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No. 25.

The Woods.

—
"Come, come with me,
For once be free
From ev'ry care;
Come with me where
The birds in leafy bowers,
And butterflies midst flowers
Pass the day!"
It seemed to say,
As down the hill
The murm'ring rill
Purled through a meadow quietly,
Ran t'wards a forest lightly.
And as told
I forthwith strolled
O'er the fell,
Through the dell,
Into the blessed shade
Of rustling trees. I strayed
Here and there
And everywhere,
Sweet content
By no cares rent.

B.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

—
He does not live that he may fill the language with perfumes, nor stir the air with the essence of his words:

"Still as solace to our pain,
While his poesies remain
In his books he lives again."

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, a true poet, and America's greatest, was born A. D. 1807, in Portland, Maine. At the age of fourteen he entered Bowdoin College, and was graduated in 1825. Among his classmates the names of distinguished men may be mentioned. There were John P. Hale, Franklin Pierce, afterwards President of our great and glorious Union, William Pitt, and Nathaniel Hawthorne.

After graduation he left his native land for Europe, where he commenced the study of the law, which, for three years, engaged his close attention. In 1829 he accepted the chair of modern languages at Bowdoin and remained there until 1835, when he resigned his position to accept a similar one at Harvard.

During his school-days he attempted to write poetry, and succeeded very well. His first work was an essay on the "Moral and Devotional Poetry of Spain," which included a great many of the sonnets of Lope de Vega, and a few of Coplas de Maurique's translations. In 1839, he published "Voices of the Night," and in 1842 "Ballads and Other Poems." The "Psalm of Life," "A Rainy Day," and "The Village Blacksmith" are best known among his earlier poems.

In the year 1847 Longfellow's masterpiece, "Evangeline" appeared. It is an idyl written in hexameters, which is very difficult. It shows Longfellow's true poetic genius. He attempted and effected what he desired. With a little attention to the selection of words, and considerable labor in the arrangement of them, he succeeded in the perfection of hexameter verse.

The poet relates, in his famous poem, the expulsion of those happy and contented people, the Acadians. The heroine of the poem, Evangeline, is the daughter of Benedict Bellefontaine, one of the wealthiest farmers of Grand-Pré. He continues on describing her father's painful death and her separation from her lover Gabriel, son of Basil the blacksmith. Gabriel consecrates his life to the work of finding her, but his searches prove to be in vain. His loved one is also seeking him under the protection of an Indian guide. In vain did she search; but

"Hope still guided them on as the magic *Fata Morgana*
Showed them her lakes of light that retreated and
vanished before them."

Everything seemed blasted; all hopes of finding Gabriel were gone. Evangeline then becomes a Sister of Mercy. It was when she was leading this pious life, performing the duties of charity that she finds her lover sick and dying.

Longfellow's fame as a poet is known throughout the country. In describing his merits and the honors he had justly earned, it is safe to say that "Longfellow was peculiarly remarkable for the absolute purity, refinement, sweetness and melody of his verse."

Between 1847 and 1855 there appeared "minor poems." In 1855 appeared "Hiawatha," written in trochaic octosyllabic. "The Courtship of Miles Standish" was given to the public in 1858; "Divine Tragedy" and the "Golden Legend" in 1871; these two were united and called "Christus." In 1867 he began the "Translation of Dante," which is, up to this date, the most literal yet made.

Longfellow's career is marked by manly virtues, and honored by all literary men. He was ever constant, confiding and kind. "Faith was his companion, and honor his guide." He died at Cambridge, Mass., on the 24th of March, 1882.

"In the winter's slow decay,
In the gloom of yesterday,
Passed the poet's soul away."

E. C. P.

The Religious Spirit of "Evangeline."

"But a celestial brightness, a more ethereal beauty,
Shone on her face and encircled her form, when, after
confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction
upon her."

Words are powerless to describe my feelings on first reading Longfellow's "Evangeline"; I was, as it were, lifted up and transported from my surroundings to a strange but better world—a world the inhabitants of which were sinless, simple, loving, honest and undefiled by the miserly grasping after riches which is the chief characteristic of the present generation.

Who can follow the simple life of Evangeline as the poet paints it—not in glowing colors, but rather in tints that give expression in the most lovable manner to her beauty and artlessness—without having his better feelings rise up in the ascendancy; without wishing that he, too, might lead the simple, God-fearing life of those Norman peasants, who

"Dwelt in the love of God and of man."

Men were they who blushed not on account of their religion, but rather gloried in being

Catholics. Like true children of God, they allowed themselves to be led, both in spiritual and temporal matters, by the man of whom our poet says:

"Reverend walked he among them, and up rose matrons
and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate
welcome."

Oh! that we had many more like that simple Acadian priest, many more like those poor Acadian farmers who, though driven from their childhood homes to seek new abodes, they knew not where—in a strange country, amongst a people who were foreign to them in nearly everything—yet always trusted in their Maker who marks the tiniest sparrow when it falls, never doubting in Him whom they in their prosperity had served so faithfully! Truly, Longfellow must have been at heart a Catholic, or he could never have written a poem so imbued with the teachings of the Church of Christ.

It would seem as though the poet were inspired; for everywhere in the poem we feel as though something superhuman is appealing to our better nature, imploring that we, too, should throw off the yoke that binds us to this sordid world, and follow in the footsteps of God-fearing men whom our poet has portrayed to us in such an inimitable manner.

The religious spirit of the poem is purely Catholic; nothing can be found, from the first line to the last, that is contrary to the teachings of the Church; the poem is rather in the fullest accord with the doctrines of Catholicity.

J. C. M.

The Origin of the Short Story.

BY F. M'KEE, '94.

The novel and romance, that reached their final culmination through the masterly touch of Thackeray and Hawthorne, have yielded their place to a more important factor, the short story. This form of literature presents to us a most forcible and concise method of expressing our thoughts and sentiments.

Buffon says "the style is the man"; and from this our conclusions may be rightly drawn that all nations may be characterized by their literature. In the "Homeric period" the form of literature was very unlike that of to-day; narratives were told, and handed down by tradition from father to son, preserved only in the minds of a few, and it is to this fact that we owe the writings of "the father of poetry," and others of remote antiquity.

Glancing at more modern times in Italy, we find no traces of the short story. Dante has pictured in verse the flames and torments of hell, the shrieks and cries of its occupants; the beauties and magnificence of Paradise; but neither he nor any of his contemporaries made an attempt at this form of literature.

At that time there was a great revival of literature in what has been called the Renaissance. Minds had commenced to realize that literature marches hand in hand with the rapid progress of a nation.

That great period of literary genius that enlightened and advanced all nations in civilization, morals and customs, taught them the beauty of this art, the foundation of all learning.

At this time there were in France the troubadours of the south, who sung their songs to the accompaniment of a lyre, and the trouvères of northern France who related their stories. To them may be ascribed the commencement of the short story.

The Victorian Age dawned upon a new era of literature, characterized by the fluency and smoothness in which our language was welded together. Many men expressed their thoughts in writing, and in this way many styles and forms of literature were evolved. England was prolific in writers, and all things had commenced to be reduced to a scientific basis, as all then realized that brevity was the main thing.

Among the American writers who have been instrumental in developing this form of literature, the names of Aldrich, Stockton, Egan, and Howells are most prominent.

In classifying the short story writers we may divide all writers of English into three classes. To the first may be assigned the aristocratic writer whose effusions are designed solely for the few; to the second belong those who have in view the entertainment and instruction of the many, and thirdly, there are those who have written for both classes, and have succeeded in forming, to some extent, at once an exoteric and esoteric school of admirers, and in this class we may place the short-story writer.

What is a short story? It is a short episode with a principal character, around which are woven a number of little incidents, clear cut and unique, where the reader is led on by an unknown expectation, and at the end is left in a deep abyss, farther from the end than he was at the first, wondering what the unknown end was, or what became of the characters.

Space will not permit me to criticise the works of all these great men, so I will consider only the works of a few. Let us look at "Margery

Daw" by Aldrich. It is a work of fiction from the pen of an ingenious mind. It is a little episode worked up in such a pleasant and charming way that it is read at every fireside. He takes us, as it were, by the button-hole, and leads us through his story, never at any time doubting the absurdity of the ending; but when we reach the goal our hope of some pleasant ending is blasted into space, and we find ourselves wondering what became of the poor cripple.

