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The Fisher Maiden.

(After Heine.)

© LOVELY fisher maiden,
O come thou unto me;
My love is like the billows
Of your ever-changing sea.

My heart is like your ocean,
Swayed by the wind, and wide,—
In it you'll find devotion,
And many pearls beside.

O. M. H.

Morality and Art in Literature.

ARTHUR P. HUDSON, '95.

It is a notable fact that "Trilby," the "Manxman," and "Lord Ormont and his Aminta," three of the most popular works of fiction that have been added to our literature during the last few years, deal with aspects of human life that are generally considered as belonging to the realm of silence. Granting that these three novels are not objectionable from a moral point of view—for this is the opinion of the most capable critics—it seems there must be something in their treatment that distinguishes them from others that are less favorably looked upon by the public. The question, then, arises as to where lies the difference between two methods of handling the same subject, and how far an author is justified in describing scenes and episodes of life, of which Christian mankind has agreed not to speak.

In our day there is a school of moralists—the outgrowth of Puritanism—whose teachings

are too stringent and artificial. Its tendency is well illustrated by the incident of the old lady who insisted that trousers be put on the legs of the piano. If its principles were followed out, Shakspeare would never be referred to, except, perhaps, as representing the utter immorality of his age, and the public would read none but an expurgated edition of the Bible. Opposed to this puritanical spirit there is a school which, in its reaction, has fallen into the other extreme. The one is represented by an overstrained idealism; the other by a vulgar realism. To be plain spoken is becoming fashionable. But it should be remembered that there is a relation between truth and conventionality which demands that certain topics be avoided in ordinary conversation.

Those who are inclined to either extreme view, should not be considered in attempting to determine upon a general standard of moral judgment. When a book is declared to be good or bad morally, that is supposed to be the opinion of a broad and impartial mind, such as is representative of the intelligent public. The manners of men are constantly undergoing change. And since the literature of any age is but a reflection of its life, it follows that the same judgments will not always be passed on the same book. Before giving a criticism of the work of an author, the age in which he wrote should be known in order that he may be judged by the rules of morality which that age set up. If a novel similar to "Tom Jones" were written in this generation, it would doubtless be considered very coarse. Yet in his own age, when manners were less refined than at present, we may easily believe that Fielding was looked upon as a moralist. In the introduction to "Tom Jones," he expresses his intention to better the morals of the people

by "showing to them plain examples of virtue and vice." "*Clarissa Harlowe*" would not be written by any decent man of our day. But when it was first published, Richardson was almost adored by the women, who regarded him as the friend and defender of their sex. These examples go to show that a standard of moral judgment which will apply to all times does not exist.

A novel, or any other form of literary production, cannot be immoral at one time and not at another. The laws of morality never change, and an offence against them can never be otherwise. Coarseness is an offence against convention, and the laws that govern it may vary. Many authors of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries are not read now, because what was then perfectly proper is now unconventional. Plain speaking, such as occurs in parts of Shakspeare, and which is to be distinguished from the immoral passages in a few of his sonnets, is, according to our rules of propriety, coarse, but not immoral.

The point of view of morality, as assumed by any age, depends upon the habits and life of the people. The standard of to-day is a high one. If this be an index to morality, the present generation may well be proud of itself. It condemns all the works that did not meet with the approval of the past, and on many others it looks with an unapproving eye.

But our age is not so prudish as many suppose. A few of our authors, especially the American realists, think they must fashion their work to please the young girl, of whose taste they have quite an exaggerated notion. It is true, the manners of to-day are not the same as they were a century ago; they are more refined. The manners of the novel have likewise improved, and for this reason the sphere of the novelist is more limited. But those authors who most complain of this restraint, and observe it most closely, have put it upon themselves. There is no better proof of this statement than the popularity of those writers who have taken greater freedom. As to that class of novels which is interested in advancing new theories on religious and moral problems of the day, they are things of circumstance, and do not seem to have much influence on the public mind. They are good in so far as they open the eyes of men to prevalent evils. But all of them are dangerous, and they generally possess a tinge of coarseness, if not immorality.

"All is fit to be expressed provided our aim is only high." This is a maxim of which too

many modern critics lose sight. For them there are certain facts of life to which any allusion whatever is not allowed; on this ground they condemn some of the noblest works of our literature. There are people who would hold up their hands in horror, if it were said to them that Keats' "*Eve of St. Agnes*" or Tennyson's "*Godiva*" is not immoral. Yet the stock hero and heroine, who are really responsible for much of the evil in the world, but who do not give offence outright, are, in their opinion, deserving of no blame whatever. Spenser's "*Epithalamion*," which is often regarded as coarse, and even sensual, is considered by Coventry Patmore a pure and elevating poem, because it was the intention of the author to make it so. This suggests another remark which, indeed, is at the very foundation of the distinction between the morally good and bad in literature. Everything depends on the intention of the author; if he proposes to write a poisonous book he is not limited by the choice of a subject. Evil motives may be attributed to any act, however virtuous.

The most dangerous author is not he who places on the market something that is utterly immoral; such a book is disgusting and repulsive, and for this reason will not be read. But that so-called "popular" literature, which has to be bound in yellow paper in order to sell well, and which makes desire supreme over conscience, does perhaps more harm than any other sort of literature. An author who holds a high ideal is free to treat any subject whatever without becoming in the least offensive. Very few people have the false prejudice against certain features of Hawthorne, Dickens and Eliot. Men, now, generally believe that if the aim is high, all delicate references are overshadowed by the earnestness of the author's intention, and do not amount to so much as a taint on the work in which they appear. On this ground certain of Walt Whitman's poems cannot be excused. It must be admitted that about some of Whitman's verses, there is a vulgar coarseness which amounts to immorality. But taking it as a whole, the aim of the volume is not indelicacy. In other of his poems, led by his desire to be natural, he too often becomes vulgar; but standing forth above this, there always pervades a love of justice and liberty, which causes us to overlook partly the other defects. But some of his verses cannot but be condemned, because his intention, as well as his theme, is altogether immoral.

The point of view of morality, assumed by

Walt Whitman should not be encouraged. Coarseness is not demoralizing; but it is, to a certain degree, always injurious. The subjects which he insists on presenting to the public mind, men by a tacit agreement have determined not to speak about. A low ideal, being easier to follow, is more likely to be imitated than a high one; and at present, the danger of over-refinement is not nearly so great as that of falling into a vulgar realism.

It is a mistake to suppose that the French school of realism is condemned by the fact of its reflecting a repulsive phase of life. Zola's works are immoral, not because he treats of crime, but because he ridicules virtue, paints vice in false colors, and teaches of a world in which crime does not meet with any natural punishment. If he were true to life, and showed how the evil-doer, as a consequence of sin, inevitably comes to grief, then, far from being immoral, his novels would teach a moral lesson to all who read them. Tolstoi in the selection of his plots very closely resembles the French realists. Yet Mr. H. H. Boyeson calls him a great moralist. Having urged against "Trilby" the objection that it is immoral, because the character of Trilby herself is unnatural, he says of Tolstoi: "He is the greatest living moralist, because he pierces deeper into the heart of things than any contemporary. Without a word of preaching he enforces in 'Anna Karénina' the inexorable law that all anti-social relations are destructive of character, destructive of happiness, destructive of life."

