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A Passing Beggar-Woman.

THEY say that, like the meshes of a net,
Our lives are bound with others'; be it so,
O beggar-woman trudging through the snow,
Embodiment of loneliness, is yet
The shade or sunshine of thy being, set
Athwart the path of others? Through the woe
That years and want have brought can memory go
Back to a season thou wouldst not forget?

Were but the body the presentment true
Of the quick spirit that abides within,
Thy life had been the life of any mole.
No,—thou art human and hast suffered too,
Hast lived, hast known the love, the hate, the sin,
The action and the passion of a soul.

EUSTACE CULLINAN.

A Summer in Europe.

BY A. B.

III.—ACROSS THE CHANNEL TO SUNNY FRANCE.

However delightful an occupation one may, theoretically, consider sight-seeing, there is not the slightest doubt that when practically pursued with scarcely any intermission during several days, it loses a number of its charms and eventually begins to pall. I am decidedly averse to the prevalent malady of tourists, that of making a tiresome, disagreeable business of what was meant to be a pleasure, pure and simple; and so, before the bloom of attractiveness is quite rubbed off the peach of London, I cheerfully bid the city farewell.

Behind me, of course, I left unvisited scores of monuments well worth seeing. Not a few of these, perhaps, I ought to have visited on the same principle as that on which I was induced in my very young days by an eccentric old keeper of a circulating library to read a number of the English classics, *i. e.*, in self-defence, to enable me to say that I had the experience. Reflecting, however, that something of the British metropolis may well be left over for the sight-seeing of some other summer; and that, in case it becomes, in the meantime desirable to profess acquaintanceship with any particular London sight by me neglected, I can still avail myself of the traveller's prerogative, and lie about the matter,—I establish myself comfortably in a smoking-compartment of the Newhaven train, fill my briar-root with an excellent brand of Cavendish, light-up, and prepare to view the much-vaunted rural scenery of England with the critical eye of a connoisseur.

And mile after mile of rural England unrolled itself before me, calmly defying the verdict of the most exacting critic, and challenging the admiration of the most phlegmatic lover of quiet, natural beauty. What charming combinations of peaceful hamlets, widespreading orchards, blossoming hedgerows, waving fields sheltered by grand old woods, picturesque rustic bridges over streamlets that surely never brawl, and ideal cottages which it is a positive comfort even to look at! No; I am fain to confess that the novelists have not overdrawn the picture of English country-scenes; and if the Continent holds in store for me any rural landscapes surpassing the type whose soothing

influence I am now experiencing, there are certainly unexpected joys to come.

About forty miles from London and within sixteen or seventeen of Newhaven, we stop momentarily at the little town of Lewes. Lewes, Lewes—where have I met that name before? It sounds familiar, and while I have an indistinct notion that it is connected with some historical event, I cannot recollect with even approximate precision what the nature of the event may have been. Well, 'tis no matter, in any case; so I turn once more to the enjoyment of rich green uplands, fertile meadows, wooded pastures, placid lakelets, and running brooks.

In less than three minutes, I find that it is of no use pretending to evade the Lewes issue. The engine has begun to snort the name with distracting iteration, and memory is groping assiduously after that dimly-recalled historical event. Lewes "has the floor" of my intellectual house, and positively won't be suppressed. Of course, I can consult Appleton or Bædeker and be done with the matter; but both guide-books are in my valise, and I don't propose to pull that article down from the rack above and undo the straps simply to gratify the caprice of an unreasoning memory that goes idiotically prowling about for facts not worth hunting up anyhow. Hence, I lie back in silent protest and smoke furiously. Then all at once Memory triumphantly exclaims: "There, confound you, I knew I'd get it! In 1264, Simon de Montfort defeated Henry III. in the Battle of Lewes." To which I surlily reply: "Yes; and who the dickens cares a superannuated straw whether he did or not?"

The Channel steam-boat is at the Newhaven quay, awaiting the arrival of our train; and within half an hour passengers and their luggage have been transferred from cars to steamer, and we are off for Dieppe. The passage is fifty-eight miles in distance, and, according to the schedule, from four and a half to six hours in time. The hour and a half variation means that sometimes the Channel is a good deal rougher than it usually is. A merely rough passage occupies about four hours and a half; a very rough one, six hours. Just what would be the time for a smooth passage has never been determined; the oldest mariner does not remember a smooth passage from England to France.

Travellers who are not particularly enamored of choppy seas, and entertain stubborn prejudices against the practice of paying

compulsory tribute to Neptune, usually cross by the shorter route from Dover to Calais. This passage is only twenty-one miles; but those who prefer it in the hope of escaping the *mal de mer* are safe to be disappointed. The man who is at all liable to be seasick discovers that a very few miles on the Straits of Dover suffice to transform the dreaded liability into an agonizing reality. No other body of water known to tourists is so conducive to stomachic nausea as that which separates the French and English coasts. One may have traversed the broad Atlantic without feeling the slightest inconvenience from pitch or roll, may have weathered stiff and lasting gales on other seas with perfect immunity; but he will be wise to bet nothing on the steadiness of his stomach until he has passed unmoved over that perfidious channel where the demon of seasickness holds high and constant revel,—the Dover Straits.

If the perspicacious reader imagines, however, that the foregoing paragraph is merely preliminary to a reluctant confession that, having withstood Atlantic billows, I finally succumbed to Dover's angry chopping, his perspicacity is at fault. London's sights had not so monopolized my time and attention on the previous day as to cause me to forget my *mal de mer* preventive, the elixir, of which mention has been already made; and being both forewarned and forearmed, I embarked with a confidence that was subsequently fully justified. I was one of fifteen or twenty, out of some two hundred passengers, who thoroughly enjoyed the crossing. But oh! *how* miserable were all the others!

The steamer had not left the pier five minutes when the combined heaving up and down and rolling from side to side that characterizes the motion of these narrow channel boats began to produce its inevitable effect; and in the course of half an hour the deck was practically deserted. The pupils of a London Polytechnic School, about ninety in number, were on board, bound for a brief holiday in Paris; and if their joy in the French capital was at all proportioned to their wretchedness while crossing to Dieppe, they must subsequently have astounded the Parisians by the untamed exuberance of their gayety and mirth. They formed the most woe-begone, apathetic and utterly bedraggled pleasure-party I have ever witnessed.

The Polytechnic students and the remaining *mal de mer*-stricken passengers continue to

afford palpable and resonant evidence of internal convulsions throughout the five hours occupied in reaching Dieppe; and not until the castle on the high cliff which dominates that town becomes visible, do they regain any active interest in life or matters pertaining thereto. As we glide into the smooth waters of the inner harbor, however, an appreciable change is apparent in the expression of their countenances and the arrangement of their attire; confidence returns to the most dejected, the deck is again crowded, and all seem to subscribe to the sentiment of a spruce young Englishman who issues from the cabin with jubilant announcement that "By Jove, you know, 'Richard is himself again!'"

There was very little delay at Dieppe, merely sufficient to permit the Customs officers to examine the passengers' baggage. And this was accomplished with a celerity in marked contrast to the tediousness experienced at the Customs House in London. The French Inspector took a brief and comprehensive glance at the contents of each open valise or bag, put a chalk-mark on its side, and passed on, like a business man who was anxious to economize time, not kill it. I reversed my opinions as to the annoyances which the traveller is wont to undergo at the respective hands of French and English officers of Customs. Two hours at Victoria Docks to four minutes at Dieppe! Yes; I rather prefer the continental plan.

