art is to give forms to the ideals and emotions of mankind, and that great Art is both an utterance and an interpretation of the life of the race. But human life is necessarily moral. Matthew Arnold says that "Conduct is four-fifths of life," and by conduct he means moral conduct; that is, that part of man's life that is under the control and determination of the moral law. An older and better philosopher than Matthew Arnold has told us that "To fear God and keep His commands is the whole of man"; and moralists as well as psychologists now hold that every activity peculiar to man has a moral value. We must conclude, therefore, that human life is necessarily moral; and that if it is the primary function of Art to give utterance to this life and record it, it must also be moral both as to its subject-matter and tendency. There is no ground here whatever for the notion that if Morality is not subordinate to Art, it is at least independent of it, and that Art need not necessarily be moral.

But suppose, for argument's sake, that there is a portion of human life, let us say with Matthew Arnold one-fifth, that is not subject to the moral law and has no moral signification. The artists then who contend that Art must not concern itself with Morality must confine themselves to a reproduction of this small and insignificant portion of human life. The artist, therefore, that either denies or ignores the moral aspects of human life, not only deprives himself of the use of the largest and most fruitful portion of life, but also degrades his art by confining it to a reproduction of the crudest and most insignificant activities of human thought and life. And this is precisely what many artists have done in our age; and undoubtedly, the cause of the barrenness and poverty of modern art is to be traced to that philosophy that separates Art from Morality.

The absurdity of the philosophy that would separate Art from Morality is to be inferred not only from its degrading influence both upon Art and Morality, but also from the fact that such a theory of art was not held by the ancient masters, nor is it consistently followed even by those who advocate it most strenuously. This theory, when applied to Art, means that Art must seek its end in itself. But when such a theory of Art prevails it is an indication of decay both in art and morals. Only once, before our age, has Art sought its end in itself. The Greeks after Pericles sought almost exclusively after the expression of physical beauty and symmetry of form. With them Beauty outranked Right; and form, not the ideal underlying the form, was the end of art. But this was an age of decay both in art and morals. The Art that remains to us from that age shows that it concerned itself only with the sensual, the crude and the insignificant portions of human life.

It is the same philosophy of Art that a certain class of artists are endeavoring to foster to-day. The tendency may be said to have begun with Heine, following closely on the birth of German materialism. Its most influential advocate in English has been Matthew Arnold, who, following a suggestion of Heine, insisted that the models and the spirit of the Greeks after the Age of Pericles should become the "pivot and centre" of art production and criticism in our age. But the history of Art shows that such a theory of Art can not last. It is nothing more than an art theory born of an age dull alike in the perception of real truth and beauty and which the art instinct of the race will, in time, overthrow. The same history shows also that the world's masterpieces of Art, whether in marble or on canvas, or in the poem or statue, are concerned with the larger and better part of human life, and represent men and women as acting and speaking under the stress of moral motives, dealing with moral questions and solving moral problems. M. Taine, in his comments upon Richardson, the father of the English novel, says that "He who, through anxiety

of conscience, busies himself in drawing out the good and evil motives of his manifest action, who sees vices and virtues at their birth, who follows the insensible progress of culpable thoughts and the secret confirmation of good resolves, who can mark the force, nature and moment of temptation and resistance, holds in his hands almost all the moving strings of humanity, and has only to make them vibrate regularly, or to draw from them the most powerful harmonies. In this consists the Art of Richardson; he combines while he observes; his meditations develop the ideas of the moralist." Certainly this is the true method of Art and artists. If we were to take away from the world's masterpieces of Art all those portions that are concerned with the moral interests and characters of man, the portion that would remain would be extremely insignificant.

The judgment of M. Taine concerning the moral content of Art is certainly true, and confirmed by the practice of all great artists. But his judgment concerning the manner in which the artist should deal with these materials is defective, and represents very generally the method of the realists in our age. According to Taine, the artist, while he can not remain outside the moral realm, nor ignore its problems, must not be a partisan or an advocate of Morality; and must report what he sees impartially, neutrally and without supporting either the good or the bad. In defining the novelist he says: "In my opinion he is psychologist who naturally and involuntarily sets psychology at work. He loves to picture feelings, to perceive their connections, their precedents, their consequences; and he indulges in this pleasure. In his eyes they are forces having various directions and magnitude. About their justice or injustice he troubles himself little. A genuine painter sees with pleasure a well-drawn arm and genuine muscles, even if they be employed in slaying a man. A genuine novelist enjoys the contemplation of the greatness of a harmful sentiment or the organized mechanism of a pernicious character. He represents characters to us as they are, not blaming, not punishing, not mutilating; he transfers them to us intact and separate, and leaves us the right of judging if we desire it."

