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To a Child.



TIME, when all thy hours are hours of joy;  
And every minute, like a blossom sweet,  
Sends up new fragrance, as the dancing  
feet

Of childhood trip from jocund toy to toy;  
When life is pleasure true without alloy,  
And purity and beauty ever meet;  
And life, a sunlit day—no snow, nor sleet,  
Nor any stormy weather can annoy.

O child, with innocence upon thy brow,  
Crowned greater far than any king that reigns,  
How little is thy future known to thee!  
The sternest hearts of earth before thee bow;  
Thou know'st all joys, not recking of the pains,  
From which no life can ever here be free.

S.

George William Curtis.

FRANCIS W. DAVIS, '95.

In our day, when the greater number of political preferments are safe from the grasp of mere office-seekers, when certain qualifications are so highly essential for holding office, one naturally inquires to what men are we indebted for this grand change in affairs? Certainly the movement has been gathering strength for many years, and, in reality, it was advocated by the founders of our Government. In Jackson's time the "spoils system" was thoroughly inaugurated; but now we see the highest development of Civil Service Reform ever reached in this country. The executive departments of our Government have been controlled by politicians, and although the plank of Civil Service Reform has several times been in the

platforms of both great parties, yet accusations of only partial execution of the act are made against the party in power for the time being. The man who, to our mind, waged a most bitter fight, the effect of which should not be underestimated, was George William Curtis, at once famous as an editor, lecturer, traveller and essayist.

Looking over the list of prominent American editors we find no man who wielded a greater influence over his readers than did Mr. Curtis—excepting, possibly, Horace Greeley and Charles A. Dana. He seemed to possess a magnetic touch which impressed the subject-matter on the reader's mind and yet did not bear a sting. The thought conveyed could not wound the feelings, yet it bore a weight equal to that of the sharp, biting paragraphs of Mr. Dana. The editor of the *Sun* is bitterly aggressive; Mr. Curtis, on the other hand, though distinctively personal, cannot conceal the kindly heart which shows itself in every line.

We all have seen the name of Curtis ridiculed on account of his connection with the Brook Farm Movement in the early forties. It does not matter to such merciless critics that the deepest thinkers, the cleverest and most brilliant people of the time were zealous supporters of the scheme. While the project might have been visionary and unpractical, still we think that Mr. Curtis must here have formed a certain habit of thought which greatly influenced his after-life. Any man, no matter how stupid, would have derived benefit from mingling with such men and women, and, more particularly, Curtis, a boy of New England stock and at the age of seventeen. Certainly here were formed in his mind the ideals which went to make up a strong character.

Who of us has not caught the subtle perfumes of the Orient in the pages of the graceful "Nile Notes of a Howadji"? It is said that, more than any other similar work, it breathes the atmosphere of the East. Mr. Curtis visited the Holy Land at a time when the tourist had not entirely despoiled it of its beauties; when the sacrilegious hands of advancing Modernism had not removed the old landmarks. How unrelenting are those hands! Ten years later the appearance of the country was so changed that a work, in description, true to the former period could not have been written. The style of the book is somewhat involved; the thought, too often, is buried in weighty expressions, yet it is deep and has a certain richness which atones for the burdensome style. "The Howadji in Syria" is scarcely better in style.

About the middle of the present century, Mr. Curtis was a ready contributor to *Putnam's Magazine* which was to that time what *The Century* and *Harper's* are to our day. The "Potiphar Papers" bristle with satires on the society of the time, and were afterwards published in book form. The sarcasm in these papers is more quiet, the rebuke more gentle, than that from the pen of Thackeray, though one can easily see the kindly heart beating under the bitterest sentences of the latter novelist. "Prue and I," published about the same time is a series of delightful short sketches.

When Mr. Curtis took charge of the "Easy Chair," in *Harper's Magazine*, he assumed a position for which he was pre-eminently fitted. His style in all the "Easy Chair" essays impresses one as being perfectly natural. This means considerable when we notice the variety of subjects, embracing nearly every topic in literature and philosophy, recollections, served in a particularly clever manner, descriptions of travel and places, criticisms of customs and manners, humor and satire—no matter what the topic may be, the essays are always interesting reading. Their crisp style is wholly in keeping with the subjects, and is always varied to suit the subject-matter. Abounding in graceful humor, they are certainly the most charming essays of our day. The wide range of culture, the broad field of observation, showed themselves in every number of the magazine. No wonder, then, that the readers of *Harper's* turned instantly, on the arrival of the magazine, to the "Chair," listened, for a time, to the wise and witty, tender and sparkling sentences that fell from the lips of the "Easy-Chair Man,"

and were sure to return to the pleasant pages before the magazine was cast aside.

Mr. Curtis belonged to that party bearing no particular name, which, though it may be few in numbers, yet is great in principle. By this we do not refer to the "Mugwumps"—the Republican non-supporters of Mr. Blaine in '84—but to those truly loyal citizens whose aim is to elevate politics. Mr. Curtis was not hampered by any party lines, and was at all times a strong defender of everything which he thought just and honorable. No man had a loftier ideal. Early in his career he took an active interest in political life, and in 1863, when he became editor of *Harper's Weekly*, it was a step which made him political spokesman of that periodical. This position was assumed at a time when a powerful organ of the kind was needed. The editorials of that time, from the pen of Mr. Curtis, should be read by every patriot. They are persuasive and convincing, criticising the wrongs of the day and breathing the very spirit of loyalty.

It may be that the leadership of Mr. Curtis in the crusade of Civil Service Reform in the early seventies made him even more prominent. All his efforts were enlisted in the cause. The pages of *Harper's Weekly* fairly teemed with editorials on the subject. Political abuse was shown up in its true significance, and the peril of the State was presented to the eyes of the anxious public. Never did Mr. Curtis swerve from his ringing advocacy of Civil Service Reform. As leader of nearly every prominent convention held in its interests, he aroused the half-slumbering people, and it was through his efforts mainly that the cause has been a certain and lasting triumph. The workings of the act have certainly raised the efficiency of the service.

While we chant the praises of this truly illustrious American, let us not forget his ability as an orator! On many occasions he made masterly speeches. The address he delivered at the unveiling of the Washington monument is full of patriotism and the spirit of political freedom. We cannot think that his efforts were made for art's sake, but rather for the nobler purpose of uplifting mankind.

We Americans cannot afford to let the shining example of such an eminent man go by unheeded. All that was true and noble was contained in him. His very fidelity of purpose, his perfect allegiance to the principles of justice and honor, will make him live in the hearts of his countrymen.

## Macaulay on Milton.

Since the days of Queen Anne, when Addison and Steele were shining with their greatest lustre in the literary firmament, the essay has been a most popular form of literature. This species of writing, which was first attempted with such great success by these famous authors, has been perfected and polished by succeeding essayists, until to-day there is no department of our literature to which we can point with more pride.

Among all who have given their attention to the essay, Lord Macaulay must be placed in the first rank. He is noted for the vividness of his style, and his writings are good examples of the power of rhetorical expression. Unhappily he sometimes, for the sake of a brilliant figure, deviates from the strict path of truth, and many a man is now under a cloud because of a good metaphor or antithesis, which happened to occur to Thomas Babington Macaulay.

His essay on Milton is one of his most noted works, and though one may not agree with him in all his opinions, one cannot help admiring this excellent production. Certainly none will dispute the place he has assigned to John Milton among the poets of the world.

Judging from his work, Macaulay must have been an ardent admirer of that great poet, and he defends him vigorously from his detractors. Many critics claim that Milton is praised too highly. They admit that his works are among the noblest of all ages; but they say that he had all the advantages which it was possible for him to obtain; that he inherited what he wrote from those who went before him, and, on this account, he should not be considered as a man of such wonderful genius, but rather as one who improved his talents by all his remarkable advantages. Macaulay pleads for Milton by announcing that these, instead of being of any assistance to him, were rather hindrances.

