

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, FEBRUARY 3, 1894.

No. 19.

A Rondeau of Life.

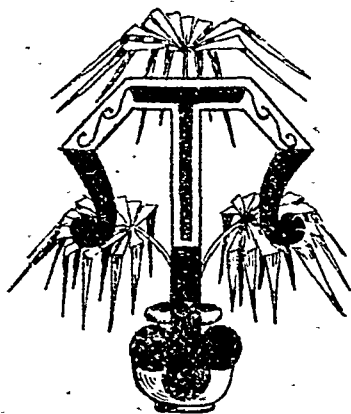
RONDEAU rhyme, a lyric lay,
Of poets that dream and, dreaming, sway
Iambic feet in fing'ring o'er
The lyre of verse, to wake the lore
In some sweet chords of yesterday.

Chameleon like, its meanings stray
Through melody, then glide away
In measured thoughts for evermore
A rondeau rhyme.

A poem is life, whose rhythm may
A discord be, now sad, now gay;
Each stanza's not the one before,
A dual form in which we store
Two thoughts. Our life is, let us say,
A rondeau rhyme.

J. ST. ELMO BERRY.

Mysteries in Nature.



HE grand master of anti-Christian science, David Friedrich Strauss, declares, as "the fundamental principle of modern science," that "nothing is incorporeal, except what has no actual existence. Spirits are therefore not real, but only imaginary beings." Another well-known and popular representative of materialism says the same thing more emphatically still: "The scientist knows only bodies and the properties of bodies; whatever is beyond them he calls *transcendental*, and the transcen-

dental [the supersensible, the incorporeal] he looks upon as an aberration of the human mind." All this is set forth in such a dictatorial way that one might imagine the scientists met with no difficulties in their own special province; for they treat with scorn "spirits and the spiritual," and they talk as if they knew what matter is and all about it. But let us see how it really is with their boasted science, and whether we find any mysteries in the domain of matter.

I.—MATTER.

It is a fact that, up to the present day, no philosopher of sense has ventured to assert that he really understands the nature of matter. Let us look at the definition of a body given by scientists. They call a body substance occupying a certain space. Now we know that all bodies are composite. The idea of the composite presupposes the idea of the simple, the unit; the ultimate constituent elements of bodies must, therefore, be simple; and as bodies possess extension and weight, those simple units must also possess the same properties; if they did not, the bodies themselves could not be extended and heavy. But a simple unit cannot be extended; for whatever possesses extension must consist of parts and is, therefore, composite. Hence bodies *must* consist of simple units and *cannot* consist of them. What can be obscurer, more incomprehensible, more mysterious than this? And where is the scientist who will solve the riddle?

II.—SPACE.

Moreover, matter occupies space. Scientists do not know what matter is, but do they know what is space? It is true, men answer lightly that space is nothing; and that where there are no bodies, space extends to infinity. But

whoever passes the question over in this flippant manner shows that he has never reflected seriously on it. The greatest thinkers, from Aristotle to Leibnitz, did not believe in the infinity of space, but declared that such an idea was a mere play of the imagination. Let us consider only one of the many difficulties presented by the question.

Two bodies evidently must come in contact when there is nothing between them. Suppose now we take a hollow globe, say one foot in diameter. By chemical or physical means we empty it of all its contents, thus creating a vacuum. Now it appears evident that its sides must touch, since there is nothing between them. But if the sides are strong enough to resist the pressure of the atmosphere, they will not touch. If we now admit that space is nothing we shall have a nothing in the form of a globe one foot in diameter, a nothing possessed of properties; to attribute properties to it would be to upset all ideas; would be to assert the possibility of being and not being at the same time, and consequently to overturn the very foundations of human knowledge.

This demonstration is so conclusive that Leibnitz, who, like Descartes, rejected empty space as an impossibility, admitted that the sides of the hollow globe must touch if there was nothing in the globe; but he thought that "the perfection of God would not permit such a case."

It is also said that space is a capacity; but if it is really a capacity with dimensions that can actually be measured, it has properties, and is, therefore, not mere nothing.

Or if force is, as materialists declare, a property of matter, is space also nothing but such a property? To admit this would be yielding the field to the opponents of empty space; for there would be no space beyond the corporeal world.

But if space is not nothing, what is it? If it is limited, what is there beyond the limits? If it is not limited, and therefore infinite, who understands the infinite? Whatever space may be, it is evidently for our limited intelligence an impenetrable mystery.

III.—TIME.

The changes in the physical world take place in time. What is time? This question is attended with no less weighty difficulties than the question as to the nature of space—difficulties which caused such a genius as Balme to say: "Nothing is easier than to calculate time, but nothing is harder than to understand its nature." Locke

also declared: "The more I try to understand the nature of time, the less I understand it. Time, which brings all things to light, can itself not be understood." And long before those philosophers the grandest intellect of all times, St. Augustin, said: "I sometimes think I know what time is; but when I attempt to explain it, I find that I do not know."

Hence also time is for us an impenetrable mystery, and, like space, is likely always to remain so.

IV.—FORCE.

Force acts upon bodies. Do we know what force is? Here also the answer is negative, as we shall presently see. "Force," says Dr. Aug. Ritter, "we call that *unknown* medium which communicates the causative interdependence between the causes and the resulting changes in velocity." Let our readers admire the clearness of this definition. Here it is in the original:

„Kraft nennen wir das unbekannte Zwischenglied, welches den ursächlichen Zusammenhang zwischen den Ursachen und den hervorgebrachten Geschwindigkeitsveränderungen vermittelt.“

Force, therefore, is an *unknown* thing.

According to the latest investigations light, heat, electricity, magnetism, are only so many modes of motion. They are consequently not to be looked upon as forces, for it is not motion that we call force, but the cause of motion. Now, the final cause of all motion is, for the materialist, buried in the deepest obscurity. Let us take, for example, the grandest system of motion that we know of. What force is that which carries the heavenly bodies in their beautiful elliptical orbits in never-ceasing and never-varying harmony; whilst the earth, in spite of the lightning rapidity of its course, lets not an atom of dust escape into space, but holds all its inhabitants upon its bosom?

We know all about it since our school-days: it is the force of gravitation. We were told of the laws of gravitation: we know that a body attracts in direct ratio to its mass, and inversely as the square of its distance; we know that a body weighing four pounds here on earth would require at the sun to lift it a force that would move a hundred weight here; we know that sixty of our pounds would weigh only ten pounds on the moon, and that consequently on the moon we could as safely jump from a height of sixty feet as we could here from ten feet: we know all these things with certainty; but what do we know about the *nature*, the *essence*, of gravity? Nothing. According to Virchow, "we attribute the universal attraction of matter,

which we cannot explain, to the force of attraction or gravitation." He that accepts this as an explanation need balk at no mysteries: bodies attract one another by the force of attraction, and are kept together by the force of cohesion; chemical combinations are made by means of chemical forces; organisms are generated by the generating force, and they die at last by the dying force. Goethe's flouting verse applies here if anywhere:

„Eben, wo Begriffe fehlen,
Da stellt ein Wort zur rechten Zeit sich ein."

Baumeister therefore says: "We do not know what force is;" and B. Cotta: "The nature of force is something entirely unknown."