When a book whose morality is questionable appears on the market, the moral sense of the public will soon pass judgment upon it. If it is objectionable, it will be avoided by all decent people. Of course, there are a few who, like vultures, wait until they hear that some book is rotten, and then read it. The evil effect here is, however, not to be feared. But it should teach a lesson to those who raise a loud clamor, and do nothing but bring the nuisance to light. All literature should ultimately be consecrated to the service of purity, intelligence and taste. And a novel that injures the highest interests of society is objectionable, the objection being in proportion to the gravity of the offense.

"HE who thinks for himself is rarely persuaded by another. Information and inspiration he gladly receives, but he forms his own judgment."

"The New Antigone."

JAMES BARRY, '97.

Marion Crawford, in his admirable little book on the novel, says that the foundation of good fiction seems to be ethic rather than æsthetic. Accepting this distinction, and applying it to two recent novels, "Trilby" and "The New Antigone," I dare say that the one cannot be called "good fiction," on account of the absence of the ethical quality, while the other, because of its strict adherence to ethics, must grow upon the public taste. Beauty of style, indeed, has its reward; but with the lapse of years, style, like fashion, changes. Morality, on the contrary, is ever essentially the same, and, whether practised in France or in England, calls forth approval.

There are many points from which "The New Antigone" may be viewed. There is the friendship of honest Tom Davenant for the noble and self-sacrificing Ivor Mardol. This feature of the work is rather tempting; for he must have a hard heart who does not inwardly weep for Tom when death robs him of his friend. Though far removed in rank and differently gifted, these two young men are bound together by the closest ties of friendship. The curious and rather unnatural love existing between Hippolyta and Glanville might be treated of; the beautiful character of Lady May Davenant would be a fit subject for a sketch; but, above all, there is the social reform, which is the most prominent feature of the work.

Free love, as it exists among socialists, is a terrible menace to society. When upheld by men and women whose opportunities have been great, whose education has been liberal, there is ground for apprehension. What if the socialists, who profess the doctrine of free love, who sneer at religion and religious institutions, and who look on marriage as a huge joke, a thing to be dispensed with in their grand Utopia, were to revolutionize society? Civilization would relapse into barbarism; man would become degenerate, and life odious. It is an appalling picture.

"The New Antigone" is a powerful argument against this doctrine of free love. Colonel Valence, the principal socialist in the story, has thrown off all conventional restraints. His dreams were the murder of kings and the

destruction of empires. His first act was the suppression of the King of kings, in whose stead he set up Nature as his master. Colonel Valence has a daughter whom he taught to despise all social customs. Her dreams are her father's; her god is her father's god. Taught to discern the beauties of ancient and modern literature, imbued with the philosophy of social reform, and ardently desirous to see the "New Era," Hippolyta Valence is opposed to everything with which society has anything to do—except falling in love. Glanville and she are engaged; but Hippolyta is entirely averse to a marriage ceremony, whether civil or religious. Free love is an article in her faith. She cannot break the commandments she received from her father and be consistent. Glanville, on his side, is just as determined. He warns Hippolyta of the disgrace, the ruin, she is bringing upon herself. She laughs at the idea of disgrace; she never felt it, and she never should feel it. So young, so beautiful, so innocent and pure and determined, Glanville is unable to oppose her wish. She strongly insists that if Christianity should separate them, then she would die. This has the desired effect, and they are married—according to the socialistic idea.

We cannot blame Hippolyta for this conduct. The circumstances of her education exculpate her. Poor Glanville hopes to bring about a union in accordance with the law of the land. Now and then he hints at such a thing, but Hippolyta remains silent. One evening in the absence of Glanville—he is an artist and engaged in his studio several miles distant—Hippolyta hears an organ's deep tones borne on the breeze from a church on the hill opposite her home. A desire to know what was occurring there filled her and she entered the church. A priest, bearing in his hand a crucifix, was preaching from the pulpit. He spoke of heaven and God's love. By his eloquence Hippolyta was strangely stirred. She learns to know the God of the Christians, and suddenly she is struck with the offence she has committed against Him. God has touched her heart, and she flies from home in the hatred of her sin. She escapes from the grove of Daphne. She enters a convent, and there for the rest of her life expiates the crime of her too credulous youth.

The philosophy of this story, here barely touched upon, is easily discernible. Glanville, with all his eloquence and power of persuasion, with all the attributes with which an artist is endowed, could not win Hippolyta to Chris-

tianity. But a poor, unknown priest wrought the miracle. And why? Because truth fell from his lips; because Hippolyta felt that he was the legitimate instrument of that God whom she sought not, but who came. The Catholic Church is represented to be, as it is in reality, the refuge of the fallen. What a glorious institution it is, how liberal, how soothing to the weak and the wounded, how maternal, how divine, can be inferred from "The New Antigone!" To Hippolyta it was, indeed, a refuge, and to it she fled from the demon of her own thoughts. Tired and fearful she knocked at its door; and for years, as long as death withheld his grim hand, she rejoiced in the welcome she received.

Her dreams of social reform turned out to be but dreams, indeed. But she saw in the efforts of the reformers many noble deeds worthy of a greater cause. She knew more than one Marcus Aurelius or Socrates in the misguided mob which clamored for royal blood to wash out the stain of tyranny. Ivor Mardol was one of these. Pagan though he was, he admired Christian institutions; it was tyranny under the name of justice that he abhorred. His was a noble character. Humble, sincere and kind, he should not have been a pagan; and his unselfishness, to which he was a martyr, must have availed much at the Throne of Mercy. In contemplating his character I have been struck with Gray's immortal idea—

"Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear,"

and feel that his mind was of that class which, though wellnigh perfect, is lost in the caverns of doubt.

"Van Bibber" and His Boswell.*

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS.

A few years since there appeared in *Scribner's* a short story which at once attained a wide and lasting popularity. There was something about it which struck the fancy of our magazine readers, and a whole continent immediately hailed its author as one of our most promising young men of letters. "Gallegher" is an intensely interesting and exciting tale, delightfully told, of how an office boy of a great newspaper managed to "scoop" an article of the utmost importance to the American public—

* Two papers read before the Philodemic Literary Society on its "Van Bibber Night," Feb. 27.

the report of the capture of Stephen S. Hade, the noted murderer, for whom the detectives of two continents had looked in vain—for his own paper. The shrewdness, pluck and determination displayed by this street Arab, the wild uproar and confusion at the ringside when the policeman made their raid, Gallagher's escape and thrilling ride and its happy termination—all this was so cleverly handled by the young writer that Richard Harding Davis awoke one morning to find himself famous.

Mr. Davis was born about thirty-one years ago in the staid old city of Philadelphia, and grew up within sight of Independence Hall. When he had arrived at the proper age he was entered at Lehigh; but, as he early evinced a preference for literary labor, he withdrew from this university to attend Johns Hopkins—from which institution he was graduated—to fit himself for his entrance into the field of journalism.

He began his newspaper work in Philadelphia, first as a reporter on the *Inquirer* and afterwards on the *Press*. While connected with the staff of the latter paper he made his first great success in "Gallegher." He spent a year in Europe as a correspondent of the *Philadelphia Evening Telegraph*, and returned to accept a reportership on the *New York Evening Sun*. Although born and raised in such a slow old town as Philadelphia, he managed to take New York City by storm when he journeyed to Gotham. On the day of his arrival, while on his way to report at the *Sun* office, he was accosted by some bunco men who mistook him for one of their innumerable country friends. Davis had had some experience with gentlemen of this character before; however, he allowed himself to be caught. He followed them to their rendezvous, and when they attempted to rob him, turned the tables on the rascals; he knocked the sharpers down, and put them in the care of the police, and then wrote up his adventure for the *Evening Sun*. In 1891, Davis was offered and accepted the associate editorship of *Harper's Weekly*, and he is still occupying this position. His work, for the most part, has been published by the Harpers.