This is a full and clear statement of a theory of Art too popular in our age, and is adopted by all artists that insist that the end of Art is in itself and that there is necessarily no relation between Art and Morality. The theory that the artist must stand impartial and unmoved toward the characters he presents to us, that he must remain altogether without sympathy for the good and express no abhorrence of the evil, and that he must needs give himself no concern whatever concerning the moral tendencies of his work, seems to us to be absurd, and is certainly to be detested. It is unnatural, if not impossible, for any man to assume a neutral or indifferent attitude toward any question in which a moral issue is involved, and as a matter of fact and experience, men do not do so in actual life. That nature that is not moved toward the good and away from the evil when either is present is certainly a perverted nature; and the Art that attempts to assume such a position must be untrue to human nature. Realistic Art, therefore, carries with it its own condemnation. The artist can not as a man remain indifferent to the moral issues of life. No great artists have ever done so; for, as we have already seen, Art is concerned with that larger portion of human life that is under the control of moral laws. We must conclude, therefore, that the contention of the realists is without any support whatever and that the artist that would follow the teachings of all great art and artists as well as of reason itself, must not remain indifferent or neutral to the moral issues of life. Mr. Henry James is a pronounced follower of this school of artists; and Professor Richardson in discussing the moral influences of fiction thus writes of Mr. James novels: "The moral defect is wanting. It lies in the lack of a large, true, helpful purpose,... that shown by every master in every art. Literary finish, Art of any source, is not genuine unless it answer the question, 'What for?' It is because Mr. James so often leaves this question unanswered, so often seems to care naught for it, so often forgets that man has been and always will be a creature of ambition, hope, love, enthusiasm and the idea of duty; ... it is because of this that he and his school must wield but a temporary power unless the whole intellectual history of man has been at fault."

It is indeed to be desired that this prediction of Professor Richardson proves true. But as long as such a conception of Art prevails, it can not but do a great harm to individuals and society. There is no more dangerous force of our civilization "than the spirit of moral indifferentism, ... the spirit that can look upon all human activities unmoved by the character and tendency of them, and equally pleased whether the tendency be helpful or hurtful, upward or downward, moral or immoral. The man that assumes such an attitude toward the problems of human life, whatever may be his technical skill and power, can never become a great artist, nor his productions be admitted as works of Art."

(CONCLUSION NEXT WEEK.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—As we go to press we learn of the presence at the University of His Grace Archbishop Reardon of San Francisco. The news of his arrival brought us joy, but our pleasure was dampened when we were told that on account of the present state of his health he will be unable to address us. It is a pleasure deferred, however, since he assures Father Morrissey that he will talk to the students on his next visit. Not alone because he is an alumnus of Notre Dame and especially honored by the Church do we entertain feelings of regard for Archbishop Reardon. A man of impressive personality, whose words of counsel and encouragement have often been an inspiration to us, he will always have a cherished place in our remembrance. When he appears before the students again a cordial reception awaits him. In the meantime may he enjoy all the blessings they now wish him.

—A notable event was that which Very Reverend President Morrissey attended last Tuesday. The occasion was the silver jubilee of the Right Reverend Bishop Chatard of the diocese of Indianapolis. Among those who took part in the ceremonies were twenty-five bishops, including His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons. From all over the United States and even from Mexico came church dignitaries to pay their respects to the venerable and learned prelate. Before Bishop Chatard became apostolic successor he was rector of the American College at Rome, and the duties connected with that position brought him in contact with many who are now leading members of the American hierarchy. He was the first bishop appointed by His Holiness Leo XIII. and it is worthy of note that the first priest whom Bishop Chatard ordained was present at the celebrations on Tuesday in the person of Bishop McDonnell of Brooklyn. For a long time the only episcopal see in this State was Bishop Chatard's original diocese of Vincennes. Particularly appropriate was it that Notre Dame through her President should join in the jubilee celebrations of the distinguished prelate whose episcopal labors for the last twenty-five years have done so much to promote Catholicity in Indiana.

