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Literature, our Greatest Inheritance.

HUGH A. O'DONNELL.

Since the greatness of an art depends on its relation to the mind, literature must be the noblest, highest and most benefiting art, on account of its intimate relation to the intellect, and because it leads us into the regions of the sublime, wherein we contemplate worlds of perfection, receive ideal pleasure, moral and intellectual culture. We are created restless and ill-satisfied with ourselves. We love to interpret the fainter emotions of our souls, to forget the thorny paths of life and to dream and revel in thoughts of happy worlds. To give us all these seems to be the special province of literature. It is the expression of our affections, which every soul yearns to speak; and, with the exception of religion, it goes farther than any other thing to give us consolation and the satisfaction of the cravings of our better nature.

What has it not given us which could make us better men and women, with purer and more God-like ideals? Shakspeare—nature's interpreter, endowed with passion and imagination, with the highest quality of soul—gave us, better than the painter or the sculptor, better than the greatest statues, wrought in words, sparkling with noble sentiments, nature and true life idealized. He pictures life as it is and as it ought to be. Whether he carries us to Greece or Rome, to Egypt, or again, in "Romeo and Juliet," back to Italy, every scene is perfect, every picture lifelike. Nature

was his teacher. He was her favorite child. She spoke to him, and he has told us what she said. He was the master of emotions. Unveiling the hearts of men, their tricks and follies, he shows how desire warps the heart, corrupts the will, and how even the criminal becomes an evidence of his own guilt. I really believe he has done more for women than any other writer of the world. Not only that, but all of his characters are either *actuated with* or *trampled upon* by Virtue. Justice is the god of his Brutus, the virtuous Earl of Richmond the victor over a hellish Gloster. Whether we follow him in the trials and woes of Cordelia, or kiss with Brutus the foot of Cæsar; whether we stand in amazement at the love and heavenly simplicity of Desdemona's soul, or rejoice in jealous Iago's fall, we can only admire and love the pictured virtue, hate the vice, praise the grandeur of his genius, and breathe a prayer of thanks to God; for Shakspeare was inspired if ever poet was. But, great as he was, he is only an instance of what the myriad of other writers, living and dead, have done for us in a greater or less degree.

We talk of the present period as "the twilight of the poets," and, because we have not any really great men living, say to ourselves that literature is taking a backward step. But in point of fact, men in general never wrote so much and so well as they do now. It is unfortunate that we do not better appreciate the great amount of good reading matter which is daily being turned out of the press. We do not even seem to care to know the great writers of prose and poetry who have lived. How can we expect our schoolboys to be carried away with enthusiasm when we do not recognize those great master-spirits who have lived and

died and sacrificed their lives that they might leave the world better because they had lived? If we but once knew the great benefits of good reading we would be more interested in books than we are. After all, the best literature is nothing more than a most perfect history. It is the great teacher of nations. In the "Divina Commedia" of inspired Dante do we not find both the political and religious history of medieval Europe? Does not Coleridge tell us the Shakspearean plays give us a better knowledge of the times they represent than any other writings? They make history an eventful and passionate drama; for whilst we are ushered in royal state into magnificent palaces, made the companions of gallant courtiers and brave warriors, brothers to the mighty and witnesses of their valorous deeds, unconsciously we are viewing the very form and features of past ages.

But literature's greatest work is interpretation. By some supernatural power the author puts his true self into his writings; and although sometimes our vision may be a plain, haggard face whose soul and pen are one, or, perhaps, "the malevolent lightning of Mephisto's smile flashing between the lines," the hollowness of the hypocrite is not masked in his veil of fine phrases and exalted sentiments, for instinctively we know the heart that beats behind them. Again, who interprets the French better than Molière, or the Germans better than Goethe? Nations, when they understand each other, will exchange, because they then understand their quality and force in civilization. And thus the international influence of literature is that the world is becoming one grand homogeneous body; that "literature girdles the earth with its electric chain of communication" and voices the thoughts of a hundred millions of souls; that there will be no accumulation of knowledge, no new invention, lesson of experience, discovery of truth which will not be personally, nationally and, finally, universally shared.

We are told that a newspaper is a telescope, bringing near most distant things; a microscope, examining the most minute; an ear-trumpet bringing into our hearing the doings of the earth; a picture-gallery in its scenes of every day life, drawn not by the painter's brush but by the printer's ink. If the lowest type of literature thus benefits, how much more does poetry and philosophy? And Mr. Mathews says that as a means of swaying our minds, which is the essence of power; an instrument for society's elevation, which is the object

of goodness; and in the strength of its influence, literature has no equal among the agencies of human utterances. It is what constitutes our schools, our lyceums, our club-rooms, our homes—it is the universal university!

And just as much as it instructs, convinces, persuades, so much are its moral tendencies good and noble. We enter into the emotions of the author, and just as he inspires us, our passions rise to bid us love the good and true, to hate and resent the bad; to admire the characters, luminous with all the virtues their hearts can entwine, and to despise those chained to the infamous pillars of crime. Whether it be the professional villain hardened in wrong, or the innocent child fearless of evil, the rich mighty in their dollars, or the poor street-urchin destitute of life's comforts, though Vice is continually warring against Virtue, it never escapes the sword of Justice before which it is laid prostrate. We always find it true to man's experience, true to nature, and the revelation of the God-like part in man. It gives us the translation of the meanings, forces and possibilities of life. Under its glittering vesture of fine phrases the lives of the poor are portrayed, their wrongs and wretchedness delineated, and the unity, goodness and true nobility, which may dwell in the hovel as well as in the palace, revealed, and from all this we get thoughts that give voice to the healthful impulse of the universal Christian soul.

We know what Christianity is, what it has done for the world, its benevolent morality, its power over the human heart, and into what a grand sphere it has raised the human intellect. But do we know that literature is one of the greatest agents of its power? Do we know that Catholic thought and principle is the basis of our greatest masterpieces—of Dante's, of Shakspeare's works? Learn then the magical influence of this agent—with what enchantment it makes the past the present, the slave his master's equal, woman man's rival; it bids all the burial places of memory upheave their dead, and reveals the infinite wealth, the hoarded riches, the fine ore of the unexplored mines of the mental empire.

"There is no darkness but ignorance"; and if we would act upon this, the world would daily become more perfect. It is our duty to nurse the different branches of literature, whose roots—if we trace on the soil of human thought—penetrate to the greatest depths and clutch at the very foundation of human order. Without them all is dark; but with them the sky of enlight-

enment overarches the human soul. Literature helps us to view humanity from the heights on which the masters of song have dwelt, and spiritualizing life, enlightens, inspires and feeds the higher forces of our nature. Its impulse and influence has shown itself in strains of music, sculpture, painting, letters, and is the source of hope and happiness to millions of waiting souls.

I have often wondered why we do not have more Catholic writers. It is very strange. This is an age of awakening thought. We have truth that inspires grand ideas, creates mental treasures; truth that conquers the obstinate; truth, the greatest instrument of power; and why not use it?—and why not now, when the elements and energies of our nation are combining, gaining strength, and becoming a recognized power in determining the world's destiny?

Who can fail to see the greatness and power of literature, which never fails to arouse interest, and at the same time to afford pleasure and instruction; which so vividly paints the fancy, enlivens the imagination, invigorates genius, ripens our intellect, and, with the wisdom of Solomon, pours into our ears words of lofty sentiment which enter into our hearts and minds, which sow fructifying seeds of truth, and prove to our souls that

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Or iron bars a cage."

Literature, by its refining, ennobling and elevating charms, becomes the pillar, the life-blood of true art, the unison of nations, the greatest port to civilization. Truly can we say with Milton, it is "the life-blood of master-spirits, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

The "Captivii."

PATRICK J. CRAWLEY.

