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The Waiting Angel.

BY PROF. MAURICE F. EGAN, A. M.

There is a small cemetery almost under the eaves of the chapel, where little children are buried—as if they would be lonely out yonder in the plain.—*Charles Warren Stoddard's "Lepers of Molokai."*

The little children lie beside the sea—

The ever-changing sea,—an argent field

At night,—by day of gold, whose depths shall yield

Both good and evil when the end shall be.

It sparkles and it glows, as when in glee

The children played, and glad their voices pealed

From careless lips that now in death are sealed—

Sealed stiff and silent, though their souls are free:

Could they be lonely, though no gentle hand

(Imagined by the poet) gave them mate?

Ah, no: their angels—seen not while they played

Beneath the palms, in their delightful land—

They see and face to face; and so they wait—

Our angels—for us, patient, undismayed!

—*Ave Maria.*

The French Drama.

BY REV. S. FITTE, C. S. C.

VI.

TRAITS OF MOLIERE'S GENIUS.

It seems rather strange that a comedy writer should dare to put religion on the stage; and if Molière's idea had been to lessen thereby the respect due to God and holy things, we should not hesitate to blame him severely for profanation. But such was not his intention; on the contrary, he wished to stigmatize publicly both the impious man who, taking religion as a cloak, commits the greatest crimes with impunity, and the atheist bold enough to defy openly the almighty power of God. *Don Juan*, in the "Festin de Pierre," and *Tartuffe*, notwithstanding the difference of their conduct, are hypocrites of the

same kind: the former openly violates all laws divine and human; whilst the latter offends in secret, and the poet by representing them in the theatre appears to us to have fulfilled the highest mission of the drama. But why consult Molière's enemies, or believe their self-interested calumnies, when he himself made known his intention in a letter addressed to Louis XIV:

"The office of comedy being to make men better whilst amusing them, I thought that, owing to the position which I hold, it were best to attack the vices of our age by depicting their abhorrent follies. But as hypocrisy is one of the most common and, at the same time, most dangerous of all, I was satisfied that it would be of no little benefit to all the good people of your kingdom, sire, to compose a comedy in which hypocrites would be exposed; all the studied foibles of double-faced men faithfully described, and all the hidden treacheries laid bare of those falsely devout persons who endeavor to ensnare simple-minded souls by the bait of counterfeit piety and sophisticated charity."

The comedy, whose aim is here clearly pointed out, was "*Tartuffe*"; and it is against it that, notwithstanding the formal approbation of the king, the legate and several bishops, a *clique* was formed, so powerful, indeed, as to prevent during three years any representation of this masterpiece of the French theatre. The king himself was almost deceived, and the play nearly buried in oblivion before being published, because "the chief justice objected to its representation."

Fortunately, Louis XIV was still at the age when, sword in hand, he dictated laws to Europe. After being victorious abroad, he felt humiliated at being defeated at home. He thought it too much to yield so long to an over-scrupulous opposition which was unworthy of him and unjust towards his favorite poet, the more so after seeing with his own eyes an impious and obscene farce, entitled "*Scaramouche Ermite*." "I would like to know," said he one day to the prince of Condé, "why those people who are so

much scandalized at Molière's comedy, do not say one word about the other." "Well," the prince replied, "the reason of it is that one is a mockery of God and religion—for which those people care but little,—whilst in the other they are mocked themselves, and this is what they cannot stand." On hearing this remark, the king ordered the representation of "*Tartuffe*," which ever since has not failed to meet with success.

If we had time to examine in detail that remarkable work, each scene, each line would excite our admiration. When we think of the many difficulties connected with the portrayal of so odious a character, we can scarcely realize what an effort of genius was needed to represent *Tartuffe* on the stage. He does not appear at first, and we know him long before he is seen, for it is only in the middle of the third act that he shows himself. Moreover, he is never alone, for such a man never consults his conscience. Whenever he speaks or acts, we notice a new feature in his hypocrisy, according to the persons with whom he has to deal. With *Argan* he appears humble and devout; with *Dorine* he is chaste and timid; with *Cléante* he is honest and disinterested, but with *Elmire* he assumes the rôle of the passionate lover: just like a serpent wiggling 'neath the hand which warms it, and suddenly rising to sting its benefactor. And yet Molière succeeded in making such a character interesting, and at the same time really full of humor, without throwing the least discredit upon true, genuine piety. Was not this the supreme triumph of genius? We cannot endorse the extreme opinion of Bourdaloue in saying that "to censure hypocrisy is to doubt sincere devotion." Can, indeed, religion be insulted when traitors are unmasked who had disguised themselves to commit a crime? And because a villain may resemble an honest man, cannot his knavery be assailed without injuring probity, or vice branded without outraging virtue? The sword of the loyal enemy who attacks us in front is less to be feared than the dagger of the coward who, after gaining a friend's favor, assassinates him stealthily. Certainly the hypocrite is a more dangerous foe to religion than the atheist.

After "*Tartuffe*" came "*Amphitryon*," a comedy in blank verse, and an imitation of Plautus. But Molière's imitations have at the same time the merit of originality. "I take my own wherever I find it," he used to say; and, indeed, his genius was vast enough to give him the right to claim as private property all that he adopted from the past. So much so that he left nothing to invent

to his successors who were never able to equal his perfection, and are often glad to discover in some of his writings the idea of a situation, or the sketch of a character.

"*Amphitryon*," in which the impropriety of the subject is artfully concealed under the veil of the marvellous, shows how versatile was the talent of the poet. All that he touched was turned into gold, and the ideal coloring spread over the most trivial details not less than the originality of the most ordinary situations, gave to all his compositions the attractiveness of novelty. What sprightly vivacity of dialogue! what an inexhaustible source of gaiety in the scenes between *Mercury* and *Sosia*, between *Sosia* himself and *Cleantius*! How these lines, though different in rhythm, are artistically cut, not for the ear only, but also for the mind which they strike with an unexpected beauty! We know but Molière and La Fontaine among the French poets who possessed that admirable secret of giving an easy and elegant shape to uneven verses and mixed rhymes, so natural and poetical at the same time are both of them in the sweet harmony of their style!

Why is it, however, that Molière, in spite of his extraordinary facility of versifying, wrote "*L'Avare*" in prose? Because he had observed that if certain parts of the dialogue receive more strength and sharpness from the conciseness of the verse and the charm of the rhyme, others lose their grace and natural freshness. At any rate, the prose of "*L'Avare*" is a model of rapid simplicity, and never does the poet reveal himself in any character. Correct without stiffness, elegant without ostentation, the style is but the faithful mirror of ideas and feelings. Says an eminent critic:

"If I wished to depict avarice in a sermon and make it odious; if I would say that this passion sacrifices everything—honor, friendship, family; that the miser prefers his gold to his children; that these, compelled by want, little by little lose all respect for their father, their revolt being the punishment of his stinginess; if I would point out all this in a sermon, who would be surprised? Who would dare to maintain that by so doing I encourage children to despise their parents? Well, Molière in "*L'Avare*" has only put in action the sermon which I have just imagined."

In fact, Molière's "*L'Avare*" is not simply the poor man of Plautus who found a treasure and is afraid of robbers. How much more humorous and moral is it to show us to what torments and mean shifts a rich man condemns himself, taking a selfish pleasure in watching over it, and placing his foolish passion above the happiness of his family and even his own honor and peace!

To *Harpagon*, his son and daughter are but enemies and domestic spies; his children, in return, feel towards him neither affection, nor respect, resorting to the meanest tricks upon the old man. Moreover, after choosing a widow as a wife for his son, and promising his daughter to *Lord Anselm*, who is only fifty years of age, he expects to marry himself a poor, beautiful maid who will bring him, instead of dowry, frugality and economy. Meanwhile, he finds out that his son is in love with the same girl. It matters not, the miser must have her. But by some accident the miser's casket containing ten thousand pounds disappears, and its owner wants the whole city, suburbs included, to be arrested. Finally, after a long cross-examination full of the most amusing *quid pro quo* about the casket with the daughter, *Harpagon*, to whom his gold has been restored, consents to his children's marriage, on condition that they give him a new suit for the wedding. This is but a meagre synopsis of the play; still, does it not show the high lesson of morality given to misers whose avarice is the reason why they are forsaken by their own children, deceived by their own valets, and despised by everybody? And although this graphic picture of the tortures which misers undergo did not correct any of them, is it the poet's fault, or is it because the human heart when once addicted to a violent passion refuses to heed the voice of good sense and conscience?

