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Shakspeare and Ancient Tragedy.

BY JOHN J. O'SHEA.

In the study of comparative literature and the pursuit of historical truth the student finds abundant opportunity for the exercise of varied talents. The thought of forty centuries becomes crystallized amid the glow of his fervent devotion to what is good and beautiful, and finds renewed impetus in the aspirations and deeds of former generations. He examines past systems and doctrines in search of the inscrutable force that constituted principles, and he judges with an impartial criticism the multiplied strifes to which there was but one survivor—the triumph of right over wrong. Not least in the many points he notes in his inquiries is the practical morality deduced from a close adherence to the ideas developed by the author. Questions are developed by placing an idea in a heretofore unnoticed light, or by extracting the spirit of the passage from the rigid text.

We applaud Shakspeare for his apparent disregard of everything most stringently prescribed by the unities of Aristotle. But in his departure he is worthy of praise only in so far as he out-dared his classic rivals. It is true, it is not at once evident that his tragedies can be reduced to anything like the close adherence of Sophocles to the ideal form of the drama. But yet by the mere recasting of a few theatrical characters they appear clothed in the robes of the Grecian play transferred to the English stage. "Samson Agonistes" would not feel more at home amidst the antiquated

environments of the Grecian stage than would a rehabilitated Shaksperian drama.

To the cursory reader of modern English dramas there are several apparently radical differences between their form and that of the ancient classical productions. But they are merely apparent; and before the critical gaze of a student well acquainted with both forms they coalesce into one and the same species. It may at first sight appear rather difficult to make the harmonious chorus in the "Medea" assimilate to its own species its representative in the darkest of modern tragedies, "Macbeth." But the desired effect is produced by a mere transformation of the many splendid lyric fragments scattered through its speeches.

This explanation leads to a fuller development of the form of ancient tragedy. That it was not pure drama is shown from its being composed of odes as well as of dramatic scene. Although we still maintain the spirit of the chorus in our remarks, complimentary and otherwise, about the characters in the play, yet in form it has been supplanted to some extent by the addition of actors, and to a much greater extent by the liberties taken by the audience. It may interest some whose scientific proclivities have not as yet led them into searching for the utility of every object whereon their gaze rests to know that the drop-curtain—a modern *deus-ex-machina*—was intended to allow the audience to assume their old rôle of the chorus; but it is here unnecessary to dilate longer upon its more or less successful intervention.

The practical morality inculcated by the Greek dramatists differed from its representative in modern times in but one particular, and that one influence, insusceptible to ameliorat-

ing circumstances, was the irrevocable determination of Necessity. Here we may trace back through forty centuries the prototype of the expression found on the lips of those who form a habit of repeating on occasions: "Necessity knows no law." Jupiter the king, against whom the powers of gods and men united prevail as naught, must bow before its awful majesty.

Based on the inevitable accomplishment of the decrees of Necessity was founded the erroneous conception which led to the improvisation of the dark Ate, so prominent in the Greek tragedies, to shield the culprit Necessity, implacable even to destruction, from the unenviable accusation of directly causing the ruin of humanity. Man's free will is destroyed. Hurried on by the avenging demon he casts himself headlong into the abyss of crime, and filled with the gnawings of passion and remorse he is snatched from our view, the pliant victim of a ruthless Necessity.

This dark view of the ultimate destiny of man, this debasement of what is noblest and most apparent in his nature, this elimination of all that is just and merciful in the Divine Goodness, could not but arouse in one a desire of comparing it with the ideal set before us by the Christian sage of Stratford.

* * *

But let us proceed to the consideration of the improvements made by Shakspeare on the implacable, insatiable Ate of ancient tragedy. The play of "Macbeth" has been given the preference over some of Shakspeare's other tragedies, because after a critical reading of several plays the conclusion has been reached that it alone illustrates the difference under discussion. That the witches in "Macbeth" are the offspring of the Ate in Euripides is evident after a perusal of "Macbeth," supplemented by the reading of a play of the Greek innovator, for instance, his "Medea." Whilst unlike the Ate, not creating the evil heart, the witches certainly do sever the last ties that bind the wicked heart and hands of Macbeth to the throne of his liege, Lord Duncan. By working upon his ambitious spirit they encompass almost directly his temporal destruction by indirectly occasioning his spiritual ruin. In other words they directly instigate him to inflict upon himself temporal injury, although they can never smirch his fair name by directly fastening on his shoulders undeserved guilt. This is exactly the reverse of the situation in which the victim of the Ate is placed. Guilt is ever pursuing

him and manifesting itself in temporal as well as in spiritual ruination.

Towards Macbeth the beldames cannot possibly have any feelings of hatred that are purely personal. No crime of his forefathers is visited on his unfortunate person. In aspect, weird; in dress, uncouth; in prerogatives, preternatural; by mortals, unharmed, and in deeds, unavengable, their malice is of the highest strain, and is as unnatural to the breast of mortals as are the convulsions of a nature amidst which they appear on the grassy bosom of a Highland heath. Can there be anything more awful to contemplate than the malignity of their designs! The imagination, ordained to soar to the heights where reside truth, beauty and goodness, when sustained on the pinions of malice and pride becomes a very Lucifer. It can no longer endure their effulgence, and seeks a mean refuge in the caverns of witchcraft, sorcery and evil. What a frightful force is the imagination divorced from what is true and admirable; when "Fair is foul, and foul is fair," becomes a pure ideal by the very constitution of a being's nature, and its sole law the violation of every moral precept.

It is an old saying that "the world is a stage"; and if we may be allowed to dilate on the proverb and, so to speak, resuscitate it, we might also add that it has all the most modern theatrical appliances, it employs the lime-light and perspective and is curtained round with burnished mirrors.

Here are the witches in Shakspeare. Reflected in these mirrors—the works of nature—is man's evil inner self. Projected from his own evil self, the malicious suggestions of the heart are seen flashing from the leering eye or engraved on the distorted countenance of the spectre. It but re-echoes the murmurs of evil which rages within and lacerates the consciousness of man. The sum total of its prerogatives, the dread of its presence, the secret of its power over human beings, is that it truthfully presents to the amazed observer his secret wishes, his innermost aspirations embodied in their most alluring and effectual form. It does not deprave the character whereon it acts. Ghostly in its presence, its aspect and substance, it cannot originate moral aspirations, but it may develop them. It is no reservoir to supply the spring of evil; on the contrary, it meets evil half way, and takes from it just as much as evil will give it; like a flexed tube it continually draws from its fuller half to maintain its own level. The flexure is but a mediator between the fount of

evil and the heart's reservoir threatening to overflow with passion. The mind is already determined, the mirrored spectre serves but as a foil to excite its emulation of outstripping a bloodless phantom. To serve the purpose of the dramatist the Weird Sisters could as well have been introduced as Macbeth's plans, unconsciously matured presented to his startled imagination with all the horrors of a nightmare, as the vaporous offspring of unseasonable potations, or the ethereal creations of a mind temporarily weakened by unwonted exertions.

But in presenting the spectre under the appearance of witches he displayed his wonderful aptitude for falling in with the delusions prevalent in the minds of his audience. Although the alchemist had ceased to search for golden secrets, yet a fanciful error still peopled the clouds with spectral figures terrible yet grotesque, petrific to the thought rather than the senses.

In thus gratifying the inclination of his auditors Shakspeare proved himself the worthy successor of Euripides, ever ready to yield to the public taste, clear yet impressive, embodying the most sublime ideas as well as the most ridiculous fancies in language and figures the most simple. From what has been said we can easily see that the Ate was the murky personification of Grecian despondency, the witches the cherished embodiment of evil inspirations.

