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The Wanderer.

A-WEARY of the heat of the day
She laid her down upon the wild,
And as she slumbered, sweet she smiled
As peaceful as a child at play.

The shadows from the hill-top crept
Cool with the big-eyed dew at night,
And hastening in their evening flight,
Kissed the white maiden as she slept.

The young moon crept from out her bower
And seeing a lonely one so fair,
Cast down her shimmering streaming hair
In one unceasing golden shower.

So sleeps the weary maiden on
Through the long peaceful hours of night,
The fairest child that the soft light
Of Luna ever shone upon.

T. E. B.

The Evolution of the Infant in the Law.*

JOHN W. SHEEHAN, LAW, '07.



HE law in its inception as a guarantee to man from the wrongs suffered at the hands of his fellow-creatures, in giving him a right where an injury has been done and pointing out a remedy to redress that wrong; has not been unmindful of its duty toward that special class of creatures which it terms infants. It offers the adult its protecting influence in almost innumerable ways, but in its application to the infant its right as a protector is better demonstrated.

* Awarded the O'Keefe Medal.

Glancing backward into the decades of years and into earliest times we find that the law at one time offered the infant no protection. Such a creature was entirely unknown to it. The infant's actions, its property and even its right to live or die was under the absolute control of the father. The father was the only member of the family whom the law recognized. He was judged by the courts, or whatever tribunals of justice existed at that period, but he was the court that heard the cause of his children, the official that passed judgment on their acts and issued the writ for their execution, and in many cases he was the executioner. The father was vested with the right to do whatever he wished with his children. The infant had no freedom of marriage, and even after it reached the age of majority it could not decide upon its companion for life because that had been settled long before by the parents.

History also reveals to us in numerous paragraphs that the father could sell his children into slavery, could emancipate them when they were of tender years and needed protection and advice most, and could refuse to accept them as a part of his family on their birth. There was no law then that commanded the father to support his offspring; no law that punished him for maltreating his child; no law charging him with murder when the life of the infant had been unjustly taken by him. The father's acts towards his children could never be questioned in those times because the infant had no relation to the law.

But as years elapsed and centuries passed, a change in the condition of the law became manifest. It was that period when civilization began to develop that the law also

took upon itself a better but a still rude form of justice. No one can deny the fact that to advancing civilization belongs the credit for the improvement in justice and for the excellent laws that since have been enacted. For without this one of the greatest elements of the law is missing. When countries adopted civilization and men began to realize that they owed a duty to their God, to their fellow-creatures and to themselves, we find that the laws of that country became more just and equitable, punishing the wicked and protecting the wronged.

This is true; and while we may attribute to civilization the cause of the gradual improvement, still there was a more potent factor to which civilization itself owed its existence, and that factor was religion. With the coming of Christ a newer and higher religion was introduced and men were further taught that happiness only resulted from the observance of just laws. It was the Christian religion that elevated society, that made every member of the household equal, and taught each that they owed a duty to the other. In a word, the Christian religion was the cause of a marked change from the tyrannical and oppressive laws to the equitable and just enactments of our modern system of jurisprudence. And where laws had been wanting, as in the case of the infant, it supplied them.

That this change brought about by the Christian religion, and coincident with the advance of civilization—for the world's adoption of the doctrines of Christ mark a distinct bound in higher development—is justifiable on many grounds. And seen in the light of subsequent times, these grounds are more than justifiable, they are emphatic. For instance, the infant at certain times during the years of its development needs a further protection than that afforded by the natural or appointed guardian. Instances are too numerous to consider specific examples where persons not of mature age require the protection of a more trustworthy friend than even its own parents, and that friend is the law. It is the voice of the law thundering to the guardian, warning him that he will be held in the strictest account for every penny of

his ward's estate; it is the same voice of the law that prevents the guardian from conveying the trust property without sanction of court except at his own peril; it is the judicial officers speaking in the name of the law, that look with much disfavor upon the contracts made between the guardian and his ward shortly after the termination of the relationship, because of the fiduciary relation that pre-existed; it is the punishment of the law or its binding force that holds such a contract void as being against public policy.

The reason for this is apparent. Were the infant's acts allowed to stand and permitted to be binding in effect, the inevitable result would be that wrongs and crimes would be heaped upon it by persons who are well trained in the schemes of business and more skilful in adroit practices. A person not of mature age is necessarily not of mature mind. He has not the discretion to determine what is and what is not for his own best interests. To prevent the adult from imposing on the minor the law steps in and says that certain acts which the latter enters into with third persons are void or voidable at the option of the minor. The purpose of this law is to make futile attempts of imposition of the stronger on the weak, the learned on the ignorant; to nullify the acts of persons who are most times undaunted by fear of exposure from the practices of fraud, deceit, and misrepresentation. The law gives the infant the election, when it attains majority, of ratifying or disaffirming its contractual obligations.

Like all rules there are exceptions, and this rule is not unlike any other in this respect. Where the necessities of life are furnished an infant, it is bound to make recompense to the other party. But even in this case the guiding spirit of the law is exemplified when it says that, although the infant shall make remuneration, still such remuneration shall be for only the market price of the article purchased. The reasoning here is unquestionable, for it is not more than right that the minor be compelled to compensate a third person when the latter has furnished it with clothes or supplied food which is necessary for sustenance. Again, if an infant has purchased

goods and wishes to disaffirm the contract, the article must be restored unless it has been squandered or consumed or control of it has been lost in any way, then restitution is not necessary and the consideration paid for such goods can be recovered.

The minor is not allowed to vote; he can not hold office; he is unable to appoint an attorney; he is prevented from maintaining and defending an action in his own name, and he is prohibited to marry without his parents' consent. These are said by some to be restrictions placed upon the infant or are disabilities under which it labors. True, they are restrictions made for the minor's own interest and welfare, and not restrictions in the deep sense of the word upon its personal freedom. It is a law by which the infant is guarded from artifices and wiles, a protection offered during the period when the infant is imprudent and lacks discretion.

Irresponsibility for contracts because of innocence the minor owes to the law. But the same law will not permit a person to plead infancy as a justification for crime. From the very moment when the minor is able to discern between right and wrong, which is the age of seven years according to legal presumption, infancy ceases to be an excuse for crime. A child is better qualified to distinguish between right and wrong from the dictates of its own conscience or from the intelligence given an adolescent mind by God to know the right, than it would be to know the value of earthly obligations when fraud and deceit could be practiced.