Mr. Davis delights in just such affairs as that of the bunco men. As he is a finely-built muscular fellow he is always well able to take care of himself. Long ago, while still a reporter in the city of Brotherly Love, Davis showed of what stuff he was made, and proved that he could play detective as well as write about them. At that time the city was infested by a

gang of bold, but skilful burglars. The police were unable to catch them, and for quite a while they continued their depredations unmolested. Davis resolved to bring them to justice. He managed to learn in which portion of the city they lived, and then he went among them and stayed with them for some time, masquerading as a thief. He learned their secrets and mode of work, and thus succeeded in ridding the city of them.

Davis loves the freedom of a Bohemian life, and he has wandered over the whole American continent and the greater part of Europe. He has always had a great sympathy for criminals of all classes, and it is said his rooms are full of relics presented to him by the noted law-breakers and their friends, the detectives, of both America and Europe. I cannot help suspecting that many of the adventures of Van Bibber befell no less a personage than Richard Harding Davis. You must all remember that little story of his about Van Bibber feeding the lying beggar, and then forcing him, not only to pay for his breakfast, but even to tip the waiter who served him. I have not the slightest doubt but that his "Disreputable Friend, Mr. Raegan," and "Hefty" Burke are gentlemen of his acquaintance, who figure, or did figure, largely on the New York City police records.

If there is the slightest truth in the popularly believed laws of heredity, no one can wonder at Davis' remarkable success in his literary efforts. His father is L. Clarke Davis, who for twenty years edited the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, and is at present filling the same responsible position on the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*. His mother is Rebecca Harding Davis whose name is familiar, especially to our magazine reading public, as one of our cleverest literary women. His journalistic tendencies come from his father and his story-telling qualities from his mother, and he unites the best of both in himself. Davis' face and figure is well known to our readers of the magazines, for his friend, Charles Dana Gibson, has used him in many of his drawings. Although handsome and dashing in appearance, Davis is still in pursuit of his princess Aline, and there are no rumors that a Miss Morris is right at hand waiting to be fallen in love with.

Davis introduced local color plentifully in his stories, and one misses a great deal because he cannot understand some of his allusions to famous old places in and around New York City. However, those who are acquainted with the scenes of his stories say he never makes

a mistake and always gives us an exact photograph of them. He is thoroughly acquainted with both types of men whom he writes about, Van Bibber, the manly dandy, and Raegan, the young tough of the Bowery; he is always at home with his characters, and that is why they are so true to life. His power of describing things just as they are is wonderful, and I think an eminent writer of our day struck the keynote of his success when he said: "When I read a story of Richard Harding Davis' about Delmonicos I can almost see the linen glisten."

DANIEL P. MURPHY, '95.

* *

VAN BIBBER'S PERSONALITY.

Ten years ago or less Van Bibber was little known to persons whose names were not upon the books of at least one of the best New York clubs. Dwellers on the Bowery and the immediate neighborhood looked up from their various employments, or want of employments, as he passed them by, and wondered, perchance, what so well dressed a man was doing in that part of town. One or two there were, indeed, who, though ignorant of his name, had, nevertheless, a slight acquaintance with him.

There, for example, was a certain professional beggar who had gotten more than he bargained for once upon a time when he set up before Van Bibber his whining plea for a meal. There, too, was the young woman who kept the training school for actresses, and who always cherished a grudge against him for taking out of her hands the most promising young pupil she had ever had. But, with a few exceptions like these, Van Bibber, I repeat, was scarcely known before a clever young newspaper man, Richard Harding Davis by name, discovered him and introduced him in print to all men. It has been my good fortune to become, through Mr. Davis' kind offices, an acquaintance of young Van Bibber's, and I have been asked to tell what sort of a fellow he is. It is not an easy task, because Davis, who knows him best, left me to study his character by myself. Almost the only hint I have received from him was something he said, if I recollect aright, very soon after my first meeting with the genial subject of this sketch.

"Van Bibber," Davis remarked, "is rich. There is nothing unusual in that. He is also generous—a quality not rare in itself, but seldom, in my experience, found in conjunction with the means of indulging one's inclinations in that direction." This was all he said; but it

did not take me long to discover that in addition to being rich and generous he was a scion of an old Dutch Manhattan family, the cream of the social aristocracy.

From the secure and envied shade of the Family Tree he could smile condescendingly upon the seething Masses whose ancestors unhappily knew nothing of the hollyhocks and fat pork so inimitably dilated upon by the Knickerbocker historian. He could, I say, enjoy this beatitude, but I fear he had not a proper sense of his good fortune. Aspiring *débutantes* and sagacious mammas could make little of him.

True it is, a certain Girl he Knew came across his path on one or two occasions,—at the races, perhaps, or some sea-side hop; but I could find nothing to indicate that he thought of her to the exclusion of less enchanting subjects, or that she was either the first or the last of the Hers that roused him to passing interest. Besides, after all, a man is hardly human if he is not desirous of the good opinion of some woman. And humanity, in its primary meaning, I think to be Van Bibber's most remarkable characteristic. Moreover, she certainly was as handsome and clever a girl as ever Gibson drew.

The atmosphere of the best set or the most exclusive club, not only in New York, but everywhere, is, to say the least, close. People seem afraid to throw open the windows and let in the fresh air lest—dreadful to contemplate—the wind be blowing from an unfashionable quarter. Better breathe twice and thrice over the carbon dioxide that has had the *entrée* into the lungs of young Van Bibber and his friend Travers, whose inner strata are supposed to be formed of a peculiar blue-veined strain of clay, than inhale oxygen that has passed over the unmentionable haunts of Rags Raegan and his one-time rival, Hefty Burke. This point of view is inhuman and artificial, and I early found out that Van Bibber refused to share it. His strong personality broke through the *chevaux de frise* of conventionality that hedges in the man of his class, and he presented the rare spectacle of a free man of fashion. His mind was his own.

As far as I recollect, I never heard Van Bibber define the word "dude." I feel sure, however, that he would do so by describing a creature, who in manners, dress and mode of thought is a slave to conventionality. Van Bibber despised dudes. They were always getting into the not too gentle hands of the

"Comic" papers, and served up as delicious morsels to the very Van Bibber whom they aped and worshipped.

Clothes do not make the dude any more than they do the gentleman. No one was ever more fastidious about what he wears and eats, about his tub and his cane, than young Van Bibber. His patent leather shoes are drawn out into the most exquisite razor-tip, and last spring he was on the point of discharging his peerless valet because his trousers were not properly creased.

But he did not live for his clothes. Polonius, in a famous conversation, once truly said that "the apparel oft proclaims the man." He might have added that the manner in which the apparel is worn is a much better indicator. I once heard a well-known writer declare that sanity is a very uncommon gift. By sanity he meant good common-sense. And though they little suspect it the want of it is what ails a great many otherwise charming persons. A number of scientists of the present day are endeavoring to demonstrate that genius is only a peculiar form of insanity. If Mr. Nisbet, the author of that much discussed work, "Insanity establishing an identity between *sanity* and Genius," would turn his efforts toward genius he might make some startling revelations.

