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My Bluebird.

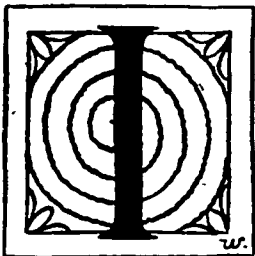
W. N. H.

MERRY thou art, my songster gay,
Always a singer of notes that cheer;
Ready to brighten care's furrows away;
Joyous, yet tender, when sorrow is near.

Only a wee little songster thou art,
Raising a voice of a low harmony
In the grand chorus; yet, lacking thy part,
Even that chorus sounds empty for me.

Aubrey de Vere.

GALLITZEN A. FARABAUGH, '04.



IN studying the history of literature we find few men in whom the soul has been the inspiring and ascendant force; men who have labored incessantly and devoted their lives to poetry, entirely for poetry's sake; men who have cared naught for the opinions of the world or the judgment of future generations, and barely enough for the esteem and recognition of their contemporaries to permit their works to be published; men, nevertheless, of strong, balanced and tranquil nature, lofty inspiration and poetic temperament, but who have written, in short, solely from the spiritual side of things,—I repeat such men have been few; but a rather extraordinary type of this class was he who but a few years since passed away in his beloved Ireland, the Catholic poet of the nineteenth century, Aubrey de Vere.

The name of Aubrey de Vere is not, like the names of Wordsworth and Tennyson, on the mouth of every school child. Few even are the professed students of letters to-day that thoroughly know and appreciate this

deeply religious writer. Yet in all truth Nature might stand up and say to all the world: this was a poet. Why then is he not more read and discussed? De Vere was not a poet that courted the favor and applause of the people. But the answer perhaps more directly is this: he was a loyal Catholic, a member of a religion the open profession of which too often means a certain ostracism from the literature of this sectarian and bigoted age. Even so we wonder how in a country like America which makes pretentious boasts of its poetic lore and literary taste where Catholic readers are so numerous and Catholic prejudice rapidly vanishing, a man like Aubrey de Vere, whose works are scarcely dry from the press, should so universally remain a stranger.

The ordinary and accessible sources of biography are so incomplete and unauthentic that but a brief sketch of this poet's life can be given. Aubrey de Vere was born January 11, 1814, at Curragh Chase, Co. Limerick, Ireland, and was educated at Trinity College, Dublin. He was the third son of Sir Aubrey de Vere, an Irish nobleman of great wealth and vast estates, who was himself an eminent dramatist and poet, with more warmth but less elevation than his son, as a critic remarks. The father is mainly distinguished now for his dramatic poem of "Mary Tudor," but his other dramas never enjoyed much popularity.

Not only was De Vere's ancestry such as to warrant his becoming a poet, but his birthplace, which always remained his home, environment, boyhood, early associates, social freedom, religion, after-acquaintances,—all conspired toward developing and perfecting that noble genius in which had been implanted the seeds of poetry, virtue and religion. There could have been no more fitting birthplace for one that was to "commune with nature" in her various forms than

Curragh Chase. Nature seemed to have previously prepared this ancient Irish manor for her poet, for upon it she had lavished her charms. The poet's own words describe it with tender feeling in his "Recollections," for he loved the place, and here seventy-five out of his eighty-eight years were spent, and here were written his best and truest works.

The stately old vine-covered house, with its ancient smelling halls where the shadows loved to play, the variegated flower beds rich in profusion and perfume, the shady deer park with its winding stream, the groves of low-spreading oak and birch, the verdant lawns and well-kept walks, the opening in the wood where the peasantry used to gather on a Sunday afternoon to dance, he paints in brilliant color with a poet's brush. "I see it all," he says, "bathed in summer sunshine." There, too, was the little lake upon whose bosom his sister and himself used to read Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats.

"One night," De Vere writes, "a boat lay on the lake at the bottom of our lawn. I lay down in it allowing it to float wherever the wind blew it. There I lay half asleep till a splendid summer sunrise told me it was time to get to bed. It was all Shelley's fault." And as to the serenity of De Vere's early life in this sequestered spot, far from the noise and bustle of the city, his own words again are full of expression: "No change was desired by us, and little came. The winds of early spring waved the long masses of daffodils till they made a confused though rapturous splendor in the lake close by, just as they had done the year before; and those who saw the pageant hardly noted that those winds were cold, . . . Each year we watched the succession of the flowers, and if the bluebell or the cowslip came a little before or a little after its proper time we felt as much aggrieved as the child who misses the word he is accustomed to in the story heard a hundred times before." But only from snatches such as these can we obtain a glimpse into the inner life of our poet. So, as "biography that fails in personality is a body without a soul," let us content ourselves with viewing Aubrey de Vere in his works.

It was at about the age of seventeen that Mr. de Vere met the illustrious philosopher and mathematician, Sir William Ronan Hamilton, Astronomer Royal of Dublin University, with whom he afterwards was bound by the closest ties of affection, and who was to exert

an irresistible influence on his after-life. De Vere looked upon Hamilton with the deepest esteem, and called him the greatest intellect he had ever known. This was the first of the many lifelong and enthusiastic friendships that characterized his career as a poet; for to be once admitted into De Vere's circle of friends meant to be always the object of his regard and affection. That continuity of character which was most prominent in his boyhood remained with him till his death. The man was but the boy, having undergone only the necessary growth and development.

About the same time that his acquaintance with Hamilton was begun, De Vere first turned his mind to verse writing in earnest, and from this period dates the devotion of his life to poetry; in fact, the making poetry his life itself. All other subjects were subordinated, except perhaps religion. That he has succeeded in fulfilling the noble mission of his vocation, and that his early determination was realized, his works bear striking testimony.

Before, however, going in to examine his productions, one event in his life that had such a powerful and happy influence on his later years must be noted; I mean his conversion to the Catholic faith. During De Vere's youth theology had been one of his most interesting studies, but it was not till past the bloom of his life, in 1851, that he made his submission to the Church of Rome. His attachment to the Anglican Church, he tells us, had been as ardent as that of Wordsworth for his country. But when the Gorham judgment was brought up, he persuaded himself that there were but two courses open to him; either to repudiate church principles or to become a Catholic, and he speaks about his conversion as the happiest event in his "uneventful life." By this step he had to meet with many affronts. All his dear friends were High Churchmen, and to part with them meant some sacrifice. But he remained true to his convictions. He epitomizes his feelings to Carlyle when the latter rushed to him after hearing of his intended folly. Carlyle said:

"I have come here to tell you not to do that thing. You were born free. Do not go into that hole." De Vere answered:

"But you used always to tell me the Roman Catholic Church was the only Christian body that was consistent and could defend her position." Carlyle replied:

"And so I say still. But the Church of England is much better notwithstanding, because her face is turned in the right direction." De Vere answered:

"Carlyle, I will tell you in a word what I am about. I have lived a Christian hitherto, and I intend to die one."