Comedy, which now holds so high a place in our literature, originated among the Greeks; their example was soon afterwards followed by the Romans—a people who took great delight in hearing persons ridiculed on the stage. As it is not the object of this paper to treat of the Greek comedy, let it suffice to mention the names of a few writers who attained distinction in this branch of the drama. The old school is represented by Aristophanes, Eupolis and Cretinus, while Menander and Philomen repre-

sent the new. The Roman comedians had among them such men as Plautus, Cæcilius, Terence and Africanus; Plautus was the greatest of these. The comedy had been always very popular with the Romans. In the age of Plautus especially it was received with marked tokens of appreciation, because that great play-writer knew what was best adapted to the tastes of the people. He knew their likes and dislikes; he noticed with what rapt attention they listened to humorous speeches, how they loved jokes of every description, and appreciated bold delineations of character which they met with in everyday life. He applied himself diligently to supply their wants; these he knew from observation, and accordingly he wrote his famous comedies. These gave him a reputation at once. Happily, as they have been handed down to us untarnished, we may judge for ourselves.

According to the verdict of most critics, the "Captivii" was his greatest production—an opinion which the author himself maintained.

The plot is founded on the confusion a father has in identifying his son. Hegio, the father of Philopolimus, who is made prisoner at Elis, wishing to ransom his son, procures Philocrates and Tyndarus two captives, the latter a servant of the former. In these two personages is centred the principal action of the play.

The old man desires to send the servant to Elis to arrange for the ransom of his son, whilst he retains the master as a hostage; but while Hegio is thus forming his resolution the two captives change garments and thereby Philocrates escapes. This scene is one of great excitement and amusement; for the old man is not aware of the fraud practised upon him, and believes that he still has the master.

In the mean time Hegio secures another captive brought from Elis, by name Aristophanes, to interview Philocrates; but the former soon discovers the stratagem used against the old man and the means by which he had been cheated. When Tyndarus perceives Aristophanes, whom he knew from his boyhood, approaching, he endeavors to escape his notice lest he may disclose the whole business to Hegio. However, he does not long remain undiscovered, for Aristophanes calls him by name. On hearing him address him as Tyndarus, Hegio thinks him mad. Tyndarus tries to convince the old man that such is the case, and warns him to guard against the rage and fury of the maniac in these words:

"Hegio, hic homo rabiosus habitus est in Alide:
Ne tu quod istic fabuletur auris inmittas tuas.
Nam istic hastis insectatus est domi matrem et patrem,
Et illic istic qui sputatur morbus interdum venit.
Proin tu ab istoc procul apscedas."

With what ease and gracefulness of language does the ingenious Plautus make Tyndarus renew his plans that he may the more easily deceive Hegio! The old man is disposed to believe Aristophanes, and yet is unwilling to doubt the word of Tyndarus, for he answers the former, questioning him if he believes Tyndarus:

"Plus quidem, quam tibi aut mihi:
Nam ille quidem, quem tu esse hunc memoras,
hodie hinc abiit Alidem
Ad patrem hujus."

In this scene Plautus shows his great power as a humorist, and, as it were, puts a bridle on his readers and leads them to the height of enjoyment.

Another interesting character in the "Captivii" is Ergasilus, the parasite, who undertakes to do the lowest and meanest acts that he may obtain bread. There were three classes of parasites in Rome named after the manner in which they sought their pleasure and their dinners: namely, jesters, flatterers, and the officious. Ergasilus belongs to the first class, and makes jokes for his noble patrons who take much pleasure in them; but his success is not so great after Philopolimus, his best friend, has been made captive—as his complaining soliloquies attest. During the captivity of Philopolimus he often sought for food in vain as a reward for his jests. Notwithstanding the meanness of his occupation, we cannot but have compassion on his bewailings and lamentations when in search for food after all had abandoned the practice of giving banquets. But with what words can one picture him on his way to Hegio's house, bearing the tidings of the return of Philopolimus a freed man; he rushes along the streets, casting aside everything and everybody that happen in his way. He wants to be the first to bear this joyful news to Hegio, not indeed for the joy it may bring Hegio, but for the supply of food it shall bring him henceforth. With what a daring and domineering spirit the poet has represented Ergasilus on his arrival at the home of Hegio! He at once bids the old man rejoice, and when Hegio asks why he shall rejoice, he answers, "Because I command you." He also orders him to offer sacrifices, not to the gods, as may be learned from his answer to Hegio asking him: "To which of the gods?"

"Mihi hercle, nam ego nunc tibi sum summus Juppiter:
Idem ego sum Salus, Fortuna, Lux, Lætitia, Gaudium."

When the old man is informed by Ergasilus that his son has returned from captivity, he commissions the bearer of these joyful tidings to go and prepare a great banquet, while he himself sets out for the harbor to bring home his boy. Ergasilus, made sole master of the feast, enters upon his occupation with zest. An attempt to describe him rushing about in the larder, exhibits the weakness of words. The whole place is overturned; all the pots and cups are broken, except those he deems large enough for a bountiful repast. When Hegio returns from the harbor, accompanied by Philopolimus, Philocrates, and Stalagmus, a former slave of Hegio, joy and gladness seem to possess every one, save Stalagmus, who fears a well-merited punishment; for he had been unfaithful to his old master in running away from him and stealing his four-year old son, whom he sold to the father of Philocrates for six minæ. The whole matter is now disclosed by the confession of Stalagmus. On ascertaining that Tyndarus, whom he had but a little before sent to the quarries, and subjected to the most severe labor and to the cruel blows of the quarryman, is his own son, Hegio is moved to compassion and, overcome with grief, repents of the cruelty he had exercised towards the most faithful of men. This passage is presented with such pathos and with such vivid imagination that the reader cannot but be at the same time pleased and moved to pity for the wrongs suffered by Tyndarus on account of his fidelity.

The "Captivii" is justly considered the purest and the most innocent of all Plautus' plays; in it there are no evil characters as in some of the Greek comedies. The author admits that he has borrowed the plot from the Greeks; still he complains that few of the Greek comedies are founded upon chaste manners. Perhaps the greatest factor in the success of Plautus was that he associated with all classes; and this gave him that intimate acquaintance with their manners, customs and tastes which enabled him to adapt himself to the demands of the people. He was exactly the man to satisfy the literary tastes of those about him. He criticised more in jest than in bitter satire. One of his principal characteristics was his great play upon words. He was held in much esteem by the men of his own time, and even now his writings are deemed worthy of a great man and of a still greater author.

The Bible.

The Scripture is especially devoted to the moral and spiritual concerns of mankind, and contains the germ of all true philosophy. Its ennobling truths have expanded the mind, subdued the crude and roaming intellect, and directed the judgment to views, both of the physical and of the moral nature, which have been conducive in the highest degree to the progress of civilization.

The history of the English Bible comprehends a period of over nine hundred years. The venerable Bede translated the Psalter and the Gospel into the Anglo-Saxon by order of King Alfred. Between 1461 and 1493, Faust, who undertook the sale of bibles at Paris, where printing was then unknown, narrowly escaped punishment. He was taken for a magician, because he produced them so rapidly, and because one copy was so much like another. In 1607 was begun, and in 1611 was completed, a new and correct translation of the Bible, being the present authorized version. This edition has been truly, "not only the glory of the rich and the inheritance of the poor," but the guide of the wayworn pilgrim, the messenger of grace, and the means of knowledge, joy and holiness to millions.

Of all the recreations which can possibly be imagined for a hard-working man, after his daily toil, or in its intervals, there is nothing like reading an entertaining and instructive book. It calls for no bodily exertion, of which he has had enough. It relieves his home of its dullness and sameness, which, in nine cases out of ten, drive him to the ale-house to his own ruin and that of his family. It transports him into a livelier, gayer, more diversified and more interesting scene; and while he enjoys himself there, he may forget the evils of the present moment. Nay, it accompanies him to his next day's work; and if the book he has been reading possess an elevating and soul-inspiring purpose, it gives him something to think of besides the mere mechanical drudgery of his everyday occupation—something that he can enjoy while absent, and look forward to with pleasure on his return.