Van Bibber is entirely sane. And when the same being is at once human and sane, he is, in the noblest sense, a man. To be a man should be the first ideal of every person. When that is realized it will be time enough to become a particular kind of man. But I fear my philanthropic interests are leading me into generalization—the error of so many philanthropists.

Van Bibber, then, has been found to belong to the *genus*, man, *species*, gentle,—in unscientific parlance, a gentleman. Cultivated, refined, noble, always the pink of good form, it would have taxed Thackeray himself—delightful old cynic, to have proven him a snob. Alas! in spite of all my partiality, I hesitate to affirm that he would have tried in vain. There are few descendants of the Man and Woman who aspired to become wise like unto the Creator, whose armor offers no opening to the prick of the snob-hunter's lance. The man who is not the least bit snobbish is more than human. Some who are wise would even warn us against him.

At least one instance of it in Van Bibber—a few million voices from New York cry "No"—occurred one or two summers ago. It was, I remember, after he had, rather imprudently, aided a youthful runaway couple to evade the

swain's elder brother by sending the latter on a wild-goose chase to Chicago, that he called himself a brute for having selected the city of pork and Columbia Exposition fame when he might as safely have chosen Jersey City, or some other less disagreeable place. But that was long ago, and no one now, I trust, bears him any ill-feeling for it.

Mr. Davis said Van Bibber was generous. So he was, not in money only, but in sympathy and personal labor as well. How the mere dude would have laughed to see the irreproachable leader of society actually taking an interest in the homeless child actress—an interest strong enough to move him to go out of his way to obtain for her justice and kindness! The man who, at the risk of his life, defended against an insulter a woman whom he believed to be a stranger; the man whom the instinct of the news-boy classified as a "high-toned sport;" was simply a gentleman—as true and loyal a one as Bayard and Sidney, and who lacked only their opportunities to show himself as great.

EUSTACE CULLINAN, '95.

The Ballade of a Dream.

SOMETIMES on a restless night,
Strangest spectres haunt my brain
I can see them in their flight
From the graves in which they've lain—
Stalls in Beelzebub's domain—
Leaving brimstone, fire and steam,
Leaving all that scorching pain—
All were pictured in my dream.

Men of glory, skill and might,
Crowd upon me; in a train,
Robes of purple, gowns of white
Seize my room and there remain.
Cæsar, with a bloody stain
On his toga, reigns supreme.
Under sleep's lethargic bane
All were pictured in my dream.

But I thought I'd die with fright,
When old Sulla, proud and vain,
Got into a bloody fight,
Pompey kicked with might and main,
Chairs were crashing, old men strain
Aged backs in war. A stream
Warm and red, a heap of slain,
All were pictured in my dream.

Poor old fools! you're all insane,
Fighting thus. Your minds now teem
With your folly. These, 'tis plain,
All were pictured in my dream.

E. J. M.

Character and Success.

JOSEPH V. SULLIVAN, '97.

Of Petrarch, the Italian poet, the chroniclers relate an interesting story. All his life he had a great desire to climb Mt. Ventoux, whose rocky cliffs could be seen from his home. One fine day, when he was about sixty years of age, he took with him his brother and two servants and commenced the ascent. He met with many obstacles on the way, but courageously surmounted them all. At last he stood on the highest peak and gazed in rapture about him. After feasting his eyes on the glorious prospect, Petrarch took out a copy of St. Augustine's "Confessions," which he always had with him. Opening the book at random, his eye fell upon these words: "Men go to wonder at the heights of mountains, the floods of the ocean, the long courses of rivers, the immensity of the sea, the revolutions of the stars—and of themselves they have no care!" Struck by the truth and force of these words, and angry at his past indifference, he closed the book and shut his eyes to the beauty that lay about him. Descending the mountain, he looked back; but it seemed to him as nothing compared with the exalted dignity of man.

What great thoughts this incident excites in one! After all, what work is nobler than the study of mankind! and the means whereby man may supplement the gifts of God in producing His noblest work, an honest man? Samuel Smiles tells us that character is "human nature in its best form." It is a certain mark impressed on a person, by which he is readily distinguished from all others. There have been many talented men in the world, but they have not always succeeded in their undertakings. If they had united character to their natural cleverness, they would have made a name for themselves. The trouble is that the gifted men are too often led astray by flattery. But with men of character this is never the case; indeed, nothing can restrain them from their purpose.

Character is so important in the world that no government could exist without the support of some strong-minded men. Of course, there are, in every country, many persons who hold prominent positions, and who think that, on that account, they are looked up to as honorable men. But such is not the case. They soon find out that a high-sounding title will

not long hide a black heart. Their positions will not admit them to the society of upright people. At all times character has had a greater and more permanent influence than wealth. It is true men have bowed down before the "almighty dollar," but even they recognized that this homage was dishonorable. The man of character has as often been undervalued, but, sooner or later, his work is inevitably acknowledged.

Shakspeare gives us the true philosophy of reputation. Iago, speaking to Othello, says:

"Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;

'Twas mine; 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed."

It has always been an acknowledged fact that "he who hath most wants something." But it is not thus with a good name, which is the greatest of all possessions. If a man has a strong character, he will succeed in the world and will win universal respect. Napoleon said that even in war the moral is to the physical as ten to one.

In forming a character, a great help is the reading of stimulating books. In many a small volume we find thoughts which comfort us and raise us above anything that is mean. Indeed, the little things of life must not be passed over; everything counts in forming a character. Good companions are also a powerful aid to moral advancement. But the main part of the work devolves upon the individual who is striving to develop a character. He who would advance in the world must not expect others to do all the work for him. Whatever position in life he holds he must do his best in it, and not allow himself to be turned aside from his real object. He must not be discouraged if some try to oppose him. Let him remember that "he who has no enemies, has no friends," and act accordingly.

In life there are many obstacles which must be surmounted. But every effort to overcome these difficulties is so much towards the honorable progress of the individual. Or, as Bishop Spalding puts it: "The ceaseless striving after better things makes us men." But whoever wishes to triumph over the obstacles in his way, must prepare himself beforehand—in his youth. Then is the time to lay the foundation for the subsequent building up of a strong character. Youth, above all, is the time to practice truthfulness, modesty, bravery, temperance, gentleness and humanity. "Young years," says the

poet, "are easily wrought upon, and apt to be moulded in any fashion;" if these habits are formed in early years, they grow strong with age.

To attain a high perfection in life, it is necessary that a person aim at a lofty mark. He who falls short of that object will, at least reach a higher place than if he only directed his energies to a point half way. It is also essential that he be a hero-worshipper, that is, that he choose for his model some ideal man, who has been conspicuous for virtue. By following in the footsteps of his hero, he will reach the same goal of excellence. But no man has been so perfect that he cannot be surpassed; therefore, it would be well to guard against the weak points of one's ideal, and thus outstrip him in strength of character. All this is more easily said than done. And yet it has been accomplished by mortals,—not perfect, perhaps, but men for all that. If an honorable man dies, his example remains after him for the encouragement of others. Or, as Longfellow says,

"The light he leaves behind him lies
Upon the paths of men."

There are many instances of noble actions done by men of character. Take, for example, an incident in the life of Stephen of Colonna. Once, when he was captured by his enemies, he was asked in derision: "Where is now your fortress?" "Here," he replied, placing his hand over his heart. Another case of this kind is illustrated in the career of the Roman Emperor, Titus, who, when he had let one day pass without doing a good action, said: "My friends, I have lost a day."