Now let us pass to an examination of the more thorough of his productions. The first volumes that he published appeared in 1842-1843, and contained the "Search for Proserpine," the "Infant Bridal," and "Miscellaneous Poems." This characteristic must be noted about De Vere's early writings; they have none of the inequalities, looseness and crudity that abound in the first attempts of other poets. These first works of De Vere are polished, regular and of delicate finish, and do not appear to be hammered out, or written with effort. Aubrey de Vere was a poet at the beginning. He had to go through no journey work or finishing process. His writings always and everywhere abound in thought, gravity and smoothness of diction. Here, it might be remarked, De Vere was no humorist. Seriousness was his predominant feature, and though sarcastic at times, perhaps witty, there is not the semblance of a joke in all his pages, even though he was an Irishman through and through.

In these earlier writings, it is true, traces of the classical influence that De Vere's favorites, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, had upon him, student as he was, are plainly evident. Some critics even have accused him of too closely imitating, but an individuality is his so prominent and abundant, that defies all such prejudiced accusations. If there are peculiarities of style in him similar to those of others they must be accounted for by kindred theories of philosophy. But as De Vere matures and his genius ripens, a member of the one true faith, there are but two sources of inspiration for him; that drawn from Christ's Church, an embodiment of all truth and wisdom, and that taken from the sublime glory and tenderness of nature. Even early in his career De Vere could truly say that

Upon life's broad highways he stood, and aped nor
Greek nor Roman,
But snatched from heaven Promethean fire to glorify
things common.

Beyond all doubt the Catholic Church was the highest and sublimest influence on Aubrey de Vere as a poet. It is true, he was nature's

poet; but as the two, religion and nature, are inseparable, in the genius of De Vere we have the culmination of all that goes toward the fulfilling and perfecting a divine mission.

What are the chief qualities of Aubrey de Vere's poetry? This is indeed a hard proposition to answer. It is so difficult to detect an incongruity either of formation or thought, and we are so carried away by the feeling, that equally difficult is it to say in what the effectiveness consists. Poetry's beauty is rather felt than described. De Vere writes upon a variety of subjects, therefore is his style changeable and diversified. His thoughts follow their own channels, but ever flow on smoothly even by circuitous windings. Versification for him is a mastered art, but manner always gives precedence to matter. Endowed with an Irishman's vocabulary and versatility, his verse, admirable for its ease, grace and fluency, is seasoned with many rich comparisons and happy allusions. There are many subtly constructed lines and felicities of diction which few except critics are able to see and appreciate. But what is most conspicuous, and at the same time that which places De Vere above even the great poets, is the religious warmth and feeling, the simpleness of faith, the loftiness of ideals, the unparalleled devotion to principles, that pervades all that he has written; and on the other hand, the utter absence of all ignobleness in thought and unworthy diction that might catch the fancy of the less erudite and less appreciative.

The poetical works of Aubrey de Vere may be treated under three heads,—sonnets, religious poems, and lyrics. It is universally acknowledged that it requires a great genius to write good sonnets. Aubrey de Vere has written some of the best in literature. His success along this line is due no doubt to the fact that this form of verse is so perfectly suited to his contemplative yet facile intellect. On the other hand sonnets do not require animation, sprightliness, gaiety, characteristics that Aubrey de Vere, might I not say, happily lacked. William Savage Landor openly said that Mr. De Vere's sonnet on Sunrise was the finest in the language. An example might serve to illustrate what our poet can express in fourteen lines. The following is one from a series of five sonnets on Colonization, and is very frequently quoted:

England, magnanimous art thou in name;
Magnanimous in nature once thou wert;

But that which oftentimes lags behind desert,
 And crowns the dead, as oft survives it—fame.
 Can she whose hand a merchant's pen makes tame,
 Or sneer of nameless scribe—can she whose heart
 In camp or senate still is at the mart,
 A nation's toils, a nation's honors claim?
 Thy shield of old torn Poland twice and thrice
 Invoked; thy help as vainly Ireland asks,
 Pointing with stark, lean finger from the crest
 Of western cliffs plague-stricken, from the West—
 Gray-haired though young. When heat is sucked from
 ice,
 Then shall a Firm discharge a nation's task.

This speaks for itself. It epitomizes the faults of the English nation better in fourteen lines than many authors could do in a volume. Notice the bitter satire in it. Could it be more acrid. There is not a word or phrase that is not full of expression, that does not add to the *ensemble*.

There are a score of other sonnets by De Vere all equally as good and worthy of quotation, but space forbids. Let us hasten on to the second division of our writer's poetry, his religious poems.

Aubrey de Vere was not only an Irishman, but an Irish Catholic, and as the "mouth speaks from the fulness of the heart," these poems are overflowing with the personality of a simple, yet fervently religious poet. They evidence a deep, burning faith and a thorough knowledge of theology and of the divine mysteries of Catholicism. De Vere has frequently been referred to as Laureate of the Madonna, and certainly this is the title of titles for him, for she is the subject of his greatest and best work, the "May Carols." These are short poems in honor of the Blessed Virgin, and in a most simple manner express her relation to her divine Son, faith and mankind. The author's own words, taken from the introduction to the "May Carols," explain them better.

"The following poems, written in her honor, are an attempt to set forth, though but in mere outline, each of them, some of the great ideas or essential principles embodied in that all-embracing mystery—the Motherhood of God." And the way he does this is something marvellous. His delineations of character, the portrayal of the individualities of Christ and His Mother, are the work of a master only. Much might be said about these charming carols and the sublimity of thought and vividness of imagination on the part of the poet, but we must be content with quoting here an extract or two. Here we are confronted with the difficulty of selecting. It is hard to remove

one stone, however delicately carved, as an example of the grand edifice: for De Vere's work is so constructed that each part is dovetailed, as it were, and so symmetrical that it does not break up into extracts. Taking into account this fact examine the following:

Daily beneath His Mother's eyes
 Her Lamb matured His lowliness:
 'Twas hers the lovely sacrifice
 With fillet and with flower to dress.

Beside His little cross He knelt,
 With human-heavenly lips He prayed;
 His will within her will she felt,
 And yet His will her will obeyed.

He willed to lack; He willed to bear;
 He willed by suffering to be schooled;
 He willed the chains of flesh to wear,
 Yet from her arms the world He ruled.

As tapers 'mid the noontide glow
 With merged yet separate radiance burn
 With human taste and touch, even so,
 The things He knew He willed to learn.

He sat beside the lowly door;
 His *homeless* eyes appeared to trace
 In evening skies remembered lore,
 And shadows of His Father's face.

One only knew Him. She alone
 Who nightly to His cradle crept,
 And lying like the moonbeam prone,
 Worshipped her Maker as He slept.

To expound the exquisiteness of these lines would be presumptuous. How vividly and uniquely are the scenes of Christ's childhood and Mary's love pictured. We bear away a lasting effect after reading; a deep insight into a mother's pain, glory and affection. De Vere in delineation has done more with pen than we could wish done with brush. He is a descriptive writer such as few have been or can hope to be. Dr. Holmes, the logician, says that De Vere can afford to write no more description till he dies.

Regretfully we hasten on to the third and last division of De Vere's poetry, his lyrics, which are chiefly poems on Ireland. The productions are historical in character, and chronicle the wrongs Ireland has suffered through ten centuries under the misrule of invaders. They are purely Irish through and through. One critic remarks that they give evidence of historical research that would make ten ordinary reputations. Though De Vere's temperament is not lively enough for ballads, he had bard enough in him to make these poems pleasing for their lyric sweetness and unique Irish beauty. The style is both ancient and modern, and resembles that of

Thomas Moore somewhat in flow of measure.