Literary men are, as a rule, specialists; for to be great in any line requires one's sole attention; and yet among writers of note Dr. M. F. Egan may be said to have acquired distinction in more than one branch of literature.

As a critic, if one were to judge by the tone of the *Review of Reviews*, he stands in the foremost rank; as a poet he is the peer of any of his contemporaries; his novels bear the stamp of originality both in style and sentiment—a quality that permeates all his works.

From time to time he appears in the short story—a form of composition which he fully understands; but it is too soon to give a just appreciation of his merits in this regard.

His book of short stories, entitled "The Life Around Us," is formed with admirable constructive art; so exquisite in sentiment, so tender in feeling and so graceful in style, that they may be considered perfect examples to follow.

All of Aldrich's short stories display a lively imagination, and have in them no slight degree of humorous interest.

The Snow Plant.

Of the many wonderful sights of Arctic lands, perhaps none strikes the eye or excites the curiosity of the traveller more than the phenomenon familiarly known as "red snow." A beautiful sight the little plant must be, scattered over the snow in patches, sometimes crimsoning the hills and plains for miles around. The phenomenon of red snow has for many years attracted the attention of eminent scientists, and its place in nature was for a long time undetermined. Some contended that it was of animal, others of vegetable, origin. Many great names have been arrayed on both sides of the question; but it now seems to be considered as an established fact that it is of vegetable origin.

The history of this little plant, the "snow plant," called by Agardh *Protococcus nivalis*,

dates from an early period. Aristotle mentions it, and says that it was well known in his time. But our accurate accounts of it date from 1760, in which year it was carefully examined by Laussure, who had procured it from the Apennines. He discovered in the red snow a vegetable substance, which he supposed was the pollen of some plant. The next account which we have of an examination of red snow was by Robert Brown and Francis Bauer. Sir John Ross, in 1819, when he had returned from his Arctic exploring expedition, sent some red snow that he had collected to Brown and Bauer. Brown's opinion was that the snow plant was an unicellular plant of the order of Algæ. Bauer contended that it was a species of fungus, *Uredo nivalis*. Bauer also made many curious experiments with the snow plant. One was an attempt to propagate it. Having filled a glass vessel with snow, he mixed with it some of the red snow, already white from exposure to the air. It was in the month of December, which that year happened to be unusually cold. Having exposed the vessel to the open air for some time, he found that the snow changed from white to pink, and then regained its original color, having increased in quantity. He also placed a small quantity of the plant over some snow, and watched the result. The temperature being low, the same change took place, although the plant increased more in bulk. On the strength of these experiments he concluded that before maturity the young plant became green; that a certain degree of cold was necessary for its growth, and that if exposed to the air alone for any length of time it would lose its red color.

Baron Wrangel, who carefully analyzed the plant in 1823, denied the conclusions arrived at by former observers, and placed the plant in the lichens, calling it *Leprasia Kermesina*. The question was again mooted in 1825 by Agardh and Dr. Grenville of Edinburgh. Both agree with Brown. Sir William Hooker confirmed their views, but styled the plant *Palmella* instead of *Protococcus nivalis*. For some time the algal nature of the snow plant seemed decided. During the year 1838, many eminent scientists on the Continent, among whom may be mentioned Kunge, Unger and Martius, wrote many elaborate accounts of the snow plant, but brought forth nothing new. Thus far we have to deal solely with those favoring the vegetable origin of *Protococcus*. But there are as many eminent names ranged on the other side.

Mr. Shuttleworth, an Englishman residing in Switzerland, having heard in August 1836, that red snow had been found in the vicinity, set

out to examine it. He discovered animalcules present in the snow by the aid of the microscope. He also described two species of low animal organism, and so proclaimed the animal nature of the snow plant. Prof. Agassiz of Neufchatel, who in 1840 made a tour to the glacier of Aar, having found there the red snow, after carefully examining it, presented his views to the British Association of Glasgow. He confirmed the conclusions of Shuttleworth, and added four other species to those enumerated and described by Shuttleworth. He considered that former observers had mistaken the ova of animalcules for the spores of plants. After the confusion attendant on the expressions of such contrary views had subsided, the true nature of *Protococcus* was decided. It holds no middle place between the animal and vegetable kingdom; but is in every sense of the word an alga, as Brown, Agardh, Grenville, Hooker, and many other authorities have declared.

The appearance of animal substances in the snow plant is due to the immense quantity of low animal organisms that are found floating in the air, even in the coldest climates. Mineral substances are also found in the red snow. The snow plant is placed by botanists in the family Palmellaceæ, the lowest of plants. It is propagated like the other members of this family by a kind of germination. The plant, dilating at the extremity, shoots forth a tube-like process. A cell is found at the end of this tube, which then begins to contract until the new cells lose all connection with the parent plant, and become distinct individuals. The *Protococcus* is very minute, in fact, microscopical. It has the appearance, under the microscope, of brilliant garnet-colored disks resting on a matrix of gelatinous matter. These disks resemble the red globules of the blood in color and size. They are each made up of seven or eight cells, filled with a liquid probably containing the color matter of the *Protococcus*. This liquid, according to Brocklesby, is filled with great numbers of animalcules. The color of the *Protococcus*, according to Dr. Kane, is a dark red. Placed on paper, it produced a cherry-red stain, which becomes brown on exposure to the air. If red snow be dissolved in water, it will give it a muddy claret color. If it rests on snow which is damp the snow beneath will be found to be of a beautiful pink color.

The *Protococcus* is found as far north as 63° of latitude, and it extends south as far as New Shetland in 70° south latitude. According to Sir John Ross the cliffs on Baffin's Bay now bearing the name of Crimson Cliffs were

covered for the distance of eight miles, and sometimes to the depth of twelve feet, with the *Protococcus*. It was found far from land, by Perry, upon the ice-fields of Spitzbergen. Kane procured it fifty miles from land, upon floes of ice. It is also known to exist on the tops of high mountains, about the snow-line. It has long been found in the Apennines and the Pyrennees. It has been found upon the tops of the Sierra Nevada, 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. Damp places, near the ocean or fresh water, seem to favor its production. The specimens examined by Dr. Grenville were from the shores of Lismore off Scotland. It is found on reeds and stones, but grows best on calcareous rocks. Other varieties of colored snow have been mentioned, that are confounded with *Protococcus*. One is "brown snow," which is due to the discoloration of snow by earthy matters washed down by mountain streams. There is also a kind of red snow mentioned by Arctic observers which produces a species of little auks which gather there in immense numbers. But notwithstanding all that has been said to the contrary, *Protococcus* declares its vegetable origin. "And yet, why it should prefer to make the snow its habitat, or how it can find its way into those regions of frost and infertility, remains a question which still perplexes the naturalist and philosopher."

F.

Censorship of the Press.

Excepting the Church, the printing press has been the most potent factor in the impetus which has brought the world to the high standard of civilization characteristic of the nineteenth century.

The Church herself has always considered the press, in the hands of men influenced by a sense of truth and justice, as her most powerful ally. For, though they may be spread by the press, yet it is by the aid of the same that the repeated slanders and calumnies against God's Church are refuted, and the spleen or malicious venom of their authors exposed to public view.

From these and numerous other parallels of a similar nature it is evident that the press, though having such an influence for good, by disseminating among all classes the products of great and noble minds, yet may run to the other extreme. For no apothegm is more familiar than "Extremes create their opposites." The beneficial and ennobling sway exercised by a proper use of the press, especially over the

young, may be entirely destroyed by a glance at one of the numerous lecherous periodicals or newspapers which cater to a licentious taste, that they have fanned into a glowing flame from the slumbering passions of human frailty. And their only puerile excuse is, that the reading public demand such matter; yet, are not these same responsible, in a great measure, for this demand for vitiated literature, since by slow degrees they have increased this desire to an almost insatiable longing? Shall the drunkard be pardoned merely on account of his taste for liquor, which very taste he has always cultivated? Certainly not! Similarly, the vile sheet should not be excused on the plea of public craving, when it is to blame for creating that same craving.