So watchful and humane is the law that it does not cease its care and provision for the infant in regard to dealings with strangers, but it goes a step farther. It will not suffer even the child's own parents to maltreat it, and forces upon the parent the solemn obligation of maintenance and education, and compels the parent to lead a life that will be an edification to the child. And if the parent has lost the last remnant of honor and pursues a life of degradation; if he were utterly devoid of the least bit of paternal affection and duty and were to abscond and abandon his children, he would be caught in the clutches of the law and punished. If a parent is

destitute of at least animal instinct—for the animals care for and protect their young—and lets his child die of want he would be answerable for manslaughter; and if the act were malicious the crime of murder would be chargeable to him. In such cases as maltreatment and desertion the child would be taken in the embrace of the law which would take it from its unnatural parents and place it in good custody by means of the juvenile courts. If investigation would reveal that the influence of the parent is unwholesome to the character of the child, as where the father is an habitual drunkard or leads a life that would be a menace to the innocence of the child, the law will again take the infant from him and will place it in proper custody where it will be cared for and where it will be placed in an healthful environment, so as to mould, if possible, a good, respectable and law-abiding citizen.

In a word, then, the special care that the law takes of the infant is most sublime. Its purpose is ever for the welfare of the child. It will not suffer strangers, relatives, or even parents to be guilty of misconduct. It will see that wrong-doers in this regard will be punished. It looks upon the child with a special care from the moment it comes into the world. Its duty is not remiss for a moment, and is so marked in this respect that we are forced to admit that such a law is more than natural. It is not merely founded by man but grown into his life and rule of action from precepts given to him by God, who is the source of all law. It is founded on the doctrines of Him who suffered little children to come unto Him, and who launched a fearful curse upon them who would scandalize His little ones.

EXTRAORDINARY deeds, sublime sacrifices, are the effort of a day, and bring with them their stimulus and their recompense. The hidden devotedness which is renewed every hour requires a higher will and a concentration of the most exalted virtues.

—*Vicomte de Melun.*

A WOMAN, a sailor and a monk are the three by whom the curtain of the Atlantic was raised, and America pointed out afar off.—*McGee.*

Varsity Verse.

BALLADE OF LIFE.

IN leafy arbors grapes are clinging,
 Apples redden to their fall,
 On shady branches, sweetly singing,
 Mocking-birds the past recall.
 Life is growing lusty, tall,
 A magic child, in eager play
 Through field or forest, splendid hall
 Holds high revel while he may.

How prodigal his hands are flinging
 Golden moments, he the thrall
 Of Time whose warnings ever ringing
 An ignored memorial,
 But crowned like any bacchanal
 With roses careless on his way,
 Tossing high his coronal
 Holds high revel while he may.

And wanton summer swiftly bringing
 New delights ere others pall
 Southward flight will soon be winging
 As the hours grow short and small.
 From Life's nerveless hands the ball
 Drops unnoticed there for aye
 And he before the winter's gall
 Holds high revel while he may.

ENVOI.

But still with footstep light and springing
 Life is happy, Life is gay,
 And till his pearls he's finished stringing
 Holds high revel while he may.

H. L.

RONDEAU.

Vacation's great, the letter said,
 Around the dusty roads I've fled
 On whirling wheels that ate up space
 Now here, now there, from place to place,
 Wherever roving-fancy led.

I've seen the sun at even red
 As blood go down when for a bed.
 I'd use the grass with easy grace;
 Vacation's great.

Your life like wine goes to the head,
 Your civilizing trammels shed
 Right back to Nature and the chase
 For daily food my feet will race,
 So now believe what you have read:
 Vacation's great.

L.

WITH APOLOGIES.

Vonce ere pon von midnight dreary,
 As I pondered veak und veary,
 Ufter many von glass uf larger
 I had drank dere night pefore;
 I vas vast napping
 Ven I heard zome von gently dapping,
 Dapping ut my vood-shed door,
 'Tis dot Snider poy," I muttered,
 Throwing prick-pracks ut my door,
 Only dot und nuttings more.

G. W. G.

The Theory of Poetry as Set Forth
 in the "Germ." *

THOMAS E. BURKE, A. B.

(CONCLUSION.)



HE first number of the *Germ* came out about January 1st, 1850. It contained two etchings by Holman Hunt, two poems by Thomas Woolner, a sonnet by F. Madox Brown, an essay on art by John L. Tupper and several other productions in verse and prose. Of the seven hundred copies which were printed, not more than two hundred or two hundred and fifty were sold, and half that number were bought by friends. This was anything but encouraging to the young authors; but being convinced that their theory was right, and believing that the people must sooner or later come around to their way of thinking, their faith was strong. They looked back over the years, saw Pope applauded and praised in his day, Byron looked upon with admiration and awe, Shelley raised to the third heaven for his lyrical powers; and they wondered how their productions, which were taken directly from nature, could be passed by with indifference and coldness. What camel would this people now swallow after draining out so many gnats!

The second number was reduced to five hundred copies and appeared about one month later. It met with less success than the first, and the editors fairly disgusted and having no more money to lose gave up. The printing firm now offered to get out two more copies on condition that the name be changed from the *Germ* to *Art and Poetry*. The offer was taken up and two more numbers appeared, one on the 31st of March, the other on the 30th of April. The *Germ* was a failure, the printing office had lost a considerable sum and could publish it no longer; there were not enough copies sold to pay the contributors for their work, and so without ceremony it was laid to rest on April 30, 1850.

That the productions which appeared in

* Awarded the English Essay Medal.

the *Germ* were not all an exemplification of the strict theory of the pre-Raphaelite seems needless to say. Hard indeed would it be for men of their day with the strong light of Romanticism blazing down upon them not to have drawn, to some extent, on the ideal. Very often they wandered from nature and lived in Shelley's region, the land of fancy and imagination midway between earth and heaven. At other times their verse was so realistic so passionate, so commonplace, that it lost all its beauty and poetry. For the most part, however, I believe they have followed their light; that they have taken their subjects and treated them from a close observation of nature, and some of the works produced by these young men would have done credit to bards who had roamed for years in the fields of the Muses.

In the first number appeared a true lyric entitled "The Seasons." It has all the simplicity, all the charm, and at the same time all the depth and soul of perfect imagery that has made Wordsworth's "Lucy Grey" a gem in the crown of literature. True simplicity is a great literary virtue. It is a pearl of great price which lies hidden to so many, and which in its wealth of richness and beauty is worth all the rest. Milton has written passages which are without doubt sublime; Virgil in his "Æneid" has reached the very depth of pathos and tenderness of feeling; Horace is perhaps unsurpassed for conciseness and accuracy of expression; but what places Homer above them all, what makes people stop in awe and admiration when reading his works, what draws back the curtain of words and expressions, and makes them feel the feelings of the poet, is his deep, unsullied simplicity. It is like the light that shines upon the forehead of a child, that light that makes the child so dear and lovable to everyone, that light which is quenched forever as soon as care has touched the heart or sorrow marred the soul. The author of "The Seasons" did not allow his name to be used, not knowing how the magazine would take with the people. *

The crocus, in the shrewd March morn,
Thrust up his saffron spear;
And April dots the sombre thorn
With gems and loveliest cheer.

* The author was found later to be Coventry Patmore.

Then sleep the seasons, full of might;
While slowly swells the pod,
And rounds the peach, and in the night
The mushroom bursts the sod.