College Snob Papers.

I.

E. THUNDERSUND BANGS—A SNOB.

I have selected for our first consideration the type of a rather high-toned snob. He is truly American, though affecting manners that savor much of the "quite English" in dress, speech and action. He would not sully the education he has thus far received in baseball and lawn tennis by introducing principles of logic into his system. Accomplished, like others of his stamp, in the above diversions, with a marked prejudice for the former, he seriously believes himself possessed of profound science; but, fortunately, has not had the occasion to hear scientific discourses so repeatedly rehearsed as to be prone to confound, in his wise comprehension, the relation between the science of the ball game and that of the chemist or flying machine inventor. Without further ado, I introduce to you E. Thundersund Bangs.

There was quite a fracas in the family when Thundersund came into the world. Had this event transpired in the days of Egyptian astrologists, it is most probable that his future would have been mapped out, the record as carefully interpreted and as elegantly chased on costly tablets, as the wealth of a millionaire father could make it.

With a confiding mother, who has always reposed the greatest faith in her son's meekness and gentility, and a cruelly attentive grandmother, who had never forsaken administering to his boyhood wants (which then only consisted of stories and sweetmeats, the former of which she unsparingly seasoned with petty advices and pleasing morals), our subject has progressed from the cradle to a state of perfect youth, as far as physical development is concerned. The truth of the matter is that, through dint of persuasion, and a free use of "Crème of Kumquick," recommended by the most experienced of his friends, he has coaxed a rather undefined shadow to make its appearance on his upper lip.

Alas, for motherly confidence and a grandmother's principles! Thundersund has gathered at his heels a choice circle of companions—the most modest, unflattering young gentlemen that ever condescended to accept invitations to visit the gayest places of amusement at no expense to themselves.

With such boon friends our snob sallies forth, almost daily, to promenades in the parks, indulging them on the way with all imaginable confectionery delicacies. Together they attend baseball matches, theatrical entertainments, and call at the "Uptown gymnasium" to look at the horizontal bars, and walk away. "Sund," as he is called, is voted the "jolliest, most generous fellow that ever lived." Sauffsmyle, his particular chum, tells him he is the "most popular fellow in town,"—he knows it; he believes it; he shows he believes it! "Sauffy" is engaged that morning to join him in the afternoon as he has an *awful* joke to *perpetuate* with him.

Useless is it for his gentle mother to beg him to remain at home and the promise from the old lady of an increase to his pocket-weights if he assents. Even the entreaties of Minny, an angelic sister, fail to touch his heart, and are made in vain. Fruitless are all endeavors to retain him; and the rogue, well knowing his father is expected to return from the Board, every minute, exclaiming, inaudibly—"Pwomised to see 'Sauffy'; be home at twelv"—takes a hasty

departure, with a swing of the cane, the lappets of his unbuttoned coat sailing in the wind.

That evening a general council is held at the dinner table of the Bangs; and Mr. Bangs, who has very little time to look after the conduct of his son—as he says “business interests chain a man, and, like a slave, prevent him from attending to further matters”—decides, amidst the untouched viands and the tears that swell the board, that “Thundersund must go to college! not going to stand any more of that youngster’s foolishness!”

Thundersund is astounded upon entering his room—not quite at the hour agreed upon—to encounter the sharp glances of a pair of well-known eyes most nervously fixed, with their owner seated in the comfortable arm-chair in which it is “Sund’s” habitual fashion to recline whilst pondering over the lithographs of *Puck’s* and *Judge’s* weekly issues, “deucedly hard to comprehend,” as he tells his friends. Gentle reader, I draw the curtain over this scene of action, and softly apply the wax of silence to your ears to hush whatever might be heard from this slight apparent misunderstanding which you would rightly conjecture as taking place between father and son. Never did the realities of life appear more serious to man. Thundersund was not seen on the street the next day; and I have heard it said that several gamins were murmuring frightfully against him for having missed an appointment made to lunch them at “Lobcrab’s.”

II.

E. THUNDERSUND AT COLLEGE.

Do you remember, gentle reader, the state of your feelings when first you found yourself within college walls? If you do, commiserate with a new arrival whom you will soon notice, if such has not been your good fortune already. E. Thundersund Bangs, whose acquaintance you formed in the preceding chapter, has just arrived in your noble institution.

Though a snob, the precipitate manner in which he left his home has, however, produced great alterations in his sentiments. When you meet him, pity the poor fellow, and bear in mind that you know much concerning him. Remark how amicable he essays to appear; remember the expression he wears, and try to ascertain if you looked as glum as he when you first entered college, having to shake hands with Tom, Dick and Harry, wondering all the time whether or not they thought you a snob.

I engage you when you see Bangs to treat him

civilly: it is to your interest. You must not allow your knowledge of his past doings to prompt you to dislike him. Guard well against such an error. Though made for once to recognize a mind contrary to his own—the iron will of an ireful father—yet he has not lost the right of endorsing checks; and I am sure that, leaving aside the father, the other members of his family admire him as much as ever. I do not know how the matter lies with “Sauffy” and the others, but fear very much that Thundersund’s generosity is missed exceedingly.

As I write I am interrupted by receiving the following from Fred Fullred of your place:

“DEAR BOB:

“I want to compliment you on your snob. He’s the most perfect specimen of his kind I have ever seen. It fell to my lot to escort him around the grounds. I showed him different objects of interest for most visitors—which, however, he did not particularly appreciate—and introduced him, right and left, to the boys.

“One can well see that he is a most inexperienced chap, versed in little outside of “sport.” He is thoroughly gone on me, Bob, and has told me so, point blank. Don’t think it reciprocated, and call me a snob, Bob. You know how far I am from such a thing!*

“Bang’s city chums have figured, more or less, in his conversation, which is most amusing. Would you believe it, sir? before I had been with him half an hour he began to relate most droll family incidents, rendered more so by the concern he seems to expect you to evince in them; and by the time he was through I had his relations, sir, on the tips of my fingers.

“Bob, try to come down to see me some time next week. I guarantee you’ll have a rare treat viewing our mutual friend in the recreation grounds surrounded, perchance, by an eager crowd of fellows, quite disposed, most of them, to humor him, and crack jokes on him under his rosy nose. You’ll have a splendid opportunity of studying the various types we have here. Excuse me, Bob, if I cut short; have to draw out these plagued geometrical figures for to-morrow’s class.

Awaiting your papers with much interest, I am

“Yours, etc., “F. F.”

I hope that my friend will forgive me the liberty I have taken in publishing his letter, and in publicly answering one of his queries. Fred is too good-natured to think anything of it. Let me state right here that I engage anyone who has in mind a snob that is too far gone, or whose correction seems not likely to take place, to write to me concerning him.

Gentle reader, permit me to continue noting what you are to expect from Thundersund. He will bore you, provided you remain long enough with him, like Fred, to allow his pretended reserve to pass off, and his real nature to

* I’m not too sure, Fred. There is a slight tint of snobbish twang in your sentence. You should leave all snobs alone; let them go to Thunder—!

appear. It is not his fault. Could you expect one with such an unsound career to act differently? What does he know?—some regulations of our national game and how to play it; can spell indifferently, perhaps! It is not strange that, being a snob, he desires to feign versatility: all snobs do! In what does this versatility consist? A fair acquaintance with the above accomplishment (some term it), and his infernal domestic topics; with savorings of "Sauffy" and his chums whom you find, by his own description, to be mere ungrateful wretches. As you may observe, he will present himself to you as a thorough enthusiast of field-sports; and having exhausted his knowledge of this subject, under cover of "pwivate, you know," he will give you his whole family history, whether you will have it or not. With his "so funny, ehs?" he will drive you to inward desperation. Control your feelings! It might be snobbish, but we must be so for awhile, at least, in order the better to review such characters. Besides, it is an American birthright to declare a great interest for a person when you know the result will be to your advantage.