He claims that the more highly civilized we become the less lofty is our poetry. That the genius of Milton received no aid from his living in an enlightened age, but that, in reality, it was hampered by this very fact, and that he looked with regret back to the earlier ages, as Macaulay says: "The age of ruder words and vivid impressions."

As to the excellence of the works of Milton, Macaulay says that the public has long since recognized their merit. As a stylist he is without a rival, and in his poems he has drawn from

the riches of every ancient and modern language. In his Latin works he attempts no close imitation of classical antiquities. He does not polish them as Cicero did his; but "where he is least happy his failure seems to arise from the carelessness of a native, not from the ignorance of a foreigner."

The especial characteristic of his poetry is his remoteness of expression. He does not finish his picture, but sketches the outlines, and leaves the reader to fill in the rest. The reader cannot fully enjoy the poems of Milton unless he enters into the spirit of the author. He must make some exertion of his mind else his reading is useless. The figures are too vague to make any impression on the mind unless it opens to receive them.

"Comus" and "Samson Agonistes" are lyrics in the form of dramas. In "Samson Agonistes" Milton followed Euripides as a model, and this was very injurious to the success of the work. Had Æschylus been his model, without a doubt he would have given himself up to the lyric inspiration and have taken no thought as to the form, and his work would have been a greater success. The "Comus" is modelled on the Italian masque, and is lyrical in style. It is by far a happier attempt than "Samson Agonistes."

The only poem of the Christian era which can be compared to "Paradise Lost" is Dante's "Divina Commedia." There are many points of resemblance between the two subjects, but they are treated in widely different manners. As Macaulay himself puts it: "The poetry of Milton differs from that of Dante as the hieroglyphics of Egypt differ from the picture-writing of Mexico." Dante introduces figures in order to make the thing as clear to his readers as to himself. Milton does not represent directly what he means, but rather depends upon what his figures suggest.

Of all poets who have introduced the supernatural into their works, Milton has done the best. Dante cannot rival him in this. Milton's spirits are unlike those of any other poet. He is especially happy in his demons. He does not make these frightfully ugly, nor endow them with their usual horns and tails; but he exaggerates their proportions, and veils them in a mysterious and awful gloom.

To continue the comparison between Milton and Dante, Macaulay says that the work of each partook of the character of the man himself. "Loftiness of spirit" was Milton's great characteristic; "intensity of feeling" was

Dante's. Every line of the "Divina Commedia" shows pride fighting misery. In the history of their lives there is also a close resemblance between Dante and Milton. Both were ambitious to become great statesmen and take a leading part in the politics of their country, and each failed to attain his end.

Of Milton, as a man, Macaulay expresses unbounded admiration. He defends all the acts of Milton during the troublesome period in which he lived. Milton's acts were criminal in their nature, if the resistance of the people to Charles I. was so; but Macaulay decides that the revolt was justifiable. Milton did not wholly belong to any class. He was neither a Puritan nor a Royalist, but he combined the good qualities of every party. Though he held democratic opinions, his tastes were aristocratic. To conclude, his opinions and the deeds which were the result of them were such as could be held and performed only by one of God's gentlemen.

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My Last Duchess.

(With apologies to Browning.)

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J. A. MARMON.

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We reached the Ferrara palace—my friend, the Count, and I—after mid-day, just at that equivocal hour when the glaring brightness of the sun affects one's energies to such a degree that both mind and body are incapable of any great or even mild activity.

We passed through the magnificently carved, yet dark and gloomy portals into the ancient home of the Ferraras. As we entered, I was suddenly conscious of a new and strange, an undefinable sensation having come over me—a mixture of mystery and melancholy, which yet possessed a charm rendered even more vivid, perhaps, by its very intangibility. I instinctively glanced around me at the dark and massive walls of oak and stone. They were relieved, at intervals, by stern and warlike figures, some sculptured in stone, and others with their armorial trappings, standing in deeply-cut niches. Everything bore the stamp of age, to which was added the indescribable patrician atmosphere naturally found in this dwelling-place of a haughty line of noblemen.

We were met at the threshold by a retainer whose appearance was in perfect harmony with the surroundings; one might, in fact,

fancy him one of the gloomy figures come to life and stepping forth from the heavy shadows to welcome home an ancient lord of the castle. Following his guidance we found ourselves in the reception hall, a large chamber with numerous dark corners partly concealed by half-drawn draperies, and which added a fresh impetus to the first impression made by the gloomy *ensemble*. Under our feet the floor was of stone, in color a dark red, polished, yet giving back no reflection. Around were strewn the skins of wild animals whose staring eyes and grinning mouths, in the semi-darkness of the chamber, were not calculated to soothe a person of nervous temperament.

And then entered the duke. I shall never forget that meeting! He had entered unnoticed and unheard through a door concealed by heavy curtains. "My friends, I expected you," he said quietly. I turned quickly, startled, from my scrutiny of a painting, and there he stood calm, courteous, yet cold and haughty, with a faint smile of welcome on his face. I felt that I had suddenly lost my personality; that I was no longer a free being, but a part of this man's overwhelming will, and I shuddered as I thought what might be his power. And when he looked into my eyes, smiling curiously, I saw a singularly handsome man with all the dark, patrician beauty of his ancestors. His form, lithe and graceful as a woman's without any of its femininity, gave an impression of great strength. His features were finely cut and showed traces of an artistic temperament. The dead black hair, falling slightly over the high, white forehead, partly concealed a faint scar, possibly a remembrance of some family feud. As he stood there in the gloom of the stately apartment, a faint smile still parting his proud lips, he seemed something not altogether of this earth—a mixture of the faun and the demon. I felt that despite his calm exterior, there lurked within his breast cool, deliberating, devilish cruelty. "You are welcome," he said, and continued with a bow: "The House of Ferrara is honored." "You are, no doubt, wearied by your long journey." "Antonio," to the servant, "the count and his friend wish to retire to their apartments."

After I had rid myself of all traces of travel, I was about to start on a tour of investigation when Antonio appeared with the message that his master would be pleased to show me the palace. Nothing loath, I followed the old man to the chamber, into which we had first been ushered, and there found the duke awaiting me.

Such treasures of art as I gazed upon that day never had I seen—priceless vases of finest workmanship, masterpieces of the sculptor's art, rich tapestries from the Orient, and the magnificent stairway, wide enough for a dozen men to walk up it abreast! The sides were of solid oak upon which were figures carved in fantastic disorder. But the crowning point of all was the superb gallery of paintings of the greatest masters. Many of them were the faces of my host's ducal ancestors. Long we wandered in this paradise of art, while I listened to my companion's explanations, given in his calm, musical voice. At length we came to a portrait which at once arrested my attention. It hung in an embrasure in the wall, and as I stepped nearer to obtain a better view the last rays of an almost blood-red sun shone obliquely upon the canvas. The effect was startling. The face was that of a young and beautiful woman with the joyous smile of youth upon her countenance. But so wonderfully lifelike was the expression that it took some time to recover my lost composure. The eyes seemed to follow my own with an intensity behind which I thought I could discern either a deep yearning or a great fear.