Instances like this should inspire us with noble thoughts, and excite in us a desire to do something good. The man whom nothing can rouse to enthusiasm will never amount to anything in the world. The mere mention of a noble deed should stimulate a person to know more about it, and to follow the example of the man who performed it. An illustration of this point is furnished by the life of Burns, the English labor leader. At one time he had only twenty-five cents, and it was a question of buying either a dinner or a book. His nobler nature won the day, and he bought the book. What was this but enthusiasm in a good cause?

Another great necessity in the formation of character is a high sense of honor. What sort of integrity is that which only desires to display itself before men, and, when nobody is about, is nothing but a mask which can be put on or

taken off at leisure? A person should consider it a high mark of trust to be left to his own honesty in any undertaking, and should guard faithfully the confidence placed in him.

It is the constant dropping of water that wears out the stone; it is perseverance that accomplishes an object. A good enterprise once taken up should not be dropped until it has been accomplished. The person who is easily discouraged by difficulties will never be a man. It is not the men of genius who make their mark in the world; it is the men who persevere. It is related of George Stephenson that whenever he advised young men, he said: "Do as I have done—persevere." This one word covers everything that could be said in regard to character. Whoever takes up a good cause, and persists in it, will succeed; for what any man has done, any man can do.

There have been many men of strong character of whom the world has never heard. But it mattered not to them—they knew they were doing right and they continued in it. Perhaps it would be well to quote here, the words of Bishop Spalding on this subject. He says: "Happier is he who dies knowing his own worth, himself unknown." When a man of low attainments dies, he is praised by a few of his own class. When a man of powerful character dies, his memory lives forever in the hearts of all good people. Indeed a man is always a man, and Pope never penned a truer line than: "An honest man's the noblest work of God."

In the Night.

Was it the echo of a friend sighing,
As he lay dying
In mortal pain?
Was it a sad heart's throbbing,
Or a voice sobbing
Its sad refrain?

The tender notes came stealing
Like the soft pealing
Of a vesper bell,
When the care-worn day is declining,
And the red sun is shining
His bright farewell.

Fond memories of loved ones vanished
And hopes long banished
The accents stirred;
And I sat and listened for the repeating,
But the storm's wild beating
Was all I heard.

W. P. B.

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—The *Irish American*, of which Mr. Meehan, whose name has always been prominently identified with Irish movements for freedom, is the editor, is the only newspaper in the United States which prints careful weekly reviews of Irish affairs.

—The golden jubilee of the University of Notre Dame will be celebrated with great pomp and splendor some time this year. This is one of the greatest educational institutions in the Western World, and the fiftieth anniversary of its foundation will be an event in the history of education in the United States—*Western Watchman*.

The SCHOLASTIC bows its compliments and anticipates the formal invitation by hoping that the brilliant editor of the *Watchman* may be present to help us celebrate the occasion.

—A quartette of performers, members of the Faculty of the Gottschalk Lyric School of Chicago, will give a concert in Washington Hall next Wednesday evening. A varied and interesting programme is promised for the entertainment of the students and their friends. Mrs. Ada Robb, the Soprano, is well known at the University, as she has been a frequent visitor to Notre Dame in years past. Several times she was kind enough to sing for the students, and those who remember her know how great is the pleasure that is in store for them.

—A recent issue of the New York *Sun* contained a long and highly appreciative editorial on Georgetown University. A careful scrutiny of the courses at Georgetown, Mr. Dana says, must convince any one that the Jesuits are doing valuable work in the field of higher education. Mr. Dana, besides being the ablest journalist in the language, has always taken a special interest in American college systems, and we value his opinion more highly even than that of most professional educators. We congratulate the Jesuit Fathers on this well-merited testimony to the success of their labors.

—If the athletic prowess of Wabash College were equal to its ability to manage a row on any and every occasion, there would be no question as to the State championship in college sports. The presidents of the Indiana colleges which formerly made up the defunct Inter-collegiate Association, decided, the other day, that baseball games with professional and semi-professional clubs were bad, and forbade any such games in the future. This seems very reasonable; but the Wabash Athletic Association unanimously condemned the action of the presidents as an usurpation of power, and now asks all the colleges of the league to follow in its lead. Our idea of college sports may be a little antiquated, but we cannot see the wisdom of Wabash's resolution. Games with professionals for practice only are not so bad; but if the games are all with clubs that look only to the gate receipts, where does the inter-collegiate feature come in? There is no glory gained, for the teams are confessedly not in the same class, and no comparisons can be made from the results. It is a mistake that college men frequently make to think that the world takes even a slight interest in the showing a college-team makes against a professional club. But let the game be between two rival college teams, and the outcome of it is watched by the whole country, and the victor's reward is an almost national reputation. This sort of fame is worth working for, worth having and holding against all comers, but the other is the Dead-Sea fruit that crumbles to ashes almost before it is tasted. We trust that the men on whom the honor of our Gold and Blue will depend in the years to come will never consent to games, whether football or baseball, with any but college teams.

The Newspaper and English Style.

What seems to us to be a very practical plan has been inaugurated by a great daily newspaper in Chicago. Inducements in the way of cash prizes have been offered by the *Tribune* to all the public school pupils in Chicago who will send to it real news items, the paper judging of the merits and awarding three prizes daily for the most concise, newsy and well-written of the items offered. No matter what may be the real purpose of the paper in promoting such a scheme, the fact remains that real benefit will certainly be derived by the contributors. Conciseness of form will be cultivated, and besides this, a far greater good will result; it will foster a spirit of observation, and will occasion comment on affairs which would be passed over heedlessly by the average school-boy. By the introduction of the scheme, the *Tribune* people will largely increase their circulation, and many points which their regular reporters would fail to record, will be now noticed in their columns. Public evils and nuisances will be called to the attention of the different city departments, and coming as the items do from the general public, more notice will be taken of the matters thus ventilated and exposed.

There is another and still stronger reason for supporting a movement of this kind. Lately a hue and cry has gone up from the public that we are neglecting the proper instruction in our mother tongue by our over-zeal to become proficient in modern languages, such as French and German, and a still more unpardonable passion for studying Latin and Greek. A fact to be lamented is that the study of English composition is not being developed as the ever-advancing progress requires. The expression of one's thoughts is largely a matter of practice, and in public schools, especially, the performance of English work is, alas! in too many cases, perfunctory. Never before, no doubt, was there a time when clear, forcible English stood for so much as it does to-day. Colleges are appreciating this state of affairs, and every prominent university in the land has its course, in many cases very thorough, leading to a degree in letters.

To appreciate this new force in education we must not forget that this demand for good style in composition has sprung, not only from the professional world, but, to a certain degree, from the commercial side of life. Brief statements

of facts may be all well enough for some lines of business, but a clear, forcible, we may say *impressive*, style is many times necessary in affairs concerning the almighty dollar of trade. All men, no matter in what upper walk in life they may be, feel the need of such a drill in English, and this, we contend, has been brought about in many instances by the comparatively high standard of style which has been gradually developed in the editorials of our great daily newspapers. We have a newspaper-reading public, covering a wide range of readers from the ranks of the mechanic and farmer to those who regulate the motions of the drive-wheel in the commercial world. The banker receives no more of the news than does the humble laborer who picks up his daily after having consumed his traditional "mess of pottage." To be sure, he may never glance at the editorial page; but the great average reader invariably reviews carefully that part of the paper which usually records the pulse of the public feeling. It represents, we might say, the thermometer of the public's usually sound opinions on any general subject. The conclusion is very evident that, since a wide range of thought and feeling is influenced by an editorial writer on any prominent daily paper, that writer must have a forceful mode of expressing his thoughts, which shall carry conviction to the minds of his readers.