Bangs must surely have a trunk full of "don't reject 'hems." You need not hint further than "if you have occasion to go to the trunk-room, I'll take pleasure in obtaining for you the required permission." He will say "how awfully obliging!" and you will be commissioned forthwith.

I have often seen some snobs most imposed upon when they thought themselves creating the greatest envy in others and exerting the most influence. I pray you not to follow the usual rule, and abandon "Sund" as soon as you suspect yourself replaced in his attentions by some of your friends. 'Twill be of transient duration! They will have to undergo the "conversation," in order to enter into his good graces, and receive, "in pwivate," those interesting family stories before gratifying their gluttonous ambition. They are *snobs*, and, as such, will desert him. We will treat of such characters later on. You, gentle reader, must be more charitable, more constant. You might be taken for a snob if you cling to him; but you can explain it to yourself thusly: "It is no one else's affair." That is the way many snobs look upon the matter.

III.

A VISIT TO A THRIVING INSTITUTION.

Would you believe it, gentle reader? I have been in your midst. Doubtless, I have seen you! Why did we not meet? I accepted the

invitation tendered me by my friend Fullred, and have now returned from an agreeable trip to your *Alma Mater*, my diary replete with delightful incidents of my visit.

What a grand institution is yours! Such buildings, such grounds! Really you are very fortunate laying claim to instruction in such a seat of learning. But am I mistaken? I see you waiting for me to divert from this strain and enter upon a vein more in accord with my original intention. "Snobs," I hear you say, "are not to be forgotten." You are anxious that I should describe my visit; that I pronounce the impressions formed relative to the college and its class of students? Regarding this latter I must state that a finer congregation of heroes never assembled. Before proceeding further I might also add that many of them are champion snobs. Now to begin:

Did you notice last Monday a fair young man with bright, laughing eyes, a Roman nose, a light* moustache (very good-looking), accoutred in a well-fitting suit of dark blue material, with gloves, cane and umbrella encumbering one hand, an alligator-skin satchel not benefiting the other, and a drab-colored billycock† shading a noble brow, alighting with a smile from a South Bend hansom? If so, your luck is great; 'twas none other than your humble servant.

Having ascended the spacious steps of the main building, I was welcomed on the portico by your President whom, happily, I had met before. With his characteristic amiability he engaged me to deposit my effects in his parlor; having done which, we proceeded to the refectory as dinner had been announced. On the way thither I was about to offer my excuses for colliding with a gentleman on the stairs descending to the lower hall, when, what was my joyous surprise to hail in the upturned visage of the person the familiar face of my friend Fullred. Fred had not expected me so soon. Not having seen each other for some time, we were highly elated to find ourselves together. Father M—— seemed equally pleased, and inviting Fred to join us, we continued to the dining-room.

My first thought upon entering the room unconsciously reverted to snobs, and I followed my host to the festive board in the further end of the refectory without allowing my eyes to

* Wishing to be accurate, I acknowledge that "light," as here used, signifies "not burdening," "not oppressive."

† This is a form in use by some Englishmen for "Derby."

seek them out from the throng of students who, standing around different tables, were waiting for the President to say grace before sitting down.

I ate but little. My time was devoted to a very young specimen whom I ferreted from a corner table, and whose manifold tactics I regarded with attention. He appeared to be about sixteen years old; though, judging from the developed state of his vocal organs, he may have been more. Everyone had to listen to him! His speech resounded indistinctly in our quarters; but, with the aid of swinging arms and the various uses to which his knife and fork were converted, I was enabled to conjecture that a game of ball had taken place the day before, which he was vividly engaged in describing, and in which he must have been interested. I asked Fred who he was, and was told that I beheld Michael Mernluck, the scorer for the "Reds." Passing by the boys after meal I obtained a hurried glance of Thundersund Bangs; but, am sorry to say, my visit having been a short one, I did not have the occasion of seeing him again.

We accompanied your kind President back to his room, where he invited us to remain; but fearing that, perhaps, his presence might be sought by other admiring friends, and being naturally quite bashful in the presence of strangers, I excused myself, promising, however, to call on him before my departure.

Fred followed me and proposed a walk around the lake, to which I agreed with pleasure. Such a beautiful spot, I am certain, is seldom seen. I was fairly delighted with the smooth sheet of limpid water and the magnificent trees, with their green foliage, extending on one side of the gravelled path which circles the lake. But what words can depict that paradise of scullers—the boat house! We went in to attend the exercises preparatory to the launching of the two boats *Minnehaha* and *Evangeline*; and I was introduced to several fellows, enthusiasts of the oars. The appearance which some of them presented in their boating garments was very risible. I noted two or three particularly whom, if time permits, I shall allow to figure in one of my future sketches.

Not wishing to impede them in their progress with the arrangements they were making, I nodded to Fred, and, bidding adieu to everybody, after freeing my pocket of the choice Havanas it contained, we left the boat house and resumed our walk. We neared the limits of the path. I took a farewell look at the pic-

turesque landscape before me, and was turning away thoughtfully when the harmonious "stroke"! "stroke"! of the coxswain was wafted to my hearing on the wings of the balmy floating zephyrs. My companion smiled, and we slowly wended our way to the college.

I was shown the gorgeous paintings which adorn the main hall of the principal edifice and now admired them at my leisure; the idea which I had drawn from a quick survey, when I first noticed them, proving meagre indeed. The series to which I refer are artistic portrayals of historical scenes in the life of Christopher Columbus. I cannot, gentle reader, in this paper enumerate all the other classical productions of this nature, the stately buildings, the thousand objects of interest which I observed. You shall see later on, however, that the knowledge I have obtained of every point connected with your University is very minute. Suffice for the present to entertain you for awhile longer, and then say good-bye to Notre Dame, and *au revoir* to you until next Saturday.

Fred brought me to his room which I found nicely furnished and very comfortable. Whilst chatting with him I spied a cabinet picture on his toilet, which, taking up, I found to be that of an insufferably snobbish-looking individual. Holding it in my hand, I was prepared to ask my friend who it was, when lo! after an inconsiderate pause the door of the apartment opens and, with a "Freddy, how goes it?" in walks the very likeness of the photograph. I dropped it, and my confusion was heightened by the snob unceremoniously gazing at me, wondering whether I was "one of the boys," I suppose. Fred, who did not seem to have calculated on this abrupt intermeddling, addressing me, said: "Mr. Babsaw, allow me to present you my neighbor, Mr. Flamingow." We bowed. With long shanks, long arms, long neck, red hair, and an ever-green expression on his face, I never before had seen such a model. "Aw! oh! I see you've-a-been admiring my fac-simila"! he broke forth. Picking up the same, I remarked I had been doing so. "You appweciate good photos, I opine"? I answered that I did value desirable ones. My response had the effect of disconcerting him; and, seeming much embarrassed, he exclaimed: "Beg pardon, if I leave you; think some one's a-knocking at m'-door-s-long, F——!" and out he flew. . . .

I have visited your campus and there came across idealistic snobs. I shall allude to them in my next article. Seeing my time for leaving arrive, I repaired with Fred to Father M's

parlor, thanked him for the invitation he extended me to attend a *séance* shortly to take place in Washington Hall, and presenting my acknowledgments of his kindness, I gathered my baggage and bade him adieu. With a hearty shake of the hand and a good-bye to my faithful friend, I jumped into the hansom and was off.