Louis XIV, after protecting the "*Tartuffe*" against an unjust cabal, defended the "*Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" against his own court. Dissatisfied with the character of *Dorante*, which offended their vanity, the courtiers were about to tear the play to pieces, when the king, who had seen it for the second time, said to Molière: "You never did as yet anything more entertaining: your work is excellent." These words were an order, and the same men who had judged the play to be wretched, professed for it the greatest admiration. On this occasion the king showed his good sense, as he gave another proof of generosity, when some of the courtiers objecting to sit at the same table with the comedian Molière, the king took him to his own and waited on him. This attention of the "Grand Monarque" does him more honor than the conquest of a province.

It is not surprising that "*le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*" should please Louis XIV. How amusing are the scenes with the professors of music, of dancing, of fencing and philosophy, culminating in the tailor "*à la mode*"! How delightful is the foolish vanity of that honest *bourgeois* who, dreaming of nobility, made up his mind

to learn, though fifty years old, singing, dancing, fighting, nay yearns to become a *savant*, in order to please ladies of quality! He is so crazed that neither the good sense of his wife, nor the railery of his maid servant can bring him back to reason. How great his contempt for his household after he discovers that all that he says is prose, and that he spoke prose for fifty years without being conscious of it! How proud and happy he feels to lend money to a young nobleman, who laughs at him, and to offer his homages to a lady of quality who makes fun of his love! Was there ever a man so well pleased in being cheated, and was ever the stupid pride of an upstart more cleverly mystified?

But why did not Molière stop there? What meaning is there in the burlesque reception of Mr. Jourdain as Mamamouchi? It is so seldom that Molière can be found at fault even in his farces! It is true, the clownish masquerade which fills the last act of the play is highly spectacular; but had he not lowered the credulity of his *bourgeois* even to stupidity, this comedy would rightly be regarded as one of his best works.

The "*Femmes Savantes*" was the last comedy in verse written by Molière. After ridiculing the mania of far-fetched witticism by which the "*Hotel Rambouillet*" had been changed into a literary club, the poet waged war against an affectation of learning which, without lessening the number of pretentious ladies, had made them more foppish. These are some of the remarks made therein by *Chrysale*, the type of good-natured husbands:

"Is it right for a woman to know so many things? To teach good manners to her children, to take care of the household, and regulate expenses with economy should be her office and sole philosophy. The wives of old used to read little, but lead a good life: all their books were a thimble, some thread and needles. To-day they want to write and become authors. No science is too deep for their minds, and they know everything, except what they should know. They study astronomy and speak pertinently about the moon, the polar star, Venus, Mars and Saturn, for which I don't care; but trouble themselves mightily little about cooking my dinner, which I have very much at heart. The whole house is doomed to reasoning, and reasoning puts reason to flight. My wife burned the roast in reading a novel, and my daughter dreams of poetry when I ask for a drink. In short with many servants I am the most poorly served man in the world."

It is needless to observe that this admirable outburst of good *Chrysale* against female learning arises from ill-humor; and although all that he says is true at bottom, the fear of one extreme threw him into another: this is the reason why he appears so comical. But what Molière himself

thought on the subject we hear from *Clitandre*, the courtier and gentleman:

"I own," says he, "that a woman should get a glimpse of everything, but I cannot bear in her the shocking passion of becoming learned for the sake of learning. I like, in fact, to see her, when asked a question, ignorant of that which she knows best. Let her conceal the science she has, and modestly wish that her knowledge should not be known, never quoting authors, never using big words, never nailing her wit to the most trifling thing."

Indeed, what Molière demanded of women in his time, we also require of them in our own, and a fop-like female is always offensive. It is wrong, then, to accuse him of shutting up women within the details of the household. He had too much sense, too much delicacy of feeling to entertain such a narrow idea. He wished women to be amiable, not pretentious. In his opinion, they ought to be the charm and ornament of society by their grace, wit and beauty, far from being like unto doctors or professors by showing off an uncalled-for erudition. Was he not right to prefer the simple, elegant dress of a tasty lady to the spruce, exaggerated toilet of a fashionable coquette? If he appears to condemn women as authors, it is likely that most of them were "blue stockings." But, we are glad to say, our literary women, though famous writers, are none the less natural and amiable. We agree with the French poet in wishing that young ladies should be instructed, not to draw upon themselves the attention and curiosity of the world, but for their own interest, as a sure and easy means to escape *ennui*, that most dangerous adviser; to acquire and love seriousness, moderate excess of imagination and sensibility, and foster religion and piety.

But let us return to the "Femmes Savantes." Although the craze depicted by Molière has almost disappeared, why is it that his comedy is one of those which are even now the most popular? Is it not because under the mask of an old-time pedantry the spectators recognize true characters in the present? He was, indeed, too deep an observer of the human heart to present us with mere caricatures. Take from *Philaminte* the scientific varnish, and she remains still an overbearing, peevish woman, who rules the whole house with an iron rod. Were not *Armande* pedantic, she would still be an envious prude. *Belise*, adorned with the grossest ignorance, would not cease to be romantic: she is the model of the old maid in modern dramas. The good *Chrysale* needs not to be surrounded by pedantic women to show himself the humble servant of his wife, in spite of his bragging to be the boss in his own house. As to *Trissotin* and *Vadius*, in the praises and the insults they

bestow upon each other, they represent so strikingly the class of miserable versifiers that applications to real life can be made at any time. It may be that Molière intended to reproduce a celebrated quarrel between *Cotin* and *Menage*; but we must confess that such types are met at all times and in every country. *Clitandre* does not belong to the ordinary class of lovers: a refined gentleman, not less delicate than tender in affection, he will never sacrifice his dignity to his love. Hence, in order to obtain *Henriette's* hand, he will not condescend to cater to her family's follies, but speaks of them with a refined gaiety that gives such a lively attractiveness to the conversations of well-bred persons. Perhaps in creating this noble character, Molière sought to become reconciled with courtiers in giving them an example to follow and a model to copy. Such can be the usefulness of comedy, to present not only foibles and vices to be amended, but also virtues and qualities to be acquired. Comedy is like unto a looking-glass in which society is reflected. But the trouble is that we rather recognize our neighbor's face than our own; religion alone has the power of giving good remedies for passions.

"How do you get along with your doctor?" was one day the question which the king asked Molière. "Well, sire, we chat together; he gives me some prescriptions which I never follow, and I get well." As a matter-of-fact, Molière had very little confidence in medicine; therefore he often turned physicians into ridicule without ever saying one word in their favor. He was not fifty-one years old, and his genius, which seemed to be both indefatigable and inexhaustible, yearly brought forth new masterpieces. Nothing could stop his activity, neither the cares of his profession, nor the more painful troubles of his home; but doubtless they affected his health, considerably shaken by the fatigues of the stage. Two months before his death, Boileau, his friend, advised him to take some rest, and devote himself wholly to dramatic composition. "Oh! what do you mean?" he replied, "honor forbids me to quit." "Pleasant honor," the satirist thought, "which consists in blacking one's face to personate Sganarelle and offer one's back to blows!" The truth is that Molière loved his profession passionately and was ashamed to retire. Like the sailor on his ship, he had on the boards of his theatre overcome frightful storms and achieved brilliant triumphs. He wrongly thought that the comedian was the only one able to represent what the poet had created, and he died a victim to his art.

One of those long and difficult rôles which

Molière liked to take was that of *Argan* in the "Malade Imaginaire." This comedy shows us the folly of a man who wants to be sick, as Mr. Jourdain wanted to be a gentleman at any cost. So sad a foible appears so amusing on the stage that it constantly increases the dramatic interest. If *Thomas Diafoirus* (what a name!) is somewhat exaggerated, *Mr. Purgon* is but true; and we think that there is on the theatre neither a character of daughter more natural than *Louison*, nor a mother-in-law more hatefully genuine than *Beline*.

In order to please the taste of his audience and entertain the court, Molière introduced into that play a few burlesque scenes, and gave it a *denouement* which reminds us of the "Bourgeois Gentilhomme." *Argan* is made a doctor as *Mr. Jourdain* became Mamamouchi: and there must be in that strange spectacle something eminently comical, since it was at the time so highly appreciated. It must be our fault, if we do not laugh to-day as much as did those who for two hundred years were so fond of it.