—The recent clamor for larger families is fast subsiding. It is doubtful whether the prolonged discussion of the question has done more than furnish copy to the newspapers. A little reflection might have suggested to the correspondents one important reason why the birth-rate among the native-born American population is not larger. It is this: an ever-increasing per centum of American parents obtain divorce within a few years after marriage. That often accounts for the few children born of common parents. But how is this wholesale divorce to be checked? Not by legislating nor by frothy columns in the press but by teaching our growing up boys and girls the difference between right and wrong in matters of conduct and impressing them with the obligation imposed by Divine Authority of doing only what is right. Who attends to this? Does the public school? Do the parents themselves? The moral obtuseness of thousands of our youth answers these questions. Long before the age of manhood is reached the safeguards of the family should be laid. To strengthen these safeguards and to train her children in the way they should go the Catholic Church establishes and maintains her own schools from the kindergarten to the university. When our non-Catholic fellow-citizens more fully realize the importance of having their children receive a Christian education the divorce mills will grind slower, and happy youthful faces will be more numerous around American firesides.

—The St. Louis Exposition which commemorates one of the great events in our national life, the Purchase of Louisiana, was dedicated April 30. The anniversary of the famous treaty of 1803 was celebrated with all the pomp worthy of its importance. Two men, one who had sat, and the other who now sits in the chair of Jefferson, were in attendance. Their addresses on the meaning and importance of the deed which is more responsible than any other for our present national greatness well deserve the attention of the American student. No other circumstance of our early period of growth can compare with the Louisiana Purchase in its vast and far-reaching effect upon the whole course of our subsequent history. That now our country in its magnificent resources and splendid achievements in every branch of civilization challenges the admiration of the world is directly traceable to the treaty of April 30, 1803, made between Jefferson and the far-seeing Napoleon Bonaparte. The grandeur and pomp of circumstances with which the anniversary was celebrated will, it is hoped, enkindle in the mind of young America a lively interest in the Louisiana Purchase and the great men both of France and the United States who brought it into being. Lessons of history and patriotism are taught by such national celebrations and if the Exposition does nothing more than impart these it will have served a useful purpose.

—The enthusiasm of the college youth meets ordinarily with considerable outside ridicule. The fact still holds, all ridicule notwithstanding, that very little is accomplished in this world without enthusiasm. The middle-aged successful man looks with contempt at what he terms the self-satisfied and conceited young college man. The chances are that if the portly stock financier and the current graduate should be fairly examined, the conceit of the elder would twice balance that of the boy. The college graduate has been maligned too much. Of course, there are young men who are graduated with some conceit still uncropped; but the majority of university graduates have had a moderately large amount of conceit taken out of them in the process of their education. Like their portly and older friend they are more likely to become conceited at some slight success when they are older and should have better sense.

College Athletics.

The prominence given to athletics of late is due, in a great measure, to the discussions it has provoked about its proper place and importance in college life. Some hold that athletics, as now conducted in our colleges, are beyond censure. Some go to the other extreme, and say that they should be abolished altogether. We believe, however, that all thoughtful men will admit that athletics should find a place in the student's life, and if they are kept within reasonable limits they must prove very beneficial.

Before considering the relative merits of the arguments pro and con, let us cast a hurried glance over the past. We find that all nations and tribes have had their peculiar sports, and it is noticeable that as people advance in civilization their games become more interesting, more scientific and more elevating.

The primitive inhabitants of our own country had their familiar sports: arrow-shooting and canoe-racing. All savage tribes delighted in some kind of sports, rude and simple, indeed, but filling their purpose.

The ancient Greeks are perhaps the best example of a civilized people who have fully reaped the benefits of athletics. So thoroughly did they understand the importance of physical development that they made it a necessary part of their school curriculum. Many a page of the ancient classics bears testimony of their view of the games—the Olympian, for example, which made their holidays delightful and memorable to every Grecian. Contestants and spectators from all parts of the country met on these occasions and it is doubtful if any of our own celebrations could match them for the joy they gave or the national love they aroused. It was no mercenary motive that prompted the Greek to enter the games; but out of pure love of sport and the honor it promised he threw himself into them, and defeat here meant about as much to him as to be vanquished on the field of battle. The prize was an olive branch, a trifle perhaps, but cherished as dearly on account of its significance as the highest honor that could be conferred.