I turned to the duke and found him watching me curiously with half-closed eyes. "What think you of the work—my last duchess, painted by Fra Pandolf? Is it not wonderful?" Ah! she lived not long. Shall I tell you the story? I do not often speak of it. Well, listen, it is short. When she became my wife she was almost a child—a joyous, beautiful creature, a laughing daughter of nature. She smiled—yes, she smiled, and on me. But her smile was given to every living creature as well: a slave, a courtier, a dumb animal. Her eyes sparkled, and the flush came into her cheek at everything that pleased her. But, sir, too many things were pleasure to her. My gifts were no more to her than those of the veriest simpleton's. My ancient name and home she rewarded as the offering of a huntsman's little daughter. Sir, this displeased me, and, as I stoop not to plead, I gave commands, and all things changed! And then, under my iron rule, she drooped and wilted as a flower without the sunshine, and soon she lay beneath the earth she loved so well. That is all. Perhaps I've wearied you. Take one more look; notice the coloring and the background; see the flush on the cheek and the curve of the throat! Ah! you are pale; we shall return. That group in bronze yonder is considered the masterpiece of Claus."

"Which is the More Conceited—Man or Woman?"\*

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE LITERATURE CLASS.

It is generally admitted, even by the most bitter haters of the female sex, that man is more conceited than woman. The reasons for this admission are very clear. Man knows that he possesses, in a higher degree than woman, physical strength and intellectual ability. In these qualities he glories. Strong in their possession, he looks with condescension on the weaker sex.

If a man possess some advantage, either in talent or position, over his fellows, his conceit becomes unbearable; for he is now not only the superior of woman, but also of the best of his own sex. He is, besides, in his own opinion, irresistible to woman.

Bassanio, in "The Merchant of Venice," is an instance in point. In his conceit he never dreams that Portia will not fly to his side whenever he wishes to propose to her. Most of us are as confident of our ability as Bassanio. Shakspeare knew men; and from his decisions, in matters of character, there is rarely an appeal.

Woman, I admit, is vainer than man. Knowing her own weakness she appears to our eyes—unless we read below the surface— independent and proud. She tries to make us believe that she is what she is not; and, therefore, resorts to dishonorable means to deceive us. The whole difference between the two sexes, in this matter, is that man demands admiration as a right, but woman asks it as a favor.

J. BARRY.

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Shakspeare, in the character of Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice," depicts well the vanity of man. The young Venetian strains his finances that he may become popular before the world and win the hand of the beautiful Portia. He succeeds in these endeavors, but involves his friend Antonio in financial ruin. Bassanio does not differ, materially, from many young men of the present day, and anyone who considers seriously the much-mooted question: "Are men more conceited than women," cannot but reply in the affirmative.

It is true that the vanity of man is brought to light more than that of woman; he is

\* Suggested by the first speech of Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice"—written in one hour.

intellectually her superior, and consequently occupies positions in which he is subjected to public dissection. His motives are often misconstrued, and his rigid self-esteem—a very pardonable variety of pride—is frequently mistaken for inordinate conceit.

Most men are vain: each has a certain accomplishment or trait that he does not see in others. Occasionally he is reminded of it by an unsolicited testimonial, and this incentive urges him to grope for greater flattery, until the love of adulation has become so universal that the profoundest philosophers of our time agree that vanity actuates the motives of men and moves the world.

The young lawyer who aspires to be a judge does not do so because he thinks no one else can administer justice so well as he, but because he finds a subtle sweetness in the sound of "Your Honor." The man who desires to be governor of a state does not do so because he wishes to give a better administration than anyone else could possibly give, but because he would like to have people address him as "Your Excellency"—this is vanity pure and simple.

The vanity of woman is of a lighter and more pardonable quality: she takes a just pride in her personal beauty and refinement. She is sensible of the fact that with a glance of her bright eyes, and a smile of her dimpled cheeks, she can bring an admiring world to her feet and reign supreme over the hearts of men; that just as the moon receives its light from the sun, whatever is good in man is but the reflection of her superior nature; that, deprived of her refining presence, he would become a barbarian, and the world would return to its primitive state—chaos.

The artist and the poet have ever vied with one another in attesting the superiority, from a moral and religious point of view, of woman over man. Thomas Babington Macaulay tells us that a virtuous and handsome woman is the most beautiful object in nature; and certainly Dante, in describing his beautiful Beatrice, and Shakspeare, in delineating his gentle Portia and Desdemona, did not dress dolls for our amusement.

M. J. NEY.

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As to the relative conceitedness of the sexes, I feel poorly qualified to judge. To my mind the question seems to be largely one of circumstances. It is quite natural for one having the accomplishments with which Bassanio in "The Merchant of Venice" is accredited, to feel as

he did. Social position determines, to a considerable degree, the opinion one holds of oneself.

In considering this question, it must be remembered that conceit is, in a measure, commendable. Literally speaking, a man is conceited on account of what he feels he possesses. He thus makes for himself an ideal, and attempts to live up to it; and it is only when going beyond this, and assuming qualities which he knows are not his, that he becomes intolerable.

In this latter rôle, I think it will be admitted that the fairer have the advantage of the sterner sex. Of course, no man would be so false to the feelings of pride and admiration as to make the charge that the great majority of the self-forgetting, noble women of the world, who have done so much toward making the civilization of the nineteenth century what it is, would be guilty of the abhorrent sin of vanity.

Man being the stronger, physically and mentally, it follows naturally that he should be the more conceited. He expects admiration as a right; and while woman may crave it, she does not do so with that arrogant self-assertiveness so characteristic of man. To woman is largely due the credit of those softening influences, which have Christianized the world, and without which society could not exist. It is to her, too, that we must look for the checking of that vain desire for power, which has caused so many of her sex to forget their sphere; which has evolved a new and unlovely type—the "New Woman."

P. WHITE.

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As I take it, to be conceited means to complacently imagine that one has greater wit or worth, personal attractions or accomplishments than one really has in truth. Conceit is a natural failing. It is one of the manifestations of self-love—the dearest passion of the human heart—and it is therefore common to woman and to man. But we find, if we observe the life around us, that, as a class, men are more conceited than women.

As opposed to men, women live a more secluded life. They are more humble and unselfish; for they readily perform the most menial offices, and naturally wait upon others before they help themselves. They are industrious; ever busying themselves with their domestic affairs, or engaging in some useful handiwork; for a woman's work is never done. Again, women spend most of their time at home;



and the atmosphere of the fireside is not congenial to conceit. And, indeed, the entire life of the ordinary woman is passed amid surroundings that draw her mind away from the contemplation of self—the strongest incentive to conceit.

It is said that the looking-glass is used more by women than by men; but I doubt it. And even if women do use it oftenest, it is because they have greater need of it, and because they are more painstaking in regard to their wearing apparel. If a slight disarrangement of dress betrays itself when a man is in company—well, it may mortify him a little; but let the same thing happen to a woman and it will fill her heart with grief. This shows that women more than men hold tidiness to be a duty. But to admire oneself in a looking-glass is not the occupation most gratifying to one's conceit. It is exquisite pleasure to inspect one's own reflection in the mirror of one's mind; and this is the *forte* of men.

Men love to talk about themselves; they love to work for themselves; they love to be known and esteemed, whether deserving or not; they like to give orders and to be superintendents; and they think their own plans and schemes are the best that can be conceived. There is not more than one in a hundred of them who believes in his heart that he is less handsome than his neighbor, or less witty; less gifted or less worthy of the good-will and opinion of everyone. What causes this? Does it not grow out of the long hours that men devote to pleasurable self-admiration? I think it mostly does. Men are the stronger, mentally and physically. They have the strongest virtues and the greatest vices. Instinctively, women feel that men are their masters, and consequently they look up to them. Now, conceit never acknowledges anything in a mere human being higher than itself; and so my honest opinion is that men are more conceited than women.