(Conclusion next week.)

The Rights of Labor.*

BY JOHN GIBBONS, '68.

The unrest and discontent felt and heard in every line of social and industrial life are but the protests of a struggling humanity against hardships and oppressions which are the necessary outgrowth of the strained and abnormal conditions existing between labor and capital—conditions which, if not speedily remedied, may work the debasement of the one and the destruction of the other. The folly of labor is no more reprehensible for these conditions than the greed of capital. For years the tendency of the times has been toward the enslavement of the individual through the domination of the masses on the one hand, and the monopoly of capital through trusts and combines on the other; and whoever imagines that there is in legislation or statecraft a short cut by which the conditions wrought by both these causes may be reached, adjusted, harmonized and remedied other than by mutual concessions based upon mutual interests, is short-sighted, if not visionary. That legislation is beneficial and sometimes necessary to compel the performance of duties which ought to be discharged voluntarily I admit; but in respect to matters of a social and industrial nature, which are so largely dependent upon natural conditions, legislation may aid, but cannot create them.

That hardships and oppressions have existed for all time does not prove that they are a heritage of the human family. "And there shall be no poor nor beggar among you" is a divine command; while "the poor ye shall have always with you" is but the voice of prophecy. The former is the law proclaimed, the latter the result of its non-observance. Every man born into the world owes certain duties to society; and paramount to all others is the duty to support himself and those naturally dependent upon him; and of equal importance in the scale

of primary duties are obedience to law and respect for the rights of others. The performance of these primary obligations no man should be permitted to evade or ignore.

In the proposals we advance, if we hope thereby to accomplish beneficial results, we must recognize the changes which are constantly occurring in natural conditions; for these changes necessarily affect the industrial life of the people. The conditions which existed fifty or even twenty-five years ago do not exist to-day. Fifty years ago the surplus labor of the country found employment in reclaiming and cultivating the waste lands of the fruitful West; but now nearly all the available lands have been appropriated, so that surplus labor no longer finds remunerative employment there, and the stream of immigration has ceased to flow toward the setting sun.

Thirty years ago surplus labor found employment in the army, in the building of railways, in the improvement of rivers and harbors, and in many other enterprises which existed as a result of the war then being waged for national supremacy. These changes which are wrought by what may be termed natural causes only serve to emphasize the fact that in the field of labor, as in the whole domain of industry, supply and demand must ever be controlling factors, and the economist who ignores this fundamental truth, in seeking a wise solution of the all-important problem now agitating the public, is a dreamer or a demagogue.

Whatever speculations or theories we may advance or proclaim, it should be conceded that unless labor is reduced to a condition of servitude the amount of wages to be paid and the amount of work to be done at a certain price must always remain the objects of free and open bargain. Under such circumstances, the connection between employer and employed has the advantage of a voluntary association, in which each party is conscious of benefit, and each feels that his own welfare depends to a great extent on the welfare of the other. But the instant wages ceases to be a bargain, the instant the laborer is paid, not according to his value but to an established scale, both employer and employed are no longer free agents, and all the incentives to mutual advantages are taken away, and the kindness which naturally arises from a voluntary association as well as the mutual benefits is wanting.

It must also be conceded that trades unions and associations of that nature, when properly conducted, are designed to do much good.

* Substance of the address delivered before the Catholic Congress, Chicago, Sept. 6.

They will prove beneficial in educating the workmen, in inviting discussion respecting proposals advanced looking to the elevation of labor; beneficial in assisting members to obtain employment; beneficial in bringing before the public their wants and molding public opinion in favor of granting them; beneficial from a political point of view, because by united action they may obtain legislation which as individuals they could not secure. But when they go beyond these objects, as they sometimes do, the state rather than the trades unions is to blame in not making adequate provision for the adjustment of differences which inevitably grow out of the relation of capital to labor. In every other department of life the differences which emanate from contractual relations are regulated by common or statute law, and why should the conflicts arising between labor and capital be left to the will or caprice of the haughty capitalist on the one hand or the aggrieved laborer on the other?

The right to enjoy life and to strive in the pursuit of happiness may be classed among the absolute rights of man. The right to sustain life in case of necessity—the right of a starving man to a portion of his neighbor's food—is paramount to all human enactments. But the right to live, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, does not mean merely the right to exist. The man who tills the soil, the man who forges the iron, the man who pushes the plane, ought to be afforded the opportunity of providing for himself food, raiment and shelter. Moreover, as the family is ordained of God, and the basis of all human society, the head of the family is not only entitled to all these things for himself, but for his wife, children and all those of his household. Hence, when a powerful manufacturer draws around him a community of men, women and children, his duty toward them is not fully discharged by the mere payment of wages. The conditions which he has created impose upon him corresponding duties; and it is no answer to the neglect or refusal to perform them to say that they are not imposed by the law of the land, or that they do not grow out of any compact or agreement with the community thus organized.

This moral duty has been given practical effect, with excellent results, at Essen and Altendorf, Germany. For example, the number of men employed by the Krupps is 25,200; who with their families amount to 87,900 persons. The corporation builds and rents all dwellings for its workmen, provides co-operative stores,

and boarding accommodations for unmarried men, and attends to the prevention of sickness by careful sanitary regulations. The death rate is smaller than any other community in Europe. The lives of the employes are required to be insured, and in addition Mr. Krupp provides pension and relief funds for the injured and bereaved. He also provides schools for the children of his employes and churches for the religious training of all connected with his establishment.

The Krupps have been able through their social work to centre so fully the interests of their employes in the neighborhood in which they live and so to unite them with the interests of the firm that their men have exhibited less desire to change employment and have been less affected by labor disturbances than in any other parts of the country. Co-operation and profit sharing have been conducted with satisfactory results in many lines of industry both here and in Europe; and from the harmony existing in these communities between employer and the employed it is safe to conclude that the vexed labor problem may be solved through mutual concessions based on mutual advantages.

The idea of master and servant grows out of the domestic relations; and while it may be less culpable for a man to neglect providing for the support and comfort of his servants than it would be for his wife and children, still it is a crime against the natural and divine law for him to do so. Whoever neglects this moral duty in the one case is amenable to the law of the land; and why not extend that law to include those who disregard it in the other? My contention is that what has been accomplished by voluntary action and as a moral obligation on the part of humane employers might be enforced as a legal duty in respect to those who regard their workmen as merchantable commodities.

In the abstract is perceived that everyone has a natural right to use and enjoy his property in such manner as he pleases; and if an employer of labor, it is a privilege to employ whom he will at the best prices he may; but abstract principles and natural rights are subordinate to the laws of human necessities and the well-being of the people. The absolute right of man to the enjoyment of his own property exists only in a state of nature where no relative rights intervene and so long as he is able to defend his possession. But as soon as society is organized and the individual

becomes dependent upon the community for all the rights and privileges which he enjoys, corresponding duties arise, which grow out of the compact, and are binding upon him whether he wills it or not, and whether defined by law or stipulated by contract.

Justice to labor does not imperil or impair capital. The stability and progress of a country must depend upon the character of the industrial classes; and whether the standing of the working population is to be debased or elevated must depend upon the relation they sustain to the common conditions of their country. Ownership of property is the true status of liberty; and as the idea of home is the initial point around which clusters every ennobling virtue, it should be the duty of corporations and individuals who establish industrial centres and manufacturing communities to provide homes for men and families engaged in their employment. All honor is due to the noble, charitable, humane men and women who devote their time and contribute their means for the care, nourishment and comfort of children whose mothers are forced to toil for bread; but there should be no occasion for the infant's corral or the robust man's almshouse in well governed communities. Their existence belies social progress, and is repugnant to the plan of a wisely governed state.