What was the result of this constant physical exercise? At the very time that the greatest attention was being paid to the development of her sons, Greece was enjoy-

ing her greatest prestige in all branches—in sculpture, in painting, in letters—and her fame went abroad to influence and enlighten other nations.

Since the time of the Olympian games great changes have been wrought in the nature and variety of athletics. Nations have had their different national games, and in modern times we see how necessary these games have become and the strong hold they have taken upon all. Cricket among the English, fencing among the Germans, and baseball or football among the Americans are familiar examples of the interest that is manifested in athletics. And as time goes on and civilization advances we see that all games become more and more scientific.

For an instance of the advancement of athletics look at the development of the American game of baseball. A generation ago the games were generally played on the village greens, or on uneven yards and lots. The ball was a poorly constructed affair, and in short, all that pertained to the game was crude and unfinished. To-day one pays admission to witness a game the same as he does any other form of amusement. He sees a scientifically played game participated in by eighteen trained and experienced athletes who know and are able to get all out of the game that can be possibly obtained. He can witness the game with as much comfort as if he were in his own home, for the convenience of the spectators is provided for at a cost of several thousand dollars. All this goes to show how interesting athletics are to any well constituted and civilized people.

But to come back to the point of discussion—the merits and abuses of athletics in the American college life of to-day. First let us consider what have been termed the abuses. There are only two great so-called abuses connected with college athletics that have caused much and varied discussion,—the other objections are only minor, quite a few of which are upheld by those biased or unfamiliar with athletics.

The first and greatest objection is that athletics interfere with studies. That the time spent in training and practising, and the time lost on trips encroach upon time that should be spent in study. Supposing this to be true, we must first admit that a reasonable amount of athletic competition is healthful and desirable. And if it is desirable, and it most certainly is, why then begrudge the time spent profitably in athletics any more than the time spent upon Latin or Greek.

The second objection is that not only is time lost during the playing of the game and the preparatory practice, but the physical strain and fatigue, together with the thinking over past and future games, are a source of distraction and make the student wholly unfit to apply himself assiduously to his work.

According to this view the objectors would keep the student from witnessing the drama, from reading fiction, from enjoying the beauties of nature, in fact, from anything that might have the least likelihood of bringing up thoughts more pleasant than those contained in his text-book, so that he must think only of books during his study hours, of sleep during his recreation time so as not to lay away any pleasant memories that might possibly haunt him during his hours of study. He would also have to refrain from all bodily exercise or amusement that would tend to tire his body. Of course, we know that the objections are aimed at the abuses, which we admit exist in athletics; but what institution or system has not some defects or abuses? In the words of the poet

> Who thinks a faultless piece to see
> Thinks what ne'er is, nor was, nor e'er shall be.

The abuses in athletics amount to little when compared with the vast benefits that arise from them. These abuses are rapidly disappearing. Steps have been taken by the Eastern colleges, Harvard and Yale, and most of our large colleges in the West to lessen all possible evils, to bring athletics up to a high standard and make them what they rightly should be: an essential element in every young man's education.

Summing up we find that the abuses are but mere trifles when we consider the immense benefits that are gained. Who then is so unreasonable as to advise their abolition? Reformers counsel moderation and we answer that moderation, as far as possible, is the general policy. But seeing that the ideal of moderation can not be reached they clamor, like our Puritan forefathers, for the abolition of all enjoyment and enthusiasm in all that goes to make up a well-regulated life. When enthusiasm is checked, then things will have come to a strange pass,—it will not only be lacking in games, but in our vocations and our love of home and country.

H. G. HOGAN (Law, '04).

Among the Magazines.

—In the May *Cosmopolitan* teaching as a profession is put forth in a most attractive light. It is true that much of the distaste for this noble profession has passed away among bright, capable graduates of our great universities. This is so, the writer points out because spheres of influence have widened for teachers both of secondary and of higher institutions of learning. Added dignity has been given to capable and successful educators the country over. Now a college president's position is one to be envied indeed, not only for the wide influence and respected authority which the office entails, but even on account of its pecuniary emoluments. Consequent upon this change for the better in late years the standard of qualifications and preparation has been correspondingly raised and new blood, disciplined and energetic, has been infused into the educational body.