That oft-repeated sentiment regarding newspaper reading has been proclaimed from the house-tops. It were foolish to deny that some of us drop into a more or less mechanical groove in our reading; that our thinking faculties become impaired by mere desultory reading. It must be admitted that this defect lies in the reader personally. The railers at our great dailies come from a prejudiced class of readers. They assert that popular taste has declined far more from this class of reading matter than from any other. Now this is a very foolish and absurd view to assume. Far from lowering popular taste for reading, the editorials in our great dailies are written in a style which is characteristic. Qualified judges, and those who are competent to give opinions, are almost unanimous in their verdict that great skill and propriety are shown in such editorial writing, that the editors are masters of English undefiled. One is said to have acquired style when anything he may have written can be recognized as distinctively his own. In this sense, style crops out of every editorial in many of our leading daily papers. In the

great majority of cases, the writers have put their thoughts into an artistic and effective form; many of them are, in fact, models of English style.

It is high time that this undeserved prejudice should disappear. The leading dailies are great molders of thought. As has been said many times before, but appearing even more evident to us now, there has not been written in our day a body of English so strong or so effective as one can see in the best editorials of our leading newspapers.

F. W. D.

Father Nugent's Lecture.

The Reverend J. M. Nugent, of Des Moines, Iowa, perhaps the best known, certainly one of the most forceful and eloquent preachers among the secular priests of the land, charmed and instructed a large audience last Tuesday afternoon in Washington Hall. He took for his subject one of his favorite themes, "The Lost Confessional," and he proved conclusively that a lecturer may be witty and serious, humorous and pathetic almost in the same breath. His lecture was full of surprises for his hearers, for he delights in sudden transitions, quick turns of thought, subtle distinctions and figures that are little less than daring.

Father Nugent began by defining a "campaign" document, and likened to it the confessional, which the enemies of the Church have always affected to believe the true one. It is the photographic negative of the real confessional, the Catholic tribunal of penance. Just as in the negative of a picture the black and white are reversed, so is truth in the "campaign" confessional. But there is one peculiarity about the confessional—it never grows old. It is ever new, and it is the last resort of anti-Catholic lecturers. And the reality deserves all the attention they give it, for it is a unique force in raising man from the depths of sin and reconciling him to God.

The sacrament of Penance is one of the first of which the child learns. At its mother's knee it is taught to whom it must confess its sins, to whom look for guidance in life. With perverts the confessional is the first point of attack, with converts it is the last barrier that gives way before the light of grace. It is the key to the situation, and once captured or surrendered, the result of the battle is no longer doubtful. And still, in spite of its importance, Catholics

do not study it enough, do not know enough about it. They are not able to give reasons for the faith that is in them, and their adversaries are full of "campaign" arguments. They say to us: "The only thing you Catholics have to do is to confess your sins to a priest and you are forgiven. No matter what the crime was, you come out of confession freed from it, with no trace left of it." This is not the truth; for the Church has *never* taught that in, or by, confession sin is forgiven. There are six essential conditions to a valid confession, three on the part of the penitent, three that belong to the Church's share in the sacrament. Unless all six of these conditions are satisfied the sacrament is ineffective. And of these requirements, confession is *only one*. Yet our non-Catholic friends would have us believe that it is the whole.

Another favorite objection is that confession is opposed to conscience. "You give up your conscience," they tell us, "when you enter the confessional. When you kneel before the priest you surrender it, you cannot keep it." Now our consciences are like our watches. A man may have a costly timepiece, and yet feel no shame at setting it by the town-clock which he knows to be right. When he is away from clocks to compare it with, he must go by it, be it fast or slow. But when the opportunity comes, if he does not correct it, he is either dishonest or insane. The confessional is the town-clock by which we regulate the watches of our consciences. You know when your conscience is right or wrong, and the priest, in confession, holds up the moral dial to you and shows you how to set your watch for yourself.

And the authority we have for confession? How can one man forgive the sins of another? Where is there any such commission in the Scriptures? In St. Matthew, xviii., 8, we read: "Amen, I say to you, whatsoever you shall bind on earth, shall be bound also in heaven, and whatsoever you shall loose on earth shall be loosed in heaven." And St. John says, chap., xx., v. 22-23, "And when He had said this He breathed upon them and said to them: 'Receive ye the Holy Ghost; whose sins you shall forgive they are forgiven them, and whose sins you shall retain, they are retained.'"

History tells us that in Germany, in the fifth century, each regiment had to have a priest to hear the confessions of the soldiers. We take the fifth century because it was nearer the Apostles, and the language of the Apostles was still a living language. And we have the testi-

mony of St. Augustine, St. Cyril, Tertullian and a score of other Fathers of the Church. St. Augustine says: "Let no man tell me that when I go to confession in a room, alone, by myself, it is sufficient, God will hear me. Do not tell me that Jesus Christ talked nonsense,—yet He did if this be true; for it was to His Apostles that He gave the power to forgive sins." And Tertullian remarks: "The penalty is a heavy one, and confession was never made for pleasure," while St. Gregory commands: "Confess your sins to a priest."

If Christ were to descend among us He could not give us better evidence of the difficulty of confession than we have. Confession either makes young men better or drives them out of the Church to an easier one. There is not one young man who has left the Church who will not tell you that confession was the cause of the trouble. It cannot be reconciled to sensual pleasure and evil lives; one or the other must be sacrificed. God is like a father who has a crippled child to whom he says: "My child, I will give you two things: you shall have all the love that can come from a father's heart and an iron shoe as strong as your poor little ankle will bear." When Christ came on earth He came to give all He could to His crippled child, man. He gave him the love of a God and the strongest iron shoe his conscience could bear.

The confessional is the secret of the Church's power over her children. Our enemies ask: "What, where, is this power? It must be in the education of the clergy and the ignorance of the people." But the laity is educated, and the more learned they are the better Catholics they are. They hazard a second guess: "It's the Jesuits"—but the Jesuits are only three hundred years old, and we managed without them before that. And so they guess on; but we—we know that it is the Sacrament of Penance, the remedy for the terrible sin-disease, that gives the Church the power it has over the minds and hearts of her faithful children.

Philosopher's Day.

Notre Dame with her students observes many, very many, pretty and appropriate customs during the college year. An event which never fails to arouse sentiment, and which is looked forward to with much interest, is the annual half-holiday and banquet to the Logi-

cians and Moral Philosophers on St. Thomas' day. The celebration this year, falling on the regular recreation day, through the kindness of the Very Rev. President, the afternoon of Wednesday was spent by the members of the two classes in a pleasant visit to the neighboring town of Mishawaka. The day could not have been brighter, nor could the company have been more agreeable. Every minute of the time was enjoyed by the students, and they returned to the University tired of limb and brimming over with reminiscences. No doubt many of them will remember with a smile many little incidents which served to heighten their pleasure, and it will be a long time before the comments will have subsided regarding the suburb of South Bend.