The day of the fourth representation of the "Malade Imaginaire" had arrived. In the morning Molière, who suffered more than usual, summoned his wife whom he had loved more than she deserved, and the comedian Baron, whose ingratitude had not surpassed his friendship. "I feel that my end is nigh," said he; "but how much one must suffer before dying"! They entreated him to rest and not to play that day. "How can I?" he replied, "there are fifty poor workingmen that have only their salary to live on: I cannot in conscience deprive them of their daily bread." At the hour appointed Molière was at his post of duty, and by an heroic effort, fulfilled his task till the moment when uttering the word "juro," he was caught by a sudden convulsion which exhausted his remaining strength. But fearing to disturb the representation, he had courage enough to conceal his acute pain, and the curtain fell amid the applause and laughter of the crowd, who left, without a thought that they would see the player no more. Carried home in his chair, he tried to eat, but he was no sooner in bed than a convulsive cough made him spit blood. Before his wife and Baron arrived, Molière breathed his last, assisted by two Sisters, to whom he had given hospitality, and perhaps made up to some extent for the priest for whom he had called.

Thus died the comedian Molière. As a poet—the greatest poet of France under the great king—Molière is immortal. The outrages offered to his corpse by a fanatic mob are powerless

against the imperishable glory of his genius.* The French Academy, of which he was not a member, did not wait so long before erecting within its precincts a statue with this inscription, expressing both pious homage and sorrowful regret:

Rien ne manque à sa gloire: il manquait à la nôtre.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

* The monument recently erected in his honor is but a tardy recognition of his merit.

A Symposium on Athletic Sports.

BY THE CLASS IN CRITICISM.

[The opinions of the Class in English Criticism having been asked on the question of Athletic Sports in colleges, the following was the result:]

Athletic sports have their proper place in the routine of college life. They should not be indulged in to excess, as they now are at many of our institutions of learning. We hold that they must occupy a subordinate position in the great work of education. But when sports become the leading object in the mind of a student, and when hours of study are broken in upon in order to play some other club, then they no longer fulfil the purpose for which they were introduced. We do not go to college to become professionals in foot or baseball, or experts at the oar, but to fill our minds with useful knowledge. Games are intended to exercise those physical powers of a scholar which are left inactive. Exercise of some kind are necessary to keep the development of the body apace with that of the mind. If this is not done, an abnormal growth of mind or muscle would soon be apparent. Students must engage in sports to preserve their good health; but they should never permit themselves to mistake a college for a gymnasium. T. GOEBEL.

One of the evils of the day is the mania of the student for athletic sports. A student should positively be a man of thought and mental application, and in an education, the diligent pursuit of learning should be the paramount idea. Nothing renders a man so unfit for study as excessive exercise. It strains every muscle, and exhausts every particle of mental energy, thus excluding study, or the possibility of study, from the mind of the wretched enthusiast. The number of those who can confine themselves within proper limits in athletic sports is small indeed; and the college man who is at once a dunce and a baseball fiend, is a standing disgrace to the college world. J. W. CAVANAGH.

However strong the constitution of a man may be, or however well developed are the

muscles of his body, his health may be destroyed by excessive and intemperate study. Though mental toil is beneficial, yet pleasure and exercise for the body are necessary. Sports must be indulged in to maintain a true balance for the physical and mental faculties. But a student should, in spite of the general opinion in favor of such useless sports as football, etc., not indulge in them. Climb the mountain tops serene; trace the sources of the running brooks; walk in fields or woods, or with the rifle try your aim at fox or rabbit. Navigate the waters of the lake, or join the gentler fieldsports. From a careful examination of some of the colleges it was found that of the students who took away the prizes of their classes at the close of the year, most of them had walking for their exercise. The next brightest were those who indulged in fieldsports. Members of boat clubs or rowers followed these. Athletics were all of a sounder and stronger constitution, but took away few honors.

A. FINCKH.

The increasing interest taken by students in athletic sports has given rise to considerable discussion as to the advisability of allowing them to form a branch of college education. It demands the serious attention of all those who have the education of the youth of our country. A true and liberal education consists in the training of the moral, intellectual and physical. If the physical is neglected at the expense of the mental, grave and serious results follow. On the other hand, if the time of the student is devoted wholly to the training of physical powers, our colleges will be sending forth men who are noted for their brawn and muscle rather than for any intellectual advancement. This is wholly wrong. Every student should give some attention to bodily exercise. By allowing a little of physical training to mingle with the class work, beneficial results will follow. Furnish the gymnasias of our colleges with proper appliances, and allow the student to indulge in the manly arts, and there need be no fear of their attainments in the class-room.

P. BURKE.

Athletic sports in colleges are each day becoming more and more a matter for serious consideration. During the past few years the interest in legitimate sports in many of our higher schools of learning has greatly increased; and to-day it is not unusual to find students making regular class work subservient to the sports of the field, and attending college for really no other purpose than to become proficient in such sports. And why is this? Are leading colleges and universities being gradually metamorphosed into schools for the training of athletes and the cultivation of the "manly art"? And has this innovation the sanction of the different college authorities? Apparently it has,

for they have done nothing to stay this evil, and by their silence they tacitly approve it.

A true and liberal education consists in a thorough training of the moral, the mental and the physical faculties, and no one of these essentials can be properly omitted. Mental discipline without moral training is invariably productive of grave and serious results; yet the rigid training of these two faculties without the wholesome influence of physical exercise, though not equally injurious, is much to be deplored.

That college sports should be entered into with due care and discretion, no sensible man will deny. But to overstep moderation, and cause them to interfere with regular class work, is an evil that must be checked; else, in a few years, our university graduates will be noted more for the abnormal development of their muscular powers, than the high attainments of their mental and moral faculties.

D. DWYER.

Many well-intentioned persons have complained of the interest taken by college students in athletics; they say that the time taken up in the various pastimes should be given to study, and then add that all the college student of the present learns is to become proficient in some remunerative branch of athletics.

The Harvard Faculty, in a recent paper, have given us the results of their investigations in regard to these objections. This paper will doubtless best refute those narrow-minded, superficial people who believe in cloistering college students.

Of the twelve hundred students at Harvard there are only a half dozen who adhere to the *dolce far niente* doctrine in regard to exercise—it is entirely unnecessary to add that they also observe these words in all intellectual pursuits. Those students who are the representative athletes of the university stand high in their classes as well.

This is perfectly natural for the person who indulges in an exercise that brings into use the various muscles of the body. The warm blood coursing through his veins stimulates his mind to activity, sharpens his reasoning powers, makes keen his understanding, and rich his imagination. He through whose veins the blood runs sluggishly does not possess an intellectual activity; the mind, like the body, has fallen into lethargy.

What is more necessary to the student than health? It makes easy the pathway to science, to literature, and to art. It enables him to pursue his studies with indefatigable energy. He may, and can, drink at the fountain of knowledge without fear of mental indigestion. Disease of the body also weakens the mind.

What is more conducive to health than outdoor exercise? It purifies the blood, strengthens the lungs, and improves the action of the heart; in fact, puts the whole organism in perfect working order. A well-developed body enhances

the personal appearance. How pleasing it is to see a young lady as she trips merrily from the tennis court, her cheeks all aglow with health, her eyes sparkling with pleasure: no need of cosmetics, powder, or rouge, exercise has given her cheeks a tint comparable only to the rosy down of a peach. Here at Notre Dame we need to awaken an interest in the different athletic sports. Now the way to build up is by rivalry. Competition is the life of trade. It is only when brought in contact with others as opponents that we show our strongest points. Rivalry should not exist among students of the same college. A house should not be divided in itself. Students of a university, or a college should be united, and in this union of strength they will be better able to vanquish all oncomers from abroad. Now to be rewarded for your superiority over another of the same school with gold medals, etc., is no stimulant to physical activity for all. It is liable to engender bad feeling, and divide the school into cliques. The Greeks who were victorious in the Olympian games were rewarded simply with a crown of laurel leaves. But how much that meant! It was an external, extrinsic sign that the wearer had triumphed over one of a rival house.

If our different athletic organizations compete with rival colleges, whether it be on the "diamond," at Rugby, or in any of the other sports, it will immediately excite to activity and enthusiasm all the students of the university. Many will awaken from a Rip Van Winkle sleep, and, getting out of the rut, will take an interest in what is doing about them. We will all grow enthusiastic over the success of *our* nine, *our* eleven, and of *our* representative athletes. We will have but *one* color, *one* yell, *one* thought—the success of the blue and gold of Notre Dame.

JOHN B. MEAGHER.