The winter comes; the frozen rut
Is bound with silver bars;
The white drift heaps against the hut,
And night is pierced with stars.

"What is there in it?" the reader may ask upon the first reading, "I could have done the same myself." But on reading it a second time he may perceive the simplicity and true naturalness of the picture, and see that there is in it the direct reflection of nature from the soul of a singer. What is in that stanza of Wordsworth's that has called forth the admiration of the people:

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye,
Fair as a star when only one
Is shining in the sky.

You can scarcely say wherein the depth of beauty lies. Analyze it, take it word for word, and every word is common to a child; yet we can not read it without feeling that there is a soul behind it, that with all its simplicity it is deep, with all its naturalness it presents a picture which is truly magnificent, with all its lowliness it is a top star in the firmament of poetry.

The two pieces contributed by Thomas Woolner to the first number of *The Germ* must not be passed by unnoticed; not that they are anything extraordinary or surpassing the average verse of the poets, but because they are his first attempt at writing verse, and for a first effort are worthy of note. Perhaps they are too passionate in places, and on the whole too sculpturesque—each stanza standing apart from the preceding one,—nevertheless they show a true and deep study of nature, and such stanzas as these from "My Beautiful Lady" possess a positive value:

As a young forest, when the wind drives through,
My life is stirred when she breaks on my view.
Although her beauty has such power,
Her soul is like a simple flower
Trembling beneath a shower.

Whene'er she moves there are fresh beauties stirred;
As the sunned bosom of the humming-bird
At each pant shows some fiery hue,
Burns gold, intensest green or blue:
The same, yet ever new.

"Make not my pathway dull so soon," I cried,
 "See how those vast piles in sun-glow dyed
 "Roll out their splendor, while the breeze
 "Lifts gold from leaf to leaf, as these
 "Ash saplings move at ease."

His second production, "My Lady in Death," is along the same line. It starts:

All seems a painted show. I look
 Up thro' the bloom that's shed
 By leaves above my head,
 And feel the earnest life forsook
 All bein, when she died:—
 My heart halts hot and dried
 As the parched course where once a brook
 Thro' fresh growth used to flow,—
 Because her past is now
 No more than stories in a printed book.

The grass has grown above that breast,
 Now cold and sadly still,
 My happy face felt thrill:
 Her mouth's mere tones so much expressed!
 Those lips are now close set,—
 Lips which my own have met;
 Her eyelids by the earth are pressed;
 Damp earth weighs on her eyes;
 Damp earth shuts out the skies.
 My lady rests her heavy, heavy rest.

The poem continues for some hundred lines, and ends with the death of the beautiful lady which is painted by the poet in the following:

Her beauty by degrees
 Sank, sharpened with disease;
 The heavy sinking at her heart
 Sucked hollows in her cheek,
 And made her eyelids weak,
 Tho' oft they open wide with sudden start.

The deathly power in silence drew
 My lady's life away.
 I watched, dumb with dismay,
 The shock of thrills that quivered thro'
 And tightened every limb,
 For grief my eyes grew dim;
 More near, more near, the moment grew.
 O horrible suspense!
 O giddy impotence!
 I saw her fingers lax and change their hue.

Her gaze, grown large with fate, was cast
 Where my mute agonies
 Made more sad her sad eyes:
 Her breath caught with short plucks and fast:
 Then one hot choking strain—
 She never breathed again.

A more realistic portrayal of death I have never read. Surely he has followed nature in these verses; he has received his inspiration at the death-bed, and has given us a picture that stands out vividly before

us. It is in just this realistic portrayal that the pre-Raphaelites differ from the romantic poets. Note how Shelley describes the death of Keats, how far off he soars from the reality, how little we get of the terror and ghastliness that is in death.

Another splendor on his mouth alit,
 That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the heath
 Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
 And pass into the panting heart beneath
 With lightning and with music: the damp death
 Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
 And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
 Of moonlight vapor, which the cold night clips,
 It flushed through its pale limbs, and past to its
 eclipse.

Though the greater number of the pre-Raphaelites followed their theory and took inspiration from nature, others, influenced by Romanticism, were less consistent. This is well exemplified in the poem of Dante Gabriel Rossetti entitled "The Blessed Damozel," which starts out:

The blessed Damozel leaned out
 From the gold bar of Heaven:
 Her blue grave eyes were deeper much
 Than a deep water, even.
 She had three lilies in her hand,
 And the stars in her hair were seven.

The first stanza takes us out of our world, up to the ideal land of Heaven, where the Blessed Damozel leaned out upon a golden bar, and the same tone is held through the whole poem of some one hundred and sixty lines. To quote a few more stanzas:

It was the terrace of God's house
 That she was standing on,—
 By God built over the sheer depth
 In which space is begun;
 So high, that looking downward thence,
 She could scarce see the sun.

From the fixt lull of heaven, she saw
 Time, like a pulse, shake fierce
 Through all the worlds, her gaze still strove
 In that deep gulph to pierce
 The swarm: and then she spake, as when
 The stars sang in their spheres.

The free sweep and power of this verse quickens the pulse like fear, and makes us feel the heat of imagination that burned within its author; yet it must have been condemned by the brotherhood after its publication as being too romantic and not in the direction in which they had set their barge. This is at least a remote reason

why Holman Hunt considered Rosetti not one of their number, but a mere hanger-on, who followed no theory, had no special line of development for his poems, but who acted altogether on the impulse. To-day he was a pre-Raphaelite, to-morrow a Romanticist.

James Collison contributed a poem to the *Germ* entitled "The Child Jesus," which I think is highly laudable in parts. Like Woolner's poem, this was the first production in verse that Collison ever attempted, and one is hardly less than astonished to find that he has succeeded so well. He blunders in the very first by placing Nazareth, an inland town, on the seashore:

Three cottages that overlooked the sea
Stood side by side eastward of Nazareth.

But such a blunder would not be noticed were he not a member of the brotherhood, that would have everything true to nature, be it a point or the whole world. Further on, he describes a situation of a dovecote owned by Jesus, and tells the following story of a dove and her fledgeling, which I believe, is remarkable for its quaint simplicity and the perfect picture it portrays:

And so it came to pass one summer morn,
The mother dove first brought her fledgeling out
To see the sun. It was her only one,
And she had breasted it through three long weeks
With patient instinct till it broke the shell;
And she had nursed it with all tender care,
Another three, and watched the white down grow
Into full feather, till it left her nest.
And now it stood outside its narrow home,
With tremulous wings let loose and blinking eyes;
While, hovering near, the old dove often tried
By many lures to tempt it to the ground,
That they might feed from Jesus' hand, who stood
Watching them from below. The timid bird
At last took heart, and stretching out its wings
Brushed the light vine leaves as it fluttered down.

In the true Homeric style, he draws a simile in the next few lines, that adds a strength and beauty to the picture unknown to most of our modern writers. It is like the last strokes of the chisel on the marble, which brings the image so vividly before us that, like M. Angelo, we can scarcely refrain from crying out: "Speak."