No doubt the real interest of the occasion centred on the festivities which were to follow the half-day's recreation. The Rev. Father Fitte had asked the members of the two classes to meet in the college parlor at four o'clock on Thursday afternoon. At the appointed time the young men assembled and were ushered to the Senior refectory where a sumptuous and special banquet had been spread for them. All the anticipations of the students assembled were fully realized, and all those present felt that the collations of former years had been clearly outdone. It was a feast which at the outset served to awaken the spirits of the boys, and to let loose the flow of small talk which *may* have been especially selected for the occasion. Lest the opinion get abroad that they indulged in discussions of the principles of Aristotle and the abstract "isms" of dialectics, which always serve to bother young and aspiring philosophers, we would have it known that one wee, timid fellow, attempting to ventilate his views on mind and matter, was instantly subdued. The majority did not ponder over the *origin* of matter, but vented their energy on that set before them. Everybody was enthusiastic over the feast which Father Fitte had so kindly arranged for them, and many were the praises of the affair in general. Had there been any toasts proposed, the Very Rev. President too would have come in for no small share of the good wishes. At it was, the affair passed off most pleasantly for all those present, and all the boys unite in thanking the Very Rev. President Morrissey and the Rev. Father Fitte for their kindness and thoughtfulness in providing for their pleasure. Philosophy and logic are none too agreeable, but with such sauce we can't help wishing we had more of them.

Exchanges.

Of all the class contests commented upon from time to time in the many college papers coming to our table, the Sophomore-Freshman contest of the University of Pennsylvania is the least familiar. It is peculiar to that institution, and is known among the Pennsylvanians as the bowl-fight. The following account of it, taken from the *Cornell Daily Sun*, may prove of interest to our readers:

"The sophomores have a bowl made about three feet in diameter and six or eight inches deep. It is composed of a great many pieces of box or some other heavy wood firmly dove-tailed and joined so that it is almost impossible to break it. A great deal of care is bestowed on making the bowl, as it becomes the property of the second most popular man in the class at graduation. The inside is handsomely decorated with the fraternity emblems and the class monogram.

"It is the freshmen's duty to select a bowl man, and on the day of the fight the two classes assemble at opposite sides of the athletic grounds, the freshmen with the bowl man in their midst, and the sophomores with the bowl. If the sophomores succeed in putting the bowl man in the bowl, the fight is awarded to them; but if the freshmen get their man out of the grounds and succeed in breaking the bowl, the fight is awarded to them."

* * *

It is a relief to read in the *Varsity* that the long-drawn out disagreement between faculty and students is nearing an end. At the request of President Loudan, the Minister of Education has appointed a commission to investigate the trouble; and, let us hope, that, for the sake of all concerned, the students' grievances will be thoroughly sifted, and the alleged abuses corrected.

* * *

From the trend of an editorial in the issue of the *Hillsdale College Herald* at hand, one is led to believe that the much-bruited affiliation with the University of Chicago is meeting with opposition. At least it is not receiving cordial endorsement, if we may gauge college sentiment by the utterance of the college paper. Setting aside the religious and legal difficulties of the proposed affiliation, the *Herald* questions the authority of the prudential committee, under whose *ægis* the movement was set on foot. There obtains, evidently, a strong sentiment that Hillsdale should retain its individuality by conferring its own degrees.

Personals.

—Mr. Michael Ryan, conspicuous in the business affairs of the City Council of Chicago found time to visit his two sons at the University recently. On his return to the Windy City, his son James, who has been quite ill, went with him. His friends here hope that his next visit will be on a pleasanter mission.

—Mrs. Charles Wells, with her friend Mrs. Murphy, both of Chicago, were at the University for a day or two last week on a visit to Charley Wells of Carroll Hall. Mrs. Wells is an old friend of the institution, being especially fond of the lamented Brother Paul, and it is a pleasure to have those with us who have been so intimately and closely connected with Notre Dame.

—Mr. Anson, with his charming and attractive daughter, were welcome visitors to the University during the last week. It was a source of much regret to their numerous friends here that their visit was so very short; in fact, it is expected of those who come such a distance to remain at least a reasonable time, which our new friends failed to do. It is hoped, however, that at Commencement they will find it convenient to attend and honor us with their presence.

—It was with the deepest feelings of regret that the SCHOLASTIC learned the sad intelligence of the death of Mr. W. V. Cummings, '91-'93. Mr. Cummings was one of the most promising young men of his time. After completing the Commercial Course with honors, he entered upon the pursuit of special studies particularly those of the sciences. Will, as he was generally known by his fellows, was a noble character, a brilliant student and a perfect gentleman, and in him his *Alma Mater* loses an alumnus of great promise. To the sorrow-stricken relatives and friends the SCHOLASTIC extends its most heartfelt sympathy.

—It looked very much like old times to have Reverend Thomas Vagnier, C. S. C., on a visit to the University last week. Father Vagnier is at present stationed at Earl Park, Indiana, where he is loved and cherished by parishioners and non-parishioners alike. Little would one think on beholding the unassuming clergyman, as he entered the University, that he was one of the best professors that ever graced the chair of Mathematics or Physical Sciences at Notre Dame. Father Vagnier's thorough knowledge of other branches, outside of his favorite studies, has long ago won for him a reputation for scholarly attainments. Father Vagnier is one of the old pioneers at Notre Dame, and it is to be hoped that he will be with us at its golden jubilee.

Local Items.

- The Columbians will appear next Saturday.
- The essays of the Criticism class will be due soon.
- Football has again resumed its place instead of baseball.
- The study of Spanish is becoming a fad in Cosmopolitan Flat.
- We are glad to learn that Bro. Hugh's health is improving.
- An intelligent Carroll asks on what day Easter falls this year.
- Private Fox won the medal in the Co. B competitive drill held last Sunday.
- The change in the weather Sunday night caused a great big drop in spring overcoats.
- The new railroad bridge has been inspected very thoroughly by the engineers and others.
- Quoth Bones, speaking of Svengali's greed, "If he were not a Jew, I would call him a hog."
- A Carrollite who doesn't know any better, has been collecting calendars to sell the *dates*.
- The Class of Physics performed several delicate and pretty experiments during the last week.
- Where are the advocates of the "manly art" who used to practise in the gym every night?
- The St. Cecilians held no meeting last Wednesday owing to the illness of their Rev. President.
- For the past week the members of the Criticism class have been discussing morality in literature.
- Diabola's bulletin was not at all satisfactory. He says the sign at the bottom should be plus not minus.
- All the preparations have been made for putting up the grand stand, and it will be finished by the first of April.
- The picture of Father Walsh, which was painted by Mr. William Marr, '95, is finished, and is really a work of art.
- The bulletins for January and February were read in Brownson Hall on Sunday. They were mailed during the week.
- There was no meeting of the Law Debating Society last Saturday evening owing to the absence of two of the debaters.
- There is a rumor afloat that one of the new shells is to be named "The Hard Boiled Egg" because it can never be beaten.
- The Judge was so overcome with the vastness of Mishawaka Wednesday that he lost his bearings and wandered into a laundry.
- The Varsity Baseball Nine have been chosen, and the Brownson Gym is made a scene of activity by those aspiring athletes.

—The List of Excellence will appear next week. Only the names of those who obtained the highest marks in the competitions will appear.

—Woodchuck says that if those sounds which disturb his deep meditations are not discontinued, this *Anno Domini* may yet be dyed with blood.

—On Wednesday afternoon owing to the absence of Col. Hoynes, who went to Chicago, Mr. James Kennedy read the lectures to the members of the Law class.

—Several members who lately joined the Penmanship class are trying to see who can finish a few thousand lines first. The race is interesting, but Ohio has the lead.

—The weather has been a bit promising during the past week. Men of baseball tendencies have hung their ulsters in the attic, and are speaking of winter in the past tense.