Among the best of these works are "The Irish Celt to the Irish Norman," "Ode to Ireland," "The Year of Sorrow," "The Sisters," and that which is pre-eminently the best, "Inisfail, or Ireland in the Olden Time." Its subject-matter is the history of Ireland from the Norman Invasion to the repeal of the Penal Law six centuries later. There is a charm and novelty about this poem, since it endeavors to give the characteristic history of a nation as it appeared to the eyes of those that lived among the events, that show skill and patience on the part of the writer.

Among De Vere's other poetical works may be mentioned, "The Legends of St. Patrick" which treats of the religious history of Ireland, "Ancilla Domini" in honor of Mary, "Lines near Shelley's House at Lerici," "Ode to the Daffodil," and "Autumnal Ode." The latter is supposed to be De Vere's own choice of his miscellaneous poems, since in the arrangement of the final edition of his works he wound up the last volume of "Poems Meditative and Lyrical" with the "Autumnal Ode." A short quotation from the "Autumnal Ode" might not be amiss to give an idea of Aubrey de Vere's lyric work. The last stanza of the poem is chosen.

Man was not made for things that leave us,
For that which goeth and returneth,
For hopes that lift us yet deceive us,
For love that wears a smile yet mourneth;
Not for fresh forests from the dead leaves springing,
The cyclic re-creation which, at best,
Yields us—betrayal still to promise clinging—
But tremulous shadows of the realms of rest.
For things immortal man was made,
God's image, latest from His hand,
Co-heir with Him, Who in man's flesh arrayed
Holds o'er the worlds the heavenly-human wand;
His portion this—sublime
To stand where access none both Space or Time,
Above the starry host, the Cherub band,
To stand—to advance—and after all to stand!

Concerning the ode from which the above was taken, a critic remarks: "The lessons preached by the autumnal season have never been inculcated in a loftier strain of thought or in richer or more chastened diction than in Mr. De Vere's 'Autumnal Ode.'" In this poem, too, one gets an inkling of the philosophy of his inner life.

A sketch of Aubrey de Vere would not be complete unless it mentioned at least that, besides being a poet, his talent extended to the drama and prose as well. His two chief dramas are "Alexander the Great" and "St.

Thomas of Canterbury." The *Spectator* said of the latter upon its publication, that it ought to make a reputation. But De Vere's dramas, however, although of much worth, were written for the closet and not for the stage. His principal prose works are "English Misrule and Irish Misdeeds," "Pleas for Secularization," "The Church Establishment of Ireland," and volumes of essays.

We shall not endeavor to fix or even approximate the rank of Aubrey de Vere among the English poets. For not until all bigotry and prejudice have vanished from the minds of critics, and they are able to consider him by the clear light of reason in his untiring devotion to his God, religion, and country, and in his joyous perseverance in the work of his divine calling, will he be given his due place in the category of inspired singers. But if the opinions of his friends and contemporaries count for anything, Aubrey De Vere is near the top on the ladder of poetical worth. Wordsworth, his co-writer and teacher, said of his verses that they were the most perfect of the age; and this from Wordsworth means much.

Sara Coleridge thus writes in 1850 to Prof. Reed of Philadelphia: "I have lived among poets a great deal, and have known greater poets than he (she had known Wordsworth and her own father) but a more entire poet, one more a poet in his whole mind and temperament, I never knew or met with."

Even Swinburne, to some extent his rival, declares that he was not as excellent but a greater poet than Tennyson. And Maurice Francis Egan, comparing De Vere with the Laureate Poet, remarks: "If De Vere had Tennyson's lightness and grace, his subtle excellence of diction; if Tennyson had the religious spirit of De Vere, his elevation of thought, the nineteenth century would need no other poet to make it complete."

Aubrey de Vere was one of those "true poets that valued poetry for its highest office, as a teacher of moral wisdom." And though he may never be popular, never receive his dues from the world at large, he will always have admirers, and in the words of Egan, his name will always be the rallying word for all who believe that art may be Christian and poetic at the same time.

A FRIEND shares my sorrow and makes it but a moiety; but he swells my joy and makes it double.—*Jeremy Taylor*.

All for Copy.

FRANCIS F. DUKETTE.

"That's Randall over there!"

"What! Randall, the *Herald* man?"

"Yes; he has two columns to do daily. He is browsing about for material."

"He is the fellow that does the storiettes. Do you know him?"

"He was a classmate of mine at the State University."

"Doesn't he recognize you?"

"Why, he used to before he took seriously to frock coats and the newspaper. His later eye-glasses distort objects. Let us sit here on this bench. He does the park pretty thoroughly I have heard. I have a plan. You may name the present if you play this rôle well. No explanations—just sit quietly here. I am at sea myself over a story I am trying to write. Experiments won't go bad. There, May, we have Randall's attention! You deserve credit for that—no bouquets! Answer me as you see fit. He can hear every word."

"I have, Miss Pierson, been waiting months for this opportunity to speak alone with you!"

"Oh, are we alone?"

"Sufficiently alone. I have been watching you lately. About last Tuesday, a week, I saw you automobiling with the Smith coterie; last Sunday you rode about with Charlie Haines—and the next thing I shall hear you have been wasting your time with some of those young newspaper fledglings."

"John—Mr. Rollins—what do you mean?"

"Oh, never mind! I shall succeed in making myself thoroughly understood. (Don't take it too much to heart, May, Randall has taken the bait)."

"Sir, I won't listen to such talk, and I shall have to ask you to leave me if you continue in this insulting manner."

"Yes? that would be most like a girl. Such an example of poetic justice! I shall not go until I am quite ready. This, after all I have done for you! First, I gave up Madge Lyons for you (now, now, quiet—watch Randall wince. She was an old flame of his)."

"If you did, you were a big dunce—maybe she would have taken insults. I repeat, I won't!"

"Did I not stop waiting on Georgie

Sadlier because you were jealous of her?"

"Why, John, have you gone quite crazy!"

"After (can't you be patient, May; I am disgusted with you) after I had written you every day for two years, how did you treat me when I came home? Couldn't you see I had nearly died because of love for you?"

"Really? It is too bad that you didn't die!"

"(You don't mean that, May?) I stopped smoking, stopped gaming. I gave up writing stories for newspapers (watch his face)—in fact, I made all the sacrifices you asked me to make simply out of love for you!"

"Yes? and then?"

"(You needn't get sarcastic.) Why, I was led to think you would marry me!"

"Were you? What an idiot!"

"Here, this (you don't mean that, May?) is the first day I have seen you alone, and now you treat me worse than a family chauffeur!"

"What more do you deserve?"

"May (don't stand up), I have found that you are like the rest of the girls, just as cruel and heartless and—I shall not trouble you more. I am going to go—"

"John, be careful!"

"Careful? I have been a victim of over-carefulness! But before I leave you, Miss Pierson, would you, at least, give back some of the diamonds and rubbish I have been foolish enough to give to you?"

"You never gave me a diamond in your life!"

"Is it possible you dare to deny that?"

"You never gave me a diamond, I say, sir!"

"May (you needn't get white), have I been so taken in?"

"John Rollins, how dare you talk so? I shall call a policeman!"