Beside considering the subject of the "Censorship of the Press" from a point of view relating to its influence on the morals of the people, there are many other sides to this question which the brevity of this article must exclude. During the régime of the censorship of the press the old religious bigotry and intolerance, which at times is dormant but never dead, would, under the guise and protection of an impartial censor, burst forth with new energy, and another era of "Knownothingism" would perhaps be inaugurated before the evil could be checked. Though the press has its uses, it is very evident that it has also its abuses.

Though it is very apparent to the reading public that the liberty of that great power, the press, has been and is daily being abused by religious fanatics, corrupt writers, and unscrupulous politicians, who only aim at attaining their ends by any and all means whatsoever, whose motto is "The end justifies the means," still it is not very clear to us how a censorship, in a country like ours, would remedy the evil. To use an inelegant expression it would be "out of the frying-pan into the fire;" we would only have a change of evils—both equally virulent. Instead of an excessive liberty for all, we would have to content ourselves with such a liberty as a dictatorial censor, biased by personal views and prejudices, would deem proper to grant to one and refuse to another. This system of curbing the excesses of the press in a land boasting of freedom of the press and speech seems impracticable. According to our method of procedure in appointing officials, the theory of routine in office would necessarily demand that the censor, either directly or indirectly, be appointed by the party in power, or elected by the votes of the people? Here again the usual desire for a second term would exercise its baneful influence;

for the censor thus elected would be expected to serve in a most subservient and unprincipled manner his party or constituents. What more prolific source of corruption in office can be imagined? The censor, instead of acting as a curb on the immoral utterances of the press, would, according to all precedent, direct his shafts of restraint or disapprobation against the campaign literature of his political opponents.

Considering both sides of the question—the evils of liberty of the press, and those threatened by a censorship—we must say that not in such a reform can a panacea be found. If we had but one creed, one interest in common, then the idea of a censorship might, perhaps, be practicable; but the country is composed of too many creeds, the people's interests too various, to submit to such an arbitrary measure. It would be out of the question to listen to the claims arising from such diversity of opinion, soil and climate. Great numbers would be slighted, complaints would come in, and pandemonium reign supreme. If we desire to ascertain the workings of this plan now advocated, turn to Russia, Germany or France. What do we find there? In Russia a czar as absolute as the Cæsars; in Germany a monarch declaring that he will crush all who oppose him. There the censor is daily cutting short the existence of newspapers that dare question Willie's acts, ruling by right divine, and ruining the country by the same fancied right.

Look at France, the cradle of irreligion and infidelity whence come so many of our corrupt novels, and see the fruitlessness of a quasi-censorship! The discussion of political questions are often forbidden; criticism of the ruling party or sovereign is repressed.

Then, there is a pecuniary consideration. The little good accomplished would not compensate for the expenditure necessary for the maintenance of this office, demanding, as it would, the best talent and great numbers to handle our numerous publications. If a restraint is needed for the press public opinion, formed on Christian principles, should be the censor.

N. J.

HAWAII.

A statesman was puzzled to discover just why
There wasn't some rule for pronouncing Hawaii.

He varied the accents ten times each day,
And each time he got a new kind of Hawaii.

But finally found in an outburst of joy
An accurate means of surmounting "Hawaii."

He found how Stevenson pronounced Ad-la-i
And used the same plan in the case of Ha-wa-ii.

—Chicago News and Herald.

Rhabdomancy.

Nothing is easier than to throw dust in the eyes of the simple-minded. To them everything seems plausible enough, if the deception is not too gross. They consider the effect and are astonished without examining whether the means to obtain the end, were fair or foul. What connection is there, indeed, between a two-forked limb of a birch tree and the waters, metals, minerals, lost things of any kind, that will be found (so they say) by the use of this wonderful wand? It is an undeniable fact that astonishing and apparently superhuman experiments have been made. But let us examine more closely this superstition.

Even suppose the influence exercised by this rod on those various objects to be a natural one—which might be the case, for we do not know all the laws and mysteries of nature—even then this same influence should necessarily be exercised whenever these objects come in contact, because the natural laws are unchangeable. So magnet will always attract iron. Now, here is a case in point: what difference is there between two stones absolutely of the same quality, the one marking the limit of a field, the other placed in a different spot? Does the fact of one being the limit-stone change its nature? Certainly not. And why then would the rod turn itself when in presence of that one rather than the other?

Moreover, the followers of this senseless, superstitious theory acknowledge themselves that they must form a special intention: if they intend to find water, they will not find gold; if looking for minerals, their rod will not point out a thief. Yet, if the quality of finding lost or hidden things by this rod were natural to it, it would necessarily prove good always and in every case, on all and any object within the range of its natural qualities.

But the greatest difficulty, I think, lies in facts of the moral order. To steal, for instance, is a moral act. Now, in what does the physical organization of the guilty individual differ from that of the innocent? His looks might betray the man. But how can this piece of wood discern between outward appearances? For the man might look twice as guilty had he committed murder, and still he would not be pointed out if the owner intended to find a thief!

If, then, in some instances, the event proved to be as indicated by the hazel branch, it is certain that there was some fraud at the bottom of it; perhaps, too, there was some luck in guessing at the thing. At all events, the conclusion is that we must carefully avoid becoming the plaything of an adroit juggler or charlatan.

S.

The Catholic Educational Exhibit at the
World's Fair.

The application of the Catholic Exhibit is No. 4135, and its location, a very desirable one, is in the gallery, Liberal Arts Building, Section I., Columns V and Z, Nos. 17 to 32. The space is given free of charge by the Exposition, but the expenses for the erection of booths, freight, handling and caring of exhibits, cost of signs, storing empty boxes, etc., will have to be borne by exhibitors. Booths to afford shelf room and wall space for displaying the exhibits will require upwards of 120,000 square feet of lumber for their construction.

To secure funds for the construction of these booths and other expenses the prelates have issued a letter of appeal, to which a number of the reverend clergy, colleges, academies, schools and the laity have responded. In several dioceses the prelates have called for a contribution, from each of the reverend pastors, of 10 cents for each pupil attending the schools, to be paid either out of the parish fund or to be collected as the reverend pastor may deem best. In other dioceses different modes of bearing their portion of the expenses have been adopted. By these means it is expected that some of the dioceses will raise their full share of the expenses. Whatever general and special expense cannot be covered by the methods above described will be charged to exhibitors, so that each diocese, religious teaching order and individual exhibitor will bear a *pro rata* according to the number of square feet of wall space or desk room occupied. While every effort will be made to present the exhibits in a becoming manner, all care will be taken to make the burden of expense as light as possible on the dioceses, orders and schools.

The booths will contain a series of alcoves with desk and shelf room varying from sixteen to twenty-eight feet in length and twenty-seven inches in width. The height of partitions dividing the alcoves and affording wall space will be ten and one-half feet. Besides the cost of erecting the booths, there will be the expense for those employed in unboxing, arranging and caring for the exhibits, the cost of signs, storing the boxes, etc. Competent and reliable persons will be employed to install and care for exhibits. The empty cases can be stored during the Fair for 2 cents per cubic foot, or stored and insured for 2½ cents per cubic foot.

As fast as complete lists of the schools intending to exhibit are received from any diocese, religious teaching order, and individual exhibit along with information as to how many cases will contain the exhibits, the lists will be handed to the Director-General for the official catalogue, to appear May 1, 1893, and at the same time a requisition will be made on the chief of installation for printed labels and tags, which must be securely affixed to the cases

before shipment. These labels are 8x15 inches, and will be mailed to all secretaries of diocesan boards, teaching orders and individual exhibitors whose lists of schools are on file at headquarters. Blank lines on labels and tags must be properly filled out to insure delivery at the Catholic Educational Exhibit, Liberal Arts Building.

The freight and switching charges must be prepaid, and the exhibits will be returned free of charge after the close of the Exposition. An effort should be made to have the exhibits reach Chicago April 10, and not later than April 15. All can readily appreciate the advantage of the early arrival of exhibits. All packages must be addressed to the Director-General, as indicated on the printed labels, and it is of the utmost importance, to send "*Bill of Lading*" with list of exhibits to the Director-General George R. Davis, World's Fair, Chicago, Ill. There should also be a list of the contents in each case.