Supposing a person to have been fortunate in the choice of his book, and to have secured one of a high order, what a source of domestic enjoyment is laid open! What a bond of family union! He may read it aloud, or have his

wife read it, or his eldest boy or girl. All have the benefit of it; each contributes to the gratification of the others, and a feeling of common interest and pleasure is excited. And what book is it that is calculated to fill all these grand requirements? None but the Bible, that heavenly book, which, like no other volume, grows so in interest by repeated reading. We may study Bacon, Butler; or Boyle, but as soon as the argument is appreciated, and the truth appropriated, the mind labors through another reading. But every passage in the Scriptures is fruitful of varied suggestions; and the more spiritual the mind of the reader, the more beneficial is the passage read. Every passage suggests some new and more impressive view of God's character and of human duty; and while thus leading one to look within his own bosom for the ultimate sources of his happiness, warns him at the same time to be cautious how he defiles and desecrates that inward and most glorious of temples—his immortal soul.

O. McHUGH.

What Girls are Good for.*

DANIEL V. CASEY.

You all remember the days of old, when all of us—except, perhaps, our honored President—were boys. In that far-off, happy time the roller-skating rink was a power in the land, and the managers thereof were always on the lookout for novelties and schemes to attract the crowd. They discovered or invented many "drawing-cards"; but in time the one-legged skater, and the skateress with four, ceased to attract, and then some fiend hit upon the plan of having skating matches between "amateurs" who had never tried their fate before on the nimble boxwood wheels.

Of course, it was immensely amusing for the spectators; but for the amateurs themselves it was anything but pleasant. And I more than suspect that our programme committee borrowed a page from the manager's tactics when they put the humblest of your servants down for a dissertation on the general utility of girls.

For in the gentle art of flirtation and the profoundest of all earthly sciences, the knowl-

* Paper read before the Philodemic Literary Society, Feb. 14, 1894.

edge of women, I am the veriest tyro—an amateur ignorant enough to satisfy the most exacting of audiences. Fancy a fellow coming to Notre Dame when he was still unable to say ten words to even the meekest of maidens without repeating six of them; fancy such a one rusticating for the next four years of his life in a place as barren even of “girls from town” as Notre Dame, and then presuming to tell an assemblage of post-graduates in Doctor Cupid’s course what he knows about girls and what he thinks they are really good for.

There was more than a touch of cruelty in that ancient spectacle of the skating rink, but the lot of the manager’s victims was more to be envied than mine. They had companions with whom to share the stage and the laughter of the lookers on; when they had a fall they could lie still and be unnoticed; or, if the sport got too hot for them, they could unstrap the skates and retire in good order. But as for me, I am alone, and the fun depends on my keeping moving; my skates are clamped on and the committee holds the key; so if I fall, I have no choice but to struggle to my feet and fall again. And if I come down a bit harder than you expected, O my kind committee friends, pray that a little judgment may be yours:

“More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of.”

The logical method, I suppose, in compiling a paper like this is first to go back to ancient times and treat it from a historical standpoint; but the fact is, I know a couple of ancient maidens and they’re anything but interesting; so we’ll skip, if you please, the history, and come down to modern times and girls whose frocks are made by Worth and Redfern

After the historical ought to come the categorical part; but I think that we had better skip that, too, for want of certain information. Of course I don’t mean that stupid old classification into blondes and brunettes. That’s altogether too arbitrary to be considered at all, and, besides, you are never safe in putting a woman in either of these two categories. One week she may be as dark as a Spaniard and the next her locks may rival the Golden Fleece for which Jason fought and bled and lied. I know that such a transformation—or shall I call it transmutation?—is possible; for last September when I bade good-bye to her who was once my best, she was a brunette of the darkest Irish type, and I spent all last session in elaborating phrases in praise of “dark eyes” and “raven tresses.” While I was at home

Christmas I called upon her merely, you know, to renew old recollections; but when I entered the sitting room one whom I took for a total stranger rushed up to me and fell on my neck, and—but I never was noted for self-possession in such a case, though sometimes I can yield gracefully to the inevitable, and this time, though puzzled, I yielded. “Why, what on earth is the matter with you, Dan?” she cried. “You stand there like you didn’t know me!” And then I knew her, the dear little soul, by the music of her voice and her large and varied assortment of freckles. So you see you can’t depend on categories any more than you can Indiana weather or the valentines your kind friends send you.

There are so many kinds of girls that even the census bureau might well despair of ever being able to classify them. There is the bashful girl and the frisky girl, the giggling girl and the gum-chewing girl, the summer girl and the theosophical girl, the æsthetic girl and the athletic girl, the girl who goes in for art and her sister who dotes on Browning; and last, and divinest of all, our own sweet, dear American tailor-made girl. These are only a few of many; but for me there has always been but two classes: the girls whom I adore and the ones whom I do not know. And I am filled with sadness whenever I think that the former must ever be in the minority. Not that that is my fault, “Barkis is willin,” and then some—but it’s fate, I guess, and I can only bow to the decree and say with the Mussulman, “Kismet.”

And yet you ask me what girls are good for. I might retort the question, and ask what is it that they are not able to do? But you would only smile and twirl your moustache—if that were not a physical impossibility—in that delightfully cynical way of yours, and tell me that her skill with stones and six-shooters is notorious; that her care in preserving a secret is something admirable; that in putting down a carpet or putting up a stove her cleverness is beyond comparison; that her ability to select the right thing for a Christmas present has never been called into question; that her taste in neckties is something positively divine; and that her appreciation of a joke is equalled only by her skill in telling a funny story. You say all this, and I have no words with which to answer. I am afraid that I can’t deny any of the charges, especially the last three or four.

Now, for instance, last Christmas two of my friends gave me presents. I’m total abstinence as you all know, and the sight of a “Henry

Clay." makes me sea-sick; but all the same, these two little ladies sent me, one of them a rather pretty silver cork-screw, and the other a cigar-case in filagree and brown morocco. And then in the matter of neckties: red is the fashionable color at home just now, and at Christmas I was the delighted recipient of two perfectly heavenly four-in-hands, one cardinal and the other crimson. I am using them now to loop back my curtains, and I must say that they are quite the smartest thing of that sort that I have seen.

But it is her lack of humor that we find it hardest to explain and to excuse in the girls that we know and care for. I was a bit skeptical before Christmas in regard to the parts that Mr. Howells makes his women play in his farces; I thought that the stupidity of Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Roberts was just a bit overdone, but now I stand ready to shout an unqualified "credo." You all know "The Adventures of Jones" and how he saved the fortunes of the Scranton Fresh Bear Co. by sending his bears into summer-winter quarters in hollow logs placed in his cold-storage house, and then shipping them to his customers in the same hollow logs. Well, in the interests of science, I deliberately sprang that story on two Crawfordsville maidens, and I'm sorry to say it didn't affect them in the least. They looked serious and a bit mystified for a minute or so, and then May asked if Jones shipped the bears in refrigerator cars, and Grace chimed in with "How did the butchers get the bears out of the logs, Dan? Did he chloroform them?" I managed to gasp out that I really didn't know; and then May got indignant and wanted to know why the S. P. C. A. didn't interfere to keep the bears from freezing to death, and Molly asked me how many trees they had to cut down to get those 2,000 hollow logs. Of course I couldn't answer either of their questions; and then they got angry, and they both said, almost in the same breath: "Dan Casey, I believe you've been telling us a regular old whopper of a story!" I confessed my guilt and had strength enough left to stagger out of the house. The cool night air soon revived me. Clearly, lovely woman has not dominion over man because of her sense of humor. As the old rhyme runs,

"She is pretty to walk with,
And witty to talk with,
And pleasant to think on, too;"

but if *Puck* and *Life* depended on her support there would be two big assignments on very short notice.