Attention has often been called to the pernicious influence of athletic sports as they are conducted in many of the colleges throughout the United States. Of course students must have exercise; their health demands this. But the kind of exercise these athletic sports furnish is more vigorous than healthy. It is a fact which is generally acknowledged that too much exercise is worse than none at all. Professional athletes soon wear themselves out and invariably die in the prime of life. Again, too great an exertion of the body wearies it—exhausts the mental and physical faculties, and prevents the mind from doing its work properly. Those who exercise moderately are benefited physically as well as mentally, but athletes, as a rule, are fit for nothing but physical work.

W. A. HOLDEN.

That athletic exercises are a necessary factor in the success of a college curriculum no one, I think, will deny. In our modern schools the development of the body is attended to in order

that the mind may be developed thereby; for it is a well-observed fact that in order to bear severe mental strains, the mind must be supported by a sound physical constitution. The university or college student devotes, on an average, from ten to twelve hours a day, five days in the week, to hard mental labor. That he should devote his leisure hours to congenial recreation and pleasure is, then, not to be wondered at. The work of the student is like clock work: his diet is uniform, his studies regular, and his recreation work counterbalancing. But some may say young men at college exercise too much. This may be true in some few cases, but the majority do not exercise too much, in fact, not enough.

Statistics show that athletic men fully maintain the standard of scholarship, and instances are not few where athletes have stood at the head of their classes. The combining of literary and athletic training is an old custom; its practical usefulness was valued by the ancients. For a proof of this we have only to refer the reader to the great Olympic games of Greece. We see there the aspirant to literary honors as well as the professional athlete; one, mayhap a youthful poet, read his production, while the other mingled in the sports, and each received honor according to his merit.

A. M. ADAMS.

We are convinced that the extensive introduction of athletic sports in colleges is not only a wise but in many ways a beneficial move. By the fact that the best students in American colleges are men of muscle it is sufficiently demonstrated that athletic sports are necessary to do good work in the class-room. But lately the subject has been investigated by a commission of learned instructors, and they have determined that since the general introduction of athletic sports, the percentage of the different classes has increased from three to five per cent. Another gratifying result is the improvement in the health of the students,—and "he is wise enough who has health." We would advise the students to take wholesome exercise—play baseball, football, pull an oar, swing the clubs—anything but to pore excessively over books.

R. ADELSPERGER.

When athletic sports are a very prominent feature in a college, the student gives much of his attention to them which would otherwise be given to his studies. A moderate use of them is not at all injurious; on the contrary, often beneficial. But when they are a main feature in college life, the student finds the baseball "diamond" far more interesting than his classes. His glory is to be a successful ball player, or to be a victor in any other athletic sport. The muscles of the body are developed to the detriment of those of the mind.

M. J. O'CONNELL.

(Continued on page 194.)

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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Notre Dame, November 10, 1888.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has entered upon the TWENTY-SECOND year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC will always be glad to receive information concerning former students and graduates of the University.

The Memorial Hall.

In a recent number of the SCHOLASTIC, we saw the announcement that an addition will soon be made to our little city of learning in the erection of the Bruté Memorial Hall. That this edifice will enhance the beauty of an already splendid group of noble structures, no one can doubt; that it will be one more strengthening bond whereby to secure the perpetuity of the fame which this grand University has acquired, we are convinced; that it will lend its beauty and inestimable usefulness to make larger and brighter the halo of love and veneration which surrounds the brow of our Father Founder, we need but point to the past yet standing monuments to his indefatigable labor in the cause of Christian Education and the Church of Christ.

It was but lately that with heartfelt joy and thankfulness we celebrated his glorious Golden Jubilee; so lately, indeed, that the roses of fifty years of trials in the priesthood for the advancement of Holy Cross are still fresh and fragrant; yet the gifts of love and gratitude which poured in upon him are as nothing when compared to this gift which he is bestowing upon the sacred cause of Christian Education. He is building for himself a monument of fame in this temple which he is erecting to the memory of another.

We should rejoice, therefore, with him in his happiness in seeing his fondest hopes bud forth to bloom into a flower of imperishable beauty in the winter of his life. He will pass away, but his memory and works shall live, an example that shall long continue to speak to our and other hearts that counsel which fell from the lips of Divine Wisdom: "Go thou and do likewise."

J. E. BERRY.

Kind Words.

There is a habit very common even among men who pretend to good breeding, which is deserving of the keenest rebuke,—I mean the habit of saying unnecessary and disagreeable things. Were your enemy or mine to tell us we are idiots or fools, our first impulse would be—and not without reason—to knock him down. Then why do we suffer a similar insult from the lips of one whom we regard as a friend? The only possible answer, in keeping with our reputation as men, is that he did not mean it. It was only his careless way of speaking—a facetious remark, which means just the reverse. Facetious, indeed! that is all very well, but what right has any man to call you a fool when he means to praise you? Is our language so barren that it necessitates the employment of the same word for two contradictory terms? If so, let us multiply our vocabulary, and the sooner the better. There is not where the trouble rests: It is in ourselves, who suffer either friend or foe to address us in the language of opprobrium; and it is in those whose defective breeding permits them to make use of such epithets. And let me assure you, candid reader, that there are multitudes of great, ignorant, important, overbearing, self-made fellows—who are not gentlemen. Obtuseness of sensibility and an inflexible self-will are the prominent features of their characters. Whatever they have to say is said without any regard for the delicacy of their auditors—constrained witnesses of their vulgar-

ity; whatever they have to do is done in the same autocratic, offensive manner; and yet such men will wonder and deprecate the fact that they are not popular.

What a contrast is the true gentleman! No danger of mistaking the one for the other. The lion is seldom confounded with the bear. The real gentleman is always courteous, always kind, even though he suffer for it; always attentive, always considerate. He never takes advantage of your personal friendship to say disagreeable things; to pierce every delicate fibre of your being with the barbed shafts of a malignant wit. He never hastens to acquaint you with an unpleasant truth, the hearing of which you would wish to defer, and which you would hear least of all from him you value as a friend. He remembers that you are endowed, like the rest of the human family, with a certain amount of pride—call it vanity if you will,—and he has tact sufficient to avoid those disagreeable observations which he knows will wound you. Nowhere is the true gentleman displayed to better advantage; and it is from that delicate, subtle instinct which teaches him caution in the use of language that we derive our definition of the term—gentleman.

But there are unpleasant truths which we must hear; and who so fit to break them to us as a friend who loves us. When necessity commands, when duty renders it imperative, the true gentleman hesitates not, but with all the skill of the experienced surgeon, tenderly binds up the wound which he was compelled to make in order to save life. Such cases seldom happen; for our enemies, and not less vigilant imprudent friends, are always alert to hasten with the first tidings of misfortune—"to be in at the death," as the English say. It is, perhaps, as well for us that our enemies should be the first to tell us of our failings, for it is an unpleasant duty to impose upon a friend. The old adage: "We seldom forgive those who destroy our air-castles," is not altogether devoid of truth. It is an adage which grows out of our intense love of self, and unless that be totally eradicated, we cannot seriously take the proverb to task.

D.

Rest.

There's no sensation so blissful. The little child creeps to its mother's breast with an "Oh, so tired," and the aged Christian and the long-suffering breathe a prayer for the relief that lies beyond the grave. Restless heart and fevered brain, unquiet and unstable, craves that which

cools the ardent pulse; and the laborer watches the lengthening shadows and is glad that night is so near. The shouting schoolboy is fagged at last, and lies down to dream of childish sport.

Absence of occupation is not rest. A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed. Life presents an endless variety of amusements. Worn out with one class of work, relaxation can be obtained in another. Brain and fingers, worn with thought and writing, find solace in books, curious games, or the charm of conversation. The idle are those who deem existence hardest to be borne. Always loafing renders the world flat, stale and insipid. Its votaries are never content, and to find occupation they indulge in the wild schemes and vicious theories of communism, and join the gangs of thieves and robbers.

The worst maxim, so called, of all this earth is that "the world owes me a living." It may, but it gives all a precious mean one that do not strive to win the best. We can expect none to be contented with their lot, but the most satisfied are those intelligent men who perform their task best and labor for their daily bread, no matter whether they win it by brains or hands; whether he be the capitalist or poverty-stricken. Don Quixote thus pictured his idea: "I would do what I please, and doing what I please, I should have my will; and having my will, I should be contented; and when one is contented, there is no more to be desired; and when there is no more to be desired, there is an end of it." Not bad philosophy, you will say, but impossible in a practicable sphere.