Without due attention to the Bills of Lading, exhibits cannot reach their destination, and in order to guard against miscarriage, it is suggested to have the transportation company affirm to three Bills of Lading, of which the Transportation Company is to retain one, the exhibitor to keep the second, and the third must be forwarded to the Director-General to secure delivery of the exhibits at their proper destination, and to have them returned free of charge after the Exposition.

Show-cases are not necessary except for valuable exhibits or such as are easily damaged by dust, etc. These must be provided by exhibitors, and may be twenty-four or even twenty-seven inches wide. It is not probable that show-cases can be rented in Chicago, and as the demand for them may be very great it is prudent for exhibitors to secure them in due time.

The most practical manner of dealing with the question of Insurance is, for exhibitors to take out a policy in their own city and to have the risk covered from date of shipment until the return of the exhibits after the Exposition.

There will be Diocesan exhibits from Brooklyn, Buffalo, Chicago, Cincinnati, Cleveland, Covington, Denver, Detroit, Dubuque, Fort Wayne, Green Bay, La Crosse, Manchester, Milwaukee, New Orleans, New York, Natchez, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh, San Francisco and Sioux Falls.

The Most Reverend and Right Reverend Prelates have recommended the schools to exhibit with the teaching orders, or group of individual exhibits, in the Diocese of Albany, Alton, Baltimore, Boston, Duluth, Hartford, Kansas City (Kansas), Kansas City and St. Joseph (Missouri), Grand Rapids, Little Rock, Louisville, Los Angeles and Monterey, Mobile, Nesvally, V. Ap. of North Carolina, Nashville, Ogdensburgh, Oregon City, Omaha, Peoria, Santa Fé, St. Louis, St. Augustine, Salt Lake City, Sacramento, St. Cloud, St. Paul, Syracuse, San Antonio, Trenton and Vincennes.

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J. M. Flannigan.	

—The University this year bestows its crowning honor, the Lætare Medal, on Mr. Patrick J. Donahoe, Editor and Proprietor of the *Boston Pilot*. It is, indeed, a fitting tribute to the Nestor of Catholic journalism in America. The presentation will be made by the Very Rev. Vicar-General Byrnes, representing the Most Rev. Archbishop of Boston, and will very appropriately take place on the 17th inst., the name-day of the distinguished medalist.

—M. Louis Pasteur, whose praises the whole world has been sounding, especially since the magnificent celebration, a few weeks ago, of the seventieth anniversary of his birthday, was so pleased with Father Zahm's article on "Louis Pasteur, and His Life-Work," in the January number of the *Catholic World*, that, as a token of his appreciation, he has sent the writer a large and beautiful engraving of himself, made from his latest photograph. The great Academician is here seen at his best, and the engraving is a work of art such as could be produced only in Paris. The picture was accompanied by an autographic note from the illustrious *savant*, couched in that delicacy of expression for which he is so noted. The picture has been richly framed, and will occupy a conspicuous position among the pictures and busts of other scientific worthies in Science Hall.

—Two influential journals in this State, the *Peru Republican* and the *Winamac Democrat Journal*, protest against the "appropriations

made to favorite colleges," and ask: "If one college is voted a subsidy, why not all, including Notre Dame?" But the State of Indiana may not, strictly speaking, tax her citizens for anything more than the imparting of an elementary training to their children, or the imparting of an education which is equally within the reach of all. If, however, the citizens of the State willingly submit to further taxation for the purposes of education, it is certainly unfair to make any discrimination by "appropriating" the money to some colleges to the exclusion of the others.

Notre Dame, it is true, has risen to her present position of eminence among the Institutions of learning without any subsidy, or endowment. The work has been accomplished through the faith and genius of her Founder, Very Rev. Father General Sorin, and the devotion and self-sacrifice of the noble band of workers in the Community over which he presides. Our University has her admirers everywhere throughout the country, who are proud of her and the work she is doing. At the same time it need hardly be said that were Notre Dame favored with any of those magnificent donations which have enriched Harvard and Yale—not to speak of the gift which made possible the University of Chicago—her sphere of action would be wonderfully increased, and her power of doing good unrivalled. Thus, while Notre Dame, with the blessing of Heaven, can hold her own, yet in many ways, that will readily suggest themselves, generous friends and alumni can co-operate in the promotion of educational interests which all should have at heart—the noble work of the University so justly called "The Pride of the West."

—On the occasion of the lecture recently delivered at Cambridge, Mass., by the Rt. Rev. Bishop Keane, Rector of the Catholic University, the distinguished prelate was introduced by President Eliot of Harvard University. In the course of his remarks, President Eliot gave expression to the following sentiments, creditable alike to his head and his heart:

"I count it an especial honor that I have the privilege here to-night of presenting to this audience the Rector of the Catholic University of America. I, perhaps, have some right to speak on this occasion, seeing that I am the head of the oldest of the Protestant universities established on American soil; and, exercising this right, I greet with joy and pride the representative of this newly-established Catholic University. The Catholic University of Wash-

ington will spring 'full armed' from the brain of the Church. Now, as Protestants, we recognize that no denomination or Church of Christians has a better right to found universities than the Roman Catholic denomination or Church, since the Roman Catholic Church, in its monasteries and great libraries, in its palaces as well as in its churches, was the guardian for centuries of the treasures of the learning of the world. This truly democratic Church founds in our democratic society an institution of learning—of the highest learning. The university, the true university, knows neither nationality nor denomination. It is comprehensive, universal. Learning has no limits of tribe, or race, or religion. The Roman Catholic University will be true to this universal description of universities. It will, like all other universities, search for truth and find some part of it like all others. It will stand at the national capital as a seat of research, of inquiry, of teaching. We all welcome it to this noble function, and I welcome to the company of college men, of university men professionally engaged in the development of universities, the learned and devout man who presides over the university at Washington. I have had the pleasure of listening to him more than once. I know his liberal spirit, his broad Catholic learning. I have the honor to present to you Bishop Keane, he Rector of the Catholic University at Washington."

Side Lights on College Life.

V.

COLLEGE PAPERS.

There are papers and papers;—papers for town, papers for country; papers for learning, papers for pleasure; papers for trades, papers for professions; papers good, papers bad; all sorts and conditions of papers. Following the general tendency there are, of course, college papers. The papers representing different places in the college world show as much variety as to contents, make-up and literary quality, as the papers of the outside world. There are college monthlies, college weeklies, and even college dailies representing our institutions of learning. Looking over a collection of college journals one may see all kinds. There is the flourishing monthly or weekly with good matter and good make-up. There is the struggling monthly or weekly which is scarcely able to hold its place in the ranks. If it be a weekly

it soon appears every other week. Unless prosperity dawns, then it comes out monthly and finally ceases publication entirely. On the exchange table may be seen papers with a beautiful cover and a perfect dress of type, but filled with the most inane and senseless matter. Here, too, may be seen the opposite,—a paper replete with good articles, but articles printed in such type and on such paper as to ruin one's eyesight were he to attempt to read it. The former class is very common, the latter less so.

Most college papers, sad to relate, are not worth perusal. The poetry they contain is generally vile, while the prose,—which a college student is supposed to write decently at least,—is often even worse, if possible, than the poetry. These remarks apply to the general run of college monthlies, semi-monthlies and weeklies. There are a few shining examples, however. It is needless to mention these as they may always be recognized.

The college daily is not mentioned among the others as it forms a class by itself. It is neither fish nor flesh. The college daily is a paper without a reason for its existence. As a newspaper pure and simple, it is a sad failure; for no matter how large the university may be, nothing of importance happens each day sufficient to fill such a paper. The editors must then fall back upon personal "hits" often insulting, bad jokes, "guys," and the like. As a literary publication the college daily has no more vocation than as a dispenser of news. It is hard work to gather good material to make up a college weekly, let alone a daily. If the American daily newspaper of the future is to be judged by the college daily of the present, there is great promise that it will be printed in even worse English than now. It is a mystery how college dailies manage to exist. The only solution is that it plays upon the local pride of the students. They are determined not to be outdone by students of other universities, and they feel in duty bound to lend the miserable production their support. It would be far better if they discontinued their bad dailies and supported good weeklies or monthlies.