Here, then, is the debit side of the account; but when it comes to casting up the credit side of the column, I fear you will find me very, very poor at figures. That is the fault of the figures, however, not mine. There are so many of them—all round numbers, too—such an embarrassment of riches that one is at a loss to know which to choose as the vital ones. Besides, one can't be serious and amusing at the same time, and it was my business this evening to be as amusing as lay in my power; so you'll take it kindly, I hope, even though you have not found any of the wisdom of the ages and the encyclopedias in this little discourse of mine.

What would the world be without women? A howling wilderness with a board of trade piled in to keep things moving and to superintend the funerals. What would become of all the industries of the world? Take any business you wish, one with which a woman has apparently no connection, a barber shop or a haberdasher's for instance. Men would quit shaving, and would pay no attention to the very latest in Tecks or four-in-hands if there were no ladies to smile approval on their efforts.

Women are invaluable, therefore, if only to make men wear white shirts and clean collars and respectable chins and neckties. Think, too, of the moonlight sleigh rides that would never be indulged in, and the balls that would never be given, the Christmas gifts that would not be exchanged, and the mistletoe boughs that would never be noticed, the letters that would not be written "to the dearest girl on earth," and the tennis-courts that would be silent forever, the boats that would never be used, and the walks that would never be taken at twilight out under the old apple-trees, the tender good nights that would never be said, and all the pains and the pleasures, the joys and the sorrows that make up the sweetness and sadness and fullness of life that would be no more for the sons of men.

If I could only do justice to my subject, I could talk for hours without wearying you; but which of us is worthy to speak on such a theme? Who would dare to say that he could tell all the good that women do in this careless, savage, sad, old world of ours? Every man sees more clearly and feels more deeply than any mortal tongue can tell how wide and pure and tender and strong is the influence of every true woman, be she maid, wife or widow, or as yet only one of "Our Girls," God bless them.

Trifles Light as Air.

1794—1894.

A valentine! ye ancient day,
Ye old-time lover—long since gray—
In desperation wooed the muse;
But she—well, she had other views,
And, spite entreaties, said him nay.

Ah! cruel, cruel, easy prey
You found. You had the heart to play
The tyrant thus, and to refuse
A valentine!

Pack up your traps, my lady gay,
Your reign is ended. Sad to say,
Ye modern lover doth not choose
To waste long nights; but doth amuse
His days with buying,—yes, "like hay,"
A valentine.

D. V. C.

IN FEAR.

Oh! write me a triolet—
My heart sinks with dread
At the task you have set;
Oh! write me a triolet.
My *muse* I can't fret—
I wish I were dead—
Oh! write me a triolet—
My heart sinks with dread.

J. A. M.

WRITTEN ON A STEP LADDER.

When you're climbing up life's ladder,
Seeking fame and fair renown,
Mark, it's not the man above you
Who attempts to drag you down.

Du B.

ART'S FAILURE.

In crimson hue the evening sky
Is bathed, and nature's lovers cry
In admiration at the sight,
And wish its gorgeous beauty might
Forever glow and never die.

Oh! why does feeble art still try
With nature's handiwork to vie;
To reproduce approaching night
In crimson hue?

It floods a sympathetic eye
To hear these artists feebly sigh,
Because they cannot catch that light.
We tolerate but one such sprite:
He paints the town, inspired by rye,
In crimson hue.

F. W. E.

AN OPEN SECRET.

In the ball-room so gay,
Little Lucy's the belle!
All the youths of the day,
In the ball-room so gay,
To her side shyly stray.
Where the secret they tell,
In the ball-room so gay—
Little Lucy's the belle!

A. M. P.

My First Case.

It was in the fall of 185—, and I had just obtained my medical degree. The examination average surpassed my fondest expectations, and the college authorities showed their appreciation of my standing by giving me a special recommendation. My prospects were, indeed, bright, and I felt that fortune was smiling upon me. Medicine was my vocation, and I intended to be an honor to the noblest of all professions. To see would be to conquer; and I resolved to surmount all obstacles if perseverance and industry could do so.

It was with this enthusiastic spirit that I went to C. in Mississippi. My professor had given me a letter of introduction to Dr. Bowen, the only and, necessarily, leading physician in C. I was not told what kind of a reception I was to meet with when I presented myself at the doctor's office.

The doctor was a man of perhaps fifty years of age, short and heavy set. He enjoyed a lucrative practice and was an honored and respected citizen of C. A cheerful smile illumined his face, and his manner of speaking put one immediately at his ease. His smile did not belie his character. He was the sort of man a young doctor would wish to serve his apprenticeship under; jolly, educated, a fluent speaker, with an engaging manner, and, what was of most importance to me, a man deeply learned in medical science with an experience of many years.

He treated me very courteously, and after perusing my letter, said: "Well, young man, I like your appearance, and my old friend Dr. Mills speaks very highly of you. Just at present I need an assistant and see no reason why you shouldn't fill the bill." We then spoke of my experience, which consisted of college practice only, and what would be expected of me. He was unusually kind, and gave such advice as would be helpful to me.

We were still talking when an old negro called at the office, requesting the doctor to go immediately to Rumford's plantation as one of the slaves, called Jim, was very sick. "Now," said the doctor, "here's your chance. Jim is Rumford's most valuable slave, and your reputation is made if you save him. It was only the other day I heard Rumford say that Jim was worth at least two thousand dollars. He'll pay liberally. Do you want to go, or would you rather wait a few days before beginning active practice?"

"I'll go at once," I cried, enthusiastically.

The doctor ordered his rig to be brought, and I started for Rumford's. It was about five miles from C., and on the way I had ample opportunity of thinking how fortunate I was. Within four hours of my arrival in C. to receive a case! It was, indeed, fortunate, and I resolved

to do everything in my power to create a good impression by curing Jim. My lack of experience should be made up by carefulness and attention. I confess, I was a trifle flustered at first, but the cool October breeze brought me back to my usual calmness.

Upon arriving at the plantation I was immediately shown into Jim's room, where I found Rumford impatiently pacing the floor. As I entered he looked up with a brightening countenance, which was immediately changed to a frown upon seeing a stranger.

"I am Dr. Colbin, Dr. Bowen's new assistant," was my somewhat abrupt introduction.

"Couldn't Bowen himself come?"

"No, so he sent me instead."

He stood musing for a short time and, quickly turning, said: "All right. Jim is over there." Then drawing me to one side he whispered: "Jim is a very valuable slave, and if you save him you can charge what you want. Spare no expense; I must save Jim."

Going to the bedside, I found an intelligent-looking negro, who appeared to be suffering extreme pain. He was unconscious, and I at once proceeded to examine him. It would not do to jump at conclusions, and I determined to be very careful before giving a decision. So I called Rumford and inquired into the symptoms, habits, general health of the patient, and, in fact, about everything that I thought would be of help to me.

At last I concluded my examination. "Mr. Rumford, Jim is a very sick man: he is suffering from double pneumonia."

"Can he be saved?" whispered the owner.

"Yes, but there is only one remedy for the disease; I must bleed him, and the sooner the better."

Yes, bleeding was the correct treatment; I felt sure of it, and mentally reviewed several cases I had studied at college. Mr. Rumford assisted me in the operation, and showed the most anxious solicitude for Jim's safety. It was with a feeling of relief that I got into the buggy to return home. I reviewed all my actions and felt relieved to find that I had no doubts as to what I had done. Dr. Bowen would question me on my return, and it was those professional inquiries that made me feel anxious.

"Back so soon? What success?"

I told him what I had done, and, judging from his expression, I knew that something was wrong. "Bled him?" gasped the doctor. "And how much blood did you take?"

"About a pint, as near as I could judge," I answered, as calmly as possible.

"A pint!" and then, in a calmer mood, he proceeded: "Young man, at this time tomorrow Jim will be a dead man."