Nature, a generous mother, forces rest on her offspring. Exhausted humanity must have repose, or the chords of life will be strung to such tension that they will snap at the least pressure. The laws of our being have been so kindly arranged that when night work is required, slumber comes as sweetly in the day as in darkness. Plants have been known to change their habits when night has been turned into day. They only need culturing to the changed relations, and their habits become regular. Darkness closes their lids as it does those of the little, trusting child. Balmy sleep—death's twin brother—visits all, and even the most wretched at last succumb to the influence of his potent wand.

Tennyson sings in his *Morte D'Arthur*:

"More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of; wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day;
For what are men better than sheep or goats,
That nourish a blind life within the brain
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer,
Both for themselves and those that call them friend.

R.

A Symposium on Athletic Sports.

(Continued from page 189.)

Students at college, especially those much inclined to study, will entirely neglect the taking of exercise. They think their whole time and attention at college should be devoted to cramming knowledge in their brains, so that they may become wise men. The student, by so doing, will soon feel that his health is failing, and that he can only with difficulty pursue his studies. He heeds no warning and persists in studying diligently until experience shall have taught him when it is too late for reparation. He is like a tree whose branches in spring are filled with foliage from among which the green fruit peeps forth, but as summer approaches the tree withers and dies for want of nourishment. The student receives much knowledge as the reward of his labor; but what good will that be if he cannot live to enjoy its fruits. In the prime of life he has borne fruit, but ere the summer is far advanced, death has him within its grasp.

Health is a blessing which one, no matter what his profession, must strive ever to possess. Health is the general that leads man into battle against man's enemy, directs his movements and brings him out victorious. The student applying himself closely to his books, without taking necessary exercise, can only enjoy the fruits of his labors by enjoying good health. He may be versed in mathematics; he may be master of language; he may be able to roam in analytic thought from one constellation to the other, and penetrate deep into the depths of the sea of mysteries which covers nature—but the fruits of his labor he cannot enjoy without health.

For this reason gymnastic exercises are strictly enforced by colleges. While the primary object of colleges is the education of youth, yet the proper muscular exercises of the students are by no means neglected. Gymnasiums are furnished, football, the national sports, and other sports whatever they may be, all these are signally encouraged by the authorities. The object of this is not that the students may become pugilists or professional ball players, but that they may thereby be the better able to develop and strengthen the powers of the mind, so that in after-life they may enjoy the fruits of their industry at college.

C. S. BURGER.

The value of athletic sports is so great that we cannot place a limit to it, and to banish them would be an act which could almost be considered a crime. Glance at the young men of the present generation, well built, strong and active, and to what cause can we attribute this? athletic sports is the answer. If we would banish athletic sports from the college, university and gymnasium, what would be the condition of the young men? They would be weak, stoop-shouldered, listless, instead of the finely moulded and bright,

young men. How much better can the one of robust health, grasp the difficulties of life than the weak and spiritless; how much better can the man, gifted with a sound physical constitution, apply himself to his studies or his daily tasks, than the poor, weak, dyspeptic, inactive person. Is it not a favorite motto that a healthy body indicates a brain in the best of condition. The leading minds of France have come to the conclusion that the national system of education is defective on its physical side; and efforts are now being made to acclimatize cricket, football, rowing and American baseball in French schools. The Minister of Education has even issued a paper in favor of athletic sports or exercises. Now, to talk about banishing all such sports from colleges, etc., would seem ridiculous. Why, even back in the primitive ages, kings encouraged all athletic exercises, and offered prizes for the winners of these various exercises. And from the earliest times to the present day athletic sports have been making rapid strides until now they have reached a state of perfection, and to think of now banishing them would almost be an insult to the public at large. Therefore, we can truthfully say that athletic sports are a blessing to mankind in general, and should receive encouragement, and encouragement in a substantial way, by every free-minded, public-spirited citizen of America.

B. J. HUGHES.

Are athletic sports good for college life or not? No doubt, the general answer to this subject would be: Yes, they are! However, we think it not so. The athletic sports take away too much of the student's attention from his classes and studies. That there is too much attention paid to athletic sports in some colleges we had occasion to learn last vacation, on meeting some of our friends, who had just returned after the close of their institution. The subject of college life came into consideration, and remarks were made about sports as well as classes. And such a remark as "there's where you learn sports, and that's all," did not, we assure you, reflect much credit upon the college where they had spent their year.

G. J. MAYERHÖFER.

The value of athletic sports in general cannot be overestimated. Especially is practice in field-sports and other athletic exercises valuable to the student who is confined within doors for the greater part of the day, poring over various works of Latin and Greek authors. His mind grows rapidly; but if the powers of his body do not keep pace with his mental powers; if he does not exercise his muscles as well as his intellect, his constitution, becoming enfeebled, is not able to bear the great mental strain, and frequently breaks down, or becomes unfitted for active work in life. The student whose bodily powers are undeveloped begins life at a great

disadvantage. His chest is narrow, his lungs weak, and his constitution enfeebled. Not only is he unfitted for out-door employment, but he is even unfitted for a professional career, since his weak constitution cannot bear the confinement and work attendant on every profession. We could bring forward many other arguments showing the practical advantage of athletic sports to the student about to enter into the world, but this must be apparent to everyone. The best advice to every boy whose future depends on his own exertions is: cultivate not only your mental and moral faculties, but also your muscular powers, and you cannot fail to make your mark in life.

W. LARKIN.

Books and Periodicals.

—Benziger's "Catholic Home Almanac for the Year 1889" has been received. It is one of the most excellent publications of the kind ever given to the public. The enterprising publishers have spared no pains to make it all that its name implies—an annual for the Catholic home, containing a variety of entertaining and instructive reading to suit the tastes of all classes of English readers. In addition to the calendar and other matter found in all almanacs, there are contributions and stories from such writers as the Rev. E. M. Grimm, C. SS. R., Maurice F. Egan, Eliza Allen Starr, Anna T. Sadlier, Christian Reid, Sara T. Smith, a beautiful poem by Eleanor C. Donnelly, and other articles. All this is greatly enhanced by a profusion of illustrations and portraits artistically engraved. Of these we can only mention the rarely beautiful chromo-lithograph of St. Christopher and other saints, which adorns the title-page. This alone, with its wealth of brilliant and artistical coloring, would be worth more than the price of the book. Published by Benziger Bros.: New York, Cincinnati and Chicago. Price, 25 cents.

—*The Art Amateur* begins in the November number the publication of two colored plates with every issue. Those given this time are a charming study of "Water Lilies" by Frederick Dielman, and an exquisite moonlight marine view, with fishermen in the foreground hauling in their nets, by A. Rosier. The other designs include a superb double-page of dahlias by Victor Dagon, orchids for a dessert plate (the first of a series of twelve), the tenth of the series of fish plates, a design of milkweed pods for a panel or lamp, a decoration for a church banner (the fifth of a series), a design for a bellows for repoussé work, wood-carving designs, and a page of monograms in "T." The frontispiece is an admirable portrait study of a French peasant woman by Charles Sprague Pearce, reproduced in Paris from the painting. An article of much interest on the eminent Russian painter Verests-

chagin is illustrated by a portrait and an excellent engraving of "Skobelev at Shipka." The practical topics receiving special attention include painting wild flowers, marine painting, landscape painting, the use of gold and other metals in china painting, painting orchids on china, wood-carving and art needlework applied to street costumes.

—We acknowledge the receipt of a very interesting memorial volume of the recent centennial celebration of Allegheny County, Pennsylvania. The work, which is in pamphlet form of some three hundred pages, is entitled "Allegheny County: Its Early History and Subsequent Development." The Rev. A. A. Lambing, LL. D., contributes a lengthy and valuable history of the county from the earliest period till the year 1790. The history is then taken up by Hon. J. W. F. White and continued up to the present day—the whole forming a paper abounding with information of great utility to the student and lover of the history of our country. The following extract, from the opening lines of the first chapter of Father Lambing's historical contribution, will serve to show its importance:

"The growth and development of our country, especially west of the Allegheny mountains, has been something phenomenal. Where a century ago or less nothing was to be seen but vast primeval forests or boundless prairies, inhabited by wild animals and savages only a little less ferocious, all has been changed by the rapid march of civilization. The few villages that dared to spring up at that early day have become populous cities; the solitary cabins of the hardy adventurers have given place to thriving towns and villages, the forests and prairies have been transformed into rich agricultural districts, and in every direction lines of railroad are seen threading their course to carry the fruits of industry to a ready market. Telegraph lines facilitate communication, and over all, religion spreads her peaceful mantle; education sheds her cheering light, and a popular government secures for all equal rights. The peoples of the Old World, confined to traditional grooves, contemplate with astonishment the gigantic strides of the Great Republic of the West, and speculate on what the end is to be, or whether there will be an end to this onward march of national prosperity and domestic happiness.