A college or university is always judged by the quality of the work done by its students. It is to the advantage of the students, then, to do all they can to publish the best work available. In spite of this, however, we hear a continual cry of "More copy!" going up from the offices of almost all college papers. This is particularly noticed in many papers of the better class. It is almost impossible for the editorial staff of a college weekly to fill its

columns with good literary material. They must, of necessity, depend upon their fellow-students in this respect. Their fellows, however, do not respond, imagining that the staff ought to fill the paper. Should such be the case the paper would represent the staff and not the college.

This lack of interest is clearly shown in the papers themselves. The literary contents are bad, and the local department is made paramount. This is the case even in some monthlies that we see. They have a few pages of literary matter, while the rest of the paper is filled with a sort of stuff mentioned before, witless jokes, clippings, "rot," and offensive "hits." Perhaps the general student-body at places where such papers are printed demand such stuff. In that case the duty of the staff is plain. They should resist such demands or suspend publication.

ERNEST F. DUBRUL.

The Man in the Tower.

While languidly musing in my Tower lately I found myself helplessly besieged by a band of miscreants of the paper-wad stripe. It may be delightful to some,—I never tried it, this business of converting penmanship specimens into cute missiles; but for a sensible criticism upon the art of firing the same, I heartily commend you to the victim at the end of the line.

The intrinsic merits or demerits of the wad itself may be judged from its composition. One would think, from its whiteness, it was the essence of purity; but appearances, we regret to say, too often deceive. There's a legend extant which tells how two old chums, a pair of overhauls and a lowly sock, once had a notion to make a little romance, and each, of course, agreed to have an equal share of glory. No account is given of their early adventures; but they unhappily wound up, so the story goes, in a paper-mill. Here all family ties and fond affections were quickly severed by the pulping process and a strong solution of alkali. The finishing touch was given and Mr. Overhauls and his one-time friend the sock, now appeared in their Sunday suit of clothes, quite disguised, indeed, but, as Thackeray puts it, "still in it." To them the muse of song and singers intrusted, so we're told, her richest inspirations, and one of these is: "Out of the fulness of the mouth the vacant mind speaketh."

Pardon my digression, gentle reader, and please don't ask for the moral when you have such a variety of chewers who are always kind enough to agitate their molars by way of explanation.

Recent discovery gives us three cud-line specimens of humanity. One is addicted to the gum (descent unknown); the fiend comes next, who poses as a moralizer among his fellowmen, and loves to punctuate his gabble with a "Yes, I told you!" dash of brown just two yards long. But may the muse of the shaft save us from even a passing acquaintance with that last and yet the least specimen, the walking pulp-machine.

It is a credit to the boys at Notre Dame that they are free from that inhuman class of beings called "hazers." But I am sorry to say they are troubled with a more injurious being called the "chronic kicker." Although he and his kind are greatly in the minority, yet he has an astonishing influence on those around him.

It is not difficult to discover the kicker. He has his distinctive marks and haunts. During the ball season he frequents the campus and pessimistically predicts, on all occasions, sudden and disastrous defeat for the football eleven. If you ask him why he does not play himself, he will sing his tale of woe, that they are down on him, when, as a matter-of-fact, he is not eligible to the third team.

Somehow, he manages to get into the societies, and he always aspires to one of the offices. He runs the society for a week or two; but when the members assert their rights and coolly squash him, he withdraws in disgust "from a society of such ninnies," as he terms them. He is always yelling for "rec," and his laziness is proverbial. Every action of the Faculty is a fresh opportunity to vent his spleen, and he is never so happy as when he is spreading discontent among his more impulsive neighbors. Students! this fellow is the most despicable of all cowards, and he is to our little college world what the anarchists were to Chicago. Most likely the recent destruction of the billiard tables was the work of a chronic kicker. It is by such acts he makes himself known. To all fair-minded students, the sneaking meanness displayed in the cutting of the tables is considered a contemptible action, and if he were known, would exclude him from the society of respectable young men.

There are certain persons hereabouts who are

continually harping on one thing. The reason of this is a mystery. Whether the minds of these people are so small that they are not capable of being the receptacle of more than one thought, or whether they are slightly deranged, has not as yet been found out. Still it may be—if one is to judge by actions—that each of them is *non compos mentis*; be that as it may, we will make a few references.

A dog is an animal, and a very useful one at that. There are many kinds of dogs,—large dogs and small dogs; fat dogs and lean dogs; dogs that are neither fat, lean, small nor large; there are also smart dogs, trick dogs, dogs that can be taught a great many things; but we have failed during our varied and extensive dealings with the canine species to find a dog that possesses all the attributes which a certain person claims for his dog. The owner of this dog has been audacious enough to assert that his animal could whip the big right guard of the 'Varsity football team. In fact, it is asserted that the aforesaid dog can throw snowballs as they were never thrown before; can play games, can run, in truth, this dog can do anything imaginable. Truly, it must be a very wonderful dog, and all this may be so; but as we prefer to see for ourselves, Mr. Owner, please bring forth your dog, or else hold your tongue forever.

Port Washington may be, and undoubtedly is, a very fine city. It must be a very wonderful place, if one is to believe all the stories told about it. It appears so marvellous to certain people that they cannot, or at least will not, talk on any other subject. Meet them at any time, and they will at once begin to relate last year's incidents at Port Washington. As a matter of fact, if these persons have seen no other place and know nothing about the rest of the world, they will be excused.

It is a very nice thing to have a brother; all boys who have no brother desire one. Brothers are sometimes made good subjects to talk about; and why shouldn't they be when one's brother, like brother Charley, is such an extraordinary being? Still it is hardly proper and it is not doing the right thing by brother Charley to publish all his doings on the highways and by-ways and cry them out from house tops and steeples. Now we are all exceedingly interested in brother Charley, and even brother-in-law Ted; but it must be borne in mind that one can get too much of a good thing.

Exchanges.

That bright little quarterly *The College Echo* has just reached us, its classic pages teeming with thoughtful and stimulating literature. Two graceful Latin stanzas, in the difficult Horatian measures, bespeak a classical course that leaves nothing to be desired.

The "yell" of the Theologues of De Pauw University is novel, to say the least. It runneth thus:

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!
The Gospel does away with the Law,
We're Theologues of old De Pauw—
A better school none ever saw.

Amen."

There is no college man who will not admire their loyalty to "old De Pauw." Still one cannot help wishing they might put more religion into their chapel exercises and less into their college "yell."

The editors of the *Annex* think that if they were to die now, "with so much renown clinging around their name," the SCHOLASTIC might try to prove that they died in the Catholic Faith. Not at all, dear *Annex*. We never claim anybody except those who we think will go to either heaven or purgatory.

Besides a rich store of good literature, the *Mount* brings us this month a beautiful song, with music in three flats and a "Melodie" in four sharps. These compositions are just what one expects from a graduate of the Conservatory at Mt. de Chantal.

Query: What condition was the fellow in when he wrote these lines about his college:

"Farewell to old E—, so dear to my heart;
Oh, sad was the day when we two had to part!
Oh, sad was the hour when I looked back to see
Its halls disappearing, its campus to flee!"

We don't deny that lots of other people think they see "halls disappearing" and "campus fleeing," but, as a rule, they don't speak about it.

The *College Review* says:

"The NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC appears with a new design upon the first page. The issue of January 28 has an article on 'Shakspeare's Religion.' You can guess what it is."

The *Review* evidently has "designs"—very weak and harmless designs—on our Shaksperian scholars. We are proud of having enabled the *Review* to "guess at" anything, the usual stupid quality of the sheet showing not even so much

intellectual activity as is implied in a good guess. There are two points that forcibly strike one in glancing at the *Review*; one is the outcropping of editorial ignorance or bigotry, and the other is the constantly recurring advertisements of pills and other nostrums. We advise the editors to consume the pills and let both these objectionable features disappear together.

* * *

The March number of the *Ægis*, of Madison University, publishes a joint debate between two literary societies on the advisability of turning our street-cars, electric-light plants, etc., over to city control. In the course of the debate the young men handle large sums of money with remarkable ease, but their treatment of this difficult subject is at once clear and rational.