It is not religion alone, therefore, that has its mysteries; from whatever side we look into nature, we find ourselves surrounded by them. We do not know that which lies nearest to us, matter; we do not know what space is in which matter exists; what force is which moves it; what time is, in which its changes are brought about. All these things, we repeat, are for us impenetrable mysteries and are likely to remain so for all time. And yet some pretentious materialist will venture to throw stones out of his glass house at the mysteries of Christianity and of philosophy—at the soul, things spiritual, God. What consummate folly is it not on the part of these delvers into nature to deny God, because they cannot comprehend Him! We do not even comprehend matter, space, time, eternity force, and shall we therefore deny their existence? To say that we grasp matter with our hands does not remove the difficulties; for the eternity of matter, for instance, matter which, the materialists maintain, is not to be grasped with the hands. Something exists, consequently something has existed from all eternity; on this basis, and on this alone, materialism admits the existence of an eternal being, without hesitating because it does not understand such a being. But whoever admits the existence of an eternal, incomprehensible being, because such a Being is necessary, can certainly not deny the existence of a necessary and eternal Creator because He is incomprehensible.

Here, the words of the Bible prove true: "The fool hath said in his heart: 'There is no God.'" T.

ONE of the infirmities of our nature is always to mistake feeling for evidence, and to judge of the season by a cloud or a ray of sunshine.

My Midnight Robbers.

A few years ago I was tax collector for the town of H., Pa. At the end of a week the collections amounted to a considerable sum, and on every Saturday night I turned over the money to the county treasurer who resided in C.

One Saturday evening I missed the train. This rather upset me as I had an unusually large sum of money, and it was too late to deposit it in the local bank. I felt very nervous by the time I reached home, and, to make matters worse, I read an account of the murder of a collector for his money. Naturally I became very apprehensive. I was known to keep considerable money about me. At the railway station I had noticed several suspicious-looking characters whose actions I mistrusted.

My folks were on a visit to some friends and I was left alone. If they had been with me I would not have been so nervous; but when one is alone in a large house having the county taxes in his possession, he will naturally feel his nerves a little shaken. I went twice to every door and window in the house to see if they were securely fastened. Particular attention was paid to my own room, which was on the ground floor facing the lawn.

It was not until I had carefully examined my pistol and placed it under the pillow, that I went to bed. In the course of an hour or two I fell into an uneasy, restless sleep. The murder of which I had read was again gone over in my dreams.

I had slept for probably an hour, when, with a start, I awoke, and instinctively grasping my pistol, listened. A noise at the window had awakened me. Scratch, scratch, I could hear some one scraping the sash. The sound of footsteps was also plainly audible. My mind had been so wrought up thinking of thieves, that I at once felt that some one was trying to force an entrance. Carefully removing the covers, I got out of bed and went towards the window. Life was too dear to take any chances, and, rather than run any risk, I would, if possible, have the first shot. Raising the pistol to the height of a man's breast, I pulled aside the curtain. The sight that met my eyes made me drop my weapon, and instead of taking a life I burst out into a roar of laughter.

On the window sill, scratching the wood, sat the old family cat, which I had carelessly locked out. Directly beneath the window, tramping the frozen snow, stood a little colt who had broken from its stall in the stable. K.

Euripides and Modern Drama.

Drama, in its present form, is the result of a kind of evolution. Every stage in its development can be easily traced, from the simple dithyrambic hymns of the ancient Greeks to the magnificent plays of the "Bard of Avon." The form of classic and ideal drama, of which Æschylus and Sophocles were masters, has been succeeded by the romantic and the real. This great step was not taken suddenly; for, though it may be somewhat hackneyed, to use the expression, Euripides marks the "transition period" in dramatic composition. Though hampered by the old forms that clung to the drama of his day, he advanced towards modern ideas to an extent making him worthy of a place among the progressive men of Greece. He saw that to be tragic a play must be human; and he made his plays so human that Aristotle calls him "the most tragic of the poets."

Let us now take a hurried glance at classic Greek drama, comparing it with the Shaksperian form. We shall then be able to see in what Euripides differed from the other poets of his time, and how he paved the way for the drama of the present.

Greek tragedy was composed of three elements: the purely dramatic, the narrative and the lyric. The dramatic was, as now, composed of monologue, dialogue and conversation. Narrative was much more used than at present, and was found chiefly in the messenger speeches. These were used to bring into the plot any event that happened away from the scene of action. The lyric parts have no parallels in English drama except in a few plays, like Milton's "Samson Agonistes," that were formed on the Greek model. These lyric portions consisted of choral odes, sung by the chorus, and lyric concertos, sung by the actor and chorus alternately. The chorus were the links between the dramatic and lyric parts. They had a dual rôle, as spectators in the story, where their sympathies are always with the principal character; and as members of the cast, when they took part in the dialogue, speaking through the leader or choryphæus.

Turning now to the construction of the pieces, we find a vast difference between the Greek plays and ours. Ancient tragedy was a religious function, dealing with religious subjects and acted during religious festivals. It was, in fact, nothing more nor less than an acted sermon.

The characters were always mythological, gods and heroes, and all tragedies were connected with the story of the Trojan War, or of the Theban myths, or of the voyage of the Argonauts. The general outline of the story was well known to the audience, and this fact allowed the adoption of the "crisis" form of the plot. English drama, on the contrary, is a recreation; its plots are drawn from all sources, and seldom is the story known until the play is produced. This makes necessary the "story" form of plot. In the former only the principal event of the story is represented on the stage. What happens at a distance, or at a different time, is told of in the narrative parts. In the latter the story, as a whole, is enacted. The crisis form makes each play a continuous whole without any interruption of the action, for the chorus takes up the story where the actors leave off. The story form requires the division of the play into different acts and scenes.

The Greek plots were very simple; for, besides having but one story, each play had but one interest. Modern plots are complex; for several stories may be carried on side by side. In the "Merchant of Venice," for example, we find the story of Antonio and Shylock, the story of Bassanio and Portia, and the story of Lorenzo and Jessica. This is called multiple action. The mixture of tones that is found in English drama was altogether wanting in the Greek. Shakspeare could put a grave-digger and Hamlet, a fool and Lear, in the same play. Æschylus would have deemed it desecration.

Now that the chief points of difference between the classic and modern schools of tragedy have been pointed out, let us see how Euripides advanced towards the modern form. The chorus in his plays is unimportant, the odes having little or no connection with the dramatic parts. They break the action instead of continuing it, and we see the first step that was taken toward abolishing the chorus.

Euripides did not follow the high ideals of his contemporaries, but introduced touches of realism that met with great opposition from the critics of the times. Aristophanes was particularly vehement against his "dressing royal personages in rags that they might appear to men to be piteous." Euripides not only did this, but introduced such characters as Æschylus would never have dreamed of. Our poet did not confine himself to the representation of kings, but brought on the stage such people as servants, peasants, and the like. He pictured scenes of rustic poverty and

domestic life that no other poet of the time would have tried to picture. The others thought that by so doing Euripides lowered the dignity of tragedy. It was his human sympathy that led him to defy all precedent, and because of that sympathy he is great. He took away much of the religious atmosphere that surrounded tragedy, but substituted a feeling for humanity that more than compensated for the loss.