Nowhere, perhaps, is this extraordinary growth more marked than in Western Pennsylvania, nearly all of which was once included within the limits of Allegheny County. From the date of the arrival of the first white man at the confluence of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers, the natural advantages of that section of country was recognized as a future centre of population and industry. But as time went on, and the various and inexhaustible mineral resources of the surrounding country were gradually developed, it was seen with what singular generosity Nature had lavished her choicest gifts upon that favored spot . . .

The importance of this section of country from an historical point of view is not less deserving of attention. Circumstances seemed from an early day to prepare it for the distinction it was afterward to enjoy. Few places have been so distinguished by the vicissitudes that marked the various periods of their history as Allegheny County, from the days when it was alternately the battlefield and the hunting ground of conflicting tribes of red men, to the time in which it was finally settled, after having passed successively under the yoke of three nations of the pale faces—the French, the English and the Americans."

The work is published by Snowden & Peterson, Pittsburg, Pa.

Local Items.

- It's all over.
- Horatio rejoiceth.
- Democracy forever!
- 'Rah for everybody!
- Thanksgiving Day next.
- B. failed to cast his vote.
- There was an earthquake.
- Cleveland is still President.
- All eyes were on Clay Township.
- The Colonel made a gallant fight.
- Read the Symposium on athletics.
- Harrison is believed to be all right.
- Republicans will ratify next Tuesday.
- Another candidate for oratorical honors.
- The students generally abstained from voting.
- Sorin Hall will soon be ready for its occupants.
- The incandescent light has been placed in the store.
- Those who had shekels on the wrong side are mourning.
- Only the persuasive eloquence of B——, could move them.
- Mr. A. McNulty, of Chicago, Ill., was a visitor last Saturday.
- The rain gets around with annoying persistency on "rec" days.
- A weak game of football was played on the 4th. The specials won easily.
- The Grads listened to the rules and regulations of Sorin Hall the other evening.
- The title of Prof. Maurice Francis Egan's next lecture at St. Mary's will be "Literature and Life."
- Lieutenants Fehr and Jewett are proving themselves efficient officers by their good work in Company "B."
- The Senior "Roll of Honor" failed to reach us this week before going to press. Hence it does not appear.
- There was a certain shouter on election day who might be dubbed: *Vox et preterea nihil*. Do you know him?
- Local events have sunk into a pitiable insignificance this week when compared with the great event of Tuesday.
- The subjects for the Prize Essays in the Senior and Junior years and for the English Medal will be announced at an early date.
- Drilling has been resumed in the lower corridor, and the cry of "hep!" and the sound of martial tread once more are heard in the main building.
- The fire seen from the College Thursday forenoon was the burning of the large paper mill of South Bend, which was almost totally destroyed by the element.

—The essays to be written for competition in the Criticism and Literature classes are to be entitled: "The Progress of the English Language from Chaucer to Tennyson" and "The Uses of Literature."

—Following are the members of the University Rugby Team: F. Fehr, Centre *Rusher*; E. Sawkins, E. Melady, L. Meagher, F. Mattes, F. Springer, J. Hepburn, *Rushers*; H. Jewett and J. Cusack, *Half-backs*; Ed. Coady, *Quarter-back*; Ed. Prudhomme, Captain and *Full-back*.

—A disappointed, but not disheartened, follower of the grand old party of Jefferson, Jackson and Tilden sends us the following:

The melancholy days have come,
They're with us once again,
They're a little too cold for Grover,
But just about right for Ben.

—With the literary boom started this fall we see no reason why there should not be many excellent essays soon forthcoming for publication. The SCHOLASTIC is desirous of printing good, readable articles from the students, and trusts it will have many opportunities of so doing this year. Let us hear from our local *littérateurs*. Send us something original, something fresh, something spicy.

—Very Rev. Father General has given a copy of the "Novena for the Relief of the Poor Souls in Purgatory," by a missionary of the Sacred Heart, to each of the Catholic pupils of St. Edward's Hall. Besides the strong appeal on behalf of the holy souls, the little book contains touching stories, a novena and indulgenced prayers. The Very Rev. donor has the grateful thanks of the Minims for the much valued little manual.

—At the 5th regular meeting of the members of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, held in St. Edward's Hall on Monday, Nov. 5, the speakers were Masters H. Mooney, M. Elkin, B. Bates, F. Parker, J. Hagus, V. Kehoe, and F. Webb. While all deserve praise for their successful efforts, the compositions of Eli Elkins and F. Webb, deserve special notice. J. Barbour, J. Hagus, F. Dunn, C. Franche and J. Keane were admitted to membership.

—The St. Louis *Westliche Post* publishes the following letter, which, it says, is copied *verbatim*, and was written in Roman script:

"RACINE, 15 Oct., '88.

"MEIN FREUND:—Oxkoose me dat I Schrieb you in Englisch. Ich habe so long in staat Visconsin gewont, das ien alredy twise have gevoted. Das Englisher stent mir so vor dat I cannot hardly schwetz any deutsch no more. Mein Adresse ese zwei mile from Racine in busch. So you send it naer der postmeister, I get em."

—Col. Wm. Hoynes returned on the 4th inst. from an extensive canvass of the 13th Congressional District in which he has delivered many speeches this fall. He was greeted with applause when he entered the students' refectory, and after dinner was forced to say a few words to the boys. He asked to be excused from speaking at length on account of the poor condition

of his voice; made a few pleasant remarks, and thanked his audience for their kind demonstration. The Colonel's talk was greatly enjoyed by his hearers.

—Mr. John F. McCay and sister, Miss Mary McCay, gave a musical entertainment in Washington Hall, on the evening of the 4th inst. The programme consisted of vocal and instrumental solos and duets, and comic recitations. The performance as a whole was an enjoyable one, and quite creditable, too, considering the fact that the McCays, through some misfortune, have been blind from infancy, and thus are at a great disadvantage. Quite a sum was realized on the concert.

—The inscription to be placed on the tablet over the tomb of the late Dr. O. A. Brownson reads as follows:

HIC. JACET.
ORESTES. A. BROWNSON.
QUI. VERAM. FIDEM. HUMILITER. AGNOVIT.
INTEGRAM. VIXIT. VITAM.
CALAMO. LINGUAQUE.
ECCLESIAM. AC. PATRIAM.
FORTITER. DEFENDIT.
AC. LICET. MORTI. CORPUS. OBIERIT.
MENTIS. OPERA. SUPERSUNT.
IMMORTALIA.
INGENII. MONUMENTA.

—On Saturday evening, Nov. 3, the St. Aloysius' Philodemic Society held its seventh regular meeting at which the question: "Is a Change of Administration Advisable," was debated. The affirmative was sustained by Messrs. W. Larkin and D. Barrett, and the negative by Messrs. T. Goebel and R. Nations. Cleveland's administration was reviewed in a brief manner by both sides; but from the weight of the arguments advanced by the negative, the decision was given in its favor. Messrs. P. Wagoner and Pope were unanimously elected members of the Society.

—At the urgent request of several friends who were anxious to have a Jubilee picture of Very Rev. Father General, he gave Mr. McDonald some sittings last week which have resulted in the finest photographs ever taken of him. There are several splendid negatives, some life-size busts, and some full-length of the largest size made, as well as some beautiful cabinet size. The pictures show that time leaves scarcely any traces on the noble face, so animated and serene, which looks as fresh and youthful as it did twenty years ago. Mr. McDonald thinks that he has never sent out more artistic work from his studio; he feels that he has struck a bonanza in securing Father General's picture.

—The sixth regular meeting of the Columbian Literary and Dramatic Society was held Saturday evening, Nov. 3. In the absence of the President, the Vice-President, Mr. J. Sullivan, presided. Mr. H. Barnes read a criticism on the last meeting; Mr. F. Brown followed with a humorous recitation, and Mr. Ross Bronson with a declamation. Then the question Resolved: "That the Pen is Mightier than the Sword" was debated; on the affirmative by Messrs. Howard

and Rothert, and on the negative by Messrs. Prudhomme and Barnes. The judges rendered a decision in favor of the affirmative. Mr. Howard was elected General Critic, and Mr. Ross Bronson Sergeant-at-Arms. Messrs. L. Hackett and J. Toner were admitted to membership.