Once more on the train, and speeding now through the hills and dales of Normandy, "through thy cornfields green and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France." Our morning ride through the farmlands of Southern England has not satiated us with natural scenery, and having secured a seat by the car-window, we drink in with genuine pleasure the beauties of the varying landscapes that go flitting past our view. The chief difference between rural Normandy and rural Sussex appears to lie in the gayer, more bright and cheerful aspect worn by Nature on this French side of the channel. The spirit of sober ease and undisturbed serenity that exhaled from the English vales and meadows is here replaced by a sprightly, vivacious influence that reacts on the mind and invites to busy life and joy and mirth.

At Longueville, Saint Victor, Clères, Monville and other villages along the route, we note the style of domestic architecture and the costumes of the peasantry: They are not so unfamiliar as we had anticipated. The houses are in many instances *fac-similes* of dwellings

scattered through the older towns of the Province of Quebec, and the women especially are dressed much as the ancient dames in the villages of Acadia along the shores "of the mournful and misty Atlantic." Later on in France, we discovered that in many respects, in some points of language and customs, for instances, the Acadians are more French than are the French themselves. They have clung to the vocabulary and modes of their ancestors with a tenacity unequalled by the present inhabitants of those provinces in France whence their ancestors emigrated.

Thirty-eight miles from Dieppe, the train draws up at the Rouen station; and with an interest in Joan of Arc, that has lately been heightened by the progress made in the cause of her canonization, I hastily decide to postpone my arrival in Paris until the morrow, and spend the interval in this old capital of Normandy, where the Christian heroine was tried for sorcery, and ignominiously burned. It is still early in the afternoon, and I have time, before the late twilight falls, to visit not only the *Place du Vieux-Marché*, where stands the handsome statue erected to the Maid of Orleans, but the trio of remarkable churches that bring to Rouen many a tourist-lover of beautiful ecclesiastical architecture.

The Cathedral of Notre Dame is a strikingly imposing Gothic edifice whose richly ornamented front has three fine portals flanked by lofty towers. The iron spire that surmounts the central tower rises to a height of four hundred and eighty feet. The interior of the massive structure is lighted by one hundred and thirty windows, nearly all filled with stained glass, some of which dates back to the thirteenth century, when the cathedral was erected. It was not, however, fully completed until the sixteenth century. The dimensions of the interior may afford some idea, though an inadequate one, of the size of this noble temple. It is four hundred and thirty-five feet long and one hundred and three broad, with transepts one hundred and seventy-four feet in length and a nave eighty-nine feet high.

The Church of St. Ouen is another edifice whose dimensions dwarf the greatest of the temples of religion in the New World. It is still longer than the cathedral, although some twenty feet narrower than the latter. Built in the form of a Latin cross, and surrounded on three sides by gardens, its magnificent proportions challenge the wonder of the tourist; and a half hour spent in cursorily examining the

lofty western portal rising between two pyramidal towers, the light and graceful interior, with its one hundred and twenty-five windows supplemented by three great rose-windows, the exquisite harmony of color and design in column and arch, leaves one quite ready to accept the statement of competent critics who pronounce St. Ouen one of the most perfect Gothic edifices in Europe.

The third of Rouen's most notable churches, St. Maclou, is remarkable more for its age than for size or extraordinary beauty, although in this latter respect it is not without claims. Its portal is in the florid Gothic style, the door-panels were sculptured by Jean Goujon, and the stone staircase that leads to the organ-loft is a real *chef-d'œuvre*. I forget just how old the sexton who showed me the interesting points about St. Maclou claimed the church to be, but it was assuredly not less than a thousand years. As Rouen was made an episcopal see in the third century, such extreme antiquity does not appear at all preposterous; in any case, I hand the old gentleman a franc at the conclusion of my visit without questioning the accuracy of his statement.

Having "done" the chief sights of Rouen, I strolled about the city at random, not a little interested in its tall, narrow, and curiously gabled buildings, its spacious boulevards that were formerly ramparts, its fine quays crowded with shipping, and its ceaselessly active and loquacious population. Here, as in Paris, are *cafés*, whose customers seat themselves at little tables on the broad sidewalks, sipping their wine—or absinthe, it may be—in full view of the passing crowds. The population of Rouen is only about one hundred thousand; and at nine o'clock on the evening I spent there, fully four-fifths of that number must have been out of doors. And why not? 'Twas a pleasant summer's night; there was excellent music on the Place Royale, and apparently no dearth of topics for conversation between the women who, seated before their doorways, exchanged gossip with their neighbors across the narrow streets. Contrasted with an evening scene in an American or a Canadian city of the same size, however, the difference was notable and the experience novel. There was no doubt now of my being in a foreign land. This assuredly was France. And so, heigh-ho for bed; to-morrow will find us in the very heart of France, the *ville lumière*, the bourne of all good Frenchmen when they die,—Paris.

What Does the New Woman Want?*

A SYMPOSIUM BY THE CRITICISM CLASS.

I believe it was Solomon who said that there is nothing new under the sun. This may have been true when Solomon said it—it undoubtedly remained true, as far as ideas were concerned, for centuries upon centuries after Solomon had passed away; but could he read for five minutes the ideas of the New Woman, as she exists in our nineteenth century, he would certainly bow his head in submission to the sternest fact he ever encountered.

We have been asked, "What does the New Woman want?" After the manner of the Yankee, we reply: "What doesn't she want?" Both seem to be equally difficult questions and equally as impossible to answer thoroughly. She wishes to be independent; certainly. In this age of evolution her voice also must be heard. She must have a right in the choosing of our officers of State; in fact, she must vote. She wishes to be, as she thinks, on an equality with man; undoubtedly. But she seems to forget that in doing this she must of necessity lose the social standing which she has at present.

Woman was never made to govern. Neither was she made to be the slave of man; rather his helpmate, his assistant, to whom he could look up and receive kind words of advice. But woman, not content with being master in all but name, wishes to acquire that title, which, of itself, would be more detrimental to her than all other hindrances combined.

What a strange world it would be if all the modern woman's ideas were carried out! The meek and lowly man, probably, would remain at home, while the fair sex, in the words of an end-of-the-century poet,

"... would spank their babies at the polls
When women vote."

In fact, they would change the very laws of nature, if it were possible.

But, seriously, this modern crusade is not without its good results. Every day we have more need of them in our everyday walks of life, especially in this age, when circumstances have given rise to many occasions for women earning an honest living. All these things are very well when there is a limit to them; and no one would jeer at woman's ambition, for it shows that she has noble aims and desires.

* Fifty-minute themes written in the class-room.

The education of woman is undoubtedly a glorious thing, and cannot be too greatly encouraged. Woman should learn; woman should ever be ready to help herself when occasion demands it. She should feel herself independent, if fortune should cast her alone upon the world; she should so prepare herself that, if circumstances require it, she can support even others besides herself. But she should never let slip from her mind that gentleness and true womanly virtue cannot be sacrificed. Of course, there are fanatics who always carry everything to the extreme, and are only a hindrance to those who might otherwise succeed in bringing about some great social reformation. We trust, however, that though they are always the first to bring themselves into notice, still they are few, and we hope that reason and judgment will in the end obtain the mastery.

RICHARD S. SLEVIN.

I do not think that, in regard to the number of things they desire, the men are so avaricious as the women. Men have filled their positions ever since the Deluge; women also have filled theirs; but the New Woman wishes to fill both. Not only is she desirous of doing the work which has been allotted to man, but she wishes to be both man and woman. Of course, to compel her to remain forever a mere toiler by the fireside is tyranny. She has a right to take a high position in worldly affairs just as well as man.