The highway of nations is strewn with the ruins of the democracies of the past. Their decline and fall can be truthfully ascribed to the defect in their policy, which while recognizing and protecting political equality, failed to provide for an equality of conditions such as would have prevented the conflicts between the rich and the poor—conflicts which grow into the revolution that results in despotism. The struggle between the rich and the poor, between those who own property and those without property, is now more general, if not more alarming, than ever before in the history of the world. This struggle must increase in scope and intensity until in our political economy, man is acknowledged to be superior to wealth, and, as a consequence, that the rights of the many are paramount to the privileges of the few. Then will follow the complete emancipation of labor from the practical ownership which now holds it in bondage, and unto it will be given an equitable portion of the wealth it produces in alliance with capital.

So far as my observation goes I am led to believe that the conflicts between employer and employed find their origin in the false relations existing between the people and the land and between labor and capital; and until we unite labor and capital in a closer union, based upon a more equitable division of profits and effects, a more general distribution of the land among the subordinate holders of power, these evils will be intensified even unto the utter destruction of our democracy.

Next to the right of life and liberty there is nothing so sacred to an American as the right of property; and in our efforts to rectify the wrongs of labor and to bring about a more equitable division of the land among the people, they must be accomplished, not by subversion of justice, not by invasion of right, not by destruction of tenures, not by forfeiture of titles, not by community of property, not by single tax upon land, not by shackling individual exertions, not by blasting personal ambition, not by turning the hands of progress back upon the dial of time, not by overthrowing established institutions which have been replenished, fostered and fortified by the worth and wisdom of the best thinkers and purest men of all the ages that have gone before, but by marching onward and upward along the lines of duty and law, using the materials at our command to improve the condition of men as we find them.

It may be that there shall come no time indeed when there will not be in lamentable contrast poverty and wealth, suffering and affluence, misery and luxury. It may be that there shall come no day which will not see one class of men with only the labor of their hands to sell and another whose business it is to buy this primal commodity; and that the one shall endeavor to market his only ware at the highest obtainable price, and the instinct of greed compel the other to buy as cheaply as he can. But I believe that there shall be in time to come a vast improvement in the aggregate comfort and independence of the laboring class, between the power of money in that coming day and its influence in the present. Another epoch, as I believe, will turn away in horror from the pestilential tenement houses, and the hordes of hungry and homeless ones of the nineteenth century.

The troubles and dangers that confront us as a nation must be met and conquered within our own borders. There is no other possible escape. Emigration has been the safety and salvation of eastern lands. There can be no emigration from America. This is the mecca of the human race, the final resting-place of restless humanity.

Earth's imperial people have ever moved westward as if impelled by a resistless power divine, and parallel with their migrations civilization and sovereignty moved. The world's sceptre has made the circuit of the earth. First raised and wielded in Egypt, it passed to Greece; from Greece to Rome; from Rome to France, from France to England, and from England it is passing unto America, here to remain; for the Orient is just beyond us—the land where it first arose. By the logic of causes that know no change, the solution of the problem—mighty and grave—that confronts us as a people, must be reached through agencies of our own, and that solution not only involves the life of the nation, but comprehends the future of the world.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 21, 1893.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

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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-SEVENTH 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.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC contains:

choice Poetry, Essays, and the current Art, Musical, Literary and Scientific Gossip of the day;

Editorials on questions of the day, as well as on subjects connected with the University of Notre Dame;

Personal gossip concerning the whereabouts and the success of former students;

All the weekly local news of the University, including the names of those who have distinguished themselves during the week by their excellence in Class, and by their good conduct.

Students should take it; parents should take it; and above all,

OLD STUDENTS SHOULD TAKE IT.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,

Notre Dame, Ind.

—On Monday next Notre Dame will be honored by the presence of the Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne. Though frequently a visitor to our college home during the years of his sacerdotal labors within the territory now entrusted to his direction, yet the present occasion will mark the first visit of the distinguished prelate in the new and intimate relationship of Ordinary of the diocese. A cordial welcome and reception will be extended to him on the part of the Community, Faculty and students.

—Honor and praise beyond measure are justly due the students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City, for their grandly meritorious production, at the World's Fair, of "The Captives" of Plautus. The same play was presented here at Notre Dame in 1879, under the direction of the late lamented President Walsh, who was at that time the Professor of the Latin Language and Literature. Subsequently, in '81 and '82, two Greek plays were presented on our stage, under the direction of the Rev.

N. J. Stoffel, C. S. C. These presentations of the classic drama, with musical and scenic accessories, were very successful, and it is the desire of many that a new impetus will be felt towards the production of the same, or other Latin or Greek plays, during the coming year.

—In answer to several inquiries we give a list of Professor Egan's books, excluding only several of his earlier novels now out of print: "Preludes," "The Theatre and Christian Parents" (Benziger Bros.), "The Life Around Us" (Pustet & Co.), "Lectures on English Literature" (Wm. H. Sadlier), "Modern Novels and Novelists" (Wm. H. Sadlier), "A Garden of Roses" (F. B. Noonan & Co.), "How They Won Their Way" (Benziger Bros.), "A Gentleman" (Benziger Bros.), "Songs and Sonnets" (London and Chicago), "John Longworthy" (The "Ave Maria" Press), "A Marriage of Reason" (John Murphy & Co.), "The Success of Patrick Desmond" (The "Ave Maria" Press), "St. Francis d'Assisi and the Mystical Italy Renaissance" (in Press).

—A late issue of the *Weekly Journalist* has for frontispiece a striking portrait of Mr. James Jeffrey Roche, LL. D., the well-known editor of the *Pilot*. The biographical sketch which accompanies the portrait furnishes an outline of Mr. Roche's career and a critical analysis of the varied excellencies that have placed him in the front rank among American editors. The *Pilot* is the newspaper which the Catholics of our land could least afford to dispense with; and Mr. Roche's work in the editorial chair, while it holds, perhaps, no promise of enduring fame, is of incalculable importance to the Church in this country. There are few men who could have stepped into O'Reilly's place so gracefully as Mr. Roche has done, and Notre Dame feels a pardonable pride in the fame and success that have come to her Doctor of Laws.

—His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore, celebrated, on Wednesday of this week, his Silver Episcopal Jubilee. The twenty-five years that have elapsed since the consecration of this eminent prelate have been marked by a career of quiet, self-sacrificing zeal and devotion which have been singularly effective for the good of religion and humanity.

In his writings and discourses, as well as by the missionary spirit which has animated his every act, the Cardinal Archbishop has exercised a widespread and penetrating influence upon the times and the manners, and left an impress upon the age which will endure and continue to promote the best interests of Church and State, not alone in our own country but in distant lands as well. It was fitting that such a happy event in a life so distinguished and so successful should be marked, as it was, by a solemnization, in which the Hierarchy and people of the country and the universal Church, in the person of the Supreme Pontiff and his Delegate, should take part. All honor to our Cardinal, and may many years be his in the happy fulfilment of his noble and exalted mission!

* * *

The venerable Founder of Notre Dame—the celebration of whose Golden Jubilee in the Priesthood, about five years ago, was honored by the presence of the Cardinal—sent a slight token in recognition of the present joyful occasion. His Eminence graciously acknowledged the receipt of the message in the following terms:

"CARDINAL'S RESIDENCE,
408 N. CHARLES' ST., BALTIMORE,
Oct. 14, '93.