"Why so, doctor? Is it not bleeding that is prescribed for pneumonia?"

"Yes, but remember that such treatment can be followed only in the North. You must know

that a southerner's blood is much thinner than his northern neighbor, and he needs every drop of it. I'm sorry; I fear you have made a bad job of Jim's case."

"But," I objected, "do not the best authorities agree at present in prescribing bleeding for pneumonia? I followed their instructions to the letter."

"Oh! no blame can attach to you; you did as you knew best; but Jim is as good as a dead nigger. You will find that in a year's experience here you will have to unlearn many of the things you were taught in the North. Treatment of patients differs with localities. Mark my words that to-morrow morning Jim will be delirious and before noon he will die. We'll have a call in the morning from Rumford, and both of us will go and see the outcome. But don't worry. Nothing can be done now. Go in there and read a paper; compose yourself. You must dine with me to-night."

It was with a misgiving heart that I went into the other room. To have made a mistake and killed Jim! What would Rumford do when he found out that my inexperience was the cause of Jim's death? Where were now my bright prospects? The light had suddenly passed away, and the future was darkened by an impenetrable mist. My heart sickened to think of the consequences of my fault, as I deemed it. I tried to reason that I had used every precaution, but the same thought rose up in my mind—I had killed Jim.

My sad reflections were interrupted by the doctor's entrance. He proceeded to enliven me, and declared I must go to his house, where, after a good bath, a southern dinner would make me all right. But the southern dinner did not make me all right; for, in my dreams I was again at Jim's bedside bleeding him.

In the morning a call did come, as the doctor had foretold. Rumford welcomed Dr. Bowen very cordially, while for me he had but a gruff good morning.

The symptoms were, indeed, as the doctor had predicted. Every now and then Rumford would look toward me with a reproachful expression: "You killed Jim!" the look seemed to say, and I felt that such was the case. We were still in the room when Jim gave a stifled groan and died before my horror stricken gaze.

Many years have passed since that eventful morning; and now, that I am enjoying the fruits of forty years' faithful practice, I look back and think of the sad and costly lesson that was taught me by my First Case.

JOSEPH M. KEARNEY.



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—We shall publish next week an article on Professor Tyndall by one who is eminently qualified to speak of the departed scientist. An article by the same writer on the life work of the late Professor Van Banneden will appear later. We are sure our readers will find both articles intensely interesting.

—By the ruling of the Post-Office Department, college journals will be forced to pay eight or sixteen times as much postage as other newspapers; this they certainly cannot afford. It is an injustice, and is a reproach to a system that allows sensational story-papers, sporting magazines and the cheap novel, privileges denied educational journals. The system annihilates a desirable class of publications and promotes an obnoxious one.

—A movement is on foot among the alumni to establish a memorial of the late Father Granger. A monument has been suggested; but any one who knew Father Granger intimately will at once perceive how inappropriate a column of marble or brass would be. His monument is in the hearts of those whom he brought near to God. If the alumni desire to establish a suitable memorial, let them found a scholarship, to be called the "Father Granger Scholarship." They would thus best testify their affection for their departed spiritual director, and, at the same time, show their love for *Alma Mater*.

—In our search for good literature we are apt to go abroad, forgetful that we have here one of the best edited magazines in the country. The *Ave Maria* is a model of good taste in matters literary. We desire to call special attention to two serials in its current numbers—one entitled "Among the Bohemians," by Frances Haines Loughhead, the other a story for boys by our own Professor Egan. The former is one of the most fascinating stories we have ever read, and we have yet to find anything written for boys to surpass the latter. The editors of the *Ave Maria* deserve to be congratulated in having secured two such valuable contributors.

—It is a regrettable fact that many of our students are indifferent to the advantages of college oratory. Here at Notre Dame we celebrate Washington's Birthday, St. Patrick's Day, etc., in a truly royal style; the occasion is made for the orator, and if he would only take advantage of it, well and good. But he comes before us with a stereotyped harangue, telling us the old story, and, by way of excuse, remarks that though it is ever ancient, it is ever new. Let our aspiring orators inspire new thoughts into the old subjects. Let them not follow in the old rut made by preceding speakers. If they take modern facts and present conditions, and draw a close analogy and deduce results, their efforts will not be unappreciated.

—Some of our Western colleges complain that the daily papers here do not give sufficient attention to college news. We think the complaint ill-grounded. Whenever anything of general interest is done by a college, reporters will be found only too ready to make it known. Unfortunately, many reports of college happenings find their way into the newspapers that are far from being creditable to our institutions. The general tenor of newspaper reports would lead us to believe that our American colleges are noted chiefly for scandals, athletics and dinners, and are educational institutions only in name. Great centers of learning should be places of seclusion where young men prepare for their life work. The public, as a rule, are not interested in the work of undergraduates; they measure the worth of an institution by the work of its graduates. It is therefore folly for us, as students, to thrust ourselves upon the notice of the world; it will bring us notoriety, but not fame.

The College Gentleman.

To speak of the college gentleman is to speak of any gentleman. In college or out, young or old, rich or poor, the gentleman is the same the world over. No matter what his dress, no matter what his culture, no matter what his occupation, his gentlemanliness is always apparent. He may or may not be lettered; he may or may not be polished; he may or may not be brilliant in conversation, but his presence always gratifies the company into which he is thrown. Everyone respects him, and he in turn respects everyone else.

The distinctive mark of the gentleman is his consideration for the feelings, rights and opinions of others. No matter how well educated or how polished a man may be, if he has no consideration for his fellowmen he lacks the first principle of true gentlemanliness. On the other hand, even though a man be ignorant and rough, if he save others pain he is a true gentleman. Newman defines a gentleman as one who never gives another pain. He is considerate at all times, in all places, and to all people. He always chooses the best opportunity for everything he says or does. He chooses the time; he chooses the place. He is careful never to say or do anything at a wrong hour, in the wrong place, or to the wrong person.

His chief virtue is charity. It is the great charity that is capable not only of giving, but also of forgiving. It is the "charity that covereth a multitude of sins." It makes him ever ready to bear with the faults of others, knowing that he himself is but human. It enables him to pass over all the petty trifles that would irritate a lesser mind. It helps him to make the best of everything, and to put the best possible construction on the conduct of others.

His consideration for the feelings of his fellow creatures prevents his ever making sarcastic or cutting remarks to any one. His method of reforming is by gentle persuasion and suggestion. His wounds never rankle in the heart, but, like a careful surgeon's, heal quickly and produce a certain cure. Indeed, he seldom wounds, even to cure. He is considerate for the rights of others. In fact, his consideration for their feelings is founded on his respect for their rights; and his regard for their opinions rests upon both. He follows out the commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor

as thyself," and he never oversteps his own boundaries. He is never knowingly guilty of an injury to another. Should he unwittingly infringe on the rights of any one else he immediately makes amends. When he has unintentionally slighted anyone his apology is at once ready on his lips and is as readily accepted. He honors a man with an honest opinion, and he never tries to force his own opinion upon anyone. When he argues, he does not descend to personal invective. It is too mean! His spirit is above it. He never makes use of a mean or unfair advantage in any transaction.

He has a standard of honor, and measures himself and others by that. He never considers himself the standard of perfection, nor does he measure others by himself, except in so far as his own measure is contained in the Golden Rule. He respects, but does not cringe to the opinions of others; neither does he pursue a false honor. As Newman says: "He has too much sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries; he is too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing and resigned on philosophical principles." He knows that an insulter is always on a lower scale than the one insulted. Truth cannot, and falsehood should not, be resented. He refutes the latter, but resentment is not included in his province. He does not remember injuries, for he knows that it is always the one injuring that suffers most. He knows that when one man injures another it is always the wrong-doer who hates the other after the act. Let anyone examine his own mind and see if it is not so. The gentleman does not bear malice, for that is incompatible with his consideration for others.