There are occupations which have been marked out for man, and there are others which can be filled only by woman. If she wishes to become famous—for that, I think, is what the New Woman most desires—there is more chance for her in her own sphere than in the work-a-day world of business. I do not say that woman was made for man. She is born with a right to her share of everything that God has given to man; she has all the intellectual powers of man. But, of all her characteristics, endurance and strength are most uncommon.

If woman wishes to take the place of man on earth let her do so. I do not doubt but that in a short time she will be willing to resign her new position, and be content to go back to the less wearing pursuits of domestic life. Of the two paths in life, man has much the more difficult. If a woman wishes to be a blacksmith, or an engineer, or a bank cashier, let her do so. I think, though, that few of these New Women would attempt it.

The main thing that is desired is change. For a short time, the new positions will seem novel and fascinating; but, in a few years—if it could be borne that long—woman would see that man is made to work, while her part is to help him, and with him to achieve their common end—a life of contentment, with happiness in prospect.

ELMER J. MURPHY.

During the past year has come in, with the new Tariff Bill, though in no way connected with it, what men are pleased to call the New Woman. Perhaps she is an outcome of man's conceit; perhaps a rival in his avocations; perhaps the developed germ of ages of supposed tyranny. But, though surmises may not point out her origin or her mission, the fact stares us in the face that she is here, and ready to stand against any competitor, be he in the form of windmill or wine sack, in defense of her rights.

But before we can understand her demands—and some say that they are manifold—she challenges us, poor, cowardly fellows, who gave up duelling sixty years ago, to mortal combat; and because we will not take the field to conquer, we are branded as cowards. Because we smile at the accusation we are called all sorts of names that belong only to the vocabulary she has invented for herself.

“What does she want?” we fearfully ask one another. Does she struggle to wield the trowel or the sledge-hammer? to follow the ploughshare? to work the grip of our street-cars, and play symphonies on cracked bells when approaching our street corners? Does she long for fame in Arctic, or gold in subterranean, explorations? Does she desire to dig coals from the bowels of the earth, or to gather pearls from the bottom of the sea? Rather, let us inquire, what is it she does not want? Can anyone tell why she is so different from our mothers, whom may God spare long to love us.

JAMES D. BARRY.

It is hardly probable that, as things exist today, woman will ever possess universal suffrage; yet she is making a bold stand for her supposed rights, and it seems as though she cannot be overcome by the most heroic efforts of man. Ever since the Creation, men have filled certain positions and performed all the duties attendant upon them; women also have filled theirs, and although they have met with success, the characteristic feature of the New Woman is to fill every position imaginable, and to

demonstrate to the world that she, too, is able to attain any advancement that man's knowledge, strength or power may achieve.

Women have filled both domestic and exalted positions, have endured the hardships of poverty and an ill-chosen life, and have delighted in the refinements which education and wealth make possible. It seems that after the development of the New Woman, all that had been left untried by her more ancient sisters, at once underwent a severe and persevering trial, and I cannot cite an instance in which she has not gained a complete and effectual mastery over her subject.

Woman must needs be the helpmate of man; but should she endeavor to equal him, and procure a complete knowledge of all the arts and sciences, and the many low and menial occupations never intended for her hand, and which can only lessen her in his estimation? Woman may have been created equal to man in some things, in intellect, for instance; but she has not the strength and endurance given to man, and requisite for his maintenance in the various positions of life.

The New Woman should be kept within bounds, and not be influenced by previous success, as it is man's duty to care for and protect her, and see that she does not endanger herself. Let man choose the right and woman follow it, and all will be well. An immediate change in the New Woman's tactics is both desirable and necessary.

ORVINE J. MCHUGH.

* * *

Miss Occident and I were taking tea at the Browne Palace, and were commenting upon the features of the bicycle parade, which we had just witnessed, when Miss Orient came and took a seat opposite us. As I considered myself in the company of two conservative young women, I did not hesitate to express my disapproval of political equality and the abhorrent bicycle costume. I had almost reached the convincing point in my argument, when Miss Orient interrupted me with "I beg your pardon, young man, but I believe I can enlighten you somewhat on this matter. You entertain the mistaken idea of most men that it is a perverted taste that has brought about this reform—or deform, as you term it—in woman's dress, and her desire to vote and take her place in the professions alongside of man. Most men have the idea that women are to be seen, not heard; but this benighted relic of antiquity is rapidly fading away beneath the searching gaze of an

enlightened age. Last evening at the Auditorium I addressed a large audience on the subject of political equality, and now a few of those antediluvian newspaper-men term me a Demosthenes in petticoats, and are going into hysterics because a young woman in bloomers acted as chairman.

"The desire of freedom and independence is the radical impulse of woman's movement in this matter. She feels that her intellectuality entitles her to a wider range than the household, and she abhors the idea of being dependent upon her father, brothers or husband for support. Her education nowadays is not inferior to that of man's, and she has demonstrated her fitness for the professions. In this capital of the great State of Colorado, where political equality has proven such a God-send, women are handling the affairs of state in a manner that challenges the admiration of the world! She has rescued the ballot-box from the cesspool of degradation, and is now about to set her seal of condemnation upon those hydra-headed monsters—the saloons and gambling houses.

"Yes," said Miss Occident—brushing back her wealth of golden hair, and with a smile that disclosed a set of snowy teeth—"you are quite right, Miss Orient. In my part of the world women have entered all the professions, and are eminently successful. Indeed, many of them have become steam-boat captains, blacksmiths and locomotive engineers! Of course, it doesn't look very consistent for a young woman with an ostrich plume in her hat to shoe horses or hammer upon a bar of iron; but where she does appear to great advantage is in the cab of a railroad engine! She handles the throttle in a dexterous manner, and you should see the admiring crowds that gather along the line to see the engineer's new spring bonnet!"

M. JAMES NEY.

* * *

To tell precisely what the New Woman wants would require a mind more subtle than most men are endowed with. She may be seeking all the privileges man enjoys; but that she will be successful in securing them is, I think, altogether out of the question. By demanding the right to vote and aspiring to political honors, woman abandons her vocation, and renounces all the privileges which were once hers and hers alone.

Woman in the home exerts a greater influence on future generations than all the logical expoundings of the pulpit, or the florid oratory

of the forum. Her calling is to the home; and in the halls of our legislatures she would be altogether out of her element. At present, by far the majority of women prefer the fireside circle to the political meeting; and all this fuss and commotion over the New Woman will die away like the fashions we forget in a season.

But should the New Woman obtain what she desires, why, then, we must accept her; that is all. Woman's nature, however, is not the same as man's, and until their two natures become identical we shall await the New Woman's triumph. For my part, give me the old-fashioned woman whose nature it is to sympathize, and whose character is known by her children's love and reverence for her. If she ever does become a part of the past, the memory of her will be the most treasured which history will ever record.

WILLIAM P. BURNS.

* * *

It is needless to speak of the parts woman has played in this world, we all know what they are; but I cannot see why the consideration given to man is not sufficient for her; yet she is receiving to-day as much attention as any social, political or other question. She has brought herself before the public eye as never before, and whatever may have been given her in past times, she now feels perfectly able to take care of herself. Judging from the inroads she has made in every walk of life, and the part she has taken in government and reform, we conclude that she is not only able to provide for herself, but is capable of seeking privileges and greater freedom. The question now arises: What does the New Woman want? She has never definitely expressed her views. Is it the ballot? a husband? a woman president? There come up so many different opinions, that it would be impossible to decide what is really the object of the crusade she has undertaken. History has taught us that the more freedom given to men the more they crave; women are not an exception to this rule, for they are human. The right to vote will not alone be sufficient. What they desire, and what seems most probable, is to be placed on an equal footing with men. Then, and not till then, will all be satisfied, for after that they can surely not ask for more.