J. R. HAYDON.

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Man is the possessor of many faults, but his greatest is conceitedness. It is an easy matter to notice the deficiencies that different men have, but most difficult to prove which sex is the more given to conceit. Some writers try to argue that woman is less vain than man, whilst others take the stand against them. However, I agree with the man who says that woman is the possessor of the more conceit. Take, for instance, the girl of sixteen when she first makes her *début* in society. She knows it all;

imagines that she is a woman, and expects every one else to think so. But with the boy, how different! When he wears his first pair of long trousers, he is generally too bashful to be seen on the street. He makes short cuts through fields and alleys to avoid young ladies whom he thinks would laugh at him and his new trousers. In this case the girl shows that she possesses more pride and conceit than the boy; but, as every one is entitled to his own opinion, I will leave the reader to judge for himself.

W. S. WILKIN.

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It is usually agreed that man is the more conceited, and woman the vainer of the two. Conceit, at the bottom, is simply the love of admiration. In the man this passion becomes a demand; in the woman it is simply a desire. The more highly developed a man is, the more conscious is he of the fact that he has no superior in the whole range of organic life. But the most gifted woman always has the more gifted man to look up to. Hence, man at his best proudly feels that admiration is due him; woman merely hopes that it is so with her. He can look around at his equals or down on his inferiors; but she must always look up. It is the difference in attitude that constitutes the difference in emotion. Conceit claims admiration as a right; vanity craves it as a boon. Conceit may be either a vice or a virtue—a virtue in the sense that it instils into persons the energy to raise themselves above the ordinary in order that they may be looked up to as models; a vice when this desire of admiration causes them to ruin their own lives, or the lives of others, in a mad effort to be better than their fellows, if not honestly, then by dishonorable means.

J. E. MCKEE.

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Conceit is the overestimation of oneself, either as to natural ability and worth, or as to achievements and attainments, moral, literary, or otherwise. It is a generally conceded fact that, as a rule, men are much more conceited than women. Man is born with the idea that he is lord of creation; the only perfect thing; and never for a moment does he lose sight of this flattering idea. A woman learns that she is considered the weaker vessel, and she generally accepts that position in all meekness and modesty.

In the religious world—Christ's Kingdom on earth—we find the greater half of its number

women. They, without conceit, are ready to accept and believe the teaching of others—even of the Divine Teacher of nineteen centuries ago. Men, on the contrary, with their great conceit, feel that their own minds are capable of conceiving and expounding the truth in all things, both natural and spiritual; hence, they invent theories of their own, beliefs of their own, and worship—some of them—their own imagination and its productions instead of God; and, as the result, we have infidels, skeptics and agnostics by the thousand.

Solomon has said that there is more hope for a fool than for a man wise in his own conceit, and every day proves the truth of the proverb-maker's assertion.

Remove deceit; make men realize that the mind is to grow strong by grasping God's truths, which are all about us; then will men grow in wisdom; then will they be meek and humble, willing to learn, even as are the gentle, unconceited women of the world to-day.

W. C. HENGEN.

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When we consider the great difference between man and woman, we will see that it is almost impossible to compare them. As there is a difference between the sexes, so also is there a difference in their conceitedness. The conceit of man arises from conviction, that of woman from cultivation. It must necessarily follow, then, that the conceit of a man is greater than that of a woman. But there is another point to consider, and that is, whether conceited men are as numerous as conceited women. This is very easily answered, when we reflect that all women are conceited to a certain degree. From their cradles up, their perfections are pointed out to them. With a man it is different. He very rarely receives any encouragement to be proud of himself and, when he is so, we generally find him to be a man without any real claim to be called great. It can be very easily seen that there are more conceited women than men; but, as the conceit of a man arises from his own conviction, I admit that it is greater than that of a woman, who obtains all hers from the flattery of others.

H. M. BENNETT.

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It is generally conceded to be a fact that woman is the more conceited of the two sexes; yet, if we look carefully at this question from a fair point of view, I fear we will be obliged to acknowledge that the so-called conceit in

woman is simply vanity, while man is filled with conceit. In the male sex, admiration is expected, and, therefore, it is not noticed so much; but in the gentler sex it is her one desire to be admired, I think, and hence this desire is shown, to some extent, and noticed more. Many women, who move in the best society, are more or less conceited, which is shown by their actions at times. Their imagination makes them more confident of winning admirers, and this, I think, is an aim of all women.

Some of the most highly accomplished and well-educated men of to-day are well aware of the fact that they hold the positions they do, and are justly proud of it. This, some may call conceit; but I think there could be found another and milder name for it. Woman, on the contrary, can never reach this height of ability in her own mind. She is continually seeking some higher object, and her many deeds of charity are sometimes never known to us. Man is superior in both physical strength and mental capacity; thus another point in his favor is added to the list, until counting them all, man proudly feels that admiration is due him, and he looks for it. And if this is not conceit, what is it?

C. M. MONTAGUE.

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The question whether man is more conceited than woman opens such a vast field of discussion that it is with hesitation I take up the subject. Should we turn to Longfellow, and select, say, the characters of Miles Standish and Priscella, we would find the former full of arrogant conceit, and the latter possessed of a wonderful meekness. And in nearly all works of fiction woman is represented without conceit; but the hero is portrayed as holding high his head and defying the world. So we are compelled to acknowledge that in books, as a rule, man is more conceited than woman.

But when we consider real life, our field is, indeed, broad, and we must cover it without the assistance of the poet or the novelist. Let us take the small boy who has donned his first pair of trousers. It is certainly true that he is more conceited than his little sister of near the same age. She looks upon him as a wonderful embodiment of wisdom and knowledge, and considers herself of little importance beside him. Next, compare a youth in the Freshman class of any university with a girl of the same age, and if the truth be told, the boy is the more conceited of the two.



But now the boy has finished his course in college and is working hard at the law. The girl has made her *début*, and is, perhaps, the belle of the season. She is ever surrounded by a bevy of admirers, who strive to outdo each other in pleasing flattery. Should an "I" occur in her Christian name she replaces it by a "y," and in conversation her "r's" are skillfully dropped. Compare them now; the man may be conceited, but it is an excusable conceit. He is proud of the success he has attained, or is attaining; he is confident that he will succeed "till the end"; he is ambitious to leave the world better than he found it—all this in a man is desirable, even necessary. But the maiden, by this time, longs only for admiration. Her winning graces are put forth but to gain it; her thoughts are given to dress and personal appearance; in short, she possesses a vanity which, because it is all-absorbing, leads me to the conclusion that woman is more conceited than man.

SHERMAN STEELE.

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Book Reviews.

—The October number of *Scribner's Magazine* opens with a notable paper, by H. G. Prout, on "Railroad Travel in England and America." He compares and contrasts the two systems, so wholly unlike, outwardly, and concludes that each is best adapted to the country which has developed it. America holds the record for both long and short-distance runs, but for general efficiency, England's train service is far in advance of ours. George A. Hibbard writes easily and delightfully of "Lenox"—that paradise among the Berkshire Hills, where there is no ocean to bother one, or mountains to tempt one to long climbs. Mr. Hibbard gives us a charming picture of Lenox life, but Mr. Allen's wash-drawings are not worthy of the text. "Tarahumari Dances and Plant Worship," by Carl Lumholtz, will prove interesting reading even to those who are not anthropologists, and Dr. Roosevelt's "In the Hospital" is full of side lights on a young physician's life. It is an unusual thing for *Scribner's* to give its readers only one short story in a number; but when that one is as strong as Mary Tappan Wright's "From Macedonia," we can forgive the lack of the others. "John March Southerner" draws to an end, and Thomas Nelson Page's new serial, "Little Darby," has fairly begun—and a very good

beginning it is, too. On the whole, *Scribner's* was never better, and that is saying much.