"I,—hello, where is Randall? Bet, he has gone to call a policeman or to avoid being a witness should anything happen. We had better hurry through this way. I wonder if Randall has his two columns? I wonder if he knows we have been married four years?"

"From our conversation a cleverer man would have known we must have been!"

To be able to discern worth from unworth is the highest wisdom; for when we know and love that which has real value, we seek happiness where it is to be found, and not in a world of phantoms.—*Spalding*

Varsity Verse.

PLEASURES IN SEASON.

(Horace, Odes I, 9.)

SEE high Soracte glitter, crowned with white,
The forests bending 'neath the heavy snow,
And rivers which had murmured soft and light—
The cutting cold no longer lets them flow.

O Thaliarchus, now dispel this cold;
Pile on more logs and hear their crackling ring,
Then good pure Sabine wine of four years old,
A flagon and some bowls make haste to bring.

All else leave to the gods; when they laid low
The wild winds fighting on a frothy sea,
The mountain ash seemed tossing to and fro
And still as evening was the cypress tree.

Forbear to question what to-morrow brings,
Mark you as gain the fortune of each day,
Spurn not the rustle of fair Cupid's wings,
Nor miss the dance while age is yet away.

Fail not to visit oft the campus green
And gentle pathways of some secret bower,
Then, in the falling night's soft light serene,
Breathe low love-murmurings at the appointed hour,

And now a maiden's titterings reveal
Her hiding-place, where deepest shadows cling;
From off her slender wrist the bracelet steal
And from unwilling finger snatch the ring.

E. P. B.

A TRAMP.

His garments were ragged and caught in the breeze,
And his gait you'd describe as a "walk as you please;"
A crushed "caroline" took the place of a hat,
And surmounted his poll where it rakishly sat.

His hair was a problem no comb could see through,
And his beard, all neglected, luxuriant grew;
His nose, which was large, was the light of his face,
And a metre, 'twas said, which recorded his pace.

His voice was the creak of an aged willow tree,
When blows the cold blast over river and lea.
His eyes had a blink and a quick, shifting glance,
That watched every movement for danger's advance.

His manners were easy; no fears did he know;
No cares for the morrow did prudence bestow.
He was willing to live, and to live he would try;
But should that be too hard; why then, hang it, he'd die!

F. J. B.

BUSINESS-LIKE.

I took a trip to town the other day
To meet a friend I knew would soon arrive,
I met another while upon the way
Who asked me if I'd kindly lend him five.

"Lend five?" said I, "why, I have only two,
And if I gave you those where would I be?"
Then answered he: "The best thing you can do
Is give me what you have and owe me three."

F. E. B.

The Drama and Modern Stagecraft.

MATTHEW J. WALSH, '03.

(CONCLUSION.)

Many a play that is on the boards to-day is there only through the popularity attained by its stage setting. And likewise many of the plays that are deserving only of mediocre consideration have, by the same means, got to be looked upon as marvellous productions. The works of Belasco might, for the most part, be placed in the catalogue of the latter.

To cite but two instances of plays that have been the subject of much praise on the part of theatre-going people, but in which, as in many others, the literary form has been sacrificed to the sparkle and glamor of the setting, we might mention "Mary of Magdala" and the "Darling of the Gods." The street scene in the third act of the former, and later the ravine near Calvary, offer an excellent opportunity for the introduction of light effects. We are lost to all but the sight before us, as the light of day slowly leaves and the sky takes on a purple tint, which in turn loses itself in the gloom of night. The darkness deepens and the characters become mere shadows. A figure is seen to prowl about till it reaches the door of a cottage, when suddenly the door is thrown open and a lantern held by an inmate reveals the wild-looking face of the traitor Judas. The effect is truly admirable. Another good illustration of modern stage effects is to be found in the storm that precedes the suicide of Judas, when we behold a perfect maze of rapid changes and light illusions. But the scene that appears to be most true to nature is just after the divine Sacrifice on Mount Calvary is supposed to have been consummated. The beautiful dawn, with its multi-colored sky, gradually breaks before us, as the penitent Magdala, clothed in white, slowly descends from among the rocks accompanied by her sorrowing friends.

In the "Darling of the Gods" we have a play that has been tossed about unmercifully in the hands of the critics. Still it has acquired a great popularity, and despite its literary defects, compels us to take an interest in it. We are transported to the Orient, and there, revelling in the riches of our surroundings and fascinated by the pictures passing before us, we forget that we are being spoken to,

and heed not the inconsistencies of the lines. We abandon Prince Kara in his troubles and overlook the adventures of Princess Yo-San, the heroine. This fact is emphasized in the third act, when the armed followers of Zakuri are in ambush waiting for a chance to assassinate Kara. We are not conscious of the hero's danger, but follow the faint gleams of light emanating from an old-fashioned lamp that partly light up the crouching forms of the heathen soldiery. Another scene of immense beauty immediately follows this. It is moonrise outside the pavilion of Yo-San. The silver streams light up the smooth surface of a limpid lake near by, the dainty moon flowers gently nod, and the partly lighted hill, a little way off, makes a picture of exquisite beauty. The night then comes on like real night, and when we again see the morning dawn with all its light and freshness of scene we can but marvel at a stage arrangement that is able to bring about such results. When we leave the theatre after witnessing such a play, we have no strong lines ringing in our ears. What we are thinking of, and what will remain in our memory long after the spoken word has departed, is the beauty of the setting and the marvellous light effects.

After a comparison of the literary quality of the drama, past and present, and after viewing the stage equipments proper to both periods, we are led back to our former position. The dramatist of to-day hampered in the development of his subject by the exactments of the stage manager, allows his work—at least from a literary standpoint—to deteriorate. In his attempt to tickle the ears of jaded theatre-goers, he evolves lines worthy of no high critical esteem, whose fame will be as short-lived as the tinsel and gloss in which they are clothed. We do not seek to remedy this by changing the highly artistic settings for the bare boards of the sixteenth century. Rather let us hope for dramatists whose work will still hold our attention, even though the stage mounting consist of a green baize, ornamented here and there with placards telling us the place of action. It has been claimed by some that the high standard attributed to the early drama, with its primitive setting, was caused by the lack of literary taste among the people of that day, and that if the same plays were to be seen to-day, so badly clad, they would not appear to such advantage. This theory was upset when in

1902 the play of "Romeo and Juliet" was presented in New York with no stage decorations or mechanical paraphernalia save what graced the stage of the "Globe" and "Swan" when the famous works of Shakspeare and Marlowe were wont to charm the squeamish Elizabeth. The critics who witnessed the play were unanimous in declaring that notwithstanding its scant setting, the play lost none of the dramatic beauty that ages have claimed for it.

Satisfied in this one instance, might we not trust the opinion of our elders as regards the merits of the other plays of this period? In our rather over-weening admiration of the advance made along the lines of stage mounting, we are apt to overlook the more important part of the stage work, *i. e.*, the literary quality. This admiration may engender in us contempt for the masterpieces of the past, since that early age did not disclose the mysteries of modern stagecraft. We should then take in the situation with a more impartial eye, remembering that we have to do something more substantial than show mere contempt for the past in order to make the present great. The literary quality of the drama has decreased, and one of the causes that have hastened the decadence, and that still prevent the dramatist from revelling in his imagination and putting into words his luckiest inspirations, may be found in the realistic stage equipments of the modern theatre.