Many may have doubts as to the wisdom of this policy; they may have their ideals of a wife or a sister, and denounce such a state of affairs as disastrous; but if the twentieth-century woman continues to advance at the present

rate, all must sooner or later fall before her. No one has, as yet, risen up to oppose her, and that young man who is dissatisfied with her, who continually talks of the noble woman, the gentle wife, will have a terrible battle to fight, unless action be taken immediately. But, after all, the war is not going to be so heartless as he anticipates. We will glide into the coming century as smoothly as we leave the present one, and, what is more, we will sail on still more smoothly, if the reforms now actuated by her continue as they promise. It is difficult to say whether it would be best to encourage women to struggle for this end, this equality with men.

Learned men would have her preside over the home, to exert every influence, every faculty in training good, noble men and women. This, in fact, truly seems to be the key-note. The best time to form a character is in childhood; and if men and women are good, the country will need few legislators and a very small number of reformers; for there will be no necessity to go out into the rough and muddy thoroughfares of life.

FRANCIS E. EYANSON.

* * *

There have been several things during the past few years that have occupied the attention of man in holding to his rights; but the one that has caused the greatest anxiety is to know whether he is to continue to support his female partner or not. Really, it is hard to tell; but from the turn that things have taken, we must conclude that she is not satisfied with the position God allotted to her in the Garden of Eden, but wishes to place herself on an equality with man. The question which now presents itself is: "Will this be beneficial to mankind?" God Himself only can answer it; we must content ourselves with hoping that her superiority—if it is attained—will be used towards men as leniently as man has used his towards her.

In nearly every trade there have been some women who have made fair progress, and it seems as if the majority of the remainder wish to follow the example of the few. If all succeed, it is difficult to say what the world will do to fill their places in the household, unless man condescends to accept them and to fulfil the duties of the *ancient* woman.

What does the New Woman want? I presume she is the only one who is able to answer this question to anyone's satisfaction; but whatever she does want, I think she is going to get it, even if it takes an age. Look at the privileges of a

woman of a hundred years ago compared with those of a woman of to-day! Why, the latter is enjoying many that the other never dreamt of claiming; and which of those two classes are more esteemed by mankind? I think, we all agree that it is the former, and the New Woman ought to accept her as an example.

JESSE W. LANTRY

* * *

Each succeeding year brings about some new social question. But no problem of later times has caused so much agitation or held public attention so long as that of woman's rights. For the last ten years, but particularly for the last three, this has been the social question of the day. Every paper and magazine one may pick up has some of its pages devoted to it. And it is worthy of the attention that has been given it, for it is of importance to so large a portion of the inhabitants of our country.

What is it the New Woman wants? Does the question resolve itself into this: that she is to have all the privileges man now enjoys; in other words, to rank with man socially, or is she to be subject to him? If we may judge from the occupations some few women are following we are led to think they want to displace man and give him their present position. Let us hope that their aim is a happy medium between the two. The few cases in which woman has gone entirely out of her sphere are the exceptions rather than the rule. She seeks for rights that are justly hers; rights that reasonably follow from the freedom she is supposed to enjoy. She claims to deserve the advantages of higher education; that she should have something to say on the social, and even political, questions; that, on the whole, she should be considered socially equal to man.

The granting of the franchise is not the remedy by which she can attain her end. As long as she says that man is not fit to govern for her, as long as she claims that he does not know her wants or understand her abilities, just so long does she proclaim her inability to perform the duties that are hers by nature, and in doing this shows that she did not impress her worth and dignity on the mind of him whose character she was given to form. Man, whom the New Woman now proclaims her enemy, was once subject to woman—lovingly subjected to her at a time of life when his mind was yet unformed and capable of receiving an impression of her worth that would be advantageous to her afterwards. It is thus that she failed to do her part toward gaining

an end she so much courts now. She asserts her claim to other rights and other duties without having performed those she already has.

It cannot be a question of making a living, although many seek to earn money for themselves that they may be less dependent on their fathers or brothers. The physical strength of woman shows that she is not able to endure the labor required. Besides, if she is to keep a position from which she can get wages worthy of the name, she must devote her whole time to it, and should she do this, what is to become of the home?

With the advancement of civilization, the rights of women have steadily increased, until, in countries like our own, they have gained the respect they have always deserved. No one in our day would like to see woman in such a state of subjection as was hers even up to a few centuries ago. From the Middle Ages back to very remote periods, history tells us that woman was considered simply as made for man. She was subjected to his every whim, and lived for him alone. His will was her will. Her duty was to do all in her power to make him happy regardless of her own happiness and the effort it cost her.

Those who are opposed to any advancement of woman's rights claim that we are to fear the other extreme if the *fin-de-siècle* woman's claims are granted. They point to the few instances in which woman has taken to servile works and cry: "What is woman coming to?" They say that woman, failing to obtain sufficient income from positions where mental energy is required, will take to mere physical labor. They hold up the exception to our view, and ask us to consider her as a type of the New Woman. But the tendency of the average woman is not in this direction, and, let us hope, her wants are the mean between slavery to man, on the one hand, and the manly woman on the other.

The place of woman is the home; her duties those of the household and the proper training of children, and she should train them to know that she has a strong, active mind which, if turned in the right channel, is capable of doing much good. The duty of the husband is to bear the heavier burdens of life, and woman can make these lighter for him. Nothing is a greater incentive for him to perform these duties well than the thought that she who makes life worth living for him will enjoy the fruits of his labors. He will strive to repay

her for making a home what it should be; knowing that there is one who will sympathize with him in his afflictions and cheer him on to prosperity, his labor becomes a pleasure. Let woman, then, enjoy the rights that are hers, but let her keep her proper sphere; and if she does this she will not be far from realizing the gentle Wordsworth's ideal—

"A perfect woman nobly planned
To warn, to comfort and command;
And yet a spirit, still, and bright,
With something of angelic light."

JAMES A. MURRAY.

Book Reviews.

—The University Press has published an "O Salutaris," composed by Professor Preston. This work is in the composer's best style. The harmonies of the accompaniment are beautifully arranged. The melody is simple, yet it possesses a dramatic force out of the ordinary—not, however, of the kind which obtrudes itself to the exclusion of devotional feeling.

—We have received from Fischer & Bro., Bible House, New York, "Three Hymns in Honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus," and an "Omni Die Dic Mariæ" in honor of the Blessed Virgin. Any or all of these hymns would be a pleasing addition to the repertory of a church choir, the hymns to the Sacred Heart, especially, now that the devotion of the Nine First Fridays is so widespread.

—The *Cæcilia* for January contains an "Offertorium in Dom. Infra Octavam Epiphaniæ" by John Plag, which, for a religious and pleasing character, is very acceptable. Also an "Ave Maris Stella" by Thielen, and "Hymnus in Festo SS. Nominis Jesu, for 2, 3 or 4 voices, by J. Singenberger; the latter is very good. The cartoon on the last page, showing how the feet of a choir-director speak, is very laughable.

—In the *Musical Record* for January we find some valuable articles of interest to professionals as well as to amateurs. The article, "Hints and Helps for Violinists" is very important to all violinists, and a strict adherence to its directions will save a great many strings, and the tones produced will be far more satisfactory. "Voice Building," "The Basis of Phrasing" and "Selecting an Instrument," are valuable articles. The literary portion of the journal this month is far superior to the musical:

—The Napoleonic fever, which for the past few months has been raging in the magazines of the lighter sort, has apparently attacked the dignified *North American Review*. The January number announces a series of articles on "The Personal History of the Second Empire." The first article, by Albert D. Vandom, is entitled "The Influence of the Napoleonic Legend." In "What Paul Bourget Thinks of Us," Mark Twain levels the shafts of his wit at the young author of "Outre-Mer," which is appearing in a syndicate of papers on both sides of the Atlantic. But the humor of Twain, which sparkled in "Huckleberry Finn" and "The Innocents Abroad," has evidently been deadened by his contact with life in Paris, from which city he apparently writes. A very timely article is "The Young Czar and His Advisers," by the Honorable Charles E. Smith, ex-Minister to Russia.