Just then a hawk rose from a tree, and thrice
Wheeled in the air, and poised his aim to drop
On the young dove, whose quivering plumage swelled
About the sunken talons as it died.
And Jesus heard the mother's anguished cry
Weak like the distant sob of some lost child,

Who in his terror runs from path to path,
Doubtful alike of all; so did the dove,
As though death-stricken, beat about the air;
Till, settling on the vine, she drooped her head
Deep in her ruffled feather. She sat there,
Brooding upon her loss, and did not move
All through that day.

Further on he strikes a richness of nature and sweetness of tone the beauty of which is scattered as Pindar was accustomed to scatter the beautiful not in handfuls as the sowers sow seed, but by the full sack.

And the child, lost in thought, would seem to watch
The orange-belted wild bees when they stilled
Their hum to press with honey-searching trunk
The juicy grape; or drag their waxed legs
Half buried in some leafy cool recess
Found in a rose; or else swing heavily
Upon the bending woodbine's fragrant mouth,
And rob the flower of sweets to feed the rock,
Where, in a hazel-covered crag aloft
Parting two streams that fell in mist below,
The wild bees ranged their waxen vaulted cells.

Having shown what led to this movement or revolt, and having briefly sifted the poetry of the *Germ*, I will conclude this paper by giving John Ruskin's estimation of the movement. John Ruskin, perhaps, speaks with more authority on the subject than any other writer, having lived during that period, and having closely observed and studied the movement. The true pre-Raphaelite, for Ruskin, is he whose work represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distance which the arrangement of the picture (whether literary or painted) supposes. The pre-Raphaelites imitate no pictures: they paint from nature only. Their effort is to conceive things as they are, and to think and feel them quite out. Speaking of badly managed art schools, he says: "The infinite absurdity and failure of our present training consist mainly in this, that we do not rank imagination and invention high enough, and suppose that they can be taught. Imagination and invention are purely divine gifts, not to be attained, increased, or in anywise modified by teaching, but only in various ways capable of being concealed and quenched. Understand this thoroughly, that a poet in canvas is exactly the same species of creature as a poet in song, and nearly every error in our method of teaching will be done away with." He insists on this

principle: the poem is a speaking picture, and the picture the silent poem, and on it he rests his hopes for the vitality and usefulness of the pre-Raphaelite movement. Just as no teacher of poetry would shut up a pupil of promise in a library and condemn him to paraphrase the poems of Byron, Shelley and Keats, so neither should the painter be bidden to copy Raphael in a slavish manner, as this of all things saps the very root and life of the God-given faculties of invention and imagination. He warns against pushing this too far, "the young artist has many things to learn from Raphael." He commends the stand made by the brotherhood. Their effort, as he conceives it, will result in the Raphaelite union of expression and finish without the sacrifice of what is peculiarly the artist's own. The impress of the artist's imagination and invention will appear in the work. He believes that the perfect union of expression with the full and natural exertion of the painter's pictorial power in the details of the work, is found only in the old pre-Raphaelite period, and in the modern pre-Raphaelite school. As an instance of this he gives Hunt's "Light of the World" as the most perfect instance of expressional purpose with technical power which the world has yet produced.

Contrast this expressional purpose and technical power with the purely clever imitative, unambitious art work done in England when Ruskin wrote, and you will have the distinction he sees between the attempts of the pre-Raphaelite school and the conventional defects of the mid-Victorian period. Sufficient has been said to recognize Ruskin's true pre-Raphaelite. Briefly, he is one that reproduces in a poem or picture all objects exactly as they would appear in nature. The word "reproduce" is, I think, preferable to the term "represent" which Ruskin uses. It is more suggestive, as it includes all that the word "represent" connotes, and has the further advantage of excluding the mere external or photographic, without any reference to an informing principle within. You have observed that in giving Ruskin's definition of the true pre-Raphaelite, "as one who represents all objects exactly as they would appear in nature, in the position and at the distances

which the arrangement of the picture supposes," I have tried to complete it by inserting his words of high praise for the two productive faculties of the artist, the imagination and the invention. The word reproduce in contradistinction to represent implies the exercise of the artist's imaginative and inventive powers. The other idea referred to, that completes the representation of nature, is this: the true pre-Raphaelite must have not only the finish of Raphael, so far as form is concerned, but besides he must animate this perfect adjustment of details. This, then, completes the living reproduction of nature, which, if I am not much mistaken, was Ruskin's hope of the brotherhood. "I hope all things from them," he writes in their defense.

The pre-Raphaelite movement meant for Ruskin identification of the picture on the canvas with nature, not a refined copy which would only show clever workmanship, wholly devoid of imagination or invention, passion or feeling. He would have the crudity of the early artists perfected by all that the best technical skill of the present day could command. He encouraged originality and freedom of conception, but demanded Raphaelite attention to the execution. He defended the brotherhood against their accusers on the score that the pre-Raphaelite school imitated the errors of the early painters. The work of the members of the fraternity, he argued, is just as superior to the early Italian school in skill of manipulation, power of drawing, and knowledge of effect, as it is inferior to theirs in grace of design. Further on he states that there is not a shadow of resemblance between the style of the pre-Raphaelites and that of the artists before Raphael. The pre-Raphaelites imitate no pictures, they paint from nature only, but they have opposed themselves as a body to that kind of teaching which only began after Raphael's time; and they have opposed themselves as sternly to the entire feeling of the Renaissance schools, a feeling which he defines to be "a compound of indolence, infidelity, sensuality and shallow pride." Therefore they have called themselves pre-Raphaelites. If they adhere to their principles, and paint nature as it is around them, with the help of modern science, and

with the earnestness of men of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, they will found a "new and noble" school in England.

This is Ruskin's idea, a man who above all men, knew perfectly the theory of the pre-Raphaelites, and with the genesis of the movement which we have dealt with in the beginning, and its development in the *Germ*, I think, we understand to some extent the theory of the pre-Raphaelites.

(The End.)

The Beggar.

Out of the north the man had come and as he neared the snug little country home he kicked the dust from his worn shoes and pulled his rag of a coat tighter around him. It was not cold nor was the man, but the home struck him strange and he would tidy himself a bit before he tried. On the walk playing he met a child, a wee pretty thing who tossed her gold curls and then ran as he approached. "Bad beggar man!" she screamed as she entered the house and ran to her mother. The mother picked her up and quieted her, then going out saw the man. On a clump of a log he sat, his face buried in his hands, but just as she came he raised himself and asked for "a bite to eat, mam."

Touched by the man's worn face she sat him down and brought him out some bread and meat and an apple. Then she left him to eat.

"Bad raggedy beggar man," said the child as she looked out from the door and gathered confidence.

"Come, babe," he said, but she grew frightened when he spoke and ran away.

For awhile he sat but didn't eat. Lost in reverie he seemed till awakened by the lady who demanded, "if he were not hungry what he wanted."