A gentleman in college is the same as a gentleman anywhere else. His college days are unlike those of some of his fellows. He does not mark its progress with cruel jokes or thoughtless torments inflicted on others. He enjoys himself, but not by throwing water on people's heads, or by snowballing unwilling victims of his boisterousness. Such acts are not catalogued in his list of amusements. Should he feel a craving to snowball someone, he goes off with a companion who is given to that sort of thing. His amusement does not interfere with others in that way. Should he feel a desire to wet some one, he does not take advantage of a front room and zero weather to gratify his desire. He waits until he finds a man ready for a swim, and then he can throw water to his heart's content; no one would object

to it, for both time and place are opportune.

The gentleman is considerate and self-sacrificing. He is quick in sympathy, enters into the spirit of every good movement, and makes life pleasant for everybody by his good will. Wherever found, he is in demand; and when he dies the highest praise that can be said of any man is his: "He was a true gentleman."

ERNEST F. DU BRUL.

A Communication.

MR. EDITOR:

I was walking around the lake some time ago, when my attention was suddenly called to a fact which has for some years attracted my notice, and which ought to excite the deepest concern in everyone at Notre Dame. That fact is, the steady disappearance of the beautiful fringe of forest that once covered the side and crest of the hill encompassing St. Joseph's Lake. Half way around the lake, on the occasion referred to, I met a man chopping down trees. Yesterday, while I was taking the same walk, four large, fresh, unsightly stumps provoked an indignation that I can no longer repress. Who the responsible parties are, I neither know nor care; I wish simply to direct attention, before it is too late, to a species of vandalism that threatens to wipe out the last trace of natural beauty from Notre Dame forever.

Time was when one could wander along that sylvan path, with open book, and uncovered head, on the warmest summer day. Time was when the procession on Corpus Christi wound its way, from the ice-house to the seminary, through a beautiful grove of oak, whose foliage threw a grateful shade, and whose branches gave glad some songs of welcome from thousands of feathery throats. That time has passed away. Year by year, the work of devastation went on. Then, three years ago, some one took it into his head to *trim* the trees in the wood. And trim them he did, with a vengeance. Forest trees trimmed like telegraph-poles, with a tuft of vegetation at the top, are a spectacle as ridiculous as it is mournful. And still the ruthless destruction goes on. Still, one by one, the remaining trees in this once beautiful grove disappear. How long will it be, at this rate, till the path around the lake is as shadeless as the path round the campus of Brownson Hall?

In the name of nature, in the name of art, in the name of good sense, let there be an end of it!

No one has a higher appreciation than I of true artistic effort. No one, for instance, appreciates more cordially than I the intelligent, patient, and persevering efforts of Bro. Philip, in the attempt to beautify the college lawn. But St. Joseph's Lake is not the place for a similar undertaking. Better to have left nature's sway there undisturbed. Or if art was to be used, a gentle, not a destructive hand, should have guided its application. Those who lived here during the sixties still speak, in rapturous terms, of the olden beauty of St. Joseph's Lake, with its native forest environment. Would to God that it had remained so! Would that it were still a place where one might find, in sweet communings with nature, relief from the wearisome work of class-room! Something of the primeval picturesqueness of St. Joseph's Lake suggests itself when, in walking along the river bluff at St. Mary's Academy, one looks down the steep incline, and sees, stretching from bluff to bottom, cedars and oaks and sycamores, of giant size and unknown age,—some lying and decaying where they fell decades ago, others towering high above the bluff, while still others fling their long swaying arms far out over the swiftly flowing waters. Who can pass by without a longing to tarry there? Such is nature. The finest effects of art, beside such a scene, are impotent. The interference of art in such a scene would be, not art, but outrage. Why, similarly, could not one spot at least at Notre Dame have been set apart—why may not one spot still be set apart—as forever sacred to Nature and her lovers?

ONE OF THEM.

Exchanges.

The latest addition to our exchange list is the *Anderson High School Journal*. From the improvement shown in the second number we bespeak for it a bright future.

There must be something inspiring in the air at Earlham College; both the *Phoenixian* and the *Earlhamite* published long poems in their last numbers. This is not the first time the latter has committed this very pardonable offence.

We were inclined to believe "that the newspaper office is the only school of journalism," to use the words of the *Student*; but the editorial tone of this same *Student* has somewhat staggered our faith. We are at a loss to know

what provoked the editor to say such harsh things of the school of journalism in the University of Pennsylvania. In fact, it is difficult to get at the exact meaning of much in his first editorial paragraph. If a newspaper office teach no better mode of expression than is used by the *Student* (it is not a college journal), then let colleges at once add a course in journalism to their curriculums.

* * *

The *Mountaineer* contains a feature this month that every college journal should have from time to time. An alumnus of Mt. St. Mary's tells of the days when he was a youngster conning his books at Emmitsburg. It does an "old boy" good to live over his college days, and his "recollections" make interesting reading.

* * *

An article in the last number of the *Holcad* entitled "Egoism or Altruism" is a wonder, to say the least. How anyone could put so many contradictory statements into print and be guilty of such wild vagaries is marvellous. The writer says in one breath that the Catholic Church is the uncompromising enemy of altruism and that Father Damien, a child of this same Church, is the highest type of the altruist. What the gentleman may mean by Father Damien's "caring for the wants of the lepers" is hard to understand. If he thinks that their mere bodily sufferings drew the saintly priest to the lazaretto he falls far short of the truth in his estimate of Father Damien's mission. Lamentable as was the physical condition of the lepers, their moral state was worse; and Father Damien, knowing this, went to Molakai at his Master's call with the spirit of an apostle. As for the vagaries: the writer makes the Catholic Church an evil to be dreaded more than Mormonism, intemperance, socialism and sundry other monsters. He then cautions us to be on our guard, for Catholicism is abroad in the land. Look to your hen-roosts, brethren; even the copper on the dead man's eye is no longer sacred.

Books and Periodicals.

NEW PUBLICATIONS OF CATHOLIC CHURCH MUSIC.
J. Fischer & Bro: New York.

The "Missa de Angelis," as at present arranged, has the advantage of having the voice part printed separate from the organ accompaniment. All of which is well and

clearly written, and in such a key that it will not strain or fatigue the average voice.

B. Hamma's new Mass, "Missa Regina Angelorum," is simple and churchly in its character.

The style of the "Seven Hymns" and "Easter Anthem" is devotional and dignified, and they are melodious and pleasing. Besides their intrinsic value, they have the advantage of being easy of execution. We recommend them as such to all choir masters.

—*Scribner's Magazine* for February contains two good stories: "An Unsigned Portrait" by Robert Howard Russell, and "A Lady of the Line" by George I. Putnam. Philip Gilbert Hamerton contributes a short article on a painting by Jean Geoffroy. An interesting article on "The Sea Island Hurricanes" by Joel Chandler Harris, illustrated by Daniel Smith, gives a good idea of the devastation and distress resulting from those terrible storms. Cosmo Monkhouse writes on Edward Burne-Jones, and gives a masterly sketch of that great Impressionist. George W. Cable's Novel "John March, Southerner" runs through Chapters VIII. and XV. and is a picture of Southern life such as only Cable himself can present. The seventh article in the series of "Men's Occupations" is written by James Baldwin on "The Schoolmaster." It presents to perfection the life of an Indiana schoolmaster in the earlier days of the State. Anyone can recognize the types, and some of them exist even now not very far from Notre Dame. Though the district school is now of brick instead of logs, we yet see the schoolmaster holding forth in all his pristine glory. Needless to say that Frost's illustrations of the article are excellent. "Orchids," those beautiful flowers over which collectors rage, are written about by W. A. Stiles. The illustrations by Paul de Longpré are particularly fine.

Personals.

—Charles A. McCuddy, '93, is Assistant Postmaster at Chrisman, Ill.