—One of the neatest press appliances we have seen is one invented by the mechanical genius of the SCHOLASTIC force. When paper sheets are run through a press it is sometimes quite inconvenient to be compelled to stop and arrange them, one squarely above another, if they are wanted to be put through the press again, or if they need to be placed on the cutting machine for trimming, etc. This new contrivance does away with this inconvenience. It is attached to the receiving board, on which the press deposits the printed paper, and its connection with the fly of the press gives it a double motion, so that as a sheet of paper comes out of the press the machine straightens it, and thus the sheets lie squarely on top of one another. The new arrangement works quite satisfactorily, and the inventor is deserving of praise for the unqualified success of his device.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, J. Allen, Ayer, Aarons, Bombeck, Bates, Beaudry, Brady, Blumenthal, Boyd, Wilbanks, Baltes, Bearinger, Bronson, Bryan, S. Cleary, T. Young, Cleary, Crandall, F. Connors, J. Connors, Covert, J. Connolly, E. Campbell, A. Campbell, Cauthorn, Clendenin, Chute, N. Davis, E. Du Brul, Dunn, W. Devine, A. Devine, Dempsey, Daniels, Duffield, Erwin, Elder, Weitzel, Flannigan, T. Falvey, S. Fleming, Fitzgerald, Williamson, Frei, Foley, Green, P. Healy, Heller, Hesse, Howard, Hinkley, Hoerr, Halthusen, Hughes, Hannin, Hanrahan, Hague, Houlihan, Hoffman, Heard, Ibold, Johns, King, A. Welch, Krembs, W. Kutsche, Kehoe, Kearns, Kellner, Lamon, Louisell, Mahon, Maher, Maurus, Monarch, Mainzer, Malone, Mayer, C. Mooney, Merz, J. Walsh, McNulty, J. McIntosh, L. McIntosh, Wile, Silver, Savage, McIvers, McMahan, McGrath, McCartney, F. Neef, A. Neef, Nockels, Nester, O'Neill, G. O'Brian, O'Mara, P. O'Brian, Priestly, Populorum, Pecheux, F. Peck, J. Peck, Palmer, Paquette, Powers, Quinlan, E. Roth, I. Rose, S. Rose, Reinhard, Rowsey, C. Schillo, Sheehan, Tedard, Schultze, Sutter, Sullivan, Spalding, L. Scherrer, Talbot, C. Scherrer, Toolen, Wood.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ackerman, Bates, Blake, Barbour, Ball, Bruel, Burns, E. Bryan, Bearinger, Connolly, Cornell, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, W. Crawford, A. Crawford, Cohn, C. Connor, W. Connor, Crandall, Cudahy, Crane, Downing, Durand, Du Quesne, Dunn, J. Dempsey, Jas. Dungan, Dorsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, E. Elkin, M. Elkin, G. Evers, F. Evers, C. Franche, G. Franche, Falvey, Finnerty Foster, Fanning, Grant, Greene, Goodwillie, Gregg, Goodman, Girardin, Hendry, Hamilton, Hagus, Hinds, Hedenbergh, Haddican, Hill, Johns, Jonquet, Kane, Kroolman, Keeler, Kaye, Koester, Kehoe, Lansing, Levi, Livingston, Londoner, Lonergan, J. Marre, A. Marre, Marx, Minor, McPhee, C. McDonell, F. McDonnell, McDonald, Mattas, Mooney, Montague, Mayer, Miller, McCarthy, Neenan, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, L. Paul, C. Paul, Ricksecker, Roberts, Rea, Seerey, Seidensticker, Stone, Stephens, Steineman, Toolen, Trujillo, Thornton, Witkowsky, F. Webb, R. J. Dungan, Webb, Wever, Wilcox.

The Paris Exposition of 1889.

Rev. Dr. Bernard O'Reilly, in "N. Y. Sun."

....The business community is more than ever enthusiastic about the approaching centennial celebration. The Exposition of next year is expected to make of the River Seine a new Pactolus, pouring a flood of gold into the city and country. And most certainly, whatever may be the ill-will or the sneers of the adversaries of 1789, of its principles and its memories, the preparations made for this World's Fair and World's Meeting are on the most gigantic scale.

The Eiffel Tower, after a three or four days' strike in September, is ascending rapidly. The height is now about 500 feet, or one half the total elevation. As it narrows gradually in its upward progress, the quantity of material to be hauled up to the dizzy working platforms becomes less and less. Besides they have begun to employ a new system of machinery. Anyway, it is to me a wonderful spectacle to watch the squads of men suspended aloft on their narrow plank footing—some turning gigantic cranes, some blowing into a fierce blaze the furnaces in which they heat their bolts and other fastenings, while on all the four sides of the tower these hardy workers in iron are seen swinging their hammers, driving home the bolts that fasten uprights and cross beams, with nothing beneath them, frequently, but a platform the width of two planks.

It is a fearful but a marvellous sight, this monumental tower, growing up, up, up till it surpasses anything ever attempted by human daring. How, high up in mid-air, far above the summits of the loftiest hills around Paris, these poor workmen will be able to continue their labors through the cold and snows of autumn and winter is a problem of human endurance, skill, and perseverance which I cannot solve.

Meanwhile, a person looking over the vast space of the Champ de Mars, to which the Eiffel Tower is to stand as a portal, like the Colossus of Rhodes, beholds a fascinating panorama. To the right and left rise up two gigantic and graceful domes, now entirely roofed, glazed, and tinned. They are beginning to ornament them here and there with brilliant settings of glazed tiles, forming a sort of mosaic. Beyond the Eiffel Tower, at the end of a broad sweep of gardens and shrubbery, interspersed with kiosks and fountains, you see the lofty roof and domed portico of the great central Exposition hall.

Nestling in the spaces between the central building, with its two enormous wings, are fast rising a number of minor structures of every form, destined to receive the products of favored industries. Then all along the Quai d'Orsay and the river front, down to the esplanade of the Invalides, are series of long galleries for the reception of agricultural produce and machinery.

On each side of the Pont de Jena, and fronting the Trocadero, they are constructing groups of buildings representing the habitation of man in every country, among all races, and at every stage of civilization. Every dwelling is to be constructed, adorned, and furnished as near to the historical reality as possible.

The Trocadero itself, with its splendid position, its central buildings, its vast semicircular galleries and colonnades, its cascades and grounds, is to serve for a horticultural exhibition. Besides this they have just opened in the upper and lower galleries of the colonades, museums surpassingly interesting. In the left wing are exposed casts of all the masterpieces of ancient, mediæval, and modern sculpture, together with casts and photographs of all the most renowned buildings of the East and West.

The right wing is an Ethnological Museum, if possible more attractive and more instructive, than the former. Here you have, treasured up, classified and explained, archæological remains from every land under the sun—buildings sacred and profane, costumes, ornaments, domestic utensils, household furniture, weapons for war and the chase—and for every country and tribe, civilized or uncivilized, lifelike statues of both sexes in their respective costumes. At the end of one gallery is a Samoyede encampment, which, at a distance, seems a reality. The burial of the dead is also vividly illustrated for all times and nations.

A very large space is devoted to American ethnography. The various peoples of the Southern continent stand out before us faithfully portrayed, and the casts of monuments and lifelike groups of Brazilian Indians, Caribs, Patagonians, Peruvians, are made more interesting still by the large and beautiful drawings of scenery from the hand of the most celebrated French explorers.

I was particularly struck by the extraordinary wealth accumulated in the space allotted to Central America, Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, California, etc. New Mexico and Colorado, with their pueblos, are moreover beautifully and strikingly illustrated by artistic colored sketches of scenery taken on the spot, in which some of the figures appear to be as large as life. The casts of the monuments, idols, etc., of the ruined cities of Central America and Mexico fill the mind with wonder.

They are also constructing new wharves along the Seine, from the Invalides up to and beyond the Pont de Jena. At the Invalides the entire esplanade is covered with Exposition buildings, destined, for the most part, to receive the produce of the French colonies and dependencies, besides a special department for the Ministry of War, where French military science will display all its past and present wealth.

Surely this ought to be a golden age for French workingmen, for the numbers employed on the Exposition buildings are counted by the thousand.

St. Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Mrs. H. Shaefer, *née* Addie Geiser, Class of '78, paid a short visit last week.

—Wednesday morning the members of the Holy Angels' Sodality called on Very Rev. Father General to thank him for favors received.

—The Second Senior Algebra Class had a most interesting competition on Tuesday last; the Misses Bloom and Hurff deserve special mention.

—The concert of last Saturday having taken part of the recreation hour, the classes in theoretical music were not held, and the time was devoted to amusement.

—Donnelly's "Cryptogram" has many warm advocates in the Literature Class; some would make good book agents, judging from their enthusiasm on the subject.