"MY DEAR FATHER:

"I was equally surprised and delighted in receiving to-day the beautiful ostensorium which you were pleased to send me on the occasion of my Jubilee. I do not know how to thank you for this unmerited act of benevolence.

"May the blessing which our dear Lord will pour out from this throne on His people be extended to all the religious and students of Notre Dame.

"Faithfully yours in Xt.,
"J. CARD. GIBBONS."

Church and State.

In the early history of the nations of antiquity, religion, even in paganism, appears as a free institution over which political authority had no power. But in the course of time this freedom of religion gradually diminished, until at length it was made wholly subject to the power of the State. Religion became a State institution, and its ministers were only State officers. However, in heathen antiquity there lived men who declaimed against the nationalization of religion and religious societies, as we are told by Plato, who says that the State

has nothing to do with the affairs of religion but only the Delphic Apollo.

Christianity proclaimed the freedom of religion. The Apostle St. Paul spoke these ever memorable words before the high council: "God must be obeyed rather than man." He thus declared that political authority should not invade the sanctuary of religion, and that the Church is, of right, free and independent. Still the truth remains that Christian times present many a sad instance of encroachment by the State on the domain of religion—the result always of the antagonism of the world against the truths and principles of the Gospel. The interference of the Emperor of Byzantium in religious matters and in the dogmatic differences which existed at that time; the usurpation of ecclesiastical appointments by the sovereigns of Germany in the eleventh century; the attempts of the imperial house of Hohenstaufen to extend its dominion over the Church, are well-known historical examples of this lamentable fact.

During the sixteenth century—that notorious period of religious revolution, when nations separated themselves from the union of the Roman Church—this tendency to secularize religion appeared in its full force. The principles of the so-called Reformation were not conducive to the preservation of order among its adherents, and the consequence was that the secular power was obliged to attend to religious matters, and thus the authority of the Church passed into the hands of political rulers.

The example of Protestantism spread the contagion in the countries which did not separate themselves from the Church. There the power of the Church was curtailed, and all efforts were made to bring religion under the dominion of the State. Gallicanism in France, and Josephinism in Austria, were like to the tendencies of the Spanish Bourbons to subject the Church to their powers.

In our own day one may note a growing tendency to destroy the unity of the Church, and to form separate national churches and national religions, subordinate to the State which may deal with them according to its whims.

From the beginning of Christianity down to the time of the Protestant Reformation, Christian philosophy and theology were hand in hand with the Church, and defended energetically its liberties. But since the Reformation a philosophy alien to the doctrine of the Church and allied with rationalism and naturalism, has become a defender of the absorption of

the Church by the State. The first to spread this theory was Thomas Hobbs, an Englishman asserting, in his own way, that Christ will not be king until after the universal resurrection, and that therefore the Church has no governmental power. Now, he continues, since the Christian religious society cannot exist without governmental and disciplinary power, it follows that this power must be in the hands of civil authority. Consequently political and ecclesiastical supremacy are inseparably connected with each other; and he who holds the civil and political power has *eo ipso* power over the Church.

Spinoza, in his "Tractatus Theologico Politicus," teaches that since religion is merely interior piety it pertains to the individual, and nobody has a right to interfere. But with respect to exterior worship, religion is subject to the State and receives from it its legitimate existence. Therefore, he concludes, public authority is only the interpreter of religion and the arbiter in religious questions.

Now these "advanced" theories are altogether false and pernicious. Religion, considered from an objective standpoint, is founded on divine revelation; it is a divine institution and deals with the laws of man's conduct and the means by which he may attain his destiny. Subjectively it prescribes worship both exterior and interior. The State is concerned with naught else but the temporal welfare of its subjects. The consequences of the opposite teaching are the corruption as well of the religious as of the moral life of the people. For if religion is subjected to the State, it is only an instrument in the hands of political power, and as soon as the people become conscious of it respect for religion is lost, and the inevitable result is the moral corruption of a nation.

If the liberty of the Church and of religion be overthrown, then with it disappears that of all other institutions. When the State usurps power over conscience and religious life, and makes use of it at its pleasure, when the individual has no liberty in matters regarding his internal life and conduct, how then can any liberty exist in ordinary and political life?

The Church was founded by the Son of God as an institution independent of all earthly power. He places no political sovereign at the head of His Church, and the authority with which he has endowed her is quite different from political supremacy. Christ entrusted the government of His Church to Peter, not to any political potentate, and commanded him and

his successors to announce the joyful tidings of redemption to all nations.

Liberty is an essential attribute of the Church; it is a dower which the Son of God bestowed upon her at the time of her institution, and this freedom will remain one of her essential characteristics to the end of time. With unshaken constancy she, at the time of her entrance into the world, planted the standard of liberty beside the heathen state worship, and finally won the victory by means of the blood which the martyrs shed in torrents for her liberty. Through the long course of centuries down to the present day the Church has clung to her liberty and defended it victoriously against all attacks, however well organized, to subject her to secular control. In this age the combat rages as furiously as at any other epoch of history; but liberty will overcome all obstacles and will finally sit enthroned on the ruins of its present enemy's power.

P.

The Man in the Tower.

It may be a question with you, kind readers, whether it was a good or bad wind that carried me back to the Tower of Observation. However, you may decide it; I am with you for another year, so extend your welcome in a brotherly spirit, and I promise to meet all your friendly overtures half way. Should my arrows strike any vulnerable points, remember that their sting is the recipe for a cure. If you should feel disposed to exchange courtesies, take an air-ship and come up and make a social call; but don't come like one "gholden toot" of days gone by, who appeared before the Tower Man with blood in his eye, and sought to wreak dire vengeance for a friendly tip given to him rather publicly, of course, that he might alter his evil ways. His scalp is now a trophy in my Tower, and his spirit wanders restlessly about in the realms of Hades.

* * *

When one is absent for some time it is natural on his return to see whether any notable changes have taken place; whether all the old boys are back; how many new faces, etc. Among the old landmarks that have remained I was especially glad to see that the Iroquois had rebuilt their wigwam in our vicinity. On the old hunting grounds of the Pottawatomie now roams another but friendly tribe, the Iroquois braves whose number never changes and whose

shadows never grow less. The old, familiar war-whoop brings cheer to the heart, and the Tower Man hopes that it may ring out loud and long, and the peace pipe be passed around like in the good old days of yore.

Where are the Ow-es-ems? Have they become an extinct race? A fleeting rumor reached us last week that the last of the old assembly was caught in the 713,686 on Chicago Day and exterminated in the rush. Their memory lives, however, and their spirit pervades a new gathering that now holds forth amongst us, the G. P. A's. This society promises to become even more popular than the old Ow-es-ems. We wish them success, and have only one suggestion to offer them, that is to change the locality of their meeting-house.

* * *

Where, oh where, are the mosquito bars gone? Would that my invocation to the Fates could be heard, and dire punishment would be given to the playful Cupids who ran away with the mosquito bars. Do you think it a joke? Consider for a minute. This is just the season of the year for those pestiferous mosquitoes who are of the two-legged species. They are probably safer inside the bars than outside; but whoever put those mosquito bars on sale I advise them to guard against a just wrath. Where, oh where, are the mosquito bars gone?

* * *

Tastes differ, and in all likelihood it is just as well they do. Otherwise life would be somewhat monotonous should we all like and dislike the same thing. If such were the case, there would be a great deal of strife. Now that tastes differ, let me give you an example to illustrate the true worth and value of variety. Shower baths, for instance, are the source of much contention among mortals. Some advocate strongly the benefits to be derived from such ablutions; others hold that they are very dangerous, especially to weak persons, and probably to unclean ones. Some whose faith in the water cure is strong believe in converting anti-shower bathers by forcible application; but this is not to be recommended. The antis are liable to suffer great nervous shocks and disturbance of their self-possession. We all acknowledge, however, whether we believe in the efficacy of the shower bath or not, that it isn't quite the proper thing to take the showers in our best suit of clothes. So refrain, my dear fellow, with your water cure, and spare the delicate feelings of the poor mortals who only suffer because they cannot pay you back in your own coin.