—It is with real pleasure we note that Messrs. G. H. Benedict and Company, of Chicago, are issuing a new "Portfolio of Modern Art." The first five numbers, each containing sixteen pictures, are before us, and we can honestly say that they are the best of their kind that we have ever seen. The reputation of the Benedicts as engravers and printers is national, and they have just cause to be proud of the "Portfolio," their latest success. The pictures are all photogravures of famous paintings, and every school of art is represented. The subjects range from Thumanu's "The Fates" and Bouguereau's "In Cupid's Realm" to Marcus Stone's famous "In Love" and Bisson's "Meditation." Scarcely less beautiful are Perrault's "Cupid Awakening," and Ridgway Knight's "Calling the Ferryman." The most successful plate of the lot is, we think, Conrad Kiesel's "Sweet Idleness" which lends itself admirably to reproduction. The half-tones are delightfully soft and clear; the shadows rich and velvety. Those who love beautiful pictures well reproduced, cannot do better than to secure the "Portfolio," which may be had at a trifling cost.

—Towards the expiration of a year no books, it is safe to assert, find their way into a greater number of households than do the Catholic almanacs for the ensuing twelvemonth. Among the numerous publications of this class it would be difficult to find one containing a more harmonious blending of the pleasing with the useful than the *Familienfreund* for 1895. The illustrations in it are beautiful; the poems, fine specimens of metrical composition. The stories are of a high character, whilst the humorous selections are exceedingly enjoyable. Besides, the calendar is tastefully done, and the record of the events of last year replete with useful information. All in all, the *Familienfreund* is deserving of flattering comment. Published by B. Herder, St. Louis.

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THE moment any one of the glorious faculties, with which God has endowed us, is abused or misused, that faculty loses, forever, a portion of its delicacy and energy.—*Thoughts for the Young.*

THOUGH born in ignorance, man's intellect is like an ever-growing page, on whose leaf all knowledge may be written.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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## Staff.

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	HUGH C. MITCHELL, '95;
NICHOLAS DINKEL, '95;	JOSEPH MARMON, '96;
	MICHAEL J. NEX, '97.

—There is a growing tendency among students of a certain class to change from course to course. That such action is foolish, even harmful, and ends in a dissipation of energy and a waste of time, is evident to all.

Each boy should determine, at the outset, for what position in life he is to fit himself, and then take up that course of studies which will develop the faculties of soul most needful for the attainment of success in his chosen profession.

—It will be gratifying, particularly to those pursuing the Scientific Course, to learn that the authorities, who are always on the alert for what will advance the student body, are negotiating for the purchase of a large addition to the Museum of Natural History.

The collection in question is owned by Dr. J. W. Vilie, of St. Joseph, Michigan, who has spent considerable time and money in gathering objects that would be of particular interest to the student of Natural History. It has always been the Doctor's intention that this outcome of his own pastime and pleasure should be utilized in the education of others.

Rev. A. M. Kirsch, the Professor of Natural Sciences, was deputed by the President to visit and negotiate with Dr. Vilie relative to procuring the entire collection, consisting particularly of birds of various kinds, shells, species of reptiles and invertebrate animals. If satisfactory arrangements can be made, the Natural History Department of the University, will be unique and something of which Faculty and students may be justly proud.

—Week after week, we receive locals upon locals that are unavailable, simply because the writers of them have no clear conception of what a local should be. They write, it is true, about the doings of those around them; but, unfortunately, choose just such matter as is either of little interest to the many, or known only to the few. Hence, their locals are wanting in point, and consequently are rejected.

Now, a local should be of such a nature that the students of one department, at least, can grasp its drift. If, however, from happy phrasing, or from some attendant circumstance, all the students can get a glimmering of its tenor, the local approaches nearer the ideal, which is reached only when even the public can understand its drift. A little more attention given to detail, matter and wording will render much that would otherwise be useless available.

—All the students, especially those in the Graduating class, should devote themselves to a course of elocution; for nothing serves better to give a finish to their education than this same study. And yet no study, apparently, seems more foreign to some students than this same branch. They allege that the debating and literary societies to which they belong afford them ample opportunities for developing any oratorical powers which they may possess. And here lies the mistake. Literary and debating societies are good, we admit, and all possible candidates should enter them, for they undoubtedly give to those participating in the exercise thereof ease and facility of speech; but they fail to impart that grace and polish which a course in elocution gives, and which greatly enhances the effect even of a good essay, oration, or an extemporaneous speech.

It is deplorable to see an otherwise talented and literary student a mere tyro in the art of giving public utterance to his own thoughts. Many a young man high up in class records, and decorated with medals for proficiency in the various branches of his course, has been forced to yield up, to his otherwise inferior rival, the honor of Commencement day exercises, simply because he was stiff and given to sawing the air.

If the undergraduates would devote one-half, or even one-fourth of the time to elocutionary exercises, which they give to athletic training, they could accomplish much to their own

advantage; they would leave their *Alma Mater*, not only with a manly physique and a wealth of book lore, but with a distinct enunciation in speech, and a gracefulness of manner, which mark the accomplished gentleman.

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—It may not be out of place to say a few words in regard to the "Roll of Honor," which appears each week in the columns of the SCHOLASTIC. This roll is undoubtedly one of honor; for it contains only the names of the students whose conduct has been, for the week past, satisfactory to those in charge. Notes or demerits are given for dormitory, ranks, wash-room, refectory, study-hall and recreation. If a student's conduct has been above reproach in the places just named he is a candidate for the "Roll of Honor," and his name appears thereon in the college paper.

If a student keeps a record of his appearance in the honor list he will have a fair idea of his chances for a Department Certificate in June. This certificate, in Carroll Hall, argues well, the following year, for students who desire to obtain a gold medal of honor.

The First Honor in Brownson Hall is obtainable by such students as have an average of, at least, 90 per cent. for their class standing and deportment. The first year that a student has such an average he receives a diploma, and the second year a gold medal.

The First Honor Medal of Brownson Hall should be highly prized and eagerly sought after; for in our mind it speaks more for the lucky winner than any other university prize. It is time now for everyone, solicitous for such college distinctions, to get to work in real earnest.

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"The Little Virtues."

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Society, in our age, has reached a condition where its members judge and criticise each other with great severity. A person is generally known after his first appearance in public; men form their opinions of his character during one conversation, and determine to what class he belongs. No one can be too careful of his conduct and speech. The latter, especially, should receive close attention; one scarcely noticeable error may place you a step lower in the esteem of your friends. The characteristics which are necessary to make a true gentleman

are often termed "The Little Virtues," and are what everyone should endeavor to obtain.

In commencing our career in life, the one quality which everyone must possess is truthfulness. No man can achieve success and an honorable position without this virtue. We know from experience that the smallest untruth will alter our position among our companions, and will be the cause of our never being trusted afterward. The habit of telling what are commonly called "fish-tales" or "fibs" grow rapidly. If we could only check it at that point the fault might be excusable, since any hearer could readily detect the falsehood; but the liar soon becomes clever at his work, and by means of it he often leads both himself and others into serious trouble.

What is more intolerable than to listen to some persons talk? Fortunately, there are very few in this world who are addicted to the habit, yet we know the common hatred of these. The epithet of talkative has been particularly attributed to women; but it is my opinion that there are nearly as many men who deserve this title. The old but true adage is:

"Speech may be silver, but silence is gold."

Yes, I think that silence is, indeed, the golden virtue. Many instances are recorded in the Scriptures where the Apostles warned the people to be careful of their tongues, for they were the organs that caused most of the sin in the world.