* * *

Our consumptive contemporary, the *Spectator*, blubbers forth in a recent issue:

"We are with you there, Mr. Editor of the *College Review*, when you say: 'As long as we breathe the air of American freedom we propose to oppose a system that seeks to do men's thinking for them.' Shake!"

It would be a mercy if somebody would do a little thinking for the *Review* and the *Spectator*. They need it sadly.

Books and Periodicals.

HISTORICAL AND POLITICAL ESSAYS. By Henry Cabot Lodge. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

After a careful reading of Mr. Lodge's essays one is seriously puzzled as to which to admire most—Mr. Lodge's analytical power, his ease and grace of expression, or the tasteful garb with which Houghton, Mifflin & Co. have clothed the work. The present volume is made up of eight essays contributed at various times to leading periodicals. To some readers they will be entirely new, and those who have already read and enjoyed them will welcome them in stable form between cloth covers. Mr. Lodge is at his best in discussing "Why Patronage in Offices is Un-American." His attitude is, of course, non-partisan, and even the most enthusiastic prophet of the future greatness of our country will find serious trouble in attempting to explain away the dangers which lurk in our present system of office-letting. In his critical estimate of Seward, Madison and Gouverneur Morris, one cannot fail to recognize the psychological insight and the qualities of finish that marked his earlier historical studies. The essay on "The Distribution of Ability in the United

States," however, is rather disappointing. There are many better ways of studying the gifts and the temperament of nations than by means of dubious statistics, and, besides, it is difficult to understand just what practical results are to be expected from Mr. Lodge's conclusions. The volume, however, is stimulating, thoughtful and decidedly readable, and will be welcomed by hosts of the author's friends everywhere.

PASSAGES FROM PARKMAN. Compiled by J. E. Hogdon. Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

This booklet is one of a series of pamphlets entitled "Leaves from Standard Authors"; and is designed "for homes, libraries and schools." It is not easy to understand how such compilations should be of much service to homes or libraries, but their value in the schoolroom is unquestioned. But it must be confessed that this compilation is a disappointment. Parkman is one of the very best authors in the language for Miss Hogdon's purpose—some of the prettiest passages in literature are to be found in his pages—and yet this pamphlet is not startlingly interesting. Why didn't Miss Hogdon quote that incomparable description of Father Jogues in the icicled forests of New York? Most of the illustrations are unusually good.

UNCLE REMUS AND HIS FRIENDS. By Joel Chandler Harris. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Harris threatens that with the present volume he shall have done with Uncle Remus. This is an announcement that will fill with consternation the lovers of pure and refined humor everywhere. A student was once asked by a professor in a certain college what, in his opinion, was the greatest misfortune that had befallen the world in the past ten centuries. He promptly answered: "The death of John Falstaff." We have, unfortunately, no Sir John in America, and the next best thing is Uncle Remus. Still Mr. Harris' statement has not come upon us unawares. Uncle Remus was peculiarly a product of slavery days. The Abolitionists have a few sins to answer for, and the extinction of this type of the faithful old negro is one of them. The "new South" may exist for centuries to come, but it will never produce another Uncle Remus, for franchise has changed the negro character. Of this volume one need only say that it is like all Mr. Harris' other books. The critic feels here the embarrassment of riches. He has no sooner marked one page for special notice than he is dismayed by finding on the next something even better. However, when all is over, the telephone and phonograph

stories will probably be remembered with greatest satisfaction. It is no little thing to have created a new character in literature, and Joel Chandler Harris has placed his right to this distinction beyond all question. Future historians will hunt up Uncle Remus to ask about the old South, and generations yet unborn will seek out this dear old "darkey" to bask in the sunshine that he has brought with him from the warmer states.

—The man in the moon is supposed to have a special influence on the affairs of lovers, but comparatively few realize how very old the superstition is. This same man in the moon has for ages been the god of love of the Chinese, and, it is believed, slides down to earth on a moonbeam, ties the end of the lover's queue to the top of the fair maiden's nose, by a magical knot, after which nothing can prevent the union. The marriage ceremonies of this ancient nation are very curious, and these and many others are described in a very interesting article on "Curious Customs of Courtship and Marriage," charmingly illustrated, published in *Demorest's Family Magazine* for March. A superbly illustrated paper, entitled "In Mulberry Bend and Beyond," gives us a very clear idea of the slums of New York; and to read the profusely illustrated article on "Japanese Industries and Occupations" is almost equal to a trip to Japan. If you are interested in knowing about a fashionable theatre-party, a Lenten luncheon, ladies' literary clubs, a grand musicale, and other Lenten entertainments, you should read "A D butante's Winter in New York"; there are a number of charming stories, good poems; Madame La Mode discourses of the latest "Society Fads"; there are innumerable illustrations, including a water-color of "A Viking Ship," and all the departments are full to overflowing of good things. *Demorest's* is the ideal "family" magazine, and every number is equally interesting.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for March contains several remarkable articles in the line of "personal reminiscences and memoirs" which were announced to be one of the features of the year. Through the courtesy of a granddaughter of the great naturalist J. J. Audubon, the publishers are able to present in this number "Audubon's Story of his Youth," a charming bit of autobiography written by the naturalist for his children, and accidentally found in an old calf-skin bound volume where it had been hidden for many years. The illustrations are from rare old portraits in the possession of the family—one of them a reproduction of the portrait of George Washington, presented to Audubon by the General before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge. Another striking article of personal reminiscence appears in the Historic Moments' series, and is a description of "The Death of John Quincy Adams in the Capitol," by the

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, who was Speaker of the House of Representatives forty-five years ago, when Adams rose to speak and fell back unconscious. The recent completion of "The Jaffa and Jerusalem Railway," and the running of the first train over the road in August last, is described by Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, who was an eye-witness of that event which linked the region of biblical history with the most modern feature of civilization.

Personals.

—Mr. Gleason, of Kalamzoo, visited friends at the University on Sunday.

—Mr. Rozynek, of South Chicago, spent a few pleasant days here this week.

—Dr. James Smith and son, of Milwaukee, were welcome visitors on Sunday.

—Mrs. J. M. Wilson, of Thornton, Ind., spent a few days with her son this week.

—Mrs. Chas. Meyers, of Toledo, made a short call on her son Charlie last Sunday.

—Mrs. C. H. Covert, Toledo, Ohio, came to see her son of Carroll Hall on the 7th inst.

—Mr. Kegler, of Belleview, Iowa, visited his sons of Brownson and Carroll Halls during the week.

—Mr. F. W. Wolf, of Chicago, was at the University on Thursday on a visit to his son of Carroll Hall.

—A very welcome visitor to the Institution was Mrs. Slevin, who came on Thursday to see her son Richard of Carroll Hall.

—The many friends of Dyera Cartier, '92, of Luddington, Michigan, were pleased to receive a short visit from him last Sunday.

—Mrs. M. F. Egan, left last Sunday evening to visit friends in Philadelphia. Prof. Egan will reside at the college during the time that Mrs. Egan is away.

—Mr. Joseph E. Farrell (Law, '84), of Cleveland, Ohio, visited his brother and friends at Notre Dame last week. He had been in Chicago to take testimony in an admiralty suit, and stopped over on his way back. For several years after finishing his studies at Notre Dame he was a member of the law firm of which ex-Congressman Foran is the head; but some two or three years ago he was compelled, by the many calls upon him personally for service, to establish a firm of his own. He has now a large practice, and ranks among the most successful of the younger lawyers of Cleveland.

—The address recently delivered at Springfield, Ill., by the Hon. John Gibbons, '69, of Chicago, before the State Bar Association on the subject of "Capital and Labor" has attracted general attention, and has been pronounced able, scholarly and masterly. Mr. Gibbons shows

clearly that the relations between capital and labor are unduly strained; and he believes that the sooner we succeed in adjusting existing differences between them the better it will be for both and the welfare of the country. The address is published in full in the *State Register*. It is exceedingly interesting and instructive from an economic point of view. It goes directly to the issue. It is forcible and fearless in its treatment of the vexed problems with which it deals. It shows indisputably that a larger measure of concession must come from capital before labor can reasonably be expected to abandon its present attitude of caution and assertiveness. There has been nothing published in the newspapers or spoken in the halls of legislation on the question that excels Mr. Gibbons' address in originality, scope of thought and force of reasoning.