Exchanges.

Few editors exhibit such laudable zeal in managing a department as he who has charge of the alumni column of the *Heidelberg Argus*. He shows that his office is no sinecure, and deserves to be complimented for his efforts to draw closer the ties that bind the alumni to their *Alma Mater*.

* * *

Much interest attaches to the early numbers of a college paper, as the journalistic fraternity throughout the land are eager to locate the best men in the beginning. In this case, as in many others, first impressions are lasting ones, and it requires a deal of sane thought and careful expression to rehabilitate the character of a publication whose bow has been awkward or in bad taste. These pertinent remarks are suggested by the first number of the *De Pauw Weekly* which makes its *début* with a chip on its shoulder and in its heart a very disedifying thirst for editorial gore. The criticisms of the current *Weekly*, whether complimentary or abusive, are not in good taste; and we regret exceedingly that anything in our columns was so unfortunate as to meet with its approbation. Intelligent criticism we welcome; but a reckless "baying of the moon," whether intended as serenade or impertinence, brings no joy to the editorial heart. The dyspeptic criticisms of the *Weekly* betray the inexperienced editor, and we regret that so staid a journal as our *De Pauw* contemporary has been thus unfortunate in its exchange-man.

* * *

If some of our Eastern colleges were to welcome new class-men with the courtesies that are extended to Freshmen in these Western "wilds," life would assume a different aspect for "poor Freshie." Whilst St. Olaf's class '97 were being fêted and fed by their elders at Northfield, their brethren at Princeton were shivering on the banks of the public canal, the sport of their dignified persecutors. We doubt not that the former method proved more enjoyable to all concerned.

* * *

Under the caption "The Nation of Destiny," a writer in the September issue of the *Holcad* displays an ignorance of history and a lack of logic surprising in a college graduate. It would have been more to the credit of the editors to have left the inane homily unpublished.

Res Academica, no doubt, fancied it was giving us a sweet tid-bit when it found a good word for the reappearance of our artistic cover. Now, we *have* a decided relish for delicacies, dear *Res*; but all crust, you know, is unpalatable.

No longer will an air of mystery hang about the motto of the *Manitou Messenger*, for its shibboleth may now be lisped by vulgar tongues. "Onward, onward, men of Christ, men of the cross!" is a beautiful rendition of "Fram, fram, christmenn, crossmenn!"

[From the Chicago "New World."]

Notre Dame at the World's Fair.

At Notre Dame, Indiana, Diocese of Fort Wayne, is the famous university that, under the zealous and efficient direction of the religious of the Holy Cross, affords to Catholic youth that "higher education" which is the pride and the boast of our day. Here young men and boys are educated in all that pertains to art, science and religion, educating their most brilliant abilities, leading their desires to the highest plane of noble living, training, transforming, and developing the disposition and the character.

That is a worthy institution whose old scholars are enthusiastic in their praise of it, happy in their memory of it, and honored in their claim of it as *Alma Mater*, particularly if those old scholars are men of judgment and of good standing. It is a notable fact that clergymen educated at Notre Dame, though ordained elsewhere, are always unvarying in their admiration of the school, and in their expressions of attachment to it, and their devotion to its welfare.

The exhibits of this institution are above and beyond any comments of ours; we will be content with mentioning them, as they are presented in the spacious alcoves devoted to them.

Instantly the visitor is impressed by the full-length portrait of Very Rev. E. Sorin, C. S. C., the founder of the University—a figure truly admirable in dignified presence and venerable appearance. Ten portraits, in oil, of various personages honored by the Church in America grace the walls, and are the work of Professor Gregori and his pupils of the "Notre Dame Art School." The walls also display crayon pictures, from life and from casts, by Professor Ackermann's class; a Topographical Survey of the University precincts, scale, 1:792, drawn by the class of 1893; blue prints and specimens of linear drawings from the Institute of Technology; photographs made by the class of Photo-micrography. Among the exhibits of Practical mechanics are samples of iron work by students in the first year of the course, and among those

from the Institute of Technology are samples of work done in wood by the pupils of the department.

Twenty-six volumes of the admirable school journal, the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, illustrate the work of students in classes of English composition, giving evidence, at the same time, of their proficiency in Rhetoric, Literature and *Belles-Lettres*.

Specimens of books printed and published at Notre Dame give assurance of successful study to students desiring a knowledge of the delightful trades connected with book making. Bound volumes of the *Ave Maria*, printed and published at Notre Dame, with paintings and lithographs, illustrating the growth of Notre Dame, make a feature of the exhibit, and one would like to linger over the old copies of Our Lady's Journal, always worthy, even of her great name. An interesting collection is made up of photographs and souvenirs of persons dear to the memory of Notre Dame; of photographs of Gregori's famous mural paintings in the Columbian Gallery of Notre Dame, and of photographs of the various colleges, halls and dormitories of the University.

Another collection of photographs taken by members of Father Alexander Kirsch's class comprises one hundred and twenty views of the Department of Experimental Bacteriology, Department of Photo-Micrography, Department of Electrical Engineering, of the Art Schools, the Libraries, the Physical Cabinets, the Lecture Rooms, the Laboratory, the Department of Natural Philosophy, the Law School, the College of Music, the Gymnasium, the Institute of Technology, the School of Manual Labor, the Normal School, the Chemical Department, the Observatory and the Theological Seminary of the Holy Cross, also of the literary, athletic and aquatic associations. We have mentioned this collection piece by piece, because we thus give to our readers some idea of the magnitude of the plan on which this institution is conducted. Since so many departments are included in the various courses of instruction given, a young man finds here an opportunity to be fitted for any trade or profession he may choose to be his avocation during life.

CAROLA MILANIS.

Personals.

—The Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., spent a couple of days in Chicago during the week.

—W. H. Covert (Com'l), '93, has accepted a position as General Manager of a wholesale house in Toledo, one of the largest houses in Ohio.

—Dr. John J. Molloy, '83, of Covington, Ky., made a very pleasant visit to the College during the week, and was heartily greeted by many friends.

—Very Rev. Provincial Corby left for Baltimore, Md., on Sunday evening. He attended the celebration of the Silver Episcopal Jubilee of His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons.

—Miss A. M. Devine of Chicago, one of Notre Dame's most welcome visitors, spent a few pleasant days at the University during the week, visiting her brother Marcus A. Devine, a student in St. Edward's Hall.

—The Rev. President Morrissey, the Rev. S. Fitte, and Prof. J. F. Edwards attended the presentation of Plautus' "Captives" at the World's Fair on Thursday afternoon by students of St. Francis Xavier's College, New York City. The play was produced in a manner to reflect the highest credit on the students and their Professors.

—Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Arnold, of Washington, D. C., were welcome visitors to the University on Sunday last. Mr. Arnold graduated with the Class of '78, and subsequently—'82-'83—pursued the study of law at his *Alma Mater*. He is now one of the leading practitioners in the capital. His visit to the scenes of his college days afforded great pleasure to his numerous old-time friends, all of whom hope that it may be frequently repeated.

Local Items.

—Look out for our office cat!

—The rolling chair gathers no moss (backs).

—When will Thanksgiving Day fall this year?