—A. J. Libert, '93, recently became a Benedict. He has our congratulations.

—Rev. Father Clancy, of Woodstock, Ill., was a welcome visitor during the week.

—Signor L. Gregori, the distinguished artist, sends kind greetings to all at Notre Dame.

—Harry Jewett, '90, visited *Alma Mater* on Wednesday last. Our Hal is the same as ever.

—Mr. and Mrs. Samuel P. Terry have our

congratulations on the birth of a son. Sam is happy in accumulating possessions for his young heir.

—James A. Brady, '93, is secretary of the Oregon Exhibit at the Midwinter Fair in California.

—B. B. Hesse, '90, has a lucrative position in his father's tailoring establishment, Fort Madison, Iowa.

—Wm. Jeannott, '83, of Tomahawk, Wis., has our heartfelt sympathy in the death of his little daughter.

—Monsignore Sbarette, Auditor of the Apostolic Legation at Washington, in company with Very Rev. F. O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, and Rev. J. McLoughlin, of Niles, Mich., paid a visit to the University last Thursday. He examined the various departments and expressed his admiration at their thoroughness. We hope to be favored with another visit from the Monsignor.

Local Items.

—Blizzard!

—Fine sleighing.

—Did you get a valentine?

—Who is to be stage manager?

—The Philopatrians will meet to-night.

—Have you seen the punching bag in Sorin Hall?

—The Literature class have now finished "Hamlet."

—Read Prof. Egan's story in the *Ave Maria*. It is great.

—The first commercial class has begun commercial law.

—The carpenters resumed work on the new community building.

—The "Staff" holds regular meetings. Look out for a good paper.

—FOUND—In the bath-house, a gold ring. Apply to B. Valerian.

—Mr. James McKee is to be the orator for Washington's Birthday.

—Mr. A. Rumely was called home this week by the death of his uncle.

—Have you read "What girls are good for" in this number? Don't miss it!

—FOUND—A knife. Owner may have the same by calling at students' office.

—Col. Hoynes returned from Chicago last night and has resumed his lectures.

—LOST—A diamond setting from a ring. Finder, please leave at students' office.

—The days are noticeably longer; but the nights are too short all the year round.

—He attributed his ill success in the competitions to lack of thoughts on the subject.

—The Brownson men have postponed the handball contest twice. What's the matter?

—Professor Egan lectures to the Belles-Lettres class on foreign authors every Saturday.

—The classes in mechanics have completed some elegant book-cases for their new library.

—The electrical engineering classes have turned out some fine specimens of electrotpe work.

—We noticed on Valentine's Day that several hesitated to open the envelopes which they received.

—The Criticism class have had "Much Ado About Nothing"; they will soon read "As You Like It."

—The Minims decide both who shall play for them and against them, and there is no appeal whatever.

—The first of the graduation essays in the different courses must positively be in by March 10.

—Hereafter books can be borrowed from the library only from 9.30 to 10 a. m., and from 3.30 to 4.30 p. m.

—The Carroll "bike" room is not a model of neatness any more. It could easily be made so, but then—

—LOST—Last week, in Brownson refectory, a white silk muffler. Reward for its return to E. F. Du Brul.

—Tom Klees expressed his determination to kill every ground hog next year. They see too many shadows.

—For the benefit of an anxious public we are happy to say that the Thespian play will not be a tragedy.

—It is hard to come to a choice, when you have sleighing, skating, handball and basketball at the same time.

—The magnificent "O Salutaris" so well rendered by Mr. Bates last Sunday was composed by Prof. Preston.

—Prof. Egan gave a very interesting talk to the Worth Literary Club of South Bend on "Exotic Forms of Verse."

—Some one said that fish was a great brain food. His friend told him to invest in a whale. They are friends no longer.

—Wanted: Ten clever versifiers. Apply at "Staff" office. Spring poets with long locks are warned off the premises!

—The score in the Minim Carroll basket-ball series is 16 to 16. The Carrollites won the first game by a score of 10 to 9.

—Whist is the favorite game in Sorin Hall. Checkers and chess should also be introduced, together with a billiard table.

—It is estimated that there are eighteen weather prophets in this vicinity. Their vaticinations are not to be sneezed at.

—The Carroll Hall Handball Association

has won such a reputation for playing that the manager is unable to secure dates.

—The choir is rehearsing a beautiful Mass for Easter Sunday. Prof. Preston has composed a "Regina Coeli" for the occasion.

—The recent blizzard brought out many discarded ulsters, and it dampened the ardor of the football enthusiasts considerably.

—The latest in ponies, is the shirt-bosom breed. They are better than others. Though contraband, they are not liable to seizure.

—Mr. Charles Schwartz was called home last week on account of the illness of his mother. We are glad to learn that she is recovering.

—Who is the fiend who peers over the transoms on the second flat? The roomers in Sorin Hall have formed a vigilance committee, and threaten vengeance.

—Col. Hoynes has been in Chicago during the past week on business. During his absence Prof. Clarke delivered some very interesting lectures on "Advocacy."

—In the event of the Carrolls winning the handball championship series, which is a foregone conclusion, their second team intend to challenge the Brownsonites.

—It is reported that some very appropriate valentines were received in Sorin Hall. The recipients, however, only smiled at their caricatures. We wonder who sent them?

—A blizzard, the like of which has not been seen in this section for some years, visited us last Tuesday, and made even those inured to "northers" wish for warmer weather.

—The *Catholic Citizen* reprinted an article, "The Living College Man," by E. F. DuBrul, which appeared in the SCHOLASTIC two weeks ago. Thus doth the good work go on.

—The score in the Brownson-Carroll handball tournament still remains 84 to 112 in favor of Carroll Hall. Six games have been played, the Carrolls winning four, Brownsons two.

—During the last week or so the frequenters of the gym have greatly missed the impromptu entertainments that are a great source of amusement and pastime to all. Why not have them twice a week?

—B. Valerian thankfully acknowledges large consignments of cancelled stamps from the following: St. Mary's School, Austin, Tex., 9000; Brownson Hall, 10,000; Carroll Hall, 23,500; St. Edward's Hall, 4,500.

—Newspapers in the reading-room are a thing of the past. Last year all the leading papers of the country were to be found on the tables. There is no reason why the best dailies should not be there now; their absence is sadly felt.

—Old residents wonder at the absence of the blue-jay at this season. They may not know that the unsuspecting bird, in search of a meal, was thrown a twofer stump. After one peck

at the villainous morsel he flew away and hasn't been heard from since.

—The Carrolls' basket-ball team have challenged and do challenge any team on the grounds for a series of games. Thus far they have met with few takers. They are inclined to believe that this reluctance is due rather to a wholesome dread than to apathy.

—The military companies are now getting down to work. Co. "B" had its first competitive drill of the season on Sunday, February 11. The winner was to be made first Corporal. S. Dixon won, but refused the office. Another drill was then held, and E. Franke won.

—Have you seen him? He is thin and careworn, and in his raven tresses are clearly seen the white marks of time. He is only the ghost of his former self. With weary step he goeth abroad to interview, and behold! there are none to be interviewed. He'll publish soon "The Editor's Troubles."

—If the sender of "I'm a match for you" had paused to reflect that the valentine was addressed to our champion prevaricator, there might have been some hesitancy in giving it. We are authorized to say that the recipient of that advertisement of valuable property labelled "To Let" is now in search of it, and is ready to move in.

—Next year's 'Varsity eleven will be a success. Under the new rules, the captain is to be chosen just after the close of the football season, and in consequence the association will soon meet to name a leader. An alternate will also be selected, who will assume charge of the team if the captain should not return next term. Outsiders are barred from playing with the regular team.