—A recent number of the *Watertown Gazette* speaks in terms of the highest compliment of an entertainment recently given by the students of Sacred Heart College for the benefit of the parish of Richwood, Wis. The people of Richwood are happy in their pastor, Rev. J. Thillmann, C. S. C.—whom many old students will remember with pleasure,—and he has already accomplished much among them. Our readers will be pleased to know that the local press is profuse in its laudation of the elocutionary skill of Mr. M. Donahue, C. S. C., under whose able management the entertainment was placed. Mr. Donahue's prowess in the art of expression is well known here.

Local Items.

- Mi-Carême*.
- Latare* Sunday.
- Who got the laugh that time?
- Look out for the eavesdropper!
- He wanted him to take it; but—
- Next Friday is St. Patrick's Day.
- He lived during the Puritanic period.
- He is now in the commission business.
- Richard's recollections were rather vague.
- NOTICE. Don't blockade the port of entry.
- The pronunciamiento has been promulgated.
- He wanted to be a farmer because he likes agriculture.
- Are you going into training for the field-day sports?
- The espionage system is always held in abhorrence by all true gentlemen.
- Thos. Gleason, of Kalamazoo, Mich., was a visitor at Notre Dame this week.
- The "missionary" has a good eye for anything that looks like "Nick Carter."
- The base-ball season opened Thursday, and the various clubs will be organized next week.

—Mr. E. P. Flynn, foreman of the book bindery, spent Sunday with his family in Kalamazoo, Michigan.

—The "white caps" have sent a word of warning to Dick, and he lays it all on the phenomenal.

—W. J. McCullough, of Brownson Hall, was called to Philadelphia on business Tuesday. He will return next week.

—The Temple Club of Boston, a Quartette of accomplished vocalists, gave an excellent entertainment in Washington Hall yesterday (Friday) evening.

—The interesting discourse on the life of Longfellow by Rev. Mr. Cavanaugh, Saturday last, was highly appreciated by the members of the literature class.

—The Rev. Vice-President Morrissey, who had been very ill during the past ten days, is now, we are glad to say, convalescing and will soon again be at his old post.

—The Law class have adopted a new code of rules governing their study-hall, and Messrs. Ansberry, Raney and Roby have charge of the room this week. There is a change in the *personnel* of the committee every week.

—Messrs. Kutina of Carroll Hall, and Wellington of Brownson Hall, began a series of five games for the championship of the University in hand ball Thursday morning in the Carroll "gym." Wellington won the first game by a score of 15 to 12.

—BASE BALL.—The first game of the season was played on the Brownson campus Thursday afternoon. It was between the *Yellows*, J. Cullen, Captain; and *Blacks*, R. Healy, Captain; and proved to be an interesting game for an opening one. The following is the

SCORE BY INNINGS:—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
YELLOWS:—	2	2	0	0	0	0	1	2	0=7
BLACKS:—	3	0	1	1	3	4	2	1	0=15

Batteries: Dinkle, Maynes and Covert for *Blacks*, and Duff, Krembs, O'Neill and Luther for *Yellows*.

—Several of the late issues of the SCHOLASTIC, published at Notre Dame University, contain interesting articles from Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, a well-known young man of this city. Mr. O'Donnell is a brother of James F. O'Donnell and John O'Donnell of the *Bloomington Bulletin*. He is a deep student, and a bright, practical thinker. The SCHOLASTIC is to be congratulated upon having such an able contributor.—*The Wesleyan Echo, Bloomington, Ill.*

—James Carney, an energetic pressman in the *Ave Maria* office at Notre Dame, has a special composition from which he is manufacturing printers' rollers. Mr. Carney has made rollers for *The Tribune*, and so far as tests have been made they have given better satisfaction than any rollers used in the office for years, if at any time. Mr. Carney understands his business, and offices giving him orders can be assured of satisfaction in every case.—*South Bend Tribune*.

—HAND BALL.—The games between the Brownsons and Carrolls on Sunday were very spirited. Wellington, of Brownson Hall, defeated Kutina, of the Carrolls in the single contest, the score standing 15 to 30. Messrs. Hack and Brown, of the Carrolls, defeated Messrs. McCullough and Henley, while Messrs. Funke, O'Neill and Wellington, Brownsons, defeated Messrs. Fleming, Gilbert and Kutina, Carrolls. It is hoped that the games will be kept up in the spirit in which they have begun—that of friendly rivalry.

—The current issue of the Milwaukee *Catholic Citizen* contains an appreciative sketch of the life and work of the Very Rev. Father General Sorin, accompanying a portrait of the venerable Founder. The writer concludes as follows:

"As we approach the present time we witness Notre Dame in the golden age of her prosperity. It is truly fitting then that she celebrate with undiminished joy and thanksgiving to God the golden jubilee that is dawning. To few is granted the favor of witnessing the result of their life's labor. This pleasure is Father Sorin's, who in his 80th year beholds his labors crowned with success, and Notre Dame the first Catholic college in the country."

—The seventh regular meeting of the Saint Cecilia Philomathean Association was called to order Wednesday evening by Rev. Father Kelly. Mr. Barrett opened the exercises by reading a well-written criticism; Mr. Slevin presented an essay on novels, with great credit to himself. Mr. O'Brien's reading on the buildings of Chicago was an event that surprised many of the members. Mr. Dion pleased all with a thrilling story. The debate, "Resolved, That newspapers are unreliable," was decided in favor of the negative. The speakers were, on the affirmative, Messrs. Meyers and Tong; negative, Messrs. Lynch and Cavanagh.

—The eighth regular meeting of the St. Boniface German Literary Society was held on Wednesday evening, March 1. Father Klein was unanimously chosen Historian, and Messrs. Miller, Weitzel and Dannemiller, of Carroll Hall, were elected members. The programme of the evening was opened by a report of the critic, Mr. Neef. Messrs. Kunert and Jacobs read very clever papers on student-life in Sorin and Brownson Halls, respectively. Mr. Hermann's essay on our new President merited much applause, even from several of the Republican members. The meeting closed with a recitation of Schiller's fine poem, "Hope," by Mr. Pulskamp.

—The fifth regular meeting of the Law Debating Society took place on Wednesday, March 8, with Colonel Hoynes in the chair. The question for the evening was: "Resolved, That the pension list should be overhauled and cut down." The disputants were Messrs. Ansberry, and Ragan for the affirmative, and Messrs. Kennedy and Raney for the negative. The following juristic students delivered some impromptu remarks, *pro et con*, which were germane to the question: Messrs. Roby, Chute, Brown, Henley, Heer, Cooke, Hennessy, Cullen,

McGarry, Chidester, McFadden, and Linehan. After delivering an inimitable and concise resumé concerning the topic, the chair accorded the merits to the negative.

—COMPETITIVE DRILL.—The much talked-of drill between the privates in Companies *A* and *B* took place last Sunday in Carroll Hall gymnasium at 10.30 a. m. After a short consultation with the rest of the officers, Captain P. H. Coady, Co. *A* held a competitive drill for the place of honor among his own men, which was won by Mr. Schmidt. Captain F. B. Chute, Co. *B*, did likewise, and pinned on the breast of the winner, Mr. Rumley, the weekly drill medal. Very nearly all Co. *A* were "put out" on "present arms"; Co. *B* stepped to the rear for various mistakes, taking a longer time to decide the contest. Following this came the joint competitive drill. To accommodate themselves to the space allotted them for their manœuvres, the two companies "fell in" in double rank according to size. Captain Coady, winning on the toss, gave the commands. Only a few had "fallen out" when "right dress" was given. In the rear rank Company *A* was "put out" for executing the command differently from Company *B*. In the front rank it was just the reverse. Objection was raised, the tactic book was consulted, and Captain Coady proved his point. He demanded the reinstatement of his men, but Captain Chute would not allow it. The former, seeing that of those standing the odds were in his favor of about twelve to two, let the matter drop, continued the drill, and won. Mr. Kearns received the laurels, which were closely contested by Mr. Tinnen. Of Company *B*, T. Finnerty was the last to be dismissed from the ranks. On the whole, the drill was a success, and reflects credit upon the captains, whose scrutinizing exactness has brought the execution of the most difficult commands in the manual of arms to such a degree of perfection. The dress parades will certainly be something worth seeing.