—The January issue of the *Reading Circle Review* is a harbinger of good things and, moreover, is a very good thing itself. If the promises set forth in the prospectus are fulfilled with such exactness in the ensuing numbers, the friends of this progressive publication need have no fears for its success. Dr. Egan contributes a paper—the second of a series entitled "Some Women Writers"—in which he discourses very entertainingly and very fully of the life and writings of Lady Georgiana Fullerton. "Adelaide Anne Procter," an article by Helena T. Goessmann, will prove valuable to committees who have in hand the arrangement of programmes. The jottings of the Rev. Morgan M. Sheedy on "Current History and Literature" are full of bright and thoughtful words; the author is particularly happy in seizing the salient points of political issues. The thing to wonder at and admire about the *Review*, however, is not any particular article, nor any particular department but the improvement that is evident in each succeeding number. An improvement, of course, presupposes some imperfection, though we will only grant the imperfection in order to emphasize the improvement. No magazine we wot of has made greater strides in the right direction. Neither has this advancement been gradual; it has not been the progress which comes by time, but the progress which comes by enterprise and energy properly regulated. The "believers in education" are under great obligations to the editor of the *Reading Circle Review* for the thorough manner in which he has conducted his periodical.

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MICHAEL J. NEY, '97.

—The Faculties of the different departments are busy with the revision of the University Catalogue. The curriculum of studies in each course will be rearranged, the standards raised, and Notre Dame will begin her fifty-first year with the promise of a future even more brilliant than her past. Our *Alma Mater* is just at the turning-point, with fifty years of successful work behind her and unlimited opportunities before her. That she will fulfil all our expectations, we have no doubt, while the men who are now at her head direct her destinies. The revision of the Catalogue is a sign of her progress, the beginning of a new *régime*.

—The words of the editor of the *Richmond College Messenger*, which we quote in full, have more than a local bearing. After congratulating himself on having a live business manager, and referring to the complimentary notices made of the paper, he speaks in plain terms of his associate editors:

"The associate editors seem to regard the securing of a place upon the staff the beginning and ending of their duty; the undergraduates do not write. In the March issue of this magazine we took occasion to speak as follows on these two points:

"'You can't make a silk purse of a pig's ear,' nor can you make a faultless magazine without contributions or other support, financial or otherwise, from students,

professors or officers of the college. Especially is this true where all the work of *all the departments* is done by *one editor*, as was the case with this issue. It may not be the usual or courteous thing for an editor to criticise his staff colleagues in public print; but we consider this an instance that calls for heroic treatment. The associate editors should either perform their duties or take their flags down from the mast-head, for they are sailing under false colors.'

"The prime object of a college magazine is to develop the literary talent of the students; it does not perform this function when it is forced to obtain its matter from alumni and foreign sources."

—Rather intemperately, we think, *The Colorado Catholic* finds fault with Mr. Egan's critique, in a recent issue of *The Catholic Columbian*, of Marion Crawford's "Casa Braccio," now running in *The Century Magazine*. Our Denver contemporary has always enjoyed—we use the word advisedly—a reputation for radicalism; but we always gave it credit for knowing its subject. That was our impression; but it is very evident that the writer of the editorial, in the last number, on Mr. Egan and Mr. Crawford did not read "Casa Braccio" before he took up the cudgels for Mr. Crawford. What any Catholic can find to admire in Mr. Crawford's presentment of Italian conventual life, we fail to understand. We have forgiven the author of "Saracinesca" and "The Roman Singer," many things—notably his slip in the chapel scene in "The Witch of Prague" and the dubious morality of "To Leeward" and "Pietro Ghisleri"—for the sake of these splendid pictures of Roman life; but in "Casa Braccio," Mr. Crawford has exhausted our patience, and painted an impossible nun on a still more impossible background.

"Casa Braccio" was, in all conscience, bad enough in the first instalment to more than warrant Mr. Egan's rather charitable criticism of the story. In the January *Century*, Mr. Crawford goes deeper and deeper into the mire. He draws a melodramatic love scene between Maria Addolorata and Dalrymple, which would be positively amusing if Mr. Crawford were not a Catholic, and if the readers of *The Century* did not accept him as such. Fancy a nun—a Carmelite, above all,—having uninterrupted tête-à-têtes with her lover in one of the convent parlors! And this with her aunt, the "Abbess," lying in the next room sick unto death! It is pure imagination. No cloistered nun is ever allowed to see a man alone even for a moment, and the Carmelites are among the strictest of the cloistered orders. But *The Colorado Catholic*

thinks "that it would be far better, for critical purposes, to wait until the story is fairly under way before he jumps on it." It seems to us that the story is under way with a vengeance, and that the first two chapters—there were seven in the first two instalments—would have given Mr. Egan every excuse for what he said concerning it.

Still, we confess we have a kindly feeling for Mr. Crawford. "Casa Braccio" carries us back to our younger days when *The Saturday Night* and *The Fireside Companion* were in their glory. Since we gave up, with a sigh, the dear delights of the lurid love-scenes their every page contained, we have not enjoyed anything half so thrilling as Maria's meditations on life and death. Verily, Mr. Crawford is versatile. Not content with his triumphs in all the fields of legitimate art, he descends to melodrama, and forgets all his traditions. Marie Corelli, the "Duchess," and the rest must look to their laurels, or Mr. Crawford will eclipse their popularity with the great majority that buys its fiction by the nickel's worth.

Hidden Gifts.

In human life, as well as in nature, there are hidden those golden gifts which all possess to a greater or less degree and which are not found until we search below the surface. For instance, we are about to form our opinion of a person whose manner heretofore has been seemingly unkind; but some unlooked-for accident has revealed a more generous quality. Again, two persons are travelling the same route; the one seeing nothing in nature to admire, is exhausted on reaching his destination, while the other does not appear at all fatigued, and is charmed by the beauties which he has discovered on the way. He is astonished to think that he never before observed these beauties which he has often passed with unseeing eyes.

The question arises: Why this difference? And we answer, the one notes merely the exterior of the objects which come under his observation, until his eye and mind alike are weary with what he calls "sight-seeing"; but, on the other hand, the one who is searching after truth does not let the smallest object escape his scrutiny. Each point is in turn examined, and having gathered many facts from what he has seen, he then deduces his conclusion. It is in a

similar way that the geologist proceeds to explain the earth's history, its features and life, and gives to us a general idea of the earth's formation.

The world praises the pearls of a Mary Stuart and greatly admires the diamonds that adorn the crowns worn by kings and queens. Yet, how little do they think at what risk these stones were obtained! The pearl is not found floating upon the waves; but only by diving into the depths of the sea, at the peril of man's life, are these rare gems to be secured. The diamond, the most brilliant of all stones, and for that reason the most admired, is procured by the life-long labor of thousands in the very heart of the Andes, or in the fields of Kimberly.

The gold obtained for the use of man is similarly found only after hard toil, and then only in an impure state. It must pass through many processes before it comes to us pure and beautiful.