No matter what pursuit in life we follow we will always meet with some difficulties. From the great misfortune of the millionaire to the small loss of the street urchin, there is ever an opportunity for each one to show his willingness to assist his failing friends. Is there anything that will win for us more friends than little acts of kindness? We often come across persons who have had some trials which seem very small to us, but in reality are very great to them. Now, why should it not be our motive to speak a word of consolation to those in affliction? It is strange that the majority of people in this century look with coldness upon those who are in poverty or have fallen. Mr. F. G. Lee wrote some beautiful lines which we should always remember:

"Speak gently of the erring. Oh! do not thou forget,  
However darkly stained by sin, he is thy brother yet.  
Heir of the self-same heritage, child of the self-same God,  
He hath but stumbled in the path thou hast in weakness  
trod."

So I do not see any reason why we should push a man because he is going down hill.

One of the principal requisites for a gentleman is politeness. What a consolation it is to be asked by some one, who has, in some little action, injured us, to be pardoned. We can notice the change in the countenance of any person when, after some one has hurt his feelings, he turns and asks to be excused. The smile that always accompanies the answer proves the willingness with which the pardon is given. What a joy it creates to see the young show respect to the aged; a little tip of the hat, a hearty "good morning," or some little action done for the old, is a mark of a good heart, on the one side, and a source of real pleasure on the other.

Which person is it that receives the more honorable position, the one who is careless and tardy, or the one who is tidy and punctual? It is always the latter, and on that account we should cultivate a taste for neatness, and be on time at every appointment. There is one little virtue which every person, no matter what position he may occupy, ought to practice, and that is diligence. Our streets are full of persons who are idle and wasting precious time. They are too lazy to work, and prefer to live on the fruits of their neighbors' toil.

We have considered a few of "the little virtues" by themselves, now let us look at the advantages gained by the performance of them. We found that all of these little acts are requisites for a true gentleman. They are acquired by practice and afterwards are as habits to us. Experience shows that in every position in life the truthful, kind and diligent man is the one who is respected. He is always welcome in every household, is looked up to for information by those inferior to him, and is honored by those of his own class. We are never ashamed of associating with him, or inviting him to accompany us to any place in society. His presence is liked by every one with whom he comes in contact.

The world is becoming more learned every day, and science has progressed so far that now it is only the best who succeed. If we notice the manner in which professionals, in all pursuits, are chosen we see that it is always the honest, kind-hearted and persevering man who is selected. The advantages gained by the performance of the little virtues are not all of this world. Our Lord, when he was upon earth, frequently referred to them in His preaching, and made many promises of great rewards to those who practised them. It should be the aim of everyone to acquire the habit of per-

forming small acts every day, which will lead him to true happiness and to the pleasure of others. Many fail because they give up too soon; they should always keep in mind this motto: "Try, try again," for "where there's a will there's a way." If we are gentlemen in the true sense of the word, we are on the sure road to success and happiness.

J. W. L.

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#### A Morning Walk.

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It was a clear midsummer morning. A shower of rain, the night before, had settled the dust, cooled the air, and refreshed alike tree and shrub. The wooded hills rang with the merry chirping of the birds. The sun, just tipping the hill tops, sent broad shafts of light down into the fresh green valley.

I stood on the old Albany Post Road, of revolutionary fame, and turned my footsteps toward the south. I had long wished to visit "Sleepy Hollow," and I was now about to gratify my desire. The road kept a steady course for a mile or more, and the travelling proved to be all that a pedestrian could wish. Afterward the way took an upward turn, and soon I stood on an eminence overlooking the entire valley of the Tappan Zee. The scene was quiet and restful, almost a sylvan paradise: beautiful lawns, well trimmed, delightfully cool and shady woods, and such flowers! All the valley lay spread before me, with purple hills, mist-shrouded in the distance. There, standing guard, as it were, are stately old trees, some of which still bear the mark of the settler's axe.

Beyond the crest of the opposite hill you catch sight of the Hudson. The blue waters are dotted, here and there, with "white caps"; the snowy sails of the merchant vessels, gleaming in the sunlight, the swift-moving steam-boats, whose bows, cutting the waves, throw clouds of spray to either side—all combine to form a picture beautiful to behold.

Away to the north, the river, like a silver thread, winds in and out among the mountains. The green banks are covered with cottages, from whose chimneys the smoke of early morning fires curls upwards. From the Highlands beyond comes a freshening breeze, which, sweeping over the meadow land below, carries with it the odor of new-mown hay.

I continued my walk, and was soon on the road of the "headless horseman"—the road made famous by Irving. I was now in the

valley proper, and the one thing that forced itself most strongly upon me was the change of atmosphere. The air seemed to exercise a certain influence upon me. The spirit of drowsiness seemed to pervade everything. The hum of the insects, the rustling of the foliage, and the ceaseless ripple of the ever-present brooks, recalled to my mind the description of this place given by the author of the "Sketch-Book."

Passing on, I came to a place which is of interest to all Americans—the spot on which André's capture took place. At present there stands to one side of the road an immense statue, representing the seizure of the spy. The forest at this point is dense, and the site sombre and gloomy. Fit spot, indeed, for so tragic an ending of a life that promised so much!

The city of Tarrytown was close at hand, and within its bounds "Sunnyside," the home of Irving, the most beautiful spot on the Hudson. I paid a visit to his grave, obtained a few mementoes, and retraced my steps homeward.

There is beautiful scenery in many lands; Italy, Spain, Switzerland, England, France and Germany, each claims its own to be superior to that of the others; but give me the "Rhine of America," whose shores are famous for their bold and picturesque appearance; whose waters have borne on their bosom the ships of every nation, and upon whose banks such mighty changes have taken place, such world-transforming movements been begun.

T. B. R.

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Personals.

—Edward Roby, B. L., '94, is now practising law in Chicago.

—J. V. O'Donnell, LL. B., '89, has acquired an extensive practice in Chicago.

—E. R. Adelsperger, A. B., '89, is attending the school of architecture, Chicago, Ill.

—J. B. Sullivan, B. L., '91, is the junior member of the law firm, Sullivan & Sullivan, Creston, Iowa.

—George Crilley, '89, is doing well in the Real Estate, Chicago. George writes that he will be with us on Founder's Day.

—A cablegram to the Very Rev. President on Wednesday last announced the safe arrival of Father Corby and companions at Queens-town, Ireland.

—R. C. Langan, who received the degree of Bachelor of Letters in '93, is head book-keeper

in one of the leading banks of Clinton, Iowa.

—Frank Carney, a member of the Graduating class of '94 in Belles-Lettres, and one of the editorial Staff, is now in the lumber business with his father in Marinette, Wisconsin.

—Joseph Kearney, a member of the Graduating class of last June in the English Course, is now pursuing the study of medicine at the Rush Medical College in Chicago. Joe is a promising young fellow, and will some day add dignity to the profession which he has selected.

—Rev. William Walsh, the well-known and zealous Rector of St. Peter and Paul's Church, Chattanooga, Tenn., spent a few days at the College lately, renewing old acquaintances and looking up data for his forthcoming volume, "The Catholic Church in Tennessee." Father Walsh is a ripe scholar and a most painstaking writer. He was astonished at the treasures he saw in the Bishops' Memorial Hall.

—Lamar Monarch, a student for quite a number of years at the University, during which time he received the degree of Bachelor of Letters, as well as the honor of carrying off the medal for oratory, has now a position in his father's business. This, however, is only temporary, for as soon as his eyes will permit of hard work he will turn his attention to the study of the law for which he is well adapted.

—Ernest Du Brul, who has been honored with three degrees by the University, a medal for elocution, and has achieved distinction on the athletic field, paid his *Alma Mater* a flying visit last week. Ernest is on his way to Johns Hopkins, where he expects to remain three years, devoting himself to the study of history and political economy. His many friends at Notre Dame wish him success in the field which he has selected.