We think it pertinent to ask here, however, if the moral qualification has been in a like measure taken into account. Surely the office of the educator, properly considered, is next in importance to that of the priest. And the conscientiousness in each should be the same. No one can estimate the influence for better or worse which the teacher has upon the character of his pupil. The young mind committed to his care in its most receptive period of development is swift to catch the mental and moral attitude of the instructor. How great must be the good that moral and conscientious educators may effect, and how vast the harm their lack of Christian spirit may entail! We think then that the ideal educator may be thus briefly described as the man who by study and preparation unites in himself the qualities of priest and instructor.

—Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie in the *Ladies' Home Journal* gives an interesting estimate of the life and work of Ralph Waldo Emerson. It is exceptionally timely, for the hundredth anniversary of the poet's birth will be celebrated the twenty-fifth of this month. The Concord Sage is a man of whom America is proud. "In range, insight, spirituality," Mr. Mabie says, "he is our foremost man of letters." The writer points out that his message to young men was simple and noble. He took great interest in the work of the university, and most of his public addresses were made upon college occasions.

Mr. Mabie's praise of that powerful novel "The Pit," written by the late Frank Norris, makes the reader feel more keenly the loss American literary circles have sustained by the young author's untimely death. With each work Mr. Norris made a noticeable advance upon the standard of its predecessor. And critical and personal approval gave us assurance to expect great things from his more mature pen.

R. J. S.

Athletic Notes.

Capt. Padden's men put up an excellent article of baseball against the Varsity in a practice game Sunday morning, holding the latter down to four runs, and scoring three themselves on timely hitting. Opfergelt who twirled for Brownson allowed the Varsity but four hits. McDermott scored a home run.

Brownson—	0	3	0	0	0	0	=	3	4	3
Varsity—	0	1	0	0	3	*	=	4	4	3

Batteries—B. Opfergelt and Rhodes; Varsity, Ruehlbach, Higgins and Antoine.

***

Captain Rush has selected his crew, and from now on will work out the regular course every day. The race this year between Capt. Rush's crew and Captain Canedo's promises to be one of the most spirited contests of late years. The crew is—C. Rush, No. 1; C. Quinn, Stroke; J. Coughlin, R. Scott, J. Litzelman, P. Stack, M. Williams; R. Gatens, Coxswain.

***

On Sunday last, Holy Cross lost to Carroll. Errors by Holy Cross in the second and third innings gave the Carrollites their lead, eight of their runs coming in on two errors. For Holy Cross, Quinlan pitched splendid ball, allowing but four hits, while Winter was touched for seven singles and two three baggers. The Juniors played all-around good ball; the Holy Cross men lost on errors: their own and the umpire's. The final score stood 13–11.

***

Notre Dame Decisively Beats Nebraska.

The Nebraska University team with a long list of victories to their credit appeared on Cartier Field Friday, May 8, but failed to make any impression upon our sluggers. They were completely outclassed, and but for a couple of wild throws in the ninth inning they would have been shut out. Higgins was invincible, striking out nine men and giving

but one hit, which was of the scratch order. Our fellows batted well, a total of fourteen hits being chalked to their credit, but the fielding was a little ragged at times, but this was due more to over-confidence than anything else. Shaughnessy secured four nice singles. Gage's fielding and Salmon's and Doar's clever work were features. The latter assisted in one of the prettiest double plays ever seen on Cartier Field.

Notre Dame led off with five runs in the first inning on singles by Shaughnessy, Gage, Salmon and Doar; O'Connor's sacrifice hit and Short's error. Five more were added in the second on a single by Shaughnessy, O'Connor's three bagger and doubles by Ruehlbach and Geoghegan. The fourth yielded two. Ruehlbach singled to left, Salmon sacrificing. Doar was safe on centre's error, and on throw to catch Ruehlbach at third, Ruehlbach and Doar scored. The fifth was productive of one more on singles by Higgins and Shaughnessy, O'Connor's sacrifice and Ruehlbach's out from third to first. This ended Notre Dame's scoring. The visitors scored two in the ninth on two errors and two wild throws.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	A	E
Shaughnessy, c f	2	4	1	0	1
O'Connor, 3d	2	2	0	1	1
Gage, 2d	2	1	6	4	1
Ruehlbach, r f	3	2	0	0	0
Salmon, 1st	2	2	9	2	1
Doar, c	1	1	10	3	1
Kanaley, l f	0	0	0	0	2
Geoghegan, ss	0	1	1	2	0
Higgins, p	1	1	0	2	1
Totals	13	14	27	14	8