Regarding the ceremonies of society, there are some who are so wrapped up in themselves that they see no special benefits resulting from attention to the forms of society. But this we know is not true; for man is judged by the courtesy with which he treats others; still there may be an exception to this rule and we find one in Doctor Johnson, who was called the "Great Bear" owing to his unrefined manners. His discourtesy was overlooked because his literary fame gave him a certain privilege not enjoyed by the majority.

In this age of rapid learning the student endeavors to accomplish, in a few years, that which should occupy a life-time. The arts and sciences are skimmed over and like water exposed in shallow pans, the knowledge soon evaporates.

No matter what position in life one may hold, one should always seek after those hidden gifts which make life dearer and brighter to us all, and which can be obtained only after long and patient search. One should not be content to plod along the trodden path, but should strive to raise himself above the level of those about him, and with this object in view he will always have something to look forward to and encourage him in his work, no matter what it may be. But in doing this, one should not forget or neglect to do his work thoroughly, for "the greater the labor, the greater the gain."

B. F. B.

The New Woman.

The magazines are full of her, and her fame has gone forth over the earth. She rose up in her might, we are told, and smote, and Tammany and the "machine" tumbled headlong, and reformers hailed her as a new light in Israel, the greatest achievement of the century. She came in with Aubrey Beardsley and "The Yellow Book," the living picture and kindred phenomena, but she is not so surprisingly new as her prospectus might lead us to believe. We would not call her old—is it not the most unpardonable of crimes to call any woman "old?"—but it is a curious fact that those who pose as the embodiment of all she holds dear, are, none of them, exactly youthful. And there were Amazons before the dawn of history; but the "mannish" woman has never exerted more than a passing influence on the history of her time.

The Class in Literary Criticism have turned, for the moment, from Shakspeare and Milton and Newman to consider the claims, the possibilities and the aims of the New Woman? Their individual opinions you may read in other pages of this issue. Some of them are, to say the least, naïve; others go wide of the mark, but all are interesting, and contain germs of truth.

It seems to us that our New Woman—the American type—is only a lay figure, dressed for the occasion; her wants and aims only pleasant fictions, invented, like Poe's tales, only to shock us, and that it is her promoters who are seeking—notoriety and the nimble half-a-dollar. It may be that we are provincial—if that is what saved us from the invasion, we pray Heaven long to keep us so—for we have yet to see, in the flesh, the type so industriously paraded as the fine flower of our civilization. There are signs, the alarmists tell us, with a shudder, and portents of her coming; witness the unwonted activity of the Female Suffragists, the increasing number of women in business and professional life, and—we falter as we write it—the bicycle, the bifurcated skirt and "bloomers."

But is there any truth in this rumor of an invasion of the Amazons? We think not. The New Woman is essentially English, and her American imitators are flat failures because they are too womanly to care much for the liberty their sisters over the sea are clamoring for. Madame Sarah Grand and "Dodo"

Benson were her creators, though she existed in a fragmentary condition before either "The Heavenly Twins" or Mr. Benson's book appeared. Mr. Benson used a camera with a very erratic lens, and his heroine is a composite photograph in which all the wrong lines came to the surface; while Mrs. Grand, disdain- ing the "kodak" altogether, laid on her colors with a palette knife, and produced an idealized portrait with all the lines of wickedness and frivolity carefully accentuated.

Evadne, in the "Heavenly Twins," is not a type. She is *sui generis*—a combination of masculine strength and feminine weakness which is wholly untrue and altogether hateful. We do not mean to say that she could never exist in our modern life, but she is exotic and very improbable. When we remember what her education was like we wonder that she had even a spark of womanly feeling left within her. Biology, anatomy and therapeutics "without a teacher" are not the healthiest for a young woman; but when she adds to these a knowledge of half-a-dozen languages and all the religious systems, we can hardly expect her to have wasted much time on the cultivation of her heart. Evadne is the logical outcome of our modern educational methods, which take into consideration neither God nor duty nor the life to come. Our colleges turn out gentlemen and gentlewomen, many with very decided opinions on any question of social form, all with terribly vague standards of right and wrong. Geometry and calculus, mineralogy and conic sections are all important to the student's well-being, present and future; but the real problem of life—how to attain the ideal of which he has heard so much—he may solve as best he can.

But Evadne, Marcella and Dodo, the patron saints of the New Woman, are English and out of the question. In our own country, Mrs. Burton Harrison, whose "Anglo-maniacs" is almost a classic, has taken a firm stand against the march of emancipation. Hers is no doubtful cry; every utterance is positive, every situation in her "Bachelor Maid" is pregnant with meaning. Marion is the very antithesis of Evadne, an earnest, pure-hearted, American girl, unselfish and unspoiled, whose enthusiasm to live the higher life and help those about her to better things almost ruins her own, and her lover's life. She, too, has the "new" idea that man and woman are necessarily enemies; but she is too clear-headed not to see her mistake, and, seeing it, too honest not to set it right.

Our New Woman, then,—the American type—is not dangerous and never will be. She may wear bifurcated skirts, may even descend to pantaloons, but she will soon discover—as *we* did long ago—how extremely ungraceful pantaloons really are, and she will give them up. Our American girl has the material in her of which martyrs are made, but a martyr without a cause is supremely ridiculous, and our women will not be laughed at. Already the New Woman grows reminiscent when she speaks of her triumphs, for she was a fad, almost as harmless, not quite so ornamental, as the "Brownie" pin; and fads live but a day and perish.

D. V. C.

Exchanges.

The Sibyl, in its dainty cover of white and gold, brings with it a reminiscence of gift-books and the holidays. The one great fault with this magazine is that it is published too seldom. It should be, at the very least, a monthly. The number before us is made up of French and English verse, short stories, biographical sketches of Max O'Rell and of Anton Rubenstein, a translation from the French of François Coppée and another from the German of Bernhardt, Echoes from the Sibyl Room and notes from the Departments of Art and Music.

Of the six short stories, the illustrated one is by far the best. In literary finish and in pathos it ranks, in our opinion, with François Coppée's "Louis-D'Or"; and the half-tone of "Kid" is worthy of the pencil of a Gibson. Taken all in all, *The Sibyl* is undoubtedly in the forefront of our sister periodicals.

The December number of *The Penn Chronicle* contains an unique symposium on the subject, "Does a College Education Pay?" The editor, presumably, wrote to the presidents of the various representative colleges of Iowa asking their opinions on the subject, and the answers received form the matter of the symposium. The *Chronicle* is unique in one other direction. So far as we know its staff is the only one that requires of its Business Manager an affidavit as to the number of copies in actual circulation. As a modern version of "hands up" this is quite novel.

Apropos of our criticism of the editorial utterance of the *Dial* in our last issue, we sub-join the following paragraph taken from *The*

University of Virginia Magazine. Writing of college periodicals the editor observes:

"In the poorer magazines we note a great scarcity of fiction, showing that it is easier to write a poor essay than a poor story. But it is also noticeable that the best magazines give the most prominent position to essays, and we think the really good essay is as important a factor in college magazines as the story. A well-written essay, on an interesting subject, which gives the writer's own thoughts on his subject, possesses as much, if not more, literary merit than the average story, and certainly requires far more labor and time in its execution."

Obituary

—Brother Julius (John Wall), who, for the past fifteen years, presided over the University printing-office, died on the morning of the 14th inst. His end was most peaceful and happy. For the past year he had been a constant sufferer, and the call of death's angel was to him a message of consolation, for his life had been one of rare devotedness and piety. He leaves behind him a memory fragrant of virtue, and a precious example of fidelity to duty and patience in suffering. May he rest in peace!

Personals.

—Thomas Noud (Commercial), '86, is book-keeper for the State Lumber Co., Manistee, Mich.