Though he approached modern drama in spirit, yet it was in construction that he made the greatest advances. Instead of the simple plots of the other poets, he made use of agglutinated plots, and in some places we can see the beginnings of under plots. In his tragedy of "Electra" there are two distinct plots. The first is concerned with the recognition of Orestes by his sister, and the second deals with the intrigues against Clytemnestra and Ægisthus. Each of these is a complete plot, having the change of fortune that is essential to a plot. Both, however, are attached to the same hero and chorus, one commencing where the other ends. Euripides introduced a new element in the story of Electra by making a peasant her nominal husband. It is in the person of this peasant that we see the first trace of an underplot in Greek tragedy. A distinct interest arises about this peasant. While connected with the plot, it is different from the primary interest centering on Orestes, the hero, and this interest is the beginning of multiple action in drama.

A great stride toward the story form of plot was taken when Euripides invented the formal "prologue" and "divine intervention." The former was used to make clear the parts of the story that happened before the crisis, and the latter was used to describe the end of the story. Euripides greatly extended the use of messenger speeches, taking much of the middle part of the story from the dramatic and lyric parts, and putting it into the narrative. By so doing he brought more of the story into the play, although he diminished the amount of real action.

Euripides was the first to try a mixture of tones. It was the custom for a poet to produce three tragedies and a satyric piece, when competing for a prize. Instead of the satyric piece Euripides once tried the "Alcestis." The experiment failed, as the Athenians would have nothing of the kind. In the "Alcestis" Hercules appears, as he does in tragedy, as the toiler for mankind. He also appears as in satyric drama as the gluttonous eater. In the serious rôle he wrestles with Death, rescuing

the wife of Admetus, his host. In the comic rôle he is the huge feeder, terrifying the slaves with his insatiable appetite. Though the experiment was not pleasing to the Athenians, the lighter tone gradually made its way into individual scenes, and, as in Iphigenia, happy endings became more common.

These, in brief, were the advances made by Euripides in the spirit and in the construction of his tragedies. They are some of the stages in the evolution of drama—an evolution which culminated in the plays of Shakspeare. Euripides, it is true, did not rise to the sublime heights reached by Æschylus, nor did he attain to the beauty and sweetness of Sophocles. He is more interesting to the student of modern times than either of these. Though much maligned he is worthy of a place among the great poets. He broke away from the traditions of his time and helped to build up the grand edifice of drama whose summit is crowned with the name of William Shakspeare. He was the most human as well as the most tragic of the poets of his time, and to him do these lines fittingly apply:

"Our Euripides, the human,
With his droppings of warm tears,
And his touchings of things common
Till they rose to touch the spheres."

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

Literature as a Profession.

As years roll by, literature is becoming more and more a profession. Prior to the civil war, nearly all of our literary work was done either by the instructors in our different colleges or universities, or by men of private fortune, who wrote mainly for pleasure. At that time we had few authors who made a business of writing. But now all that is changed. In the last quarter of a century the number of literary men has increased so rapidly that literature, although in its infancy, is fast taking its place among the professions of this country.

Before the passage of the international copyright law, writing was indeed a very unprofitable business both for English and American authors, but especially so for the latter. Our publishing houses would not pay very much for the work of home talent, since they could supply their customers with modern English literature without paying for it. In consequence the progress of literary production in America was checked. Not many years ago, through

the influence of James Russell Lowell and Robert Underwood Johnson a copyright law was finally enacted. By the establishment of this statute the literary business has become far more lucrative. Writers being protected from pirates, are now enabled to devote their whole time and attention to letters, and by reason of this we have better work and better authors.

He who adopts literature as a profession must sell his composition if he has no other means of gaining a livelihood. Under any consideration, it would be utter foolishness for a literary man to give his manuscript to the publishers without receiving some compensation in return. He is therefore a business man.

It is a well-known fact that few of our celebrated men of letters make a very brilliant success from a pecuniary point of view. Most of them must pass through years and years of weary, unrewarded toil before they are even regarded as authors worthy of the name. Now and then an energetic young writer reaches that goal without serving a long apprenticeship. But such instances are few and far between. In the vast majority of cases our minor literary men would die of starvation if they trusted to their pens alone for subsistence. Almost every one of them combines some other business with that of letters.

From a financial standpoint writing for magazines is far more remunerative than any other kind of literary work. Nearly all of our well-known writers publish their works first in periodicals and afterwards issue them in book form. By publishing in this manner most of them secure a very comfortable living. So skilful have some become at this business that their productions command from seventy-five to one hundred dollars per one thousand words. From this it is evident that if an author were to receive compensation for all his unpublished compositions he would earn as much in a year as most of our great railroaders and bankers. The author recognizes that it would be impolitic for him to place too much of his work on the market in a short period of time; for such bad business ability could not but ruin him.

Very few of our really great men of letters write too much. They know well that they cannot please continuously; and more than that, that a good writer never gives his crude lines to print. He writes and rewrites them, going over the same ground again and again till his com-

position reaches what he considers the proper standard for publication. In this way his earning capacity is remarkably reduced. Instead of writing constantly, most of his time is employed in reconstructing his own rough lines. An author of good repute could little afford to permit his work to be published before being recast by himself, since, as Horace says:

"Nescit vox missa reverti."

If he does not exercise the proper care, his reputation is destroyed, and he sinks into obscurity.

The periodicals, since they take nothing but first-class work, afford our minor authors a very meagre living. On this account these inferior writers are obliged to print their compositions in book form. Besides, most of the magazine articles are engaged beforehand, so that a second-rate author is forced to wait till the publishers are in need of some work before his is even passed upon by the critics. Consequently he has so few chances that it may be necessary for him to wait one or even two years before there would be any room for publication. His only hope is to issue his work immediately in book form, and trust to the generosity of the critics and of the reading public for its success.

By writing in the great magazines, an author not only secures a good living, but is regarded also as a standard writer, since his manuscript, before publication, has passed through the hands of competent critics, and has met with their approval. Nevertheless, there are many disadvantages even in this form of writing. So much space is taken up by papers on science, politics, religion, etc., that those who write extensively on any one subject have not sufficient opportunities of publishing their work. On this account, the magazines do not justify copious writing by the best business talent. Years ago, the author would write his paper and the editor, was accustomed to determine its value. But now the price is generally agreed upon before the writer even puts his pen to paper.

It nearly always happens that in disposing of his first book an author is forced to be content with little profit. In most cases he is paid scarcely enough to meet his stationery bills; and whatever profit is derived from the sale of the book goes to the publisher. The latter cannot be blamed for this, since he accepts the work of an obscure and unknown author and, consequently, runs the risk of losing what-

ever he has invested in the venture. But if the first work proves to be a success, the writer, in selling his second and third, should not be so willing to agree to the terms of the publisher. However, it is no more than right that the latter should always have the best of the bargain since he bears all expenses, such as printing, binding, advertising and selling the book.

Among our modern writers there is one who has undoubtedly made a complete success as a literary business man. Anthony Trollope came of a large family of authors. Although he has not produced many great novels, yet some of them, such as "Barchester Towers" and "The Warden," will live. The success attained by this man at so late a stage in life is extraordinary. He did not write a word before he had reached the age of twenty-nine, and then he wrote continuously for almost twelve years without receiving either money or praise. So skilled did he become in the literary business that in the following twenty years he accumulated seventy thousand pounds from his writings alone. In him we find an excellent example of what diligence and energy may achieve. His motto was:

"Nulla dies sine linea."

During these twenty years of his literary life Trollope held the important position of post-office inspector for the district immediately surrounding London. It was his constant care never to allow his own interests to clash with those of the Government. While working in an official capacity in Ireland he wrote a great deal of his manuscript on the railway trains as he journeyed from place to place. Undaunted by the complete failure of his earliest works, he continued to write, till at last, after long years of toil, success crowned his efforts. "The Warden," his first successful novel, was written at the age of forty. It was at this late period in his life that he really became a literary business man.