Notre Dame—5 5 0 2 1 0 0 0 *=13 14 8
Neb.—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 2= 2 1 3

Notre Dame—Higgins and Doar; Nebraska—Beltzer, Gore and Bender. Two baggers—Geoghegan. Three base hits—O'Connor and Ruehlbach. Double plays—Salmon unassisted, Doar to Gage. Umpire, Rapp.

***

The league series will wind up to-morrow with the game between Sorin and Carroll. If Sorin wins they and Holy Cross will fight it out for the honor of meeting Brownson for the championship.

	Won	Lost	Per cent
Brownson	5	0	1.000
Carroll	2	1	.667
Holy Cross	3	2	.600
Sorin	2	2	.500
Corby	1	4	.200
St Joe	0	4	.000

***

J. C. McCaughern, an old Notre Dame man, is Captain of this year's victorious Stanford University track team.

OHIO WESLEYANS, ZERO.

Ruehlbach's pitching, backed up by fast fielding, was responsible for the Buckeye visitor's failure to tally last Tuesday. Ruehlbach pitched in great form, and had the Wesleyan men completely at his mercy, striking out ten men. The Varsity gave a clever exhibition, and handled the willows very dexterously, much to the discomfiture of the visitor's slab artist. Salmon cut off a hit from right field in the fifth inning. Gage was the star performer of the day, pounding out five hits out of as many times up and playing a good all-around game, while Ruehlbach, Antoine and O'Connor each connected for long, slashing drives. But two Ohio men got past first base. Appel, left fielder for visitors, made some pretty running catches.

Notre Dame	R	H	P	H	E
Shaughnessy c f	1	1	2	1	0
Stephan, 1st	1	1	10	0	0
O'Connor, 3d	0	1	0	1	0
Gage, 2d	2	5	2	2	1
Ruehlbach, p	3	2	0	2	1
Antoine, c	1	2	10	0	0
Salmon, r f	1	0	0	1	0
Kanaley, l f	1	1	2	0	0
Geoghegan, ss	1	0	1	1	0
Totals	11	13	27	8	2

Ohio Wesleyan—0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0=0 2 5
Notre Dame—4 1 0 0 2 1 2 1 *=11 13 2

Stolen bases—Gage, 3; Antoine, 3; Stephan, Shaughnessy, Salmon, Ruehlbach. S. H., Stephan, Shaughnessy. Two base hits—O'Connor, Shaughnessy. Three base hits—Antoine, Ruehlbach. B. B., off Ruehlbach, 2; off Sunderland, 2. Umpire, Rapp.

***

Brownson won its last game of the league series last Sunday, defeating Corby in the most exciting game yet played. Corby put up a splendid fight, her pitcher, McCafferty, holding Brownson better than any other Inter-Hall pitcher has done.

Brownson—0 0 0 1 3 1 0 2 1=8 7 4
Corby—0 0 4 0 1 2 0 0 0=7 7 4

Brownson, Stack and Rhodes; Corby, McCafferty and Patterson.

***

Powers, catcher of the Philadelphia athletes; Gibson, pitcher with Boston; Thielman, Brooklyn Nationals; Fleming, left field for Dubuque; and Matt Donahue, Captain and third base on Joliet team, are all ex-Notre Dame stars.

***

Captain Canedo has selected his crew as follows:—E. Canedo, Captain and Stroke; F. Sweeny, 5; G. Neizer, 4; L. Staley, 3; L. DeLone, 2; L. Dwan, 1; J. Barrett, sub.; A. B. Kotte, Coxswain.

The editor of the SCHOLASTIC recently received a letter from our old trainer, "Dad" Moulton. Dad is at present engaged in coaching the track men of Stanford University and is having wonderful success. Stanford University has been fighting for the championship of the Pacific Coast for the past eleven years, but it was only this year, under the direction of Coach Moulton, that they have been able to land the coveted prize. We are not surprised at the results of Dad's training, as he showed while here that there were not many better fitted to coach and develop track candidates than he. He has a contract calling for the next two years. Dad wishes to be remembered to his old friends at Notre Dame.