The Better Way.

ROBERT E. PROCTOR, '04.

He had stolen away from the classmates who would have detained him, and now as he drew near to the open door of the church, he involuntarily quickened his step. He cared not that his companions were asking where Philip—Philip the merry, the one who had led them in study, in games and who had that day delivered the valedictory, which had brought tears to the eyes of all who heard—had hidden himself, when his every moment belonged to the comrades who on the morrow would separate, each to carve out his own path to success and glory.

He entered the church, dimly lighted by the glow of the sanctuary lamp and the few candles which burned before the shrine of the Blessed Virgin, and kneeling before her

image he bowed in grief and pain; for his heart was torn with conflicting emotions of high resolve and love for the life he was about to renounce. At last the tumult within his breast overcame him. A bitter sob welled to his lips, and he stretched forth his arms to the Infant and Mother who seemed to look down on him so kindly.

He began a fervent appeal for the grace and strength he so sorely needed in this his hour of trial, while the tears unchecked and unheeded rolled down his cheeks. At length he became calmer, and bowed in silent prayer. But the struggle was not over.

He thought of her, and the thought almost unmanned him. Her face, her presence flitted before him in dim, fantastic shape. She smiled upon him, beckoned him with eye and hand.

"Marguerite!" the name broke from his lips like a cry of despair, and both his hands flew to his eyes as if to shut out the vision. Another face, another presence, passed before his mental gaze and a cry of joy escaped him.

"Mother," he sobbed, "pray for me."

The lips seemed to move in answer, and he fancied he heard these words: "Be brave, my son. You have chosen the better path. God will soon give you the grace to follow His holy priesthood."

A strange peace stole slowly into the soul of Philip. He knelt as before, looking up at the figure of the Infant resting in the arms of His Mother. Thus he continued, his arms uplifted in fervent supplication. Then the Infant seemed to reassure him with a smile which meant a benediction, and Philip recalled the words: "Take up thy cross and follow Me." With a glad cry of joy Philip prostrated himself before the altar. And thus, in close communion with his God, his friends found him an hour later when visiting the college chapel for the last time before their departure.

Manners.

A. W. LOBER.

Because the best manners result from the application of Christian charity to conduct, some one has said that gentleman and Christian are almost synonymous terms. It may be well to examine this statement and see how much truth or error it contains. Let our definition of a gentleman be the often-quoted "One who never gives pain." The golden rule is at the same time a concise statement of the law of Christian charity toward our neighbor and the first rule of good manners. Thus it is true that the ideal gentleman and the perfect Christian, each obeying the same maxim of conduct, would act quite the same under similar circumstances. Each would

appear entirely unselfish, magnanimous, forgiving of injuries, slow to anger, charitable in word and deed. You might be in their company for days or weeks without detecting any essential difference between them. Yet there is a radical difference.

Julian the Apostate was a man of great refinement, of culture and urbanity of deportment, a splendid example of what is commonly understood by the "perfect gentleman." Cardinal Newman writes: "His simplicity of manners... his modesty, his clemency, his accomplishments, as I view them, go to make one of the most eminent specimens of pagan virtue which the world has ever seen." Yet in addressing his soldiers and companions just before his death, he said among other things which showed that he had no idea of sin, these words which reveal a self-complacency entirely out of harmony with Christian humility: "I die without remorse as I have lived without guilt." Julian is typical of a large class of exquisitely refined pagan gentlemen. On the other hand the most casual observation confirms the truth of the statement that there are hundreds of Christians of a rugged uprightness of character who are far from being models of Chesterfieldian manners.

It has been shown that the terms gentleman and Christian are by no means synonymous. Yet though they are radically different, they are not only not antagonistic but are supplementary to each other in forming the ideal character. Christianity tends to refine the manners, and refinement of manners fits its possessor for Christianity. Each is incomplete without the other, and the product of their union, the christian gentleman, is the finest fruit of civilization and religion.

There are those who say that they do not wish to be restrained by conventionalities, that they desire to be natural, not artificial; frank, not deceitful. This objection reveals a false conception of what constitute good manners. A fellow walks on your feet. The rude man would call him some kind of awkward animal, a more self-controlled and considerate man would think of what he would like to call him, while a sensible and perfectly controlled man would not even wish to discomfort him. Hence make yourself as nearly as you can what you wish to appear to be and then act out frankly what you are and the objection of artificiality is done away with.

All who have written on the subject maintain that friendships are among the most desirable possessions. Yet what a large part do not manners play in the forming and preserving of friendships? For what, after all, do we require in a friend? If he is popular and influential it is well; if he is intellectually eminent it is well; but if a man does not have agreeable manners as well as sterling character his friends, worth having, will be few.

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—In his sermon last Sunday, Father French urged the students to cultivate a thorough acquaintance with the teaching and practices of the Catholic Church. We hope that those to whom this advice was addressed will fully realize its serious importance. Not only should the Catholic student be an exemplary member of the Church but he should be able to explain intelligently the teachings of that Church to those who seek enlightenment. If he fails in either he is a sorry product. Mankind in general are attracted by the truth, and nowadays, when bigotry is fast vanishing they are more than ever anxious to get a correct view of things. The young man who has the advantages of Catholic training is naturally expected to be conversant with Catholic doctrine, and his opinion is often sought on questions pertaining thereto. It is no excuse for him that he is not a priest—every educated Catholic layman should be well qualified, and should regard it his duty, to furnish the desired information. Notwithstanding his obligations in this regard it sometimes happens that during his years at college the student reluctantly and unprofitably attends classes in Christian doctrine and dogma, believing such time wasted, and afterward, when out in the world and consulted on these subjects he has to plead ignorance. A pitiable spectacle, surely, and one which we hope no reader of these lines will furnish.

—Every autumn the newspapers and magazines are flooded with advertisements of schools whose stock-in-trade is stenography and type-writing. The inducements held forth are flattering. Some institutions assert that a few months' preparation under their special method will fit the pupil for profitable employment. There is no saying how many of the youth of both sexes have taken it into their heads to become stenographers. The number of the successful is much easier to determine. The reason for

this latter is that too many overlook the fact that a good preparatory education is needed to make the acquisition of stenography a profitable investment. The more general knowledge the candidate possesses the better. First of all, he must have a pretty good vocabulary, and what is more important, he should be able to write and spell correctly. In addition he must not expect to become proficient in shorthand in a few months, despite the alluring promises of business colleges. Shorthand is like a foreign language; only by long and persistent practice is proficiency attained. It is a useful accomplishment for most people, and even the boy that never attains greater speed than one hundred words per minute seldom has reason to regret the time or money spent in the acquisition. To those possessed of the necessary perseverance and ability and having a liking for the work, stenography affords good remuneration and steady employment, and in many instances it becomes the stepping-stone to higher things.