—Mr. M. I. J. Griffin, of Philadelphia, lately spent a few days at Notre Dame on his way home from St. Paul, where he had the happiness of placing one of his sons in St. Thomas' Seminary to be trained for the holy priesthood under the eye of the illustrious Archbishop of St. Paul. Mr. Griffin called at Notre Dame to make arrangements to have some of the documents of the Catholic Archives of America copied for the columns of his *Historical Researches*.

—Hugh A. O'Donnell, who was graduated in the English Course last year, and was also the winner of the oratorical medal, has a position with Mr. Augustine Daly. Hugh is a young man of exceptional talent, and will, no doubt, under the skilful direction of the great stage-manager, occupy very soon an important post in the theatrical world. It would be needless to say that his many admirers at Notre Dame, and especially the SCHOLASTIC, with which he was connected last year, wish him every possible success.



## Local Items.

—Save your grape-baskets for hickory nuts.

—The first themes in the Literature class were given last Wednesday.

—Why did *I* get a detention? I wasn't doing anything in the study-hall.

—The Civil Engineers have started to make a plat of the University grounds.

—The entrance to Washington Hall from the Carroll yard is undergoing repairs.

—It would seem from the sudden fall in the temperature that we may expect snowflakes soon.

—It is hard on anyone to have to get up at four o'clock in the morning, let alone being drowned out.

—One of our shining lights seems to pride himself very much on being named after the constellation *O—rion*.

—The billiard table for the Sorin Hall reading-room has arrived, and will be ready for business in about a week.

—The football team is in training; but the question as to how long it takes to run around the lake is still unanswered.

—Lost—A watch charm, bearing pendent representing a horse and jockey. Finder, please leave at Students' office.

—The Criticism class is devoting its attention to the exotic forms of verse. So far some very creditable work has been done.

—There was a game of rugby played on Carroll campus the 23d inst. between two picked élèves. It resulted in a victory for Cornell's men by a score of 24 to 4.

—The weather bulletin for Sorin Hall as announced by the "Morning Messenger," reads: "Cooler, light showers, followed by heavy down-pours, thunder and hard blows."

—Through the exertions of Bro. Hugh, a tackling bag has been set up on the Brownson campus. It is expected that a great improvement in the tackling of the team will follow.

—The students of Carroll Hall, thanks to the kindness of Bro. Albius, enjoyed an excursion into the country last Sunday. They are promised several outings during the nut-picking season.

—Notre Dame's colors are old gold and blue; but what is our yell? Let the senior or junior class choose one from among our large and varied assortment, and let it be our official cry.

—The Executive Committee has held several meetings lately, and is fast filling up dates. Mr. Thomas D. Mott was elected manager of the Varsity Eleven. A better selection could not have been made.

—The Knight of the Royal House says that

he is going to establish a reputation for himself, as a member of the Water Board, equal to that of his predecessor from the far West. So far his youthful inexperience seems to *Count* against him.

—On Wednesday last the first regular meeting of the St. Joseph's Literary Society was held. The following officers were elected: Director, Bro. Boniface, President; F. J. Onzon; Vice-President, T. McCaffery; Secretary, T. B. Reilly. The remaining offices will be filled at the next meeting.

—The St. Cecilians held their first regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The usual programme was carried out in which F. Cornell delivered a declamation entitled "Brown's Hair Cut"; Mr. Goldstein gave a reading, and Mr. O'Brien an original essay. Mr. Eytinge gave two very good declamations which were appreciated by all those present.

—The Library of Catholic authors of America, which attracted so much attention at the World's Columbian Exposition, has been secured for the University, and now forms part of the Catholic Reference Library of America, which has been established at Notre Dame. This new collection of books numbers three thousand volumes, and forms an interesting study in the literature of our country.

—At a meeting held on Saturday evening, Sept. 22, the Tennis Club was reorganized by the Rev. Father Regan. The prospects are unusually bright this year, and a successful time is anticipated. The following are the newly-elected officers: President, Wm. Wilkins; Vice-President, Charles Montague; Treasurer, Fred O'Brien; Secretary, Thomas Cavanagh; Executive Committee, C. Brennan, L. Baldwin and G. Johnson.

—The campus east of Science Hall is being levelled for a hand-ball alley. There was a general and well-grounded complaint that the old Brownson gym. afforded little or no opportunities for the game. The space was too narrow and the players too many. The new grounds will give every one a chance to try his hand. Our baseball players should be among the first upon the alley. This exercise is just what they need to keep in training for spring.

—Du Brul, last year's half-back, was here during the early part of the week, and assisted Dinkel in coaching the football men. He has all his early love for the game. On his return to Cincinnati he sent the Executive Committee ten dollars to assist in defraying the expenses of the team. The Committee intend to interest all the old boys in the success of their work, and expect to find a ready response from the alumni. May all our friends contribute generously!

—The Carroll Bicycle Club was reorganized during the past week. The officers elected were: Bro. Albius, Director; Bro. Paul, Promoter; Leo Healy, President; S. Dixon, Vice-President; A.



Dannemiller, Recording Secretary; R. Fox, Captain; O. Tong, 1st Lieutenant; F. Roesing, 2d Lieutenant, and A. Healy, Treasurer. The association consists, at present, of seventeen members. It intends to give on St. Edward's Day an exhibition consisting of a bicycle drill, trick and fancy riding.

—Notable improvements are being made on the University lawn. New flower-beds are being laid nearer the main building; the approaches to Science and Sorin halls have been made more beautiful, and the axe will soon banish forever many of the unsightly pines which alone mar the pleasing prospect of the lower end of the park. Certainly no University in the country can boast more beautiful surroundings than Notre Dame; and all praise to good Bro. Philip for his untiring energy and the good taste he is showing.

—The Boat Club reports a notable increase in membership. This is encouraging; for a lively interest in boating insures good races—and races this fall. Then, too, the training given at the oar is, in many respects, superior to the exercise furnished by any other sport. The movements are steady, and tend to bring all the muscles of the body into play, especially the muscles of the arms, back and chest. We have learned that the oarsmen of '94-'95 intend to lower all previous records. One of the crews is now at work, and the other will be chosen soon. The Boat Club this year is certainly flyless.

—Shades of departed Water Commissioners! In thy palmiest days, O Board of former years, thou wert not in it with the rising generation. You might have said, with perfect truth, when you doffed your robes of office, *Après nous le deluge*. The Count and the Kid and the "Daily News" are out for records, and nothing stands before them. The Count leads by a lap, but the "News" will make a strong finish and head him even at the wire. But the people—the uninitiate—stand afar off and chuckle. Likewise the janitor, for the steps of Sorin Hall need washing no longer; and the bright pails stand always empty. Meanwhile, umbrellas are at a premium and mackintoshes are largely worn.

—On last Sunday the Society of the Guardian Angels was reorganized. After a secretary *pro tem.* was chosen, the following officers were elected for the present session: Honorary Directors, Very Rev. Fathers Corby and Morrissey; Director, Rev. Father Spillard; President, Rev. Mr. Maguire; Librarian, Bro. Jerome; Vice-Presidents, G. Moxley and J. McCarthy; Recording Secretary, E. Dugas; Corresponding Secretary, W. Dalton; Treasurer, H. Pollitz; 1st Censor, L. Garrity; 2d Censor, F. Campau; Sergeant-at-Arms, G. McCarthy. The President made a few remarks on the object of the society, and gave an explanation of the duties of the different officers.

—The removal of the two telegraph poles, north of St. Joseph's Hall, was the destruction of old landmarks. For thirty years they had stood there, and during that period they witnessed many changes. They saw Notre Dame grow from a little college into a university; they looked upon her almost total destruction in '79, and her marvellous resurrection the following year, and they were silent witnesses of the many other changes that occurred here in the last three decades. Across their wires was flashed the news that the lineman, who assisted in placing them in the sixties, was made superintendent of the company, and above them were carried countless messages of joy and sorrow. The old settlers will miss the much-hacked and multi-carved posts that did service for so many years.