Personals.

—Mr. A. L. Katzer of Chicago visited his brother of St. Edward's Hall.

—Mr. Francis P. Bailey of Indianapolis is visiting his sons, John and Frank, of Corby.

—Mrs. Frank Barry and Miss Barry of Chicago visited Mr. Arthur Barry of Corby Hall.

—Mr. and Mrs. E. J. O'Connor of East Liverpool, Ohio, were welcome guests of the University recently.

—Father Scherer, President of St. Joseph's College, Cincinnati, was a welcome visitor at Notre Dame during the week.

—The late visit of Thomas T. Cavanagh, '97, awakened pleasant memories of the days when he used to push the pigskin for the Varsity.

—Mr. Wilton C. Smith of Chicago, President of the Rockford Bit Co. of Kokomo, Ind., made a pleasant call at Notre Dame a few days ago.

—Dr. George N. Nevins (student here '94–'97) who is practising dentistry in the Stewart Building, Chicago, called at Notre Dame last Tuesday.

—News has come from Portland, Oregon, that Joe Wiley, is fast recovering from his severe illness. This information gives us much pleasure. Joe sends greetings to his many friends at Notre Dame.

—John Mullen (C. E. '01) spent last Sunday with his old friends among the students. In his undergraduate days he was captain of the football team and took a prominent part in rowing contests. He is practising his profession in Pittsburg.

—Wedding invitations are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Adam J. Kasper, Jr., and Miss Emily May Schneider, both of Chicago. The ceremony will take place in Our Lady of Mount Carmel Church, Chicago, on May 20. Mr. Kasper was a student at Notre Dame '93–'98. His many friends at Notre Dame wish himself and his prospective bride every happiness.

—The funeral of Joseph P. McHugh, the Chicago newspaper man who died last Sunday, will be held this morning at Lafayette, Ind., where the interment will also take place. Mr. McHugh, who was 43 years old, was born in Lafayette, and it is there that his family and relatives still reside. He was in the Chicago newspaper field during the last twenty years. Though he had held various executive positions on several of the morning and evening papers during his career, it was as a reporter that his talent was conspicuous. He wrote in a vivid style, and his feats at news-gathering are still green in the memory of the older generation of newspaper men.—Chicago *Tribune*, May 12.

Mr. McHugh, like his brother, former senator John F. McHugh, was a distinguished graduate of Notre Dame. He graduated in '78, and was the winner of the Quan gold medal. We extend to the members of his family our sincere sympathy.

—Special to the South Bend *Tribune*.—Washington, May 12.—A planting plan has recently been prepared by the bureau of forestry for 1800 acres of land in Cullman county, Alabama, owned by Emil Ahlrichs, and valued at from $1.25 to $3 per acre. The planting will be done in several different localities, but all in Cullman county. Work will begin as soon as growth ceases next fall, and will continue through the winter, except in freezing weather. The fruit season's work will include the planting of loblolly pine seedlings collected in the forest on a tract of 160 acres of open woods. 280 acres will be planted with chestnut and white and post oak. A seed bed will be prepared for the raising of loblolly pine for a tract of 640 acres, as it is considered not advisable to use entirely stock collected from the forest.

Mr. Ahlrichs is one of Notre Dame's most distinguished alumni. He graduated B. A. in the class of '92.

—"The first night-workers' mission ever held in this or any other country will open on Sunday morning, May 10, at St. Andrew's Church, Duane Street and City Hall Place. The mission will be conducted by Fathers Cusack, Guinan and Courtney, of the New York Apostolic Mission Band, and will continue for one week. The mission is intended primarily for the night-workers of the newspaper district, but it is the hope of the pastor, the Rev. Luke J. Evers, that men from other parts of the city who are unable to make the missions at the regular hours will attend this one. The opening service will take place on Sunday morning at 2.30 o'clock; when there will be Mass and instruction. During the week there will be Mass and sermon every morning at 3.30.

The second anniversary of the inauguration of the night-workers' Mass was celebrated on last Sunday with a High Mass at 2.30 a. m., at which a special musical program was rendered by the printers' choir under the direction of Mr. O'Mahony. Father Evers celebrated the Mass and congratulated those present on the success of the innovation."