Philosopher's Day.

Socrates and Aristotle! Everybody certainly has heard of them. It will be remembered that Socrates was the only one amongst his fellow Greeks who knew that he did not know much of anything. Yet, for knowing so much he was served to hemlock with no *à la*, etc., as a relish. But Socrates and Aristotle were cranks; they had a single hobby. They would reason out the why and wherefore of everything. Nothing could be left unanalyzed and taken for granted by them. Socrates puzzled his teacher with questions when he received anything from his superior's hands. How unlike the philosophers of to-day! The gifts of their professor are unquestioned, and enter port free of all duty.

For two weeks and more the solemnly Phil-

osophers have kept their winking eye on the calendar, marking off day by day the numbers as they came and went, till at last they arrived at Tuesday, March 7. Their hopes and longings as regards the day itself were realized, and they knew where they were at. "But what are we to do?" they all said. "Last year the philosophers went to Elkhart; the year before to Niles; to Michigan City the year before that." But the Socrates of the crowd said: "Why should we go away this year at all? Last 7th of March St. Thomas gave good weather, and so too the year before. Let's stay at home." So they stayed. But Aristotle had gone secretly to work and all this time he was busy.

St. Thomas Aquinas was a great man in genius as well as in sanctity. Were it permitted to be familiar we would say that he is at no loss to devise schemes by which to surprise agreeably his successors and followers. He and Father Fitte seem to have had a little speech together, and they decided that the first thing to do on Philosopher's Day would be to dispense with class. Then Father Fitte was to tell the dignified sophists that they were to be present in the refectory at 4.30 p.m. Socrates did not appear with his "why" in this case. There were apparently no cranks to be found. Dinner time came and no one seemed to be hungry. All were *indisposed*.

At four-thirty sharp each philosopher wore an august mien, and with grave and stately step proceeded to the place assigned him, where all were to discuss the questions of the day. The first subject was short and consommé little time. The next caused a little dispute, and some one said he objected. He did not think it proper to discuss such a subject; for, he said, "*Dido et dux*," and consequently we should not. Anyway this was passed, and all the rest followed in a most sumptuous style. The following was the

MENU.

Consommé aux œufs frais.
Celeri.
Kankakee ducks à la Parisienne.
Pommes de terre frisées.
Green peas.
Chicago ham.
Lettuce, French dressing.
American puffs.
Angelic food.
Oranges, bananas, candies.
Ice cream.
Café noir.
Cigars à la Leopoldienne.

Few difficult matters were found to dispute; so, after enjoying the hour most pleasantly the banquet broke up and all adjourned. The guests of the reverend host, Father Fitte, were: Rev. President Walsh, Rev. Father Kelly, and Professors Edwards, Egan, Hoynes and McCue.

The Philosophers and Logicians of '93 surely enjoyed themselves to the utmost; and have reason to, and do, extend most hearty thanks and good wishes to their worthy Professor.

C. B. F.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Bolton, Brown, Correll, Cummings, Combe, Coady, Crawley, Chute, Dacy, Dechant, DuBrul, Ferneding, Flannery, Flannigan, J. Fitzgerald, Hannin, Heer, Joslyn, Kearney, Keough, Kunert, Maurus, Monarch, J. McKee, F. McKee, Mitchell, McCarrick, McAuliffe, Neef, O'Donnell, Powers, Quinlan, Ragan, Raney, E. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Schillo, Schaack, Sinnott, Schopp.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Ansberry, Barton, Baur, Burns, Brinen, Berggren, Baldwin, A. Corry, Covert, Chassaing, Colby, Cooke, Cullen, R. Corcoran, Crilly, Casey, Chidester, Carter, Delaney, Devanney, Davis, Donahoe, Dinkel, Dempsey, Duffield, Eyanson, Foley, A. W. Funke, A. M. Funke, R. Flynn, Feeney, J. Flynn, E. Flynn, Farrell, Freytag, Flaney, L. Griffin, O. Griffin, Gerlach, F. Hoffman, Hermann, Hennessy, Hoepe, Hartman, Healy, Hesse, E. Harris, Hagan, Henley, Hudson, Hunt, Jacobs, J. Kennedy, Kelly, Kearns, Krembs, Kintzele, F. Kenny, Karasynski, Kuhn, Linehan, Luther, Leonard, Libert, Marmon, Murray, D. Murphy, T. Monarch, Maynes, D. Monarch, F. Murphy, R. Marckhoff, A. Marckhoff, E. Marckhoff, Magnus, McCuddy, McFadden, McCarthv, McGarry, Ney, Newton, O'Connor, O'Shea, H. O'Neill, Pulskamp, Prichard, Patier, Quinlan, C. Roby, E. Roby M. Ryan, Reis, Stanton, Shermann, Smith, Spalding, Stace, Tinnen, Vurpillat, Walker, Wilkin, Weaver Welsh.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Bergland, Barrett, R. E. Brown, O. Brown, R. Brown, Bennett, Berles, Blumenthal, Bachrach, Baldauf, Brennan, Covert, Cornell, Carter, Chauvet, Clendenin, A. Coolidge, E. Coolidge, Cavanagh, Cullen, Carney, Chase, Dorsey, Dion, Druecker, Ducey, Dannemiller, Dilman, DeLormier, Dutt, Franke, Fossick, Funke, Ford, E. Gilbert, N. Gibson, L. Gibson, Gerding, Gonzales, Gerdes, Girardin, F. Hill, Hack, Hittson, Hurley, Hoban, Hickey, D. Hilger, A. Hilger, Howell, Jones, Janssen, Krollman, A. Kegler, Kutina, Kuehl, Kelliher, Lanagan, G. Lee, J. LaMoure, W. LaMoure, Lambka, Lantry, Lohner, Lawler, T. Lowrey, Loser, Ludwig, Lynch, Lane, Lippman, M. Lee, H. Martin, Maurer, Mitchell, Maternes, Maguire, E. Murphy, J. Miller, L. Miller, Mengis, Mills, Marr, Moss, Moore, Monaghan, R. Miers, S. McDonald, McCarrick, J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, C. McPhillips, E. McDonald, Nolan, Nichols, O'Mara, F. O'Brien, W. O'Brien, O'Neill, Oliver, Pim, Reis, Rumely, Rend, Ruppe, Reptscher, Romero, Reilly, Reber, Roesing, J. Rozynek, P. Rozynek, Sievers, Stearns, W. Spalding, S. Spalding, Slevin, Spiegel, Sullivan, Sparks, Segenfelder, Strauss, Sharp, Schroth, Shillington, Tong, Taylor, Trankle, Thome, Tempel, Treber, Wagner, Wensinger, Walde, Welty, Walker, H. Wilson, Washburne, N. Weitzel, B. Weitzel, Ward, A. Yglesia, Yingst.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Ahern, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Arnold, Ball, Bump, Bopp, Barrett, R. Berthelet, V. Berthelet, Bourgeois, Brown, Curry, Corry, Christ, Cross, Croke, F. Campau, D. Campau, J. Coquillard, A. Coquillard, Cressey, Corcoran, Durand, Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Eagle, Engelhardt, W. Emerson, F. Emerson, Finnerty, Feltenstein, Freeman, Flynn, Girsch, Gavin, Green, Graff, Howard, Higginson, Holbrook, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, J. Healy, W. Healy, Ives, Jones, Jonquet, Kilgallen, Keeler, Kinney, LaMoure, Lawton, Langley, Loomis, Lohner, Lowrey, Lysle, Maritzen, Minnigerode, C. Monaghan, A. Monaghan, Morris, McGinley, McGushin, Morris, McPhee, McAllister, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Emmitt McCarthy, Ninneman, Otero, O'Neill, Oatman, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Pyle, Pieser, Roesing, L. Rasche, H. Rasche, Roache, V. Romero, A. Romero, Robb, Rohrbach, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, Snyder, Shipp, Stuckart, Segenfelder, Trankle, U. Thompson, L. Thompson, Wilcox, Wagner, Wells.