—Verily, it seems as though all at Notre Dame has caught the jubilee spirit, and every organization has laid plans to do work such as our predecessors only dreamed of. The outlook for football is most encouraging. A regatta on Founder's Day is almost a certainty, and there have never been brighter prospects of a prosperous year in military circles. Already a sufficient number of raw recruits and war-worn "veterans" have enlisted to make the year of '94-'95 a most successful one. The measured "Hep, hep!" of the sergeants in charge of the awkward squads is music in the ears of all who know the thousand advantages derived from military drill. Father Regan and Colonel Hoynes are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm they have evoked—an enthusiasm which, we trust, will last throughout the scholastic year.

—It must be very trying on the patience of the Captain of the Varsity Eleven to go out on the field during the afternoon recreation and find only a few players, not enough to do any effective practice. Those who play football should show more spirit and take a greater interest in their team. Everyone knows that if we expect to win any games this season our men must have practice. As it has been, for the last few days, they have been able to accomplish practically nothing, except to learn the signals, since twenty-two men could not be mustered. It is hoped that, since the training tables have been organized, this difficulty will be overcome. The captain has reduced the number of candidates for the Eleven to twenty-seven men, all of whom now occupy these tables. Since this move great enthusiasm has arisen among the players.

—The Philopatrians held their first regular meeting this year last Wednesday, when they elected the following to the unfilled offices: Very Rev. Father Morrissey and Father Regan, Honorary Directors; Rev. Father Cavanaugh, Literary Critic; Bro. Alexander, Promoter; Mr. Newton Preston, Musical Director; T. Goldstein, 2d Vice-President; Edward J.

Sachsel, Marshal; Jacob Reinhard, Librarian; Gabriel Davezac, Historian; Raymond McPhee, Censor. In a few well-chosen words William P. Monahan addressed the society, urging the members to good and faithful work during the year. David S. Wright followed with a reading entitled "As a Warrior Dies," and the President gave some instructions in elocution. The Philopatrians have twenty-five members on their roll with every prospect of an increased number at their next meeting.

—The Columbians will be organized next Wednesday evening. This society is the leading literary association in Brownson Hall, and indications point to a large membership. In past years their debates and exercises were among the notable events of the season, whilst their play on St. Patrick's day was always attended by a large audience. This year will show an increase in the literary activity of Brownson Hall.

With the organization of the Columbians and the Law Debating Society, which meets this evening, all the literary societies of the University will have been reorganized. The St. Cecilians and the Philopatrians, both of Carroll Hall, meet in their respective rooms on Wednesday evening. The Columbians of Brownson Hall and the Philodemics of Sorin Hall assemble on the same evening, the former in their society room, the latter in the Law room. Saturday evening has been chosen for the meetings of the Law Debating Society. It is proposed to give a public entertainment towards the close of the year in which all these societies will take part.

—The Philodemics held their first meeting of this session on Saturday evening, September 22. Father Cavanaugh, the Rev. Director of the society, called the meeting to order, and after a few useful words of advice called for an election of officers. The new board stands thus: Director, Rev. Father Cavanaugh; Literary Critic, Professor M. F. Egan; President, D. P. Murphy; Vice-President, J. McKee; Recording Secretary, S. A. Walker; Corresponding Secretary, Eustace Cullinan; Critic, D. V. Casey; Treasurer, F. J. Powers; Sergeant-at-Arms, M. Ryan. It having been decided to meet on Wednesday evenings, beginning on Wednesday the 26th inst., when an impromptu debate will be held on the question as to whether studies in university courses should be made elective, the meeting adjourned.

The second meeting of the Philodemics was held on Wednesday evening, September 26, with the President in the chair. After a few moments given to the business of the society, an impromptu debate was held on the question: "Should studies in college courses be made elective?" Nearly every member present volunteered a few remarks, and great interest was shown by everyone. The arguments on both sides were numerous and powerful. During

the debate the Rev. Director was requested to give his views on the matter at issue. He explained exactly what he understood by the question, and illustrated his points with facts from his own experience. When he concluded, the discussion went on with renewed vigor. The following subject is set for next week's debate: "Resolved, That morality increases with civilization."

### Roll of Honor.

#### SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Burns, Barrett, Barton, Cullinan, Devaney, Dempsey, Eyanson, Foley, Funke, Hudson, Hervey, Kennedy, Kehoe, J. Mott, McKee, Mitchell, Marmon, D. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Powers, Pulskamp, Quinlan Ryan, Stace, Slevin, Vignos, Walker.

#### BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Arnold, Alber, Atcherton, Adler, Brown, Barry, J. Byrne, Boland, W. P. Burke, W. J. Burke, Brinker, Baldwin, W. Byrne, Barrett, Coleman, Colvin, Coyne, Cunnea, Corry, Crane, Craft, P. Campbell, Chassaing, Covert, Carney, Cavanagh, Costello, A. Campbell, Crilly, Delaney, Davis, Dowd, Daly, Finnerty, Fallen, Fagan, Falvey, W. Flynn, A. Flynn, N. Gibson, Gilpin, Gilmartin, Galen, Golden, Guthrie, Halligan, Henges, Hengen, Hanhauser, Harrison, Herman, Hierholzer, Howley, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, J. J. Hogan, Hodge, Johnson, Kortas, Kegler, E. Kaul, J. Kaul, F. Kaul, Karasynski, King, Kinsella, Lawlor, Lauda, Ludwig, Monarch, Mathewson, Murphy, E. McCord, J. McCord, Medly, McHugh, H. Miller, Moore, Mulroney, Moxley, Mapother, J. Miller, McPhee, McKee, McGinnis, Masters, Montague, Ney, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oliver, Palmer, Pulskamp, Quimby, Rowan, Reardon, Rosenthal, J. Ryan, R. Ryan, Roper, Schulte, Smith, Sheehan, F. Smoger, C. Steele, S. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, C. Smoger, Stevens, Spalding, Thornton, Turner, White, G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, White, Weaver, R. Wilson, Wensinger, Ward, Wilkin, Wright.

#### CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlet, Burns, J. Barry, R. Barry, Benz, Cornell, Clune, Cannell, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Corry, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Druecker, Dannemiller, Dalton, Dixon, Davezac, Erhart, Eytunge, Flynn, Forbing, Farley, Fennessey, Franey, Fultenstein, Foley, Fitzgerald, Fox, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Girsch, Gausepohl, Gainer, G. Higgins, E. Higgins, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, L. Healy, Hoban, Herrera, A. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Keefe, Konzen, Krug, Kirk, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lutz, Lowrey, Miles, Morris, Maternes, Massey, Monahan, Monarch, Murray, Minnigerode, McShane, McPhillips, McCarthy, McKenzie, McPhee, McGinley, McCarrick, McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, Nevius, O'Mara, O'Brien, Pendleton, Pim, Rockey, Ranch, Reinhard, Roesing, Sachsel, Speake, Spillard, Shipp, Shiels, Stuhlfauth, Storey, Shillington, Sullivan, Stearns, Strong, Smith, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Tempel, Underwood, Whitehead, Ward, Watterson, Wallace, Wright, Wells, Zwickel, Zitter.

#### ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissanden, Barrett, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, Catchpole, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Dalton, Elliott, Fitzgerald, Finnerty, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hershey, Hart, L. Kelly, C. Kelly, Kasper, Lawton, Leach, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McCorry, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, O'Neill, Paul, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Strauss, Steele, Sexton, Thompson, Waite, Welch.