—Rev. James Clancy, Woodstock, Ill., made a pleasant call upon his many friends at the University last week.

—United States Marshall Hawkins, of Indiana, visited the University last week in company with his wife, and left his young son in the Minim department.

—A. J. O'Reilly, '68, formerly of Reading, Pa., now of Indianapolis, has just returned from a holiday visit to friends in New Orleans. He says his brother Frank, '64, is spending the winter in Paris.

—The SCHOLASTIC tenders its sincerest sympathy to Mr. Michael Hannin, '93, on the death of his brother John, a promising young man of twenty-three years. The universal regret at Mr. Hannin's untimely death proves how much he was loved by those who knew him. May he rest in peace!

—Rev. Joseph Chartran of the pro-Cathedral, Indianapolis, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Chapin of South Bend; visited the University Wednesday afternoon. There are seven students from the Cathedral parish now following

courses at Notre Dame, and they took delight in entertaining the popular young priest.

—Mr. Decius, representing the interests of the Catholic colony located at Bakersfield, Col., visited the College last week. His description of the climate and the produce of the soil shows that Kerr County has exceptional chances for the thrifty farmer. Further information will be cheerfully given by either Mr. Decius or Rev. J. J. Fortier, 198 Ontario St., Chicago, Ill.

—The Milwaukee *Sunday Sentinel* of recent date gives the following short sketch of Thomas H. Grier, '75, who was elected to the State Assembly for the town of Randall from 1892 to 1894, which position he still holds:

"Thomas H. Grier of Lake Geneva, Walworth County, was born on his father's farm in the township of Bloomfield, Walworth County, Wis., on March 24, 1851. After completing the district school course he attended the Geneva Lake Seminary for a year and entered the University of Notre Dame, Ind., in September, 1869. He graduated in the Commercial Course in 1871, and in the Scientific Course in June, 1875. He returned to carry on his father's farm of which he is still the occupant and owner. He has always taken an active interest in the promotion of the Walworth County Agricultural Society. He has been chosen a delegate to represent the locality in various county, district and state Republican conventions. In February, 1878, he was married to Mary A. McLaughlin, and has two sons and three daughters."

Local Items.

—Several new students have joined the Law class.

—Hand-ball has died out in the Carroll department.

—The Moot-Court will hold its first-session next Wednesday afternoon.

—Where are the Library copies of the illustrated magazines for January?

—The Carrolls enjoyed a pleasant skate on the lake last Wednesday evening.

—One of our shining lights is said to have challenged a "Shorty" to fight to a finish.

—The Law Debating Society will meet this evening to reorganize for the new session.

—It is the proper thing to organize sleighing parties now. Have you caught the fever?

—Several new volumes have been added to the Law Library during the past few weeks.

—The watchword of Sorin Hall now is "Look wide-awake lest you may be the subject of a wake."

—The St. Cecilians held no meeting owing to their late return from the lake Wednesday evening.

—There will be a meeting of the Athletic Association on next Thursday afternoon at one o'clock.

—The Count is officially informed that the Literary Grads have at length learned "what parabolas is."

—Col. Hoynes has announced that he intends to add another law lecture to the regular number on Feb. 1st.

—During the past week the members of the Belles-Lettres class have been listening to lectures on the Oration.

—Verse is again the topic in the Criticism class. Many good quatrains have been handed in during the last week.

—Hand-ball is the prevailing pastime in the Brownson gym. these mid-winter days. We have several experts at the game.

—One of our witty men says that the reason a cat lights on its feet when thrown in the air is that it has a *clause* in its constitution.

—The wretch that fastened the empty bottle to the cat's tail is about to be discovered. The world will then know where the contents went.

—The following names were omitted from the List of Excellence for piano: L. Brincker, E. Manchester, S. Schultz, F. Wilson, F. Cornell, A. Long.

—Rev. Father Morrissey spoke a few words of advice to the Carrolls last Thursday in regard to the honors, medals, etc., which will be given at Commencement.

—Last Thursday the students of the different departments took advantage of the fine sleighing, and many parties were formed and visits paid to the surrounding towns.

—There will be a meeting of the Philodemics in the Law room next Wednesday evening for the purpose of reorganizing the society and electing officers for the new session.

—We are informed that there is to be a Band concert in the near future. The boys under the direction of Prof. Preston are practising hard, and we may expect a musical treat.

—During the past week Colonel Hoynes has been lecturing to the Law class on "Corporations" and "Common Law Pleadings." He is also conducting a very interesting quiz on "Contracts."

—We are having the same old trouble with the new's agent from South Bend that we had last year. He never brings enough of papers to supply the demand. The boys should take steps to rectify the matter.

—Several presumptuous Carrollites had the temerity to think that they would be entertained at the Academy, if they should be too late for dinner at the University. Don't be surprised; they're young, you know.

After a canvass of South Bend last Thursday several of our young men came to the conclusion that the population was made up mainly of Herveys and Dinkles and Davises; at

least, nearly everyone answered to these names.

—Mr. Francis P. McManus, the Bostonian, was the last member of Sorin Hall to return from his vacation, which, he says, was spent very enjoyably in the "city of culture and beans." He now sings "For I've Come Home to Stay."

—Iron dogs are in themselves harmless creatures. Backed by a sign which threatens trespassers, however, they become formidable. Report has it that several friends were frightened away by the ghost-like finger pointing eastward.

—Two of the finest shells that have ever appeared on St. Joseph's Lake have just received the finishing touch at the boat-house. They have six oars, but are, in point of weight and general workmanship, superior to the old shells. The June regatta promises to be the best ever seen at Notre Dame.

—One of our youthful astronomers says that when an eclipse takes place the animals look surprised. It was the same individual that told a local poet, who wished, but did not dare, to use a certain name in one of his verses, to call her Phyllis, because "lots" of poets addressed their rhymes to *fabulous* creatures.

—The Director of the Catholic Reference Library of America acknowledges with many thanks the receipt of a bound volume of the *Truth Teller* for the year 1830, a gift from the Rt. Rev. Monsignor Seton, D. D., and a bound volume of *The Catholic News* for the year 1893, presented by Mr. Herman Ridder.

—For the benefit of our *Fin-de-siècle* readers we subjoin the following description by anticipation of the dress which the "New Woman" will wear:

"Un ulstere peau-de-phoque,
Un chapeau Bilicoque,
Et des Nicrebocqueurs en velours."

—Last Thursday afternoon a party of twenty from Sorin Hall took advantage of the fine sleighing and made a trip to South Bend. As usual, they were welcomed by a shower of snowballs, frozen bananas, etc. After taking in the sights of the city the boys returned fully satisfied that there is nothing like a real old-fashioned sleigh ride.

—The experimental chemistry class has resumed its work in the laboratory. Already they point with pride to their numerous scars and blisters, and gleefully tell how they acquired them. The saddest accident of all occurred when *Das Kind*—he of the dynamical tendencies—dropped his last cigarette into the bath of *aqua regia* and ruined it forever.

—During the present session all the societies will appear in public. The Thespians will come out in a play on Washington's Birthday; the Columbians will follow with another on Saint Patrick's day; the Philopatrians will give a public exhibition in April or May, while the

Philodemics and the Law Debating Society promise to do great things before the close of the session.

—The Philopatrians held their first regular meeting for the second session last Saturday evening. Several of the members were attending the Crescent Club hop. A quorum, however, was found present, and the society proceeded to regular business. The officers for the new session were elected. Their names will be published next week. The society expects a large increase in membership.