—The pruning knife has to be used on much that is written about the beauties of spring and fall. This is justified by the rule, spare the knife and spoil the writer. Nevertheless, the beauties of bush and tree at Notre Dame this fall deserve more than a passing word. Coolly to remark on this in prose makes unnecessary the rime book, or thoughts of the blue-pencilled daily theme. The walk around the Lake, past the trees with patches of gold lodged in them—gold that has been blown from the lining of sunset clouds or has been reflected from the dome underneath the statue of our Lady; the foliage and blossoms in St. Edward's grounds; the cactus plants that line the quadrangle,—these are the barest mention of the beauties that are impressed particularly upon the old student. The SCHOLASTIC has seen many *falls*, and the studious looks of many book-carrying folk along with these autumns, but it never has felt more youthful over the landscape settings—including these worried students—than it does this year.

—A brief contribution on "Manners," which appears on a preceding page, has to do with the question: What is a gentleman? "A man who never inflicts pain" is, according to Cardinal Newman, almost a perfect definition.

Taken literally, however, this will not hold. When the money-changers were driven out of the temple they most likely suffered mental, if not physical pain; yet we know that Christ was "the first true gentleman that ever breathed." He did not hesitate to inflict at the proper moment very severe pain on those who needed it. Under certain circumstances one may inflict punishment and still continue to be a gentleman.

The word "gentleman" has had various meanings. Originally a gentleman was a member of the *gens* or Roman family, and being such was, in many instances, a man of superior refinement and culture. His manners were gentle compared with those of the rude barbarian. Back to ancient Rome we must go to understand the expression "it takes three generations to make a gentleman." The manumitted slave could not become a gentleman or man of family; neither could his son or grandson, but his great grandson might. A few hundred years ago the term was applied in England to a man of wealth and leisure if not of education, and this meaning still survives in the minds of many in the British Isles. Americans understood the term in its best sense, but recognizing how often it was misapplied allowed the word to fall into disrepute. This was evidenced years ago in New York by the substitution of "men" and "women" for "gentlemen" and "ladies" over the entrances to ferryboat compartments. Despite the misuse of the word, however, people have a pretty correct estimate of what a gentleman should be.

Some there are who claim to be gentlemen because of the family prestige, wealth or educational advantages they enjoy. None of these accidents, nor all three, suffices to make a man a gentleman if he is lacking in character. The aristocrat may be a snob, the millionaire a boor and the scholar a pedant or worse.

What then makes the gentleman? A certain nobleness of soul, training and heredity. Early our notion of a gentleman was largely obtained from the following lines which still stick in the memory:

'Tis not the gently, graceful gait,
Well-made clothes well put on;
A talking of the rich and great
That makes the gentleman;
But 'tis the heart in danger true,
The honor free from stain,
The soul that scorns the vain,
Taking the world but at its due,
That makes the gentleman.

A Commentary on Yellow Methods.

To the ordinary man in the city, the newspaper is an indispensable part of his daily life. When at breakfast he glances over the telegraphic sheet of the morning paper; going down to the office he reads the editorials and general information; coming back he buys the evening editions, and so he goes, from day to day, with his nose buried at spare moments in a newspaper.

We can not think such a reader as this has not considerable confidence in his daily newspaper; and, indeed, this is very proper for his own satisfaction. But we are inclined to believe that if the man on the outside could realize the scarcity of news that occasionally, prevails on the inside of the newspaper office, and could be made to appreciate the means used to secure copy for the edition which must appear at a certain hour, his implicit credulity would be shaken, and his faith in every eighth wonder that appears in paperdom would be no more. The following is an example of how one very startling bit of news came to be given to the public:

Tom Dowling's week of trial had passed, and nothing had happened to give him a chance to show that he could write such a story as the *American* demanded. He was absolutely at a loss to get material for copy. Small wonder, then, that Tom felt downhearted as he wearily turned down Frankfort street towards the office, and knew he could only report "nothing doing."

Slowly and disappointedly he walked on, down past the new post office, and along the Chamber of Commerce, to cross the Viaduct. He had to stop here, as the draw was swinging to allow a boat to pass through. While he stood on the end of the platform he noticed a small tuft of curled, mattress-hair from a seat cushion, clinging to the girder which extended a few inches beyond the platform. Suddenly this thought came to him: here was a clue which no one had worked out; here was material for a write-up. Dared he do it? The bridge bell brought him to his senses; but his sorrowful plight weighed too heavy on his mind. His prospects were too gloomy; he had to have copy, so he grasped at the last straw.

Five minutes later he dashed breathlessly into the office. His eyes shone brightly and he was in a great hurry to write something

up. The editor caught the infection, and even the office boy felt the sudden excitement. Tom shouted something which was not understood as he rushed through to a back room and slammed the door after him. Then he laughed a little to himself; he lighted his pipe, threw his coat over the back of a chair, rolled up his sleeves, and tilting his hat on the back of his head, he started to "shove copy." When he had finished he hurried back to the editor whose angular face was wreathed in smiles as he said:

"Great—a scoop!"

The readers of the *American* were startled to read in the morning edition, in flaring headlines on the first page:

Mysterious Accident on Viaduct
Man Drives over Open Draw
No Clue to Identity.

"Shortly after midnight while the draw of the Central Viaduct was swung to allow the freighter, John H. Gault, to pass through, a most mysterious accident occurred. A man, probably a truck gardener bringing in his load of vegetables for the morning market, drove over the open draw. The platform is eighty feet above the water, and it is doubtful if he reached the water alive. Evidently the catch of the guard rail failed to hold, and very probably he was asleep at the time and did not notice that the bridge was swung.

"As there is only one watchman on the bridge after twelve the accident was discovered by an American reporter who happened to be returning to the office. The draw was just swinging into place when the reporter arrived, and found the remnant of the tell-tale cushion clinging to the iron girder at the end of the roadway platform

"The police were notified at once, and a search was begun immediately. The bridge watchman thinks he heard the splash, but as the boat was passing through at the time he did not pay attention to it. The few men on the freighter could not have seen it, for the large stone central pier of the draw was between them and the place where the accident occurred.

"Very probably the horse and man were entangled in the harness and were dragged down by the weight of the wagon. As the current is very swift in the draw, because of the narrowing of the channel for the bridge, whatever of the load would float has been carried down the river; daylight will reveal it.

"But no clew to the identity of the missing man has been discovered up to the present time, and the mysterious disappearance remains as mysterious as ever as the *American* goes to press."

Thus it was that the *American* obtained some desirable copy and that next morning thousands of readers were sympathizing with the victim of the accident which Tom Dowling's imagination had created.

MAURICE GRIFFIN, '04.

Notre Dame Law School.

Perhaps never before in the history of the University of Notre Dame were the prospects of the law classes brighter. Much interest is being shown by the students of this department in their class-work, and great promise is given for a successful year. Probably no law school in the country has as creditable a past or a more promising future. It is hardly necessary to refer to the success of the young men who have graduated from this department, for it is already well known. We seldom look over lists of students who take the state-bar examinations, that we do not see the Notre Dame men heading the list of those that pass. No small amount of credit belongs to Dean Hoynes and his staff of instructors for bringing this law school up to such a high standard, and there is every indication that it will continue to prosper under their careful guidance.

One of the many reasons for the success of this school, is the excellent system of teaching that has been adopted. In the various law schools of the country there are two methods generally used, namely, the "text-book system" and the "case system." It may be said that many of the largest law schools differ in their adoption of one or the other of these two systems. There are good points in favor of each, but one without the other would seem an incomplete method of acquiring a knowledge of the law.