"Oh, yes, that's right, I was hungry," he said and rising moved away while he nibbled at the food.

On the way from the house he turned and looked back. The woman stood in the doorway and watched him, then caught him looking again and turn to walk, then look again.

"I'm afraid, babe," she said, then a bit

more tremulous she called: "Jack!" Jack was her husband's name, but why she called she didn't know, for her husband was still in the city and would not be home for nearly an hour.

It was a long wait the lady had, and each minute only frightened her more, for as she told the child in her arms, she "was afraid." She was aroused from her fear some time after by steps coming, and going to the door met her husband.

"Oh, Jack, I'm so glad you came," she said.

"Why, little girl, what's the matter?" and the big fellow laid his hand on the pale lady's face and smoothed back the gold hair.

"Nothing, only that man scared me." Then she told him of the beggar.

"Oh, the beggar! it must have been the one I met down the road; a dusty, weary, poor devil, ragged coat and broken shoes."

"Yes, papa, ragged, bad beggar," said the child.

"Poor devil," went on the man, "I met him down the road and he was crying. Hungry, I guess."

"Crying?" asked the lady. "Well, dear, if it isn't a strange world," and while she busied herself getting the evening meal she thought of the beggar.

But down the road the beggar wiped his sleeve across his face and threw the food away, for it surely is a strange world, and who knows when and where the beggar first saw the lady with the gold hair and tender eyes.

E. O'F.

Yellow Journalism.

THE ink sheet conspicuous to view
 Proclaims the tale to all both far and nigh
 In staring type that strikes the weakest eye
 With apprehension of calamity come true.
 A lie is nothing if it be but new
 Or please the taste or bring a silly sigh
 How cheap it is! A cent, the newsboys cry,
 And flaunt the lying page in front of you.

To such low uses do our best gifts tend;
 The reeking Roman circus could not show
 Such degradation—thus the eye offend.
 This sheet that once surpassed the shining snow
 Now holds all vices in ignoble blend,
 Insidiously planting seeds of woe.

H. L.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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Address: THE EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Notre Dame, Indiana, September 21, 1907.

—The SCHOLASTIC on its entrance into the year wishes to extend a hearty hand to all. To the old men we are glad to see them back with us again; to the new we hope they will like us and “get the stride” that must make Notre Dame keep up her record pace. With more improvements and many new additions the old place should sprout up bigger and better than ever. To all, we say get the Notre Dame spirit and keep it. It's a fighting spirit, a never die spirit that has been exemplified on many fields and rostrums. With the traditions that we may look back upon and the clear skies before us there is no reason why we should not close school at Commencement time a usual success.

—There is so much written and spoken about education and the various kinds of schools about this time of the year that we should feel bound for the sake of uniformity to say something on the subject even were we not convinced of the importance of the question. One or two points may be mentioned that, in our opinion, will commend themselves to those who are concerned about the future of their boys. Notre Dame is a Catholic institution, which means, to say the least, that those who study here come in contact with a way of living that affects personal development and also makes for a right and wholesome view of public duties—a situation auguring good for the individual and the country, and as such desirable. This fact is often overlooked, and yet it need only be brought to the

attention of those who think to have it recognized at its true value.

A number of our universities are now seriously discussing the question of how they can influence the lives of the student-body. They realize that a merely technical education is not fulfilling the trust placed in educators by the individuals who come to them, or the country that looks for character as well as intelligence. The remedy suggested in all cases is a-getting the students together in halls and giving them a common life. This is simply the idea that has found practical expression in Catholic boarding-schools, and, we need not say, with marked success.

Another point that may be observed at times is this: the technical instruction in a Catholic school, such as Notre Dame is, does not suffer from the fact that the institution is Catholic. The various courses are taught in accordance with the nature of the subject and by methods that have been found to yield the best results in each case. It might be noted here likewise that a student is capable of assimilating only a given amount of knowledge in any field, and if a school has the equipments necessary for a department and men competent to teach the branches required this is all that is needed. A multiplication of buildings and equipments and a larger number of instructors are not always to the advantage of a student; he can take just so much, and what is over and above that is of no particular consequence to him.

If a Catholic school can give the technical education the students justly demand, then the question of what school for the boy, at least for the Catholic, solves itself; for in addition to the store of knowledge received at the Catholic school, the student is in an atmosphere that means much for his moral nature, and, through his influence, the welfare of the country is more safely guarded. We need not add that men of this stamp are always sought after, for that which the individual holds dear and that on which the prosperity of a country rests can only be properly understood and protected when the person himself knows their value and has been schooled to stand for the one and the other unflinchingly even if it means to himself great inconvenience and many sacrifices.

—With nearly a thousand men in school there should be a local circulation of our college sheet as great. Keep up your college

paper, it will do you good, and incidentally it will do the paper good. You haven't any right to be borrowing of your friends, he will want to keep his; you haven't any right to pass criticisms on the weekly organ if you're not a supporter. In fact, we don't think you have any right to say you're an N. D. man if you don't take the SCHOLASTIC. Subscriptions taken at the students' office.

Subscribe
for
The Scholastic

—One night Malet feeling a bit humorous wrote that "good resolutions were a pleasant crop to sow. The seed springs up

Your
Resolutions

open so soon with such a brave show, especially at first. But when the time of flowers has passed what as to the fruit?" That was the way Malet thought and that is the way many of us think too. We smile at the man who makes a resolution. Another New Years' fiasco, comment his friends. It seems a pretty way out for the critic even has not the courage to make the resolve. So many of us realizing our weaknesses pass them in a joke and poke fun at the other man. But it would seem that which makes the blossom come would bring out the fruit. There is power enough to bring a flower, why should the same not bring out the fruit?

Resolutions made firm mean power and capacity. Capacity to do anything, and so on the entrance to a new year we say, make resolutions. Raise some flowers and keep on raising them. Only the fearful fail, and want of resolve is weakness. It is but nature's lesson that the fruit will follow when the time for the flowers has passed. But it is also her lesson not to stop when the buds come. The first stepping stone, the inclination, is a virtue which must be finished and perfected by the will. Weak men make no resolutions, stronger ones do, only the strongest *keep* them. You are surely a strong man, believe it yourself and act accordingly. The world will not be slow in recognizing you. It needs strong men.

Another Golden Jubilee.

REV. LOUIS L'ETOURNEAU CELEBRATES HIS FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

Last Sunday, on the Feast of the Seven Dolors of the Blessed Virgin, the Rev. Louis L'Etourneau, C. S. C., the patriarch priest of the Province of Indiana, celebrated the Golden Jubilee of his ordination to the priesthood. Solemn High Mass was celebrated in honor of the occasion. Dr. Morrissey, the Provincial of Notre Dame, acted as celebrant, Rev. Father French as deacon, and Rev. Father O'Connor as sub-deacon.