—The lecture and concert course will open soon.

—Fall Field-Day did not materialize this year.

—Moot-court work has begun in the Law class.

—"Texas" asserts that he heard the dog howl at breakfast.

—The hirsute appendages of the Law class are becoming famous.

—The freak who sings in his sleep has cancelled his engagement.

—What's the matter with our "volunteer" doctors? They're all right!

—The south side of the campus on pleasant days is quite a drawing attraction.

—Lost—A stamp and match case Friday, October 16. Inscription on inside, "Keep stamps here."

—F. E. Duffield of Brownson Hall was visited on Sunday by Mr. C. F. Parent of Detroit, Mich.

—A thunderbolt from a clear sky is nothing strange; but a downfall of rain from the same place is, decidedly.

—Very Rev. Father General has the warm thanks of the Princes for the beautiful feast-day cake that he sent them.

—Fossie, the sole survivor of the historic Flat, reports everything slow and flat in his district. The venerable Judge is sadly missed.

—Notices have been posted announcing the coming of the celebrated Mozart Symphony Club. They are expected November 2.

—It has been reported that the Carroll cyclists had not enough of the commodity called sand to ballast themselves on a recent trip.

—Richard's tailor has solved a puzzling problem, namely, how to make his customer's trousers last. He makes the coat and vest first.

—Two picked football elevens of the M. L. S. played a game on the 15th. The captains were Santer and Barry. Barry's eleven won by a score of 12 to 0.

—Bro. Paul has been busy coaching an eleven composed of the Carrollites of last year. The boys are preparing for a game with the Carroll Hall special of this year.

—"Look out around the corner" may be all right with a fog-horn voice and air-brakes in good working order. Under other conditions the result may be disastrous collisions.

—On the 15th inst., Captain Klee's team defeated Captain Walde's by a score of 34 to 6. It was an off day for Walde's men, and they forgot their playing qualities. They made up for this, however, by kicking at every decision.

—The football players are training hard. They have begun their morning runs with beneficial results. The first match game will take place on Thursday next, when the 'Varsity eleven will meet the Kalamazoo Y. M. C. A. team.

—The Mozart Symphony Club of New York will give a concert in Washington Hall, Thursday evening, Nov. 2. The organization enjoys an excellent reputation, and will provide an entertainment such as only first-class musicians can give.

—The case of Donaldson *vs.* Nicholson was tried in the Moot-Court Wednesday evening. It was an action in debit, the attorneys for the defendant being A. Chidester and M. McFadden, and for the plaintiff J. Cullen and J. Kennedy. Judgment and costs were entered against the defendant.

—On Thursday morning a meeting of the Brownson Hand-Ball Association was held and the following officers were elected: Bro. Hilarion, Director; C. F. Roby, President; F. D. Hennessy, Vice-President; F. E. Murphy, Treasurer; James A. Brady, Secretary. All members of Brownson Hall should join the association. The rules and regulations will be printed and placed in the "gym."

—The League of the Sacred Heart has increased in membership, and now includes all the Catholic students of the University. This is very encouraging, and it is a sure indication that many temporal as well as spiritual blessings will attend the students' efforts. The

gratifying growth of membership in the League is due in a great measure to the indefatigable zeal and untiring energy of Bro. Hilarion. The names of the Promoters in Brownson Hall are as follows: F. Duffield, C. Corry, H. Yingst, J. Kennedy, A. Stace, J. Cooke.

—Wednesday evening at the regular hour appointed for "The Lambs" to convene in regular weekly session it was found, after a careful and minute investigation, that there were only two members present. The Cuspidor Rejuvenator was therefore instructed to obtain service on the persons of the missing members of the flock. In a few moments he returned with a rather dilapidated crowd of "bleaters." The general appearance of the C. R. indicated that they had not been secured without a struggle. Four applications for membership were received with silent contempt. The I. L. B. then mounted one of the store cracker boxes, and defined the duties and prerogatives of the Lambs. By unanimous vote of the members he was requested to digress. The O. C. then read a short, (impromptu) article on the "whatness of the which." When he had finished he gazed around him and found that he was the only one left in the room. He then made and seconded a motion to adjourn which was carried by acclamation. The lights were then turned out, and naught disturbed the drowsy silence save the beetling of the katy-did.

Minims' Field Sports—Prize-Winners.

1st sack race—J. Flynn, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *2d sack race*—L. Minnigerode, 1st; L. Rasche, 2d.

3d sack race—W. Finnerty, 1st; G. McCarthy, 2d.

4th sack race—F. Hess, 1st; R. Hess, 2d.

1st three-legged race—D. Campau, 1st; B. Hess, 2d. *2d three-legged race*—P. Corcoran, 1st; E. Christ, 2d. *3d three-legged race*—R. McPhee, 1st; F. Campau, 2d. *4th three-legged race*—K. King, 1st; A. Clarke, 2d.

1st running race—J. Higgins, 1st; C. Monaghan, 2d. *2d running race*—A. Bump, 1st; H. Rasche, 2d. *3d running race*—W. Durand, 1st; W. Dalton, 2d. *4th running race*—J. Lawton, 1st; A. Allen, 2d. *5th running race*—R. Clarke, 1st; W. Robb, 2d.

1st hurdle race—J. Ayers, 1st; E. Gimble, 2d. *2d hurdle race*—C. Monaghan, 1st; A. Davidson, 2d. *3d hurdle race*—J. Bullene, 1st; E. Dugas, 2d.

4th hurdle race—L. Wagner, 1st; E. Monaghan, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st hurdle race—J. Ayers, 1st; E. Gimble, 2d. *2d hurdle race*—C. Monaghan, 1st; A. Davidson, 2d. *3d hurdle race*—J. Bullene, 1st; E. Dugas, 2d. *4th hurdle race*—L. Wagner, 1st; E. Monaghan, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

1st bicycle race—W. Healy, 1st; M. Feltenstein, 2d. *2d bicycle race*—C. Wells, 1st; F. Cross, 2d. *4th bicycle race*—F. Croke, 1st; H. Byrne, 2d. *3d bicycle race*—L. Thompson, 1st; W. Scherrer, 2d.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Correll, Casey, Crawley, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, Davis, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Flannagan, Hudson, Hervey, Keough, Kuhnert, Maurus, C. Mitchell, F. McKee, McCarrick, McFadden, Marr, Murphy, McGarry, Powers, Ryan, Scheirer, Schopp, Sinnott, Walker.

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CARROLL HALL.

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ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Ayers, Allyn, Barrett, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Byrne, Bullene, B. Clarke, L. Clarke, A. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Corry, Cressy, D. Campau, F. Campau, Christ, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Crandall, Clune, Coolidge, J. Dawson, C. Dawson, Davidson, Devine, Dugas, Durand, Dalton, Englehardt, Everest, Elliott, Egan, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Fortune, Finnerty, L. Garrity, L. Garrity, Girsch, Gimbel, Greene, Graff, Healy, Ral. Higgins, Roy Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hesse, F. Hesse, R. Hesse, Ives, Jonquet, K. King, A. King, Kelly, Langley, Lawton, Lohner, Lysle, McGinley, W. Maritzen, H. Maritzen, McElroy, Morehouse, Eugene McCarthy, Emil McCarthy, G. McCarthy, J. McCarthy, R. McPhee, A. Monaghan, C. Monaghan, Minnigerode, Moxley, Morris, Noonan, O'Neill, Otero, Ortez, Pcrea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, Romero, Robb, Roesing, H. Rasche, L. Rasche, Shipp, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Simm, Swan, Steele, Schneider, Terhune, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Taylor, Wells, Wagner, York.