Dean Hoynes has taken this view of the situation, and has combined the two, making the course at Notre Dame more thorough and far-reaching than that of any other law school in the country. This can probably be accomplished easier at Notre Dame than at the other law schools owing to the hours of study insisted upon, the freedom from distraction, the number to which each class is

limited, and the well-selected law library. It is a regrettable fact that the law classes at the larger universities are so large that the individual student can not often be reached by the instructor. A freshman law class of several hundred students is not unusual in some universities, and no one will question the statement that they can not receive the same individual attention as the students of a class of twenty-five or fifty.

The Hornbook Series of text-books has been adopted by Dean Hoynes, and has proven to be very popular with the students. The authors of this series are universally recognized as men of great legal minds, whose opinions were seldom questioned. These text-books are complete with hundreds of citations of the important English and American cases, which afford the students opportunities to make thorough investigations on all the weighty legal points that arise.

The University law-library is probably as perfect as any of its kind in the country. It contains several hundred of the most reliable text-books on American and English Law; three complete sets of American and English Encyclopædia of Law; one set of Encyclopædia of Pleading and Practice; a full set of the reports of American and English Corporation Cases; all of Smith's Leading Cases; Moak's English Reports; complete sets of the New York and Vermont Common-Law Reports; full and complete sets of the Reports of the Indiana Supreme and Appellate Courts; the Revised Statutes of Indiana; a full set of the Federal Reporter; Myer's Federal Decisions; the U. S. Supreme Courts' Reports, and full and complete sets of the Atlantic, Southern, Southeastern, Northeastern, Northwestern, Southwestern and Pacific Reporters. The new volumes of the Reporters are obtained as soon as printed, so that all of the sets are up to date. The members of the three law classes have access to this library at all hours, which affords them ample opportunities for preparing their work.

The members of the junior and senior classes are required during the year to write from ten to twelve theses, the subjects of which are some of the important branches of the law, not included in the text-book series. This obliges the student to investigate many subjects which are not ordinarily taught in the law schools. The extensive library is invaluable in aiding him to acquaint himself with these different topics. These theses

must contain not less than three thousand words, and are to be handed in monthly. Dean Hoynes has found this to be a very profitable means of assisting the student in pursuing the study of the law.

Not enough can be said of the Moot-Court, as conducted here at Notre Dame. Weekly sessions are held and interesting cases come up at every sitting. The several courts of the state are organized and the officers thereof regularly chosen or appointed. Dean Hoynes has personal supervision over these various courts, and he, himself, sits as the judge, while the students take their turns in acting as attorneys or serving as jurors. The courts are conducted in every respect as though they were real, and the attorneys must go through the several steps in coming into court and remaining there, as if they were, in fact, practitioners. The court is opened in the usual formal way; the jury is carefully selected, and the attorneys make their opening statements. The examination of witnesses, the admitting of evidence, and frequent motions and objections, often lead to heated discussions by the opposing lawyers. Many interesting trials result, which are a source of great benefit to the law students.

A debating society is organized annually by students of this department for the purpose of better acquainting themselves with parliamentary rules and order and to accustom themselves to speaking in public. This society meets once a week, and many interesting questions are discussed by the members. The law student, above all others, should familiarize himself with public speaking, and it was with this aim that this society was organized. Every student in the department should attend these meetings regularly, for they will greatly aid him in the successful practice of his profession.

The law classes are growing larger year by year, as a result of the well-earned reputation which the school enjoys, and under the present capable corps of instructors this growth is likely to continue. Statistics show that a larger per centum of Notre Dame graduates stick to the law for a living than do those of the bigger colleges and universities, which is perhaps the best proof that their training was thorough and practical. With a large attendance of earnest students and the gifted and devoted Colonel Hoynes at the helm, we predict a most successful year for the Notre Dame Law School.

J. J. MEYERS.

Athletic Notes.

The Trojans, under the direction of Coach McGlew, are practising as hard and assiduously for the coming season as the members of the Varsity squad, and in this respect they are setting an example which it would be well for the various Hall teams to follow. The youngsters put in nearly an hour every day at practice. Manager Kenefick is arranging a good schedule for them.

**

Bracken, a freshman from Polo, is showing up well.

**

The ex-Minims won from Captain Heley's team after a very interesting game last Sunday by a score of 5 to 0.

**

The Specials of Carroll Hall ran up against a harder proposition than they had bargained for last Sunday when they tackled the second team. Two full halves were played without a score being made on either side. The line-bucking and brilliant tackling of J. Gallart was the feature of the game.

**

To-day the Gold and Blue launches forth on another season on the gridiron. Whether the season shall be successful or not remains to be seen. From present indications it will. There is a large squad out at present, and although rather light, on the average, still they are a plucky and determined band, as they have proven time and again by the spirit in which they enter into the scrimmages. We may rest assured that Notre Dame's honor on the gridiron is safe in the hands of men of this calibre. Captain Salmon does not hope for a large score, as he says the team work has not yet been perfected enough for this purpose.

**

The "Aggies," although "green" at the game, are a husky, determined set of ball players, and may spring some surprises on us. They will certainly give the inexperienced ones on our team a good trial out.

**

One day the reports from Purdue led us to expect an unusually strong team, and the very next day Coach Cults is very much displeased. It's a shame to displease the Coach, but we wonder what is really going on at

Purdue. Those wild goblin stories might sound better after the Thanksgiving game.

**

To-morrow the Brownson Hall team will tackle the heavy athletic team of South Bend. The Brownsonites are for the most part new and inexperienced, while the Benders are all old-timers.

**

The Inter-Hall managers have not as yet taken any steps toward arranging a schedule, although teams have been organized in all the Halls and are practising daily.

**

Field Day, Oct. 13, is not very far off. Get out your track suits and prepare for it. Whether you win or lose you will be helping. The larger the crowd of contestants, the better Coach Holland will like it. The Coach wants to get hold of every man that shows the least athletic ability, so come out and show him what you can do.

**

Season tickets for football can be obtained at Manager Daly's office every morning at 9.30.

**

The Minims have a strong team this year. So far they have not been defeated, although Carroll Hall has made two attempts to do so. The first game resulted in a score of 11 to 0. In the second game neither side scored, but the Minims had their second team in the line, and this alone prevented another defeat for the picked team from Carroll Hall.

**

Of the new men, Donovan, McEnirny, and Waldorf are showing the best form.

**

The Minims are preparing for their annual track meet on October 13. An unusually large number of the youngsters have displayed greater ability this year than ever before, so the meet promises to be one of the most interesting ever held by the Minims.

**

The Sorin Hall football enthusiasts have at last aroused themselves from their Rip-Van-Winkle state of mind and organized a team. Harry Hogan was elected Captain, and L. J. Carey, Manager. Having the largest number of experienced men on their team, the chances seem to favor Sorin winning the Inter-Hall Championship with second place a toss up between Corby and Brownson.

The candidates for the Corby Hall football team are showing good form. There were twenty-five candidates out Tuesday. Among the prominent ones are, Scheurman, McCaffrey, Lally, Fleming, W. G. and C. Winters, Patterson, Guerra, Piper and Herman. Scheurman is holding his own at tackle. McCaffrey's punting has been exceptionally fine. Lally at end, Fleming of the last year's Brownson team at guard, B. Winters at half, C. Winters at full, G. Winters at quarter, and Patterson at half. Manager Geoghegan has only arranged two games as yet, one with Logansport High School, the other with the Goshen High School.