—At a special meeting of the Sorin Literary and Dramatic Association, Feb. 19, the election of officers for the second session resulted as follows: Very Rev. W. Corby, C. S. C., and Rev. A. Morrissey, C. S. C., Honorary Directors; Rev. D. Spillard, C. S. C., Director; Rev. J. A. O'Connell, C. S. C., Promoter; Mr. T. Corbett, C. S. C., President; J. Corry, 1st Vice-President; J. Flynn, 2d Vice-President; C. Girsch, Secretary; M. Otero, Treasurer; F. Lohner, Marshal; A. Everest, Librarian; W. Crandall, 1st Monitor; C. Langley, 2d Monitor; J. Jonquet, Censor; W. Healy, Sergeant-at-Arms; H. Rasche, Standard-Bearer.

—The Society of the Guardian Angels of the Sanctuary have elected the following officers for this session: Very Rev. W. Corby and Rev. A. Morrissey, Honorary Directors; Rev. D. Spillard, Director; Bro. Cajetan, Promoter; Mr. J. Just, President; C. Girsch and J. Corry, Vice-Presidents; F. Lohner, Treasurer; C. Langley, Secretary; R. McPhee, Corresponding Secretary; H. Rasche, Librarian; W. Scherrer, Sergeant-at-Arms. The Society of the Guardian Angels can boast of a large body of members,

a circumstance of no small importance, when one considers that only such students of St. Edward's Hall are admitted to its ranks whose behavior and attention to study are entirely satisfactory.

—The Notre Dame Athletic Association held a special meeting on Thursday, Feb. 15, with Vice-President Sinnott in the chair. The new constitution and by-laws, which were drafted by the committee appointed at the previous meeting, were read by Mr. DuBrul, the chairman of the committee. After a very vigorous discussion, *pro et con*, on a few of the clauses, the constitution and by-laws were adopted. During the meeting Rev. President Morrissey introduced Monsignor Sbaretto to the members. They accorded the distinguished dignitary a very hearty welcome. The meeting then adjourned.

—And still another meeting have the Philodemics held, and now they have a constitution to swear by, and rule by, and stand by. The committee that drafted it did its work well, and there is no possible situation unprovided for, and no offence which the by-laws do not define and fix a penalty therefor. After everyone had congratulated everybody else on the happy consummation of the committee's labors, and after a committee on credentials, called for by the constitution, had been appointed, the question of having a *conversazione* once a month, instead of a regular meeting, was discussed, but it was laid on the table until the next meeting. Then the debate on co-education, left unfinished at the last meeting, was resumed, and Messrs. McKee and Fitzgerald were heard from. The judges decided that the negative side had the best of the argument. Next Mr. Casey read a paper, that was very well received, on "What Girls are Good for," and the co-education debate was thrown open to the society. Several of the members and the President himself made very able speeches, all against co-education; but it was very easy to see that they would not mind experimenting a little in that line themselves.

—The Lambs met at their rendezvous last Thursday evening. Upon investigation a spy was discovered in the camp. Not being able to explain his presence satisfactorily, he was forcibly ejected through a window. The members then proceeded to business. The treasurer of the club was found, with the funds of the society on his person, making a break for the store, but was captured before doing any harm. One of the members was then given a very severe reprimand by the President for not being able to collect more news concerning the Rosebuds; he promised to amend his conduct in the future. The question given out for debate, namely, "Resolved, That Portia, had she been living, would have been a member of the Lambs," was not decided, as no one could be found willing to take the negative side.

Action was then taken with reference to a banquet to be given by the Lambs on Washington's Birthday. An invitation was then extended to the Rosebuds to be the guests of the Lambs on that day. The following subject was then given out for debate at the next meeting: "Resolved, That electric lights are more beneficial to the country than Israelites." Before the chair could name the disputants, he was informed that there were several creditors outside waiting to see him. The meeting then broke up in disorder.

Roll of Honor.

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Ahlrichs, Carney, Crawley, Corry, DuBrul, Devanney, Dinkel, Eyanson, J. Fitzgerald, Flannery, Kuhnert, McCarrick, Murphy, McGarry, O'Donnell, Pritchard, Quinlan, Ryan, Scherrer, Schopp, Walker.

BROWNSON HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Amberg, Brinker, Baur, Barrett, Beyer, W. Bates, Burns, Barton, Baldwin, B. Bates, A. Campbell, P. Campbell, Corry, Crane, Cuneo, Chirhart, F. Dillon, Dorsey, Esgan, Edwards, Fagan, Foley, Feeney, Grady, Gordon, Gilmartin, L. Gibson, Golden, Halligan, Hinde, Herman, Hennessy, Hesse, Hodge, Harding, Hartman, Kinsella, Kerndt, Kennedy, Karasynski, Kirby Kelly, Ludwig, Lawlor, Loser, Murray, Maynes, Mott, Maguire, Moloney, McHugh, Markum, Murphy, Manchester, Montague, O'Neill, O'Malley, Owens, G. Puls-kamp, F. Pulskamp, Roper, Ruppe, Rumely, J. Ryan, F. Reilly, C. Roby, E. Roby, J. Reilly, Spalding, Sullivan, Stace, Smoger, Stack, Streicher Tong, Turner, Welty, Walker, Weaver, Wilkin, Wiss, White, Zeitler.

CARROLL HALL.

Messrs. Austin, Bloomfield, Burns, Bacon, Banholzer, Barry, Black, Benz, Clarke, Connor, Cooke, Coolidge, Cornell, Clendenin, Chauvet, C. Cullen, T. Cullen, Corby, J. Ducey, A. Ducev, Doherty, Dannemiller, Dalton, Druecker, Davezac, Davis, Edwards, Fennessy, Farley, Fox, Forbing, Fitzgibbons, Franke, Falvey, Gavin, Gonzales, J. Goldstein, T. Goldstein, Gausepohl, Hutchinson, Howard, Jack, E. Jones, Krollman, Kegler, Kasper, Klees, Ludwig, Lantry, LaMoure, Lohner, Lansdowne, Lowrey, Maurer, Munzesheimer, J. Murphy, E. Murphy, T. Murphy, Monahan, Miles, Mills, Miers, F. Morris, W. Morris, Massey, J. Miller, L. Miller, J. J. McPhillips, J. A. McPhillips, McShane, McCarrick, McKenzie, J. Naughton, D. Naughton, J. J. O'Neill, O'Mara, O'Brien, Ortiz, Patier, Pendleton, Pim, Phillips, Romero, Rockey, Reinhard, Roesing, Swift, Stearns, Sparks, Strong, Sullivan, Swigart, Taylor, Teresa, Tempel, Thome, Tuohy, J. Treber, W. Treber, Wilcox, Waters, Whitehead, H. Wilson, R. Wilson, O. Wright, D. Wright, Wagner, Weitzel, Wigg, Ward, A. Yglesia, L. Yglesia, York, Zoehrlaut.

ST. EDWARD'S HALL.

Masters G. Abrahams, L. Abrahams, Allyn, Brinckhoff, Breslin, L. Clarke, B. Clarke, R. Clarke, Croke, Cross, Christ, Catchpole, Cressy, F. Campau, A. Coquillard, J. Coquillard, Corcoran, Clune, Coolidge, Caruther, C. Dawson, J. Dawson, Davidson, Durand, Dalton, Everest, Feltenstein, Flynn, Finnerty, Girsch, L. Garrity, M. Garrity, Goff, Ralph Higgins, R. Higgins, J. Higgins, Hershey, B. Hess, F. Hess, R. Hess, Jonquet, K. King, Kelly, Langley, Lysle, Lawton, McPhee, McElroy, McIntyre, Eug. McCarthy, Em. McCarthy, R. McCarthy, G. McCarthy, Morehouse, Moxley, Noonan, B. Nye, C. Nye, Otero, O'Neill, Ortey, Perea, H. Pollitz, W. Pollitz, Romero, L. Rasche, Ryan, Rohrbach, Roesing, G. Scherrer, W. Scherrer, Shillington, Swan, Steele, L. Thompson, U. Thompson, Wagner, York,