His remarkable business ability is well illustrated by his daily habits of writing. In his autobiography Trollope describes his method as follows:

"It had at this time become my custom and it is still my custom—though of late I have become a little lenient to myself—to write with my watch before me, and to require from myself 250 words every quarter of an hour. I have found that the 250 words have been forthcoming as regularly as my watch went. But my three hours were not devoted entirely to

writing. I always began my task by reading the work of the day before, an operation which would take me half an hour, and which consisted chiefly in weighing with my ear the sound of the words and phrases. . . . This division of time allowed me to produce over ten pages of an ordinary novel volume a day and if kept up through ten months would have given as its results three novels of three volumes each in a year." By writing in this methodical manner he became one of the most successful literary business men of the nineteenth century. So punctual was he in fulfilling all contracts that he never had to suffer the misery and pain of poor Thackeray, who would put off his promised work till the last minute and, consequently, be compelled to dash off the required copy, while the printers' boy pounded impatiently at the door.

S. A. WALKER, '95.

Books and Periodicals.

—The Columbia Desk Calendar, which is issued annually by the Pope Manufacturing Company, of Columbia Bicycle fame, is out for 1894, much improved in appearance. It is a pad calendar of the same size and shape as those of previous years, having a leaf for each day; but its attractiveness has been heightened by the work of a clever artist, who has scattered a series of bright pen-drawings through its pages. It also contains, as usual, many appropriate and interesting contributions from people both bright and wise.

—Vick's *Floral Guide* for 1894 contains descriptions that describe, not mislead; illustrations that instruct, not exaggerate. This year it comes to us in a suit of gold. It is printed in eight different colors besides black, and contains colored plates of chrysanthemums and vegetables. On the front cover is an exquisite bunch of Vick's new white branching aster, and the back shows the new double anemone. The *Guide* is filled with many new novelties of value, and all the old leading varieties of flowers and vegetables. We advise our friends who intend doing anything in the garden to consult Vick before starting operations. Send 10 cents to James Vick's Sons, Rochester, N. Y., for Vick's *Guide*; it costs nothing, as you can deduct the 10 cents from the first order. It will certainly pay you.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, February 3, 1894.

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

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

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.

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—Who knows what the Notre Dame yell is? There are so many of them now that we are completely at sea. Let one be adopted and used exclusively as the University yell. The Athletic Association is the largest organization and would be the best one to consider the matter.

—We ought to have more local songs. If some one would write the words, the music could easily be supplied. The Orpheus Club would be only too glad to number such songs in their programmes, as they always make a hit. It doesn't take much time to write a good one, and the writer would gain everlasting gratitude and glory.

—It is positively a shame that the Library is not more used than it is. The tables are laden with all the best reviews and magazines of America and Europe, and yet we find but very few who make use of them. The Library is

open till nine o'clock in the evening, but it is deserted. Even if one does not make use of the circulating part of the library he should at least use the reading-room attached thereto. The latter is free, and we would like to see it more frequented.

—It is with pleasure that we announce the concert of the Mendelssohn Quintette Club, which will be given in Washington Hall this afternoon. This organization is headed by Mr. Thomas Ryan, who is by no means a stranger at Notre Dame, having for a number of years past delighted the students. The members of Mr. Ryan's company are all artists of the first rank, who have made their respective instruments a life study. Many of them have accompanied Mr. Ryan on his previous visits. We are confident that all who attend will come away well satisfied.

—It is to be regretted that we do not hear from the alumni more frequently. Notre Dame is proud of her sons, and is always happy to learn of their success. If an effort were made by those who are in correspondence with friends here to learn the whereabouts and doings of those who are less communicative, we might have several columns of personal paragraphs every week. An occasional article, too, by the alumni on subjects of practical interest to students would tend to show that the "old boys" have not forgotten *Alma Mater*. Let us hear from them.

—Class spirit is all very well in its way; but when it degenerates into open fights, it should be placed under restraint. The recent paint slinging contents held at Rutgers between the Freshmen and Sophomores was of such a serious nature that the faculty very properly took a hand in the matter. We believe in class spirit of a healthy, friendly kind—one that stimulates the members of each class to stick together, and one that promotes a friendly rivalry between classes; but we do not approve a spirit that leads the classes into cane-rushes or into such an affair as the Rutgers men have engaged in. Their painting was evidently not "art for art's sake."

—The next number of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* will be devoted to a discussion of the Mosaic Hexaëmeron in the light of

exegesis and modern science, by the Reverend Professor of Physical Sciences. The subject will be treated in five articles bearing the following titles: "Moses and Science," "Allegorism and Literalism," "St. Gregory of Nyssa and the Nebular Hypothesis," "St. Augustine and Evolution," and "Modern Theories of Cosmogony." The reverend editor of the *American Ecclesiastical Review* pays a high compliment to Father Zahm by thus allotting him the space of an entire number. The object is to give readers of the *Review* a complete commentary on the first part of Genesis in the most convenient form for study and reference.

These learned papers are the substance of a course of lectures at the Catholic Summer School. The imperfect reports of them published while the School was in session excited wide interest and discussion. We feel sure that many persons will be glad to know that the lectures are to be printed in the *Review* in full. Their appearance is especially timely in view of the Holy Father's encyclical on the study of Biblical science, and of a new work by Prof. Huxley, in which his opinions about Genesis are again set forth.

We congratulate the *Review* on its enterprise, and the Rev. Father Zahm on his energy and successful accomplishments.

The Function of the Literary Society.

What is the function of literary societies in the work of education? The answer is more far-reaching than is at first apparent; but in general it may be said that they cultivate precisely those faculties which the class-room leaves uncultivated. You know that the value of anything is measured by the power which it confers upon its owner. Money is valuable only in as far as it confers new power upon its possessor. A millionaire at the bottom of a well with no one within call would be as poor as the traditional church mouse. An emperor afloat in a tub upon a violent sea were a sight more pitiable than the meanest of his subjects. So, too, education is valuable only in as far as it confers new power upon the man. Even in the case of the miser who hoards up his gold the yellow metal is valuable to him merely because it gives him the power to glut his eyes upon it. The mere book-worm, who puts his knowledge seemingly to no practical use, does he not value education because it enables him

to be of all ages, to consort with the strongest minds and the noblest hearts that have glorified the race?

So, then, the first principle we are to formulate is that value is always measured by the power it confers. And the second is like unto this. In proportion as knowledge is assimilated into the very spirit of a man, so that he never thinks but by its assistance, and never acts but by its guidance, its value increases. It is not the men who have eaten the biggest and the best dinners who are the stoutest; and I have known men to whom philosophy and history and the sciences were as open books and who were yet as babes and sucklings in the wisdom which comes of observation and independent thought. It was to this type that Pope referred when he wrote of "the bookful blockhead ignorantly read, with loads of learned lumber in his head." And a poet whom we all love has written "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers." It is precisely in this that knowledge differs from wisdom; for while the first is a mere huddling together of facts and figures more or less useful, wisdom is a subtle insight into the essence of things. Mere knowledge is a violet without odor; it is a harp unstrung; and though the odor cannot exist without the violet, nor the music charm without the harp, yet it is well to remember that it is not the vegetable tissue of the violet nor the mere string of the harp that we value, but the odor and the music that feed the soul. Let knowledge be submitted to the process of fermentation, that its rich liquor may be poured out upon you, and that you may be wise.