—Warm thanks are extended to Mrs. E. Horn, Columbus, Ohio, for a beautifully worked altar ruffle. Both the gift and the kindness which prompted it are appreciated.

—On Mother Superior's return from Deadwood, Dakota Territory, she presented a collection of choice mineral specimens—the gift of Miss C. Ulrich—to the museum. Sincere thanks are tendered.

—On Sunday the regular monthly adoration of the Blessed Sacrament was held. The flowers adorning the altar were generously given by several of the pupils, thoughtful of the beauty of God's shrine.

—All Saints' Day was solemnized with more than ordinary zeal, for it marked the close of the annual retreat. The music was very fine, and the altar decorations most tasteful; the sermon was preached by Very Rev. Father Corby, and was most impressive. In the evening the "Beatitudes" were distributed by Very Rev. Father General, who made some interesting remarks.

—The Confraternity room of the Children of Mary boasts the addition of a beautiful plaque on which is painted Murillo's Immaculate Conception; the plaque supports a clock on which is represented the Sacred Heart. The donor, needless to say, was Very Rev. Father General to whom grateful acknowledgments are offered. To the same room has he donated a beautiful painting on white velvet of the Sacred Heart.

—At three o'clock, on Saturday, a pleasant change from the ordinary routine occurred. Two blind musicians entertained the young ladies with instrumental and vocal music. The performance was perfect of its kind, and pity added a special charm to the afternoon's programme. It is certainly a charity to give aid in a case so

evidently deserving; and all united in wishing success to the blind singers whose aim is to procure a home for their aged mother.

Praise.

From the first eager look of childhood into a loved mother's face for a smile of approval, until our eyes are closed to earth's scenes, do our hearts receive warmth and pleasure at words of sincere approbation. Praise is a balm whose soothing properties we must all acknowledge. It is that recompense we all love to receive when conscious of well-doing. The humblest as well as the greatest of God's creatures is not insensible to honest praise, which comes as a gentle dew to refresh and strengthen after labor. To some persons it is not only a source of pleasure, but it is of absolute necessity, for they are so constituted that if their good deeds remained unnoticed and their meritorious actions received no mark of appreciation, they would lose heart in the race, and despair of reaching the goal.

Others we meet in whom this desire for approbation is not so strong; they believe "virtue is its own reward," and remain satisfied in the consciousness of duty accomplished. They may be classed with those of whom the poet speaks when he says:

"Some lead a life unblamable and just,
Their own dear virtue their unshaken trust."

Most of us, however, long to hear, from day to day, words of approval which we may consider as a prelude to the consoling assurance: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant." Such words seem to stimulate us to renewed effort, and yet censure is more freely bestowed by many than expressions of heartfelt praise.

It is to be deplored that often the greatest minds the world has ever produced go through life with their deeds unrecognized; but no sooner are they laid in their graves than words of praise are poured out in abundance; their good works are eulogized, and stately monuments are erected to their memory; but of what avail are the cold marble and kind words? Thus does the jealous and hypocritical world strive to pay a debt long overdue. How many authors send forth their works in fear and trembling, feeling that a word of praise will be new life to them, while a severe criticism will be almost death. How many talents might have been developed, and their fruits enjoyed, were it not that encouragement was withheld and just deserts were slow in being awarded. Well has Spenser said:

"Who would ever care to do brave deed,
Or strive in virtue others to excel
If none should yield him his deserved meed—
Due praise,—that is the spur of doing well?"

It is a mark of a noble nature to recognize that which is commendable in others; all that is good and noble is brought out by kind and appreciative hearts which will ever bestow praise where it is deserved.

It is contrary to the nature of a selfish person to utter words of approbation in favor of a fellow-being, for by so doing he fancies he would detract from his personal importance, and such a person can do without praise, for his own is so unfailing. To depend entirely upon the opinion of others for our happiness is to be a slave to whims and caprice. While applause falls pleasingly on the ear, its effect is not always good; indeed it may awaken an appetite for praise pernicious to the mind, and which may become as morbid and greedy as any other inordinate craving. Many actors and public singers make praise the dominant motive of life; their whole success in their profession depends upon it. Popular applause is often the only end a person has in view when endeavoring to accomplish anything great. Many writers toil over a single work for years, if they think it will meet with the approval of men; others endanger life in the performance of brave deeds in order that their names may be handed down to posterity.

Praise is nothing more than a legitimate tribute to worth, and is disinterested in its motive, while flattery originates in selfishness. Some people have a faculty of bestowing laudatory words on all they meet; flattery seems to be part of their nature. We can but pity such persons, unless there is some ulterior motive in their adulation, then our pity becomes contempt. While a man who is always lavish with his praise is little to be trusted, he is to be trusted still less who sees no good, and who censures with cool indifference. Praise is so apt to degenerate into flattery that at times we can scarcely distinguish between them; still the difference is felt intuitively by a person of judgment. Holland tells us that one who can be praised ought not to be flattered, and a person who can be flattered should never be praised.

It is a duty incumbent on us to know when and how we may praise; and when any act of ours deserves the favorable notice of others, we must know how much is due, "and hold it mean to borrow aught of flattery." It has been said that it is a sign of weakness to accept praise; but, on the contrary, the strongest Being in the

universe, the God of the universe, is the One who demands, receives and accepts the most praise. Honest expressions of love and gratitude, adoration and praise are pleasing to Him who sits upon the throne of Heaven, and are at least shining ripples upon the soundless ocean of His bliss. It is tributary to God's happiness when His creatures pour forth words of adoring praise in grateful recognition of His attributes, and though we are not to mention our claims in connection with the infinite perfections that call for homage to the Almighty, in our souls do we find the image of God reflected, and while offering praise to merit, we, by that very act, praise Him who holds man and his works in His eternal keeping.

M. A. REND (*Class '89*).

Roll of Honor.

[For politeness, neatness, order, amiability, correct deportment, and exact observance of rules.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Ansbach, Anson, Ash, Andree, E. Balch, Bates, T. Balch, Burton, Bloom, Beschameng, Bogner, Butler, Brewer, Barron, Bush, M. Beck, C. Beck, M. B. Clifford, E. Coll, Campeau, Cleaveland, Currier, Caren, Compagne, Clarke, M. Clifford, M. Coll, Cohn, Clore, Connell, Crabbe, Canepa, Donnelly, Ducey, M. Davis, Dempsey, Dority, D. Davis, Dorsey, Daube, M. De Montcourt, Flannery, Fitzpatrick, Fursman, Fox, Flitner, Gavan, Griffith, Geer, Grace, M. Gibson, N. Gibson, Gordon, Harriman, Hertzog, Hammond, Harlen, M. Horner, I. Horner, Hurff, Healy, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hamilton, Hagus, Harmes, Hutchinson, Huber, Haight, Haney, Hellmann, Hubbard, Irwin, Johnson, Jungblut, Kingsbury, Koepflinger, A. Keeney, Koopman, Linneen, Ledwith, Lewis, Meehan, L. McNamara, Moran, N. Morse, F. Moore, Marley, Miner, C. Morse, McCarthy, Mercer, McCune, H. Nester, L. Nester, Nacey, Nelson, Norton, Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Papin, Piper, Paul, Penburthy, Quill, Reidinger, Robinson, Regan, Roberts, Rentfrow, Rend, M. Smith, Slesinger, Spurgeon, Schrock, Studebaker, Simpson, Saviers, B. Smith, Schiltz, Taylor, Van Horn, Van Mourick, Van Riper, M. Vochting, B. Vochting, Wright, Wehr, Waterbury, Waixel, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Barry, Bloom, E. Burns, Burchard, M. Campbell, R. Campbell, Churchill, M. Davis, Dexter, Dempsey, Dolan, Dreyer, Ernest, Farwell, Göke, Griffith, Hull, Kahn, Kloth, Kelso, Lauth, Marks, M. McHugh, Miller, McPhee, McGuire, Northam, O'Mara, Papin, Patrick, Pugsley, Patier, Quealey, Reeves, Regan, Rose, Rowley, Rinehart, M. Smyth, J. Smyth, Scherrer, Sweeney, M. Schoellkopf, I. Schoellkopf, Stapleton, Thirids, A. Wurzburg, N. Wurzburg.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Burns, Crandell, B. Davis, L. McHugh, M. McHugh, Moore, S. Smyth, N. Smyth, Scherrer.

No one is so accursed by fate,
No one so utterly desolate,
But some heart, though unknown,
Responds unto his own.

—Longfellow.