—Steam was used for the first time in the new community building on Monday. This new house will be used for the reception of guests to the Golden Jubilee celebration in June.

—The baseball fiends show a good spirit at any rate. They can be seen on the diamond in all kinds of weather. When one takes into consideration "Indiana weather" it becomes evident that they are heroes.

—The measurements for the new grand stand have already been taken, and the plans arranged, but its construction has been delayed for a couple of weeks owing to the recent fall of snow. It is intended to put up a stand capable of holding at least 1200 people.

—The John Church Company of Cincinnati is now publishing an "Orpheus Club Waltz" for violin, mandolins, guitar and piano by Prof. Preston. The waltz is complimentary to the Mandolin Club of the University. The printing is well done and reflects credit upon the publishers who are well known for doing good work.

—Of all the boat races to take place on the lake during Commencement week, by far the most interesting and exciting will be the one between two crews of Brownson and Sorin Hall. The Brownson Hall part of the boat club have chosen Mr. Ralph Palmer to captain their crew, and the Sorin Hall wing has elected Mr. Nicholas Dinkel captain *pro tem*. The candidates for the positions on the crews will go into training as soon as the ice breaks upon the lake.

—Last Wednesday evening the Sorin Hall bulletins for the months of January and February, were read out in the chapel by the Rev. Father Morrissey. The Rev. President, in a few words, complimented the students of Sorin Hall on the creditable showing they had made in their classes during the past two months. He then spoke a few minutes of the important

part the students of the University, and particularly of Sorin Hall, were to take in celebrating the Golden Jubilee.

—A letter was received from the University of Chicago baseball team not long ago, stating that they were not certain whether they could arrange a date here or not. It seems that the date they want has already been filled by our Executive Committee. It is to be hoped that a satisfactory date can be arranged, as we have desired to meet Chicago for a long time, both on the gridiron and on the diamond, but hitherto have not succeeded in inducing the Chicago teams to come here.

—Among the bits of interesting history that may not find place in the chronicles of Notre Dame and are too good to be lost is the following. In the days of Indians and uncleared forests a workman was sent into the woods to haul back a large oak tree that had been felled on the previous day. The trunk was so large that the tackle which he made use of to fasten it on the wagon broke twice. In a fit of desperation he took off his cap and flung it on the ground, exclaiming: "Confound the hogs that didn't eat ye when ye were an acorn."

—The Philodemics held a delightfully informal meeting last Wednesday evening in the Sorin Hall reading-room. It was a literary evening and devoted to Rudyard Kipling. An evening could not be more enjoyably spent than in studying this talented young author. Mr. John Devanney opened the program with a brief biography of Mr. Kipling. It is hard to make a short biography interesting; but Mr. Devanney ably overcame the difficulty, and his sketch of the author's life was appreciated by all present. Mr. Daniel Murphy then read "Three and—an Extra," "The Rescue of Pluffles" and "The Taking of Lungtungpen," all of which were well read and well received. Mulvaney jumped at once into the favor of all present, and it was decided that the honor of the taking of Lungtungpen was due to him alone. Mr. Francis Eyanson read a well-written essay on "The Art of Rudyard Kipling." His paper evinced that the writer had made a close study of Mr. Kipling's work and was well acquainted with his stories. It was written in a clear, pleasing style and reflected much credit on the writer. Mr. Shannon then read "The Madness of Private Ortheris." Mr. Shannon is a master of the Irish brogue, and his imitation of the speech of Mulvaney was perfect; it increased greatly the effect of the story. On account of the lateness of the hour the meeting was then forced to adjourn. It was a most successful meeting in every sense of the word, and the members of the society were so interested they were reluctant to leave. The next meeting will be held next Wednesday evening, and a week thence there will be another "literary" evening, for which a good program is assured.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Barrett, Barton, Burns, Cullinan, Dempsey, Devanney, Evanson, Funke, Gibson, Hudson, Kennedy, Mitchell, J. Mott, John McKee, McManus, Marmon, D. Murphy, Murray, Pritchard, Pulskamp, Quinlan, Ryan, Slevin, Stace, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Alber, Adler, Barry, Baird, J. Brown, Boland, J. Byrne, W. J. Burke, W. P. Burke, Brinker, Bennett, Britz, R. Browne, Corry, Clark, Corby, Crane, Chassaing, P. Campbell, Carney, T. Cavanaugh, Costello, A. Campbell, Chase, Cullen, Conger, Davis, Dowd, Delaney, Dillon, Eymer, Follen, Fagan, Falvey, Fera, Foulks, Gibson, Gilmartin, Galen, Henry, Herman, A. Hanhauser, Hamilton, Halligan, Harrison, Howley, Hierholzer, Hesse, J. T. Hogan, Hodge, Hengen, Hanrahen, Hennebry, Hennessy, Hinde, Jones, Kegler, I. Kaul, F. Kaul, E. Kaul, Kinsella, Karasynski, Landa, Mathewson, Murphy, S. Moore, Medley, Mulroney, Monarch, Mapother, J. Miller, Masters, Montague, H. A. Miller, J. Monahan, R. Monahan, A. Monahan, B. J. Monahan, Melter, H. A. Miller, B. L. Monahan, Metzger, C. Miller, McKee, McGinnis, A. McCord, McCarty, McGreevey, McGurk, Ney, O'Mally, O'Brien, Oldshue, Palmer, Pulskamp, Piquette, Pearce, Quimby, Reardon, R. Ryan, Rosenthal, E. Roper, Spengler, Schulte, Sheehan, Scott, F. Smogor, S. Steele, C. Steele, C. Smogor, Sullivan, Spalding, Schmidt, Sanders, Sweet, Turner, Tinnen, H. Wilson, P. White, Weaver, Ward, Wilkin, F. Wagner, C. Wagner, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Adler, Arnold, Bloomfield, Ball, Bartlett, J. Barry, Burns, R. Barry, Benz, Browne, Cornell, Corry, Clune, Connor, J. Corby, J. A. Corby, Cypher, Cullen, Ducey, Dannemiller, Druecker, Dalton, Davezac, Erhart, Flynn, Forbing, Fennessey, Franey, Foley, Feltenstein, Fox, Girsch, J. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Gainer, Goldsmith, Howard, J. Hayes, A. Hayes, Harding, Hoban, Herrera, Hagerty, E. Heer, L. Heer, Hagen, Keeffe, A. Kasper, G. Kasper, F. Kasper, P. Kuntz, J. Kuntz, Konzon, Krug, Kirk, Lichtenwalter, Long, Lantry, Langley, Leonard, Lowery, Lane, Landsdown, Miles, W. Morris, Maternes, Monarch, Monahan, Moran, Massey, Maurer, C. Murray, Meirs, F. Morris, R. Murray, McShane, McCarthy, McKenzie, McCarrick, McGinley, S. McDonald, G. McDonald, D. Naughton, T. Naughton, O'Mara, O'Brien, Plunkett, Pendleton, Powell, Rockey, Reuss, Rauch, Roesing, Shipp, Sachsel, Speake, Sheils, Spillard, Stuhlfauth, P. Smith, Storey, Shillington, Wells, Sheeky, Sullivan Stearns, Schaack, Strong, Scott, Smith, Steiner, Thompson, H. Taylor, Tong, Thatman, Tuohy, Temple, Thalman, Underwood, Whitehead, Ward, Wallace, Waterson, Watters, Zwickel.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

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