Rev. Father French related to the students and recalled to the priests that sat within the sanctuary, in a short epitome of the life of Father L'Etourneau, how the threads of his life had been woven into a beautiful pattern under our very eyes and within the familiar surroundings of Notre Dame.

Father L'Etourneau was born in Detroit, Michigan in 1828, and was among the very first to seek an education from the little two-roomed college of Notre Dame du Lac. In 1844 he came to Notre Dame as a student, and ten years later made his religious profession in the Congregation of Holy Cross. From 1854 to 1857 he was in Rome completing his theological studies. By great good luck he was present in the City of Peter when the decree of the Immaculate Conception was given forth to the world. In 1857, on the 20th of September, Father L'Etourneau was ordained priest by Bishop Henni in St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, and celebrated his First Mass at Notre Dame on the following day which was the Feast of the Seven Dolors. From that time Father L'Etourneau has spent his length of days almost entirely within the immediate limits of Notre Dame. Though he has filled successfully the high offices of Provincial, Master of Novices and Assistant Superior-General he will be best remembered for his gentle, patient attitude in the confessional and his ever ready smile of greeting. Father L'Etourneau is certainly to be congratulated on the fifty golden years that he has spent so faithfully in the service of the Master.

Robert A. Pinkerton, Dead.

Robert Allen Pinkerton, the greatest living detective and son of the founder of the Agency, is dead. He was on his way to Europe intending to visit Germany for his health. This old graduate and friend of Notre Dame was born in Dundee, Ill., in 1848. He was the youngest son of Allen Pinkerton, founder of the Pinkerton Detective Agency, who was at the head of the Federal Secret Service during the Civil War, and whose able work not only thwarted a plot to kill President Lincoln but was of such great assistance to the government as to merit the highest praise from the Nation's highest officials:

After leaving Notre Dame Robt. Pinkerton went into the business with his father and elder brother. He early evinced a great aptitude for the work, and on the death of his father took charge of the Eastern department with offices in New York.

Under the management of the two brothers the concern grew steadily until now it has nearly two thousand men in its employ, and has offices and representatives in every large city in the world, and representatives in every city of any considerable size in the country.

The agency owed its great success to the rigid enforcement of the rules laid down by Allen Pinkerton. In brief, they are, that no case be taken on a dependent fee, no divorce or marital case accepted, and no employee to receive reward or gratuity save his salary.

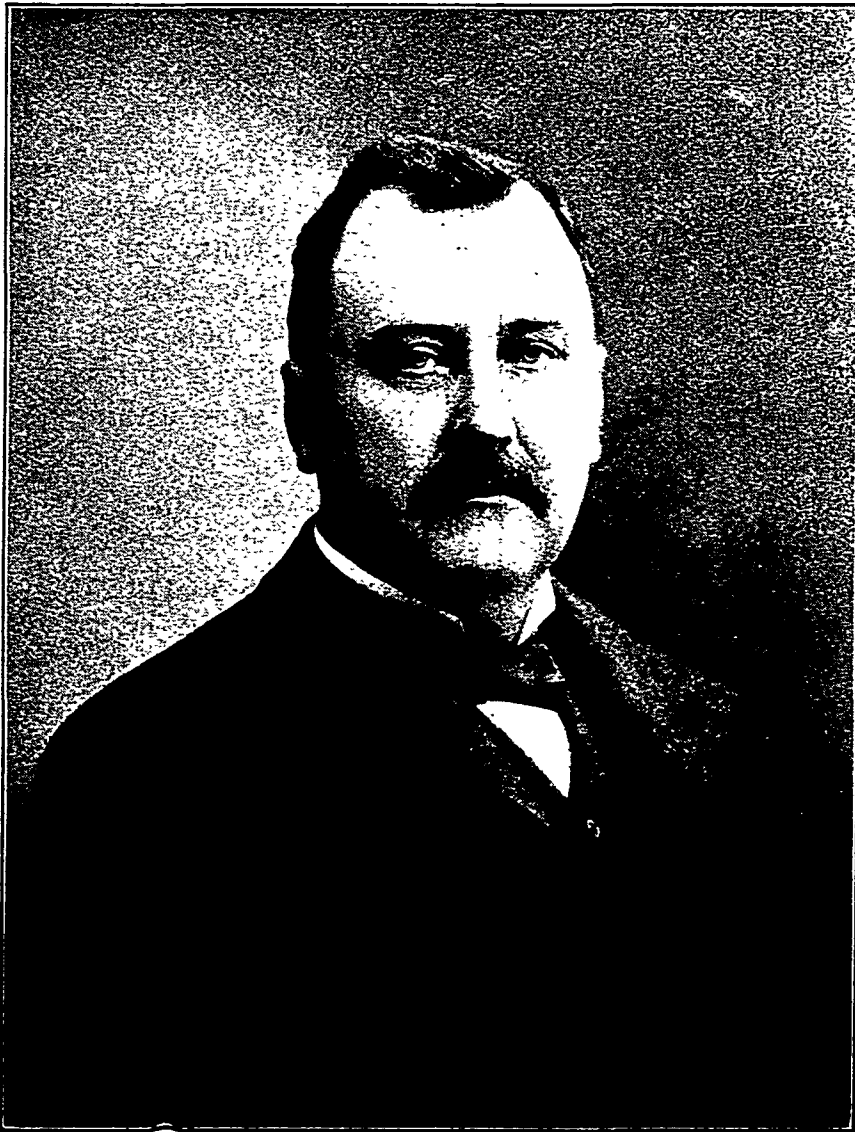
Robert A. Pinkerton made his home in

Brooklyn, and was a member of several athletic clubs, was well liked socially and had hosts of friends. His life was a lesson of honesty, integrity and perseverance. The good he did can not be measured, and not only will his friends, relatives and townspeople miss him, but all America will feel the loss of this sterling character. The system he perfected stands as one of society's greatest safeguards.

The news of his death was a great blow to the agency; for the heads of departments as well as other employers were wont to

come to him for advice, and looked upon him rather as a friend than an employer.

As a writer has said of him "he displayed in a conspicuous manner the remarkable characteristics which he shared with Allen Pinkerton, his father, and Wm. A. Pinkerton, his brother, without question the three greatest detectives of their generation. And they not only have been pre-eminent in their calling, but have demonstrated what many people consider impossible,



that a detective can perform his delicate and dangerous duties without dishonor and without violating the code which governs gentlemen.

"Robert Pinkerton was a just, benevolent man. He probably released and gave new starts in life to more offenders than he sent to prison. Therefore, some of his best friends and warmest admirers were among the criminal class. They knew that they could trust him; they knew that they could not deceive him, and were of great assistance to him in tracing the crimes of others."

Athletic Notes.