Now, there is no better means of putting your knowledge through this process of fermentation than the literary society. In the class-room your memory is trained, and, to some extent, your intellect is developed; but a mere aggregation of facts, I repeat it, will not help you to win distinction when the monthly competitions are past. There is no royal road to intellectual supremacy. Experience and friction with the minds of others will alone profit you; and if you can get this experience and this friction in the college societies, you will on Commencement morning be years ahead of the mere book-worm whose mind has not been thus matured.

I have said that the literary society cultivates precisely those faculties which the class-room leaves uncultivated, and I have said truly. You may write sonnets and odes and roundelays as many as did Lope de Vega, and

you will not have the easy, graceful expression of him who has spoken in a literary society. And you may give tithes of all you possess, you may deliver your body to be burned, and if your minds have not been disciplined by society work, so that they are quick to perceive a new point in a legal suit, you will suffer in the courtroom for this sin of omission in your college life. Quickness of apprehension, readiness of retort, a facility of gathering your mental forces about you and wreaking them upon the matter in hand, can be obtained at college only by serious and conscientious work in these societies. Nothing else will enable you to take in a new situation so promptly, nothing will so well fit you to bear yourself honorably in debate. It is surprising what a lack of self-control the average college student evinces on the slightest occasion which requires coolness and self-possession. If he does not bury his finger in his mouth, or fumble nervously at his trousers' legs after the manner of the small boy, it is probably because he is more nervous than the small boy. He stammers and halts and stumbles in pitiable confusion, and all because he has failed to interest himself in a phase of education as necessary as any other.

The great work of the literary society, then, is to make knowledge more practical, and therefore more profitable to its possessor; to teach him to use it on occasion, and to sharpen his wit by intellectual swordsmanship with his fellows. But there are others, on which I need not dwell long, and which are, nevertheless, of great moment. There is no place, for instance, where one gets a clearer insight into character or a truer estimate of another's mental calibre, than a society where all take part in the practical work. In the warmth of debate, in the heat of excitement the little weaknesses and the great virtues of a man show forth with amazing clearness. Temperament and habit may be concealed upon the campus; but in debate we cast off restraint, loosen passion, and stand forth just as nature and education have made us. Now, a young man who wishes to succeed in life, from any point of view, will be glad of any occasion that reveals these little defects in his character in order that he may correct them; for he knows that they will seriously interfere with his success in life.

Then there is, besides, the highly important advantage of community of thought. When a member prepares a paper for the society, it represents the result of his excursion into the library, and though the work be not done by a

master-hand, it will probably be the more useful to his confrères because it comes from one whose mental atmosphere is no subtler than their own. All these exercises tend to develop latent power, to stimulate inquiry, to quicken the intellectual sense, and to round out that complete education for which we are all striving.

And what a glorious; Heaven-sent mission opens out before the educated man! I do not wish to preach; but I do not believe, and I never will believe, that God has given you greater talents and better opportunities than another because He loved you better. Nothing is more palpably absurd than the assumption, so common in our day and generation, that if a man be gifted beyond his fellows he is at liberty to use these gifts for merely selfish ends. Let us earn money by all means; let us have our fair share of happiness. I do not believe that the good things of this world were all made for the bad people. But our duty does not end here. The servant who buried his talent was reproached because he had not done the Master's work. And the Master's work is in the uplifting of our race; the scholar's mission is in instructing and inspiring mankind that their end may be compassed. If we can but realize this truth, life will put on a new meaning, and our work will assume a new dignity. With most men life is a frivolous mountain stream dashing its dizzy head against rock and root, and leaving but a fleck of foam to mark its track. With us it shall be something solemn—a deep, broad river, bearing on its mighty bosom an argosy of golden treasure—the hearts that our efforts have lightened, and the lives that our good deeds have blest.

PHILODEMIC.

The Living College Man.

Before dealing with the living college man we must take a look at his companion, the one who merely exists. The first is a man who takes an interest in all that goes on about him. He is a member of one or more societies; he belongs to a college organization; he writes for the college paper; he takes part in college entertainments,—in a word, he is a living and moving member of the college body. The other is a man *in* the college world, but not *of* it. He may do his duty, he may even do it well; but he is a rare exception if he does. He takes no interest in college societies; he writes nothing for the paper; he never does a thing to make

life in college more pleasant either for himself or for others. Strange to say, however, he is always the first to object to anything and everything that his more energetic fellows do. He always wishes to share benefits and pleasures that are the result of the hard work of the living men, and yet he is always complaining that things are not as they should be.

The living man puts his shoulder to the wheel and does what he can for himself, his fellows and his college. The other stands by and finds fault. The one is public-spirited and leads; the other is apathetic and complains. The one is successful in college and out; the other drags out his existence without aims and with recrimination and fault-finding.

It is the man who has public spirit in college that succeeds after he leaves. He joins the college societies and there learns how to speak, laying the foundation for the career of an orator, perhaps. He takes part in debates, cultivating a quickness and readiness of wit to be gained in no other way, perhaps unconsciously preparing for a career in the legislative halls of his country. He writes for the college paper, and, mayhap, paves his way to eminence in letters or journalism. He pleads in the Moot-Court, and distinction in the law may be his lot. He takes part in college entertainments, and so, possibly, begins a successful operatic or dramatic career. In whatever he may engage he enters into it with a will. With reasonable certainty such a man will be the same leader out of college as he is in it. He has energy, he has determination, and he has some experience. He has a start in life immediately after leaving college, and his start counts for much.

Take the "existing" man, and let us see how he fares. In college he has no public spirit, no energy, and when he leaves he seldom acquires any. He has no aims, and never had. He went through college as his fellow-student did, but he did not pick up the experience the other finds so useful. In college he was content to let others do for him, and when he finds that he must do for himself, he is sadly at a loss and is left behind in the race to success.

Our great men all took a living interest in things collegiate while at school. Webster began his career in a debating society at Dartmouth. So it is in every college; so it is here. Among the names of Notre Dame's sons we find many who are eminent in law, in politics, on the bench, in the pulpit. Almost all of the distinguished bishops, priests, lawyers, judges,

doctors, writers, who have been graduated from our University were prominent members of societies, literary and debating. They wrote frequently and well for our college paper. They *lived* while they were here and enjoyed the life. They gained much in every way, and now they are looked up to and honored. The leaders in the world to-day were leaders in college yesterday; and, judging the future by the past, the leaders in college to-day will lead the world to-morrow. E.

Conceited Sprigs of Humanity.

Wealth, birth and official station may, and do, secure to their possessor an external, superficial courtesy; but they never did and, never can, command the reverence of the heart. It is only to the youth of large and noble soul, to him who blends a cultivated mind with an upright heart that men yield the tribute of deep and genuine respect.