The Rev. L. J. Evers, of whom mention is made in the above clipping taken from the New York *Catholic News*, is a Notre Dame graduate, having received both the Bachelor's and Master's degree. As a result of his heroic efforts in ministering to the spiritual needs of the night-workers in New York he was summoned to Rome last year, and had the privilege of a special interview with the Pope. Father Evers was encouraged by the cordial approval and blessing of the Holy Father and was made the bearer of the Papal Benediction to his congregation.

Local Items.

—The members of the New York State Club will hold their banquet at the Hotel Oliver on the evening of May 20.

—The portrait of Father Messman of Laporte, Ind., a graduate of Notre Dame in the 60's, has been added to the college collection.

—Bro. Lawrence has just received a new stock of College pins, also an assortment of souvenirs and K. of C. emblems. Call and see them in the Carroll reading rooms.

—Through the kindness of the U. S. Fish Commission and State Fish Commissioner Beitner of South Bend, St. Joseph's Lake has been stocked with 500,000 wall-eyed pike.

—The members of the Senior and Junior collegiate classes attended the presentation of "Julius Cæsar" by Richard Mansfield and Company in the Auditorium Theatre, South Bend, on Wednesday night.

—Colonel Wm. Hoynes, Dean of the Law department, represented Notre Dame at the installation of Oberlin's new president, Mr. Henry Churchill King, which took place on Wednesday. Many of the most prominent educators throughout the country were present.

—A new and enlarged view of the University and grounds, very artistically executed on Japanese parchment, is for sale in the Students' Office. The picture has been taken from a sketch by Mr. Howard Darnell of the firm, Darnell and Beckman, artists, Philadelphia. Copies carefully put up in mailing tubes may be had for seventy-five cents each.

—The preliminaries for the annual elocution contest were held in Washington Hall last Tuesday and Wednesday. Twenty-two men entered and of these eight were chosen—four for the senior contest and four for the junior. The successful competitors for the senior were: R. E. Lynch, G. E. Gormley, B. S. Fahy and L. E. Wagner. Junior: W. Donohue, H. McAuley, D. Randle, W. O'Brien. The final competition will take place in Washington Hall next Wednesday.

—The Very Reverend President and Father Fitte were present at the consecration of St. Elizabeth's Church in Chicago last Sunday. The ceremonies were attended by many of the hierarchy and about one hundred priests. Bishop Spalding preached the sermon. The pastor of the church, Rev. Daniel Reardon, is a brother of Archbishop Reardon of San Francisco, and is an accomplished orator and theologian. The flourishing condition of his parish reflects his piety and priestly zeal.

—The Law Debating Society met again last Saturday evening, the Honorable William Hoynes presiding as chairman. The meeting was opened by a humorous recitation from Mr. Joerger. A spirited debate then followed upon the proposition: "Resolved. That the Louisiana Purchase is more beneficial to the United States than all other acquisitions." A majority of the members participated in the discussion, including Messrs. Burke, Procter, Dubbs, O'Phelan, Nyere and Furlong. The Debating Society was not organized until recently which is to be regretted as a great deal of useful discussion occurs at the meetings.

—May 5 was a day dear to the heart of every Mexican. It was the anniversary of the Battle of Puebla which was fought on May 5, 1862, when the Mexican army defeated the French. Like all their countrymen, the Mexicans at Notre Dame are intensely patriotic, and they never fail to commemorate this important event in their country's history. In their celebrations this year they dispensed with a formal banquet and substituted a picnic which they held on the banks of the St. Joseph river. Before starting out they attended Mass which was offered up by Father O'Reilly. The weather was fine, the scenery along the river beautiful, and the picnic and accompanying festivities were most successfully conducted. Among those whom the Mexican students had for their guests were Father O'Reilly who lived several years in Portugal and Spain; Mr. Rafael U: Gali of Cuba, and Mr. Battle of Manila. The language of the day was exclusively Spanish and some excellent speeches were delivered which contained glowing references to President Diaz, the Mexican army, and particularly to the absent friends and relatives of the boys present. The orators included Messrs. Battle, Rayneri, Trevino, Canedo, Villanueva, Gali, Portillo and Cano. Patriotism and good fellowship marked the day's celebrations which were brought to a close at half-past eight when the entire party reached the University.