The outlook for a winning team is just a bit shady; with Beacom, Sheehan and Dolan off the line, Coach Barry is up against a proposition. The three big men around whom the team was built will be sadly missed. It seems strange to sit and write athletic notes and not to see the names of big Pat and the famous Bud appearing in every few lines. Few men have been in college athletics that were better men and better liked than these two giants of the West. Then Waldorf the Bumper will not be out, and it is probable that Bracken, quarter-back and Captain of last year's band will follow the game from the sidelines. To fill Sheehan's place at centre Mertes and Henning, both of last season's squad, will be tried. Big Woods may fill Dolan's shoes at tackle; Munson and Eggeman will hold their old places on the line. The real proposition is to develop the line.

In the back field Diener will be gone and it will be hard to fill his place. There is, however, a quantity of back men, and Barry can call on Miller, Callicrate and several of the "Subs" of last year. Capt. Callicrate should be the star of the West this year, and no doubt he will fill all expectations. Bonham, the little plucky fielder, on the baseball team may go in for quarter-back, He should be good as he is heady and a brilliant open field tackler. Hutzel and Scanlon will possibly hold down the ends, while several others will make a strong bid for the back-field and try their luck against the veteran ends. Then Burdick, Phillips, Keach, Hague, Reynolds and Duffy, all of last year's squad, can be relied upon. And so while at first glance it may seem that we will fall a bit short, still on footing up the men prospects appear brighter.

Around the campus there are scores of good big athletic men who did not report last year, and surely there are among them a few dark horses. What is needed and what must be done is that every man of any athletic proclivities at all should go out. There are positions out there to be taken, and every man should know and feel

that he has as much right to fight for one as the other fellow. We have no hob-nobbery here of "frat" and "drag" and other tommyrot, governing athletics, nothing but your merit will put you on that team.

Every man here knows Barry, and he is the personification of a square deal. So it's up to you, Mr. College Man, to make your



COACH BARRY.

team a winner or a loser this year. Get out and try. Football like college does not make the man, but it brings out what's in him. If you think you have it in you come out, if you think you haven't, let some one else prove it other than yourself. The team needs you, and you, if you are to be a Notre Dame man, need the team.

Coach Barry came in Sunday; he looks brighter and more athletic than ever. The West seems to agree with the coach, if physical appearance is a criterion.

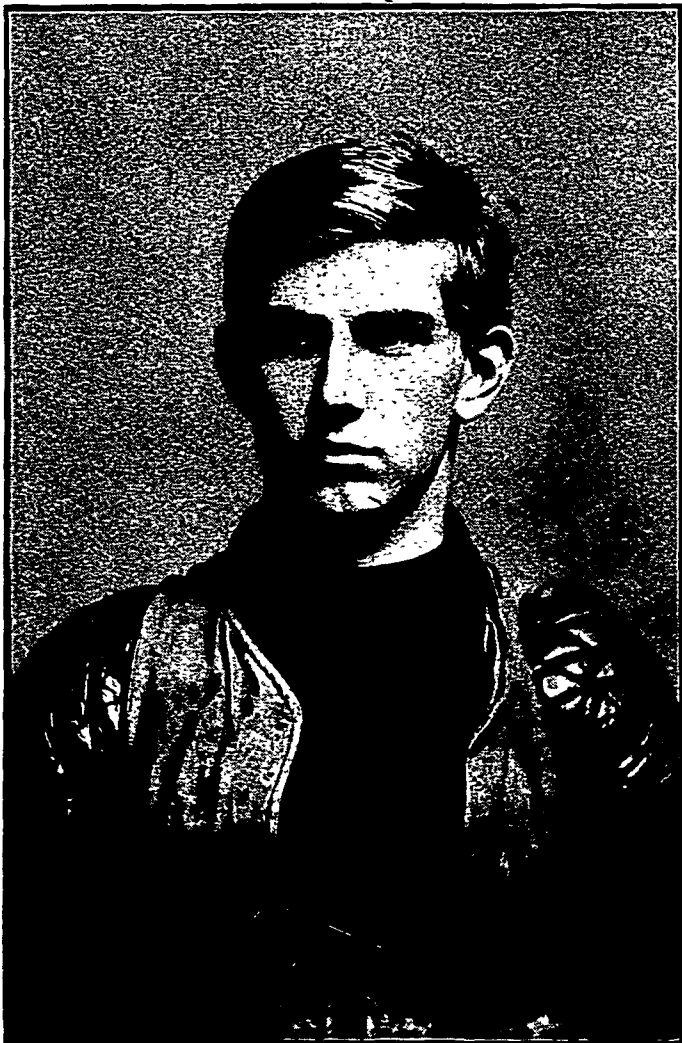
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Quite a ruffle and a bit of gladness passed along the refectory when the Scanlon Bros. and "Woody" entered.

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TRACK ATHLETICS.

The track squad should show up well this year. Coach Maris, a Michigan athlete, and assistant trainer of the Wolverine bunch,



CAPTAIN CALLICRATE.

is here to take care of the men this year. Maris while assistant to Keene Fitzpatrick did great things with the Michigan men, and we look for a boost in our stock as soon as he starts handling it. Smithson, Scales, Keach, O'Leary, Woods, Moriarty, Washburn, Cripe and McDonough, will all be out, while there is an abundance of green material lying around awaiting development. As in football, our results will be measured by the men who come out.

The football team will miss Curtis who has signed with the N. Y. team. Curtis' playing on the Varsity baseball team last season at once set all the big ones after him. McGraw got him, much to our pleasure and chagrin; pleasure, for Jack's luck, chagrin to be losing such a man. When looking at the names of Murray, Rheulbach, Birmingham and Curtis and all in so short a time, we feel like saying, "Step aside, Big Leagues, and give us a show."

Personals.

- L. H. Luken is in Richmond, Ind.
- R. F. Johnson writes from Sortell, Minn.
- Rev. J. A. Solon is now pastor of DeKalb, Illinois.
- A. A. McDonnell is located in Chippewa, Illinois.
- J. L. Milner, '05-'06, is in business in Salt Lake.
- C. Roech is located in Fort Wayne.
- Theo. Gorman, is in business at Fairmont, Minn.
- Capt. J. P. O'Neill writes from Fort Logan, Ark.
- F. R. Ward is cashier of Letcher State Bank, Letcher, S. D.
- J. J. Cullinan writes that he is with the Southern Pacific RR.
- Carl B. Tyler, '98, is in business at Monroeville, Ohio.
- Frank Oberman, St. Louis, writes and renews his subscription.
- A. B. Oberst, '06 Law, is practising successfully in Owensboro, Ky.
- Hon. T. O'Mahony, an N. D. pioneer, is located in Leadville, Colorado.
- Rev. John A. McNamara, Milford, Mass., was a visitor during the week.
- Carlos Heinz writes entertainingly of manners and government in Cuba.
- Leo J. Coontz, '07, writes from Columbia Mo. He is in business down there.
- Thomas L. Hudson, well known to all students, is located in Dakota, W. Va.
- Charles McCrowe, an old student, is still renewing his subscription for the old weekly.
- Old students will be glad to know that

Prof. M. A. J. Baassen is still in Milwaukee.