The men are all in good condition for this afternoon's contest, something unusual for so early in the season. During past seasons at Notre Dame, the experience has been just the opposite. This year the men having been rounded into shape early under the careful direction of Trainer Holland, they are able to endure the knocks and bruises which are usually disastrous in the beginning.

The greatest event of the year in athletic circles at the University, the Annual Annex-Minim Special's game, will take place in the near future. The Annexationists are determined to win this contest, to even up for the defeat they sustained last spring in baseball. The Minims are equally determined to win, so an exciting struggle may be looked forward to. The Annex team was materially strengthened during the week by the return of their lounging full-back, O'Neill, who will appear in uniform sooner or later. Society is expected out in full force. Sir Miguel L and a coterie of friends from Sorin are coming, while large delegations from Corby, Carroll, St. Joseph and the surrounding Halls will also be there to cheer on their favorites. Officials have not yet been selected. Betting is about even. The Houtenany Band of two pieces, Beekum and his mouth organ, will parade before the game down Rue de Toot. The line-up will probably be:

Annex		Minims
McGlew	L T	Roberts
O'Connor	L G	Robinson
Worden	C	Frossard
Draper	R G	McGill
O'Reilly	R F	Yrissari
Ill	Q B	H. Symonds
Pino	R E	Halloran
Shields	L E	Von Phul
Gruber	R H	Connolly
Feehan	L H	Cornell
A. B. O'Neill	F B	McFarland
Sub for annex, Beekum, Sheehan, McCaffrey.		

Pennsylvania Students Organize.

Almost from the foundation of Notre Dame, perhaps no one state of the Union, with the possible exception of Illinois, has been so well represented at the great Western college, as Pennsylvania. Each year graduates have gone forth scarcely cognizant of the fact that many of their fellow-statesmen were students in the same establishment. Nor is it strange that such a condition of affairs should have existed in an institution so largely attended by students from every section of America, and where there was no club or state fraternity of any kind to bind fellow-statesmen in social intercourse. Year after year went by and this condition remained unaltered.

Last year a party of Pennsylvanians gathered together, and by the efforts of Bro. Cyprian, organized an excursion to Elkhart and attended a banquet afterward at Hotel Oliver. But this terminated, for the time being, any attempt to form a society. Lately, however, a few of the older and more energetic students determined that another session should not pass without a Pennsylvania Club existing at Notre Dame.

Last Saturday, with the assistance of Father Corbett and Bro. Cyprian, thirty-five representatives from the Keystone State assembled in Washington Hall and took the first steps toward organization by electing the following officers: Gallitzen A. Farabaugh, '04, of Chambersburg, President; Daniel C. Dillon, '04, of Kane, Secretary; Charles A. Cullinan, '06, of Pittsburg, Treasurer; with John D. Quinn, '04, of Scranton, Raymond G. Burns, '06, of Pittsburg and Charles P. Kane, '06, of Pittsburg as Executive Committee. It was then determined, by an almost unanimous vote of the house, to call the organization "The Pennsylvania Club."

The President then explained the purposes of the organization. He said that the primary object of "The Pennsylvania Club" is to unite its members more closely in a social way, and make life at the University more pleasant for the new students by getting them better acquainted. A secondary purpose is later to promote the interests of the University by forming an Alumni Association within the borders of the mining state. He concluded by saying that if each one present puts his shoulder to the wheel, and by his edifying conduct and earnest endeavor helps

to advance the interests of the organization, the Faculty and other students will soon discover, if they are not enlightened as to the fact at present, not only that there is such a State as Pennsylvania, but that there are men at Notre Dame loyal and willing to stand by it and uphold its undeniable reputation—the members of “The Pennsylvania Club.”

The Treasurer, who was one of the chief promoters of the idea, rehearsed the previously existing condition of affairs in which many of the Pennsylvania students remained strangers to one another during the entire scholastic year, and expressed his astonishment that no effort towards organization was made before. But, he said, the non-existence heretofore of a Pennsylvania Club can only be attributed to one reason—the not attempting such a project; for all present will agree that when men from the good old Keystone state attempt anything they seldom fail to carry it through.

Mr. Quinn then spoke very emphatically concerning the need of the club, and said he saw many faces about him that before to-night he had not the least idea they belonged to Pennsylvania. “It is a great pleasure to me,” he continued, “to know that I am among fellow-statesmen; for although I have never seen many of you before I feel that you are not altogether strangers, coming as we do from a common birthplace and home.”

The Secretary in his unique way spoke enthusiastically about the formation of a State Alumni Association, which he said would be a great means in after years of bringing the graduates of Notre Dame together, and thereby keeping alive that loyal feeling which we all have towards our Alma Mater. He concluded by making a motion that notice of the formation of the Pennsylvania Club be sent to all the leading state papers by which means old students and graduates might learn of the club's existence and enter into correspondence with him if they were interested.

The following are the honorary members of the Pennsylvania Club: Reverend Father Morrissey, Honorary President; Reverend Father Corbett, Adviser; Bro. Cyprian, Promoter; Reverend Fathers Zahm and Regan; Bros. Leopold, Emmanuel and Florine; Professors Benitz and Murphy.

Local Items.

—Students are requested to furnish their correspondents with the name of their Hall. This will save considerable trouble in the local post office and prevent any undue delay in delivery.

—Last Wednesday evening the St. Joseph Literary and Debating Society held one of its regular meetings. The programme opened with a debate: “Resolved, That Canada should be annexed to the United States.” T. A. Toner and C. Bagley upheld the affirmative; while D. Callicrate and R. Tracy vigorously supported the negative. The judges, G. McGillis, R. Donovan and W. Pierce, decided in favor of the affirmative.

STATIONERY OFFICE HOURS.

For Brownson, Sorin, Corby, St. Joseph and Holy Cross Halls:

9.30 to 10 a. m., Thursdays excepted.

9 to 9.30 a. m., Thursdays.

3 to 3.30 p. m., Mondays, Tuesdays and Saturdays.

For Carroll Hall.

4 to 4.30 p. m., Mondays, Tuesdays, Saturdays,
8.30 to 9.30 a. m., Thursdays.

Students of the different departments will please make note of the hours assigned to their respective Halls and arrange to procure stationery, shop orders and other necessities at the proper time.

Personals.

—Mr. Robert Krost, '02, called at Notre Dame during the week. His many friends were glad to see him.

—Mr. Vincente M. Baca, a former student of the University, has the sympathy of all at Notre Dame in the bereavement he has suffered by the death of his wife.

—Dr. Charles Rivier, Professor of modern languages at Plattsburg Normal School and Professor of Church History at St. Bernard's Seminary, Rochester, N. Y., is at present the guest of the University.

—The Rev. Dr. Shields, of the Catholic University, was a welcome visitor this week. On Thursday he delivered a brief but exceedingly interesting and valuable address to the students of Holy Cross Hall on methods of study.

—We have received a funeral notice from Mexico announcing the death of Ricardo M. Armijo, a former student at Notre Dame. He died Sept. 19, at the early age of twenty-two. To his bereaved parents, other relatives and friends we respectfully offer our sympathy.