One of the most melancholy productions of a morbid condition of life is the conceited sprig of humanity—a biped that infests all classes of society, and prattles with a cultivated twang. The spring of his mind is broken. A babyish, insensate pride has driven all manly sentiments from his soul. He cringes to every form of his imaginary perfection, and obeys the impulses of pride, as though they were the laws of existence. In connection with this maudlin brotherhood his aim is to impress his few followers with the idea that he is *the* great Mogul, and that the sun gives forth his light for his especial benefit. He draws his opinions to you through his nose on all occasions. In short, he is ridden with an eternal nightmare. "He blazes his name, more pleased to have it there than in the Book of Life." Knowest thou the man? A serpent with a squeaking voice, a walking grave, and yet few are deceived. His virtues are overdone, his face too grave, his qualities too pompously paraded, and his speech lorded too frequently:

"Vain as a leaf upon the stream
And fickle as a changeful dream."

True politeness is uniform in every situation of life, accompanied by a calm self-possession which belongs to a noble simplicity of purpose. But when the conceited sprig of humanity attempts to assume it for some particular purpose it sits awkwardly, and fails at the utmost need.

The charm which true politeness sheds over a person, though not easily described, is felt by all hearts and responded to by the best feelings of our nature. It is a talisman of great power to smooth our way along the rugged paths of life, and to turn toward us the best side of all we meet. One of the first qualities of a gentleman is consideration and regard for the rights of others.

The immortal Bard of Avon was right when he said that conceit is the strongest mark of the weakest bodies. Nor can we overlook Pope's opinion of conceit in individuals: "Conceit is to nature what paint is to beauty; it is not only needless, but impairs what it would improve."

After all, what is man? Aristotle defines man to be a rational animal; but the scriptural injunction says: "Remember, man, that thou art dust, and unto dust thou shalt return." When the young man becomes so imbued with the idea that the world is only a small portion of space, and that he is about the only person in it; or when his conceit so obscures his weak intellect with the opinion that the sun and moon send forth their light, that the very flowers—"stars that in earth's firmament do shine"—send forth their fragrance for him alone; when he becomes engrossed in his own narrow self, then he ceases to be a *rational* animal and becomes only an animal.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'tis the draught of a breath
From the blossom of health to the paleness of death;
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud
Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?"

M. J. MCGARRY, '94.

Exchanges.

We have caught the *Breeze* wafted from New Jersey, and have found it invigorating. We hope to be cheered often by the same strong blast.

We fear that we have not given edification. Our spasmodic appearance has been commented upon severely by our friends, who are pained to find us so retiring. We, therefore, feel that an apology is due them. But what shall we say in justification of our silence. In lieu of a better excuse we might hint at the possibility of our having had the grippe; but everyone knows that this form of indisposition is generally accompanied by a fever, and when

the fever is on him the editor finds ink a cooling lotion. We are, then, forced to have recourse to the "plain unvarnished." Know, then, brethren of the quill, that Sir Oracle has been dumb for his usual reason.

What a pleasure ex-men experience when they find among the members of their fraternity competent critics who show their appreciation of what is really good. We have refrained, thus far, from noting the good words which many of our exchanges have had for articles in our columns; but the praise bestowed upon "The Duty of the American People" has been so generous and so general that, in justice to the writer, we are forced to make it known. The narrow limits of this column will not permit extensive quotation; so we must rest content with a general reference.

The *Buff and Blue* is a delight. Its cover is artistic and its articles literary. The local columns, too, are free from jibing personals. Altogether, it is a good college representative.

We have often wondered why the *University Cynic* was so named. Its title is really a misnomer. Diogenes would scorn to recognize it as one of his followers, for its philosophy breathes too much of hope.

The *Northwestern* has been compelled to change its form. Its magazine-like character has disappeared, and it is now issued in the shape of a newspaper. We regret that the managers were forced to defer to advertisers, for the college journal looks best between covers. However, we wish them success.

If the exchange-editor of the *Round Table*, in a recent note, had played the rôle of prophet instead of reporter we might have had occasion to feel alarm; but a glance at his present tense reassures us. We have not "been hit on all sides"—in fact, we would have succumbed to one good blow, being very frail of body and very timorous of cudgels. It is to be regretted that our criticisms were received with such bad grace; for we have always tried to make the "bitter" dose as palatable as possible. We may have been rather blunt in expressing our convictions but the *Round Table* goes too far when accusing us of insolence and sectarianism. These vices are so petty that we really

haven't room for them. Of the former we shall say nothing; but a word in reference to the latter: if it be sectarianism to resent being insulted by the use of such epithets as "Romish," "Papist," and the like, then we must confess to sectarianism to the end of the chapter. If all college journals were as free from such abusive terms and were as ably edited as the *Round Table*, there would be no "bitter criticism" and no talk of "sectarianism."

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The Purdue University sustained a heavy loss in the fire which destroyed not only the new engineering laboratory, but also the equipment which had been accumulating since the birth of the University. From the *Exponent* we learn that the laboratory will be rebuilt. Purdue has our sympathy in her loss.

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There is a strong literary activity in the New York University. Among the three publications issued by the students, the *Quarterly* is the best. 'Tis a pity there are only four quarters in a year!

Personals.

—Fred Neef, '92, is said to be preparing for a literary career.

—Patrick H. Coady (Law), '93, is practising at the bar in Paris, Ill.

—Edward M. Schaack, '93, is attending Rush Medical College, Chicago.

—Joseph Combe, '93, is taking a medical course at the University of Virginia.

—We understand that Michael Hannin, '93, is on the U. S. Coast and Geodetic Survey.

—Charles Scherrer, '93, is connected with his father in Real Estate, at East St. Louis, Ill.

—Raymond Langan, '93, holds an important position in the Clinton Savings Bank, Clinton, Iowa.

—Nicholas J. Sinnott, '92, is in the office of Judge Bennett, one of the ablest lawyers in Oregon.

—Walter Freytag (Com'l), '93, will soon be at the head of an extensive fur business in Chicago.

—John P. Lauth, '69, is to make an extended tour through the West and Southwest. An interesting account of his travels will soon appear.

—The many friends of Mr. John Kearns will be pleased to learn of his success in the recent examinations at Mt. St. Mary's Emmittsburg. He ranks among the first in a class of eighty-four.

—Patrick F. O'Sullivan, '74, has been appointed postmaster of South Chicago. His success in business, added to the wide reputation for probity which he enjoys, eminently fits him to fill this important position. The citizens of South Chicago are to be congratulated on having such an able postmaster.

Obituary.

—Wm. J. Schott, '84, died at his home in Chicago, on the 10th inst. His death was the happy close of a short but well-spent life. May he rest in peace!

—Charles L. Hagan, '81, after a long illness borne with heroic fortitude, died in Washington, D. C., on the 1st inst. He is remembered as an energetic student who gave promise of a brilliant career. May he find the rest which he so desired!

—In the death of Major Wm. H. Calkins, Notre Dame loses an esteemed friend. It was whilst acting as the congressional representative of Laporte County that he first became acquainted with this University, and he ever after manifested a lively interest in its steady growth and development. We extend our heartfelt sympathy to the bereaved members of his family, and pray that he may find eternal rest.

Local Items.

—Skating!

—Hung jury.

—What a doctor!

—That Lincoln story!

—Will the Thespian play be a tragedy?

—The case is over; let the jury have peace.

—The St. Cecilians are looking for a sleigh-ride.

—The Carrolls now spend their recreations on the ice.

—The new class of chemistry will begin work on Friday.

—The Literature classes are discussing "Hamlet."

—The Philodemics' Bohemian Club seems to be a success.

—Did the Orpheus Club clear the street? Well, rather!

—Examinations in Physics were given during the past week.

—If there is to be any baseball, now is the time to begin work.

—The Junior class have adopted a very pretty design for their pin.