—Harry Roberts and Albert Cotte are located in Chihuahua, Mex.

—Clarence Haggerty, '84, professor of agriculture and mechanical arts, New Mex.

—E. C. Wolf, well known in musical circles at Notre Dame, is now at Germantown, Ohio.

—E. M. Robinson, '78, is head of the Robinson Land and Lumber Co., Chicua, Miss.

—We regret to learn that R. D. "Dolly" Gray is seriously ill in Mercy Hospital Chicago.

—J. V. Cunningham, Law '07, stopped over a day on his way to Chicago from the East.

—Chas. A. Gorman, '03, from Brooklyn, wants the Subscription Dept. to get busy with him.

—Grandville Tinnen and brother George have been heard from in Raw Hide, Buttes, Wyoming.

—C. H. Pulford, '98, who is with Mo. N. A. Ry. Co. located at Lexington, Ark., is still meeting N. D. men all over.

—W. P. Galligan (student '03-'05) is now with firm of Arnold Raimés and Co., General Insurance, Topeka, Kansas.

—Walter Joyce and Oscar Fox of the '07 law class have gone to Columbia to pursue a post-graduate course in law.

—Durant Church, '06, is practising in Washington, D. C.; N. J. Sinnott, '95, is practising law in The Dalles, Oregon.

—T. A. Toner, Law, '04, is located in Rugby, N. D., and insists on putting his name on the SCHOLASTIC mailing list.

—P. M. Malloy, Law '07, orator and debater, has been touring Iowa giving the Hawkeye people a taste of genuine oratory.

—Al Lyons is superintendent of Casparis works at Crystal City, Mo., has under contract the building of an immense glass factory.

—Deep sympathy is felt for Coe McKenna who on his return received a telegram bringing the news of the death of his grandfather.

—The Golden Rod Telephone Company of Wahoo, Neb., has at its head P. P. White,

who wants to renew old times and secure bound volumes of SCHOLASTIC back to '93.

—A. W. McFarland, "Old Alexander," writes from Tenelick Flats, Ohio, complaining that the midsummer SCHOLASTIC went astray for the first time in ten years.

—E. E. Brennan '97, and W. A. Fagan '07 are both located in Butte, Mont. The "Judge" is doing a thriving law business, while "Billy" is handling some big real estate deals.

—John J. Harrington, student '01, and Henrietta E. Luken were united in marriage at Richmond, Indiana, on July 2d. The SCHOLASTIC offers best wishes and the congratulations of the University.

—And now since B. V. Kanaley '04 has left Harvard's law school, we learn he is located in Chicago. That the "old Roman" will rise steadily we have no doubt. With our prophecy we wish the genial, brainy orator the full realization of it.

—The marriage of Thomas E. Noonan (student 1897-1901) and Miss Margaret McCue is announced to take place at St. Ita's Church, Catalpa and Evanston Avenues, Chicago, on October 9th. Mr. Noonan is remembered at the University as a bright popular young man. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations and good wishes.

—Harold P. Fisher (C. E. '06), who had been engaged with the Pennsylvania Railroad for some time, left on June 30th to accept a position as assistant manager to the Nortonville Coal Company, Nortonville, Kentucky. This company is now undergoing a development which will in five years rank its mines among the most desirable coal properties in the South. It is therefore evident that Harold has chosen wisely.

—On Monday, September 16, Mr. Thomas K. L. Donnelly, '04, and Miss Magdalen Whetstone of Niles, Mich., were united in the holy bond of matrimony at Notre Dame. Mr. Donnelly has always been a prime favorite with the men of his time at the University. He is now employed as civil engineer on the Rock Island Ry. Mrs. Donnelly is charming and accomplished and is exceedingly popular in her home city. The ceremony was performed by Father

Cavanaugh, and was witnessed by the immediate friends only. The students had their opportunity later; when the bridal party returned to their automobile they found it fearfully and wonderfully decorated with such festive tokens as old shoes, remnants of highly tinted carpet and muslin trailers in screeching colors. The chauffeur was a thoroughbred and insisted in losing his way several times, being thereby compelled to make the round of the campus over and over again. Good luck!

Card of Sympathy.

The sad intelligence of the sudden death of Elmer Lyons of Chicago came as a shock to his brother Edward who had just entered the freshman year of our law course. The SCHOLASTIC, the faculty of the University, and the students extend to Edward and the members of his family the expression of their sympathy and remembrance. Edward will resume his studies during the coming week.

Local Items.

—NOTICE.—Contributions to the SCHOLASTIC should be written in ink and on one side of the paper only.

—The old men are slower in coming back this year than ever.

—Ten men of the '07 class have returned to pursue post-graduate courses.

—To-night.—A meeting of the ex-Philopatians in Washington Hall at 7.30.

—A notable increase is marked in the attendance from South Bend this year.

—Rub your eyes and believe what you see: the cars at last run to the Post Office.

—Students should have mail addressed to their own Halls. Mail will come direct then and do away with much inconvenience.

—The commercial department, because of the increased attendance this year, has found it necessary to get in a new supply of typewriters.

—Persons wishing to send their laundry to the city should notify the local agent so

that it may be called for and delivered, Room 45, Sorin Hall.

—Carl and Albert Fuchs of Chicago, who were students in the preparatory department for several years, are receiving many congratulations for their heroic work in saving ten boys from drowning in Lake Michigan.

—Students are requested to bring their linen to the clothes room to have them marked. New students will get a number from Brother Bruno in basement of Main Building. If clothes are not marked right away students will be required to see to the marking themselves.

—A number of bright-faced young fellows have entered Brownson Hall as freshmen in the law course. Their ways leads an observer to say they are workers who will make themselves feared in the forensic field. Brownson Hall welcomes them, and hopes they will make themselves felt in debate.

—By last Wednesday sixty-five of the old Brownsonites had returned to the University. Last year the entire number that returned reached eighty. This year an even greater number is looked for to recruit the ranks of the Sorinites and Corbyites. Look to your laurels, old Brownson men, great things are expected from you.

—There is some likely football material among the large newcomers in Brownson Hall. Many are looking towards Grover Cleveland McCarthy and T. Frank Smith for a substantiation of the above statement. McCarthy has a big chum, too, who would look formidable as a lineman. They both hail from South Dakota, a country where big men are the rule.

—Max Adler student '88-'90 and prominent business man in South Bend, has taken charge of the athletic shop in Washington Hall. The place is newly fitted up with the latest in college nobbery. Sweaters, jerseys, pennants, pins and everything needed by the college man can be found at Max's place. That the student body will patronize the shop more than ever is felt assured. The new men who are not yet acquainted with the shop and want a nice line of "fixings" for their rooms are assured by Max that he can satisfy them. At any rate, he invites all, old and new, to visit his shop and look his line over. Max insists it won't cost anything to look, but he is so satisfied with his goods that he thinks he can afford to give the look free; you'll "buy before you leave."