—The Philopatrians went a-sleighbing to Mishawaka last Thursday morning. There was much enthusiasm *en route*. The good people of South Bend and the adjoining burg stared in amazement when the boys broke in upon their solitude. They shook off their lethargy and issued posters for dances and festivities galore. Stocks have gone up several notches, and real estate has received a boom. There are cobwebs no longer on South Bend and its suburbs.

—Hand-ball is now the order of the day in the Brownson gymnasium. Would it not be well for the baseball players to harden up their hands and get them into condition for the spring? The captain of the Varsity should attend to this and see that every promising man has a fixed amount of work each day on the hand-ball courts. We have every prospect for a splendid team, plenty of material and considerable enthusiasm, and no pains should be spared to make it the best team we have ever had. Hard work will do it, but it should be begun at once. "In time of peace prepare for war."

—The Sorin Hall reading-room is the Mecca of all pilgrims literary at present. It is the brightest, cheeriest little club-room at the University, and the Sorins wonder, now, how they existed before it was fitted up. All the important magazines are on the tables: *The Century*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's*, *Scribner's*, *Donahoe's*, *The Cosmopolitan*, *Munsey's*, *The Forum*, *The North American Review*, *The Catholic World*, *The Rosary*, *The Reading Circle Review*, and the illustrated weeklies, *Harper's*, *Leslie's* and *The London Graphic* and *Illustrated News*. There is some talk of adding the English reviews to the list to give ballast to the more "popular" American magazines. Mr. Corbett, to whose zeal and ability all this is due, certainly deserves a vote of thanks from the inmates of the Hall, for whom he has provided a little "periodical" paradise.

—It was only an owl—a big, gray owl—but it created a momentary flurry of excitement in the "Den." It called early one morning, sneezed twice when it scented the tobacco-smoke, and concluded to take luncheon at some other house. It was finally prevailed upon to stay, and everyone claims that it was he who persuaded it. Some of the regular *habitués* of the

"Den" discovered that an owl has claws and a beak; but enthusiasm minds not trifles, and the goggle-eyed bird of Minerva was cornered and captured. A committee was appointed to add it to the menagerie attached to Saint Edward's Hall, and the Minims now rejoice in the possession of a real Irish parrot. The Minims have made a flattering offer to Mike, the landscape-gardener, to teach it to forget its Gaelic for plain "United States," and it is to prevent any imposition on the little fellows that the facts in the case are here published.

—The Sorin Literary Association held its first regular meeting on Saturday evening, January 12. A large gathering listened very attentively to the remarks of the President on the object and aim of the society. The business of the evening was the election of officers for the ensuing session. It resulted as follows: Hon. Directors, Very Rev. G. Français and Very Rev. W. Corby; Director, Rev. A. Morrissey; Promoter, Rev. J. Burns; President, Rev. T. Corbett; 1st Vice-President, J. Jonquet; 2d Vice-President, A. Bump; Corresponding Secretary, J. McCarthy; Recording Secretary, E. Dugas; Treasurer, T. Noonan; Librarian, B. Roesing; Marshal, M. Devine; Monitors, G. Moxley and G. Abrahams; Censor, A. Coquillard; Sergeant-at-Arms, W. Finnerty; Standard-Bearer, W. Dalton. After the election the work of the year was outlined, and an interesting programme set for the next meeting. Judging from present indications this is destined to be one of the leading literary societies in the University.

—Last Thursday evening, the Columbian Literary Society met to elect officers for the coming session. T. T. Cavanagh was chosen temporary secretary and the voting proceeded, resulting in the election of the following officers: President, Rev. James J. French; 1st Vice-President, Peter M. White; 2d Vice-President, Edward E. Brennan; Recording Secretary, John W. Miller; Corresponding Secretary, Raymond G. O'Malley; Literary Critic, Thomas T. Cavanagh; Treasurer, Fred J. O'Brien; Censor, Albert Karasynski; Sergeant-at-Arms, George W. Anson. Messrs. White, Costello and Howley were chosen as a Committee on Programme, Messrs. Ryan, A. G. Herman, Richard Halligan, Elmer Murphy and James Barry as a Committee on Membership. The interest manifest at this meeting gives assurance of a most successful session. Every member is desirous of making the record of the society a good one. The next meeting will be informal; but at the following meeting a debate will be held on the question: "Which is the higher proof of merit—to have many enemies or many friends." Messrs. Anson and W. J. Burke will speak for the affirmative, and Messrs. Browné and W. P. Burke for the negative. Mr. Brennan will deliver a declamation, and Mr. Barry will read an original essay.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Casey, Cullinan, Davis, Dempsey, Dinkel, Devanney, Eyanson, Funke, L. Gibson, J. Hervey, J. Kennedy, Marr, Mitchell, J. Mott, McKee, D. Murphy, J. Murphy, Murray, Oliver, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Ryan, Slevin, Shannon, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Arnold, Alber, Anson, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Britz, R. Brown, Corry, Clark, Crane, Chassaing, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanagh, Conger, A. Campbell, Crilly, Chase, Cullen, J. Cavanaugh, Dowd, Delaney, Dillon, Daley, Finnerty, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Gibson, Golden, Galen, H. Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Halligan, G. Hanhanesr, Harrison, Hindel, Howley, Hierholzer, J. J. Hogan, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, Hentges, Hengen, Jones, Kegler, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Ludwig, Landa, Lassig, Matthewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, A. Monahan, B. Monahan, R. Monahan, J. Monahan, J. Moore, Melter, H. Miller, McHugh, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McGreevey, H. A. Miller, C. Miller, Ney, Neely, O'Malley, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Reardon, Rowan, J. Ryan, Schulte, Sheehan, Smith, Scott, F. Smogor, Schultz, S. Steele, C. Steele, Stack, Sullivan, Salladay, C. Smogor, Spalding, Sanders, Turner G. Wilson, Walkowiak, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wiss, Wensingér, F. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Adler, Bloomfield, Ball, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Brown, Campau, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Chase, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dixon Dávezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gimbel, Gainer, Gausepohl, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, W. Healy, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, L. Herr, E. Herr, C. Herr, Jones, Keffe, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, A. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Lichtenwalter, Lantry, Langley, Lowery, Lane, Landsdowne, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Miller, Massey, Maurus, Minnigerode, Meirs, F. Morris, McShane, McCarthy, McPhillips, McPhee, R. Murray, McCarrick, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, McGinley, Nevius, O'Brien, O'Mara, Plunkett, Pendleton, Pim, Pockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shillington, Sheeky, Sullivan, Stearns, F. Smith, Scott, Steiner, Schaack, Strong, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Tatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Ward, Wallace, Watterson, Wright, Wigg, Weidmann, Zitter, Fitzgerald.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters Allyn, L. Abrahams, G. Abrahams, Audibert, Bullene, Bump, Brinckerhoff, Breslin, Brissenden, P. Boyton, D. Boyton, Curry, Clarke, Cressy, Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, J. Caruthers, Cotter, F. Caruthers, Collins, Cassady Dalton, Durand, E. Dugas, G. Dugas, Devine, Elliott, Egan, Finnerty, Fitzgerald, Goff, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Hart, Herschey, R. Hess, F. Hess, Hawkins, Kopf, M. Jonquet, J. Jonquet, C. Kelly, L. Kelly, Kasper, Leach, Lawton, Morehouse, Moxley, McIntyre, R. McCarthy, E. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, McElroy, McCorry, McNamara, McNichols, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Newman, Paul, Plunkett, W. Pollitz, H. Pollitz, D. Rasche, L. Rasche, Roesing, Ryan, Spillard, Sontag, Swan, Steele, Strauss, Sexton, Swan, Thompson, E. Van Dyke, J. Van Dyke, Waite, Welch, Weidmann, Graham.