—Messrs. LaMoure, Fleming and Miles are artists in their profession.

—The Trigonometry class was examined on Tuesday and Wednesday.

—The Grads. attend oratorical exercises every Wednesday evening.

—The Columbians, though slow in reorganizing, will be in shape for March 17.

—Rev. Father Morrissey is again amongst us after several days spent in the infirmary.

—The Carrolls bid fair to excel in polo as well as hand-ball and football this season.

—Preparations are on foot for the Thespian play to be given on Washington's Birthday.

—Messrs. Sullivan and Clendenin have been appointed 2d and 3d Sergeants of Company "B."

—A series of eleven games of hand-ball is being played by Brownson and Carroll Halls.

—The recently completed portrait of Bro. Paul has been hung in a prominent position in the reading-room.

—FOUND—A purse and a small crucifix. Owner may recover the same by calling at Room 1, Sorin Hall.

—The concert this evening by the Mendelssohn Quintette Club will no doubt prove a rare treat. Don't miss it!

—The Orpheus Club enjoyed a sleigh ride last Sunday. The trip was enlivened by songs interspersed with snowballs.

—Mr. Frank Donahue, who was detained at home owing to sickness, has returned to the University and resumed his classes.

—Why isn't a meeting of the Athletic Association called, in order to get into shape for the spring field day? Now is the time for it.

—A number of statements of facts have been given out for cases in the Moot-court. The one-afternoon-a-week system of court is very good.

—Brownson men have been practising a great deal for their game of polo with the Carrolls. They feel, no doubt, there is a great deal at stake.

—All the Catholic students received Holy Communion on Friday morning in honor of the Sacred Heart, it being the first Friday of the month.

—There has been excellent skating during the past week. The ice has been thronged with lovers of this most healthful of exercises and amusements.

—The following gentlemen have been appointed to take charge of the Law room during next week: M. McFadden, R. Halligan, and L. Mithen.

—Judging from the actions of some in the refectory, there are more Minims around—in a certain sense at least—than are contained in the Minim Department.

—Said Jimmy Ryan on the sleigh ride: "If you can't lick a man with snowballs take the

Orpheus Club." And just then a well-directed shot from a small urchin laid Jimmy flat in the sleigh.

—The "Rosebuds" did not welcome their visitors last Sunday. The reception which they received was not calculated to increase the temperature of the atmosphere to any great extent.

—Talk about literary inactivity at Notre Dame! Friday morning a second set of Crawford's novels was placed on the Library shelves and at half-past four "The Witch of Prague" alone remained.

—The Crescent Club Orchestra, under the leadership of Frank Barton, has been brought to a high condition of excellence. The disciples of Terpsichore may now dance to the very latest craze in *things musical*.

—A meeting of the Temperance Society will be held next Sunday evening in the Commercial room. An entertaining programme has been arranged for the occasion. All who are interested are invited to attend.

—The Forty Hours' Devotion will commence next Sunday, and continue until Tuesday. This beautiful devotion is enriched with spiritual benefits, and, if entered into with the right dispositions, cannot fail to be of vast good to the students.

—Our special correspondent from the City of the Seven Sand Hills attributes his happy recovery to a diet of imported Polish sausage. He is now engaged on a chemical analysis of this toothsome viand, and promises us a complete report of his work.

—There is a noticeable improvement in the Band. The members are determined to have the best college band in the country, and under the direction of their able leader are rapidly becoming masters of their several instruments. There were twenty-seven members present at the rehearsal on Thursday morning. We may look forward to good music.

—"I'm sick, I'm sick!"

The cry rang upon the frosted air;
The weight upon him heavier grew, until,
When we had looked, he was no longer there.

'Twas Master B. mysteriously
That thus had vanished, and we know not where.
Oh! ask him not what caused the sudden pain;
He says the man that does so will be slain.

—The Carroll hand-ball season opened Sunday, Jan. 28, with a game between Brownson and Carroll Halls. LaMoure and Fleming defended the Carrollites, whilst O'Neill and Maynes represented Brownson Hall. Three games were played, the Carrolls winning two of them. The playing on both sides was excellent. Several interesting and exciting games are anticipated.

—The nucleus of a library of standard works on Mechanics has been begun in the Institute of Technology. This year's class has secured

a number of valuable works to which Prof. Kivlin has added others taken from his private library. Anyone interested in the development of this department could further its interests in no better way than by the donation of several volumes. If addressed to Prof. Kivlin they will be thankfully acknowledged.

—MOOT-COURT.—The case of the State of Indiana *vs.* Henry Davis, on trial in the University Moot-Court during the past two weeks, was brought to a close last Wednesday afternoon. The prosecution based its case entirely on circumstantial evidence, and succeeded in establishing a strong case. The plea of the defense was an "alibi," and evidence was introduced to prove that the defendant Davis was sick in bed at the time the crime was committed. After being out two hours the jury called for additional instructions, and half an hour after, as they could not agree, were discharged by the court.

—The "Dignity of Labor" was the subject of an excellent address recently delivered by Mgr. Seton, a distinguished American prelate, at the Forty-ninth Annual Commencement of the well-known University of Notre Dame in the United States. The theme possesses an extreme actuality in these days when, partly owing to the exaggerated importance attached to purely intellectual education, and the pursuits for which it is a preparation, a wide-spread prejudice exists against manual labor, and when it is a common complaint that labor of the hands is held in small esteem, and by many considered as something mean and degrading.—*Bombay (India) Examiner.*

The SCHOLASTIC salutes the *Examiner*.

—Where was his Honor, the field reporter, on the afternoon of Sunday the 21st. The first of what we sincerely hope will be a series of games between Sorin and Brownson Halls was played, and was won by Sorin Hall. The only remarkable feature of the game was the utter lack of "ginger" among the Brownsons. Though the Sorin goal was at no time in immediate danger, if the Brownsons had played anything like a hard, snappy game, the result might have been different. As it was, Sorin Hall won in a walk by a score of 18 to 0. Dempsey made a very pretty run of sixty-five yards and Dinkle one of fifty. With a little judicious coaching both teams could be worked up to their ante-Christmas form, and then there would be no dull Sundays and Thursdays at Notre Dame. Try it again, boys.

—On Wednesday evening, January 24, the St. Cecilians held their first regular meeting this session. The officers elected were as follows: 1st Vice-President, J. LaMoure; 2d Vice-President, J. Lanagan; Recording-Secretary, J. Lantry; Corresponding-Secretary, F. Jones; Treasurer, E. Murphy; Historian, J. Murphy; 1st Censor, T. Klees; 2d Censor, F. Cornell; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Mills. After the regular

business was finished, Messrs. Lantry, Mills and Weitzel entertained the society with readings and recitations. At the 8th regular meeting, held January 31, a debate on the question of restricting the freedom of students was held. Messrs. E. Murphy and Lantry were on the affirmative, and Messrs. McCarrick and Klees on the negative side. The judges decided the debate in favor of the affirmative side. The Rev. President then told a story, and the meeting was on motion adjourned.

—MILITARY.—The military companies have been reorganized and give promise of a successful season. Col. Hoynes has command and is ably assisted by Major G. Feazer as instructor. Captain T. Quinlan and Lieutenant A. Funke, of Co. "A," are getting their company into good shape, as are also Captain Scherrer and Lieutenant Miller of Co. "B." Captain Quinlan has also charge of the Sorin Cadets.

During the football season the companies did not drill, as many of their members were actively interested in the sports. Now, however, that the winter gives ample opportunity for drills, the companies are profiting by the chance. Since Major Feazer has filled the post of Instructor in Tactics the Guards have made great advances in the manual. All of the officers have not as yet been appointed, but the vacancies will soon be filled.

Rev. Father Regan, the efficient chaplain of the battalion, to whom is due the credit of founding the Hoynes' Light Guards, still takes as much interest in them as ever, and predicts a prosperous year for them.

—The Philodemics made a little journey into Bohemia on Wednesday night, instead of the usual cut-and-dried meeting. One of the debaters for the evening was ill, and besides, the Moot-Court wanted to use the Law room, so the Philodemics took possession of the reading room and proceeded to have a jolly time. The regular programme was put aside, and after a rather animated discussion on the manner of choosing subjects for the weekly debates, "corn-cobs" and cigarette papers were produced and "Sweet Caporal," and "Seal of North Carolina" soon made the room as misty as an April morning.

An impromptu programme, consisting of four readings, was carried out to the bitter end, and served as a very good substitute for the piano accompaniment without which no *conversazione* would be a success. Mr. Hervey opened it with "Uncle Remus' Religious Experience"; Mr. Casey followed with one of the celebrated "Adventures of Jones: the Fresh Bear Co."; Mr. Murphy read "A Rainy Afternoon"; and Mr. DuBrul finished the evening's entertainment with a capital short story, "Luvbird Goes Courting," and a very seasonable motion to adjourn.

—On last Thursday evening the "Lambs" met in Lambs' Hall for the purpose of reorgan-

izing. There were forty applicants for admission to the club; but as they did not have the requisite initiation fee their applications were received with silent contempt. Officers of the last session were re-elected at an increased salary. The Cuspidor Rejuvenator, however, refused to serve further in this capacity. On motion of No. 12 the President was requested to assume the arduous duties of the C. R.; but he replied by ousting No. 12 from the room. The meeting was again called to order, and the President requested a loan of 15 cents from the society to satisfy the pressing demands of the genial store-keeper who informed him that his credit was at a low ebb. Being unable to secure the loan he proceeded to tackle the regular business of the club. The following subject was debated: "Resolved, That Hamlet used Tom and Jerry, and not Piper Heidsieck." The debate was a very spirited one. The chair seemed to incline to the opinion that the gloomy Dane had used "Tom and Jerry." The selection of the subject for debate for the following meeting was left to the chair who gave out the following: "Resolved, That Portia, had she lived in the nineteenth century, would have been a member of the "Lambs." There being no further business before the house, the meeting adjourned until next Thursday. There is some talk of the consolidation of the "Lambs" with the "Rosebud" Club.

—Saturday evening, January 27, the Law Debating Society met in regular weekly session. The roll-call showed twenty-five members present and fifteen absent. The minutes of the preceding meeting were read and on motion adopted. Mr. J. J. Feeney then took the floor, and in a very pleasing manner stated that he wished to thank the members of the society for choosing him as critic of its deliberations; but for reasons that were best known to himself he wished to resign the position, and asked that his resignation be accepted. As the gentleman seemed very much in earnest, his request was complied with, and by a unanimous vote Mr. James Fitzgerald was chosen to succeed him. The chair then gave out the following subject for debate: "Resolved, That the public interests would be subserved by the levy of an income tax." Messrs. Gibson, White, Conway and Halligan were appointed as disputants. The report of the committee on rules was then heard. Instead of passing on the rules as a whole, each rule was taken up separately. The following are the rules as adopted:

Rule I.—Resolved that the committee recommend Robert's Rules of Order for the guidance of this society in all questions of Parliamentary rule.

Rule II.—Any member absent from a regular meeting of the society, without a good and sufficient excuse, shall be fined the sum of ten cents. The President shall, in every instance, determine what is and what is not a good and sufficient excuse.

Rule III.—Any member absent for three consecutive meetings without a good and sufficient excuse shall, in addition to the regular fine, be reported to the authorities

and suspended from the society until he has made a suitable apology to the President of the same, who will communicate it to the members at the next regular meeting for their consideration.

Rule IV.—Resolved, that the chair in naming disputants for debate shall select the names in alphabetical order as they appear on the roll of the society.

It being too late to proceed with the debate prepared for the evening, the meeting was adjourned.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Crawley, Casey, Corry, Cullen, Devanney, Dempsey, Dinkel, DuBrul, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Funke, Hervey, Kuhnert, Kearney, McCarrick, McFadden, McGarry, Mott, Murphy, Powers, Quinlan, Scherrer, Schillo, Schopp, Sinnott, Thorne, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Amberg, Brinker, J. B. Barrett, Beyer, W. F. Bates, Byrne, Blanchard, Brennan, Burns, Bennett, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, Browne, Cullinan, Campbell, A. Clark, Corry, Crane, Callaghan, Cavanagh, Covert, Cooke, Chassaing, Coolidge, Cuneo, Cochrane, F. Dillon, Dorsey, Donahoe, Duffield, Dougan, Edwards, Fagan, T. Falvey, Foley, F. Falvey, Feeney, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, N. Gibson, Garasche, Golden, Grady, Halligan, Hinde, Heiman, Hennessy, Harris, Hennebry, Hesse, Johnson, Kennedy, Karasynski, Krembs, Karter, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Murray, Moore, Maguire, Mott, Moloney, McHugh, Mithen, Murphy, McVean, Major, Manchester, Montague, Ney, O'Brien, Oliver, O'Malley, G. Pulskamp, F. Pulskamp, Palmer, Piquette, Rice, J. Ryan, Rumely, J. J. Ryan, C. Roby, E. Roby, J. Reilly, Schwartz, Smith, Spalding, Slevin, Sweet, Sullivan, Stace, Schmidt, Smoger, Stack, Streicher, Tong, Turner, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, Wagner, White, Yingst, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Barry, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Cornell, Coolidge, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducey, Dannemiller, Dalton, Druecker, Davis, Davezac, Edwards, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbon, Fleming, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Howell, Hutchinson, Hoban, Howard, Harding, Jack, E. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Lanagan, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lamtry, Lippman, Maurer, Munzesheimer, E. Murphy, J. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, Mills, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. J. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. H. O'Neill, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, Ortiz, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Strong, Steinman, Sullivan, Swigart, L. Trankle, F. Trankle, Taylor, Teresa, Temple, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Whitehead, H. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wachtler, Wagner, Weitzel, Ward, Walde, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters L. Abrahams, Allyn, Bump, Bresning, Byrne, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Crandall, Cross, Caruthers, Christ, Catchpole, Corry, Cressy, D. Campau, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Clune, Coolidge, C. Dawson, Davidson, Durand, Devine, Dalton, Elliott, Everest, Feltenstein, Flynn, Freeman, Finnerty, Girsch, M. Garrity, L. Garrity, Gimble, Green, Goff, Graff, J. Higgins, Roy Higgins, Ralph Higgins, Herschey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Jonquet, A. King, K. King, Kelly, Langley, Lohner, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eugene McCarthy, Emmett McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Roy McCarthy, Morehouse, Minnigerode, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortez, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Peck, L. Rasche, Romero, Robb, Ryan, Rohrbach, Schneider, W. Scherrer, Swan, Shillington, U. Thompson, L. Thompson, Thomas, Terhune.