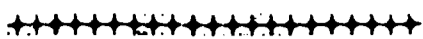


# A CRAZE FOR TALL HOUSES.



Recently a writer in one of the American magazines made mention of the "Craze for tall houses." While there may be a great increase of many-storied buildings in cities like New York and Chicago, still we do not think that this piling of flat upon flat is any way due to a craze. It seems to us that the cause of so much lofty constructing is to be found in the enormously increased value of land, and the necessity of being within reasonable distance of the great commercial centres. In Montreal, a city of about three hundred thousand inhabitants, we find already quite a number of very tall buildings; but unlike New York they are not destined for habitations, but rather for offices. The conditions here are exactly the same as in New York. While in the centre of the city, and proportionately in the rapidly increasing suburbs, the land is daily becoming more valuable, still we have miles remaining of the Island of Montreal that may some day become part of the city, but which are as yet, untouched by the street surveyor. The distances are not so great that people require ten and twelve and even fifteen storied apartment houses for dwellings. Again our centres of business seem to move with the growth of the city. It is within the memory of many when all above St. James Street was considered beyond the business limits. To-day the retail trade has abandoned to a great extent Notre Dame Street, and even Sherbrooke street. It seems to follow the expansion of the city northward and westward. The downtown section, is by degrees, becoming a mere office portion of the city. It is otherwise in New York. There is no room for expansion. To extend the city in any direction means the augmenting of distances to an incredible degree. Consequently, being unable to spread on the level, they are forced to grow and expand in the perpendicular. Half a dozen houses are heaped upon each other; not because the owners have a "craze" for such elevated buildings, but because they have not the land wherewith to place their structures side by side.

The New York Herald, in one of its last issues, has a very comprehensive article on this subject. It says: "Fashions in buildings change as much as fashions in clothes, though it usually takes a longer time for them to impress their character on a community. New York city, or more especially Manhattan borough, for instance, is now fast in the movement for the building of big apartment houses. "Already this season millions of dollars have been invested in these large structures, and although the summer, when builders do most of their year's work, is well advanced, nearly every day brings out the announcement that another or several more of these tall edifices are con-

templated. And each one of these will cost about \$100,000 to erect, and some of these a great deal more. "It is only a few years since the Dakota and the Osborne were almost alone of their class in this city because of their size. Now they no longer attract special attention. This is not because they do not still rank among the largest buildings of their kind, but they are lost amongst a host of similar big structures, to the total number of which still others are being constantly added.

"Impetus was given to the movement for the construction of these many storied residences for scores of families by the steadily increasing cost of land on Manhattan Island, and by the growing demand for ease and comfort in living. "In a measure the big apartment house, like the hotel, solved the servant problem so far as the individual housekeeper was concerned. The main care of the premises, the heating and other duties, fell on the owner, who took the rent and agreed to do nearly all the rest."

It will be at once obvious that this statement is in no way applicable in our city. We have read in the daily press of a building to be constructed on Metcalfe Street that will, in all likelihood, combine the characteristics of the New York big apartment houses, and the new fashionable arcade style of departmental retail stores. But the time is not yet at hand when the flats, the tenements, the two, three and four storied dwelling houses will have to make way for the mammoth structures of the class above described. And we are glad of it. The moment it becomes necessary to pile a dozen houses, one upon the other, we may conclude that there is no more land left around the city, or that it is of such value that none but millionaires could touch it.

The article above cited closes with the following remarks—which indicate that were the writer in our city he would be of the same opinion as we are:

"As I have said, the big apartment houses are not being built in addition to the private dwellings and the five-story flats, but in place of them, and especially in place of the last named style of residence. They appeal to a class made up of the families tired of the private dwelling, to the former occupants of flats, whom increased prosperity has induced to take on new burdens, and to the newcomers from out of town who are feeling their way into New York life. The big apartment house has met a distinct need in this city, and it is here to stay. It is a comparatively new fashion, and I believe it is a good fashion—for New York. Now that the great apartment house has taken firm hold on the metropolis, I find myself wondering what will be the next method adopted of sheltering our millions of citizens."

but an Irish Catholic snob is the worst snob in the world. See him when he has amassed some wealth. He will not marry his daughters into respectable Catholic families—not he. His Nora and Kathleen and Bridget must consort only with those who have drawn their blood through the descendants of William the Conqueror. He does not believe with Tennyson that: "Kind hearts are more than coronets And simple faith than Norman blood."

This and the neglect of properly educating our Catholic boys—giving them an education equal to that of their sisters—are the fruitful cause of mixed marriages. Who ever heard of a wealthy Catholic young lady marrying a gifted and promising young Catholic lawyer or physician, who possessed nothing but his diploma. Yet such marriages are common among non-Catholics.

May God bless the sterling young Irishmen of Montreal, who've set their faces unitedly against the caricaturing of the Irish race on the stage! It is indeed time that such a move should be taken. This and many other reprehensible things we Irishmen and sons of Irishmen have borne too long. The truth is we are too willing to be considered a subject people—too willing to serve—too willing to submit to inferiority placed above us. If there is one thing the Irish Catholics of Canada need to-day it is courage to push to the front—it is confidence in their own gifts and powers. As a race the Irish are too modest—too well satisfied to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. Give me the brains of an Irishman and the self-confidence of a Scotchman and I'll promise you I'll move the world, as with Archimedes' lever—may, I'll reach the highest position in the land within ten years.

Sometimes, however, the Irish caricature themselves through their impudence, their vices, their lack of wisdom. Let the Irish refrain from drink, cherish the higher intellectual life and be faithful children of Holy Church and I'll guarantee that within a few years the sturdier Irishman will disappear. For this purpose Father Quinlivan's Catholic High School is worth more than any resolution framed at an indignation meeting.

"AT LAKE MONONA" is the title of a charming little volume that has reached me from the McBride Publishing House, of Akron, Ohio. It is a story of episode of the Columbian Catholic Summer School, which has its home at Madison, Wisconsin. I know not who the author is, but there is evidence on the face of it that it is the creation of a woman and a clever one at that. The writer has an excellent command of narrative and her style is smooth, lucid, and pleasant. Again the story is not at all improbable in the light and spirit of the facts of to-day, for is it not true that there are hundreds of Alfred Vances, who, if they but knew the Catholic Church as she really is would seek rest and peace within its sanctuary. The character of Alicia Murray who is really the protagonist of the story is well drawn—strong and likeable—just such a Catholic girl as we might expect to meet at our Catholic Summer Schools. Indeed I have met a hundred such girls. Catholic girls at Plattsburgh, surely the West grows a still stronger race. The price of the book is \$2.00 or 25c.

I feel extremely grateful to the author of "At Lake Monona" for her pleasant little story, and for the marriage of the hero and heroine. Marriage is a sacrament in the Catholic Church, and where love is pure as it was with Alfred Vane and Alicia Murray, marriage is the logical outcome. The cloister would be illogical though twenty years ago our Catholic fictionists would have ushered as a finale Alicia Murray into a convent and Alfred Vane into a Monastery, whether their vocations directed so or not. I can heartily commend "At Lake Monona" as a very delightful little book.

WALTER LECKY'S WORK.—I'm glad before me as I write is Walter Lecky's "Impressions and opinions." It is a series of literary essays some of which had already appeared in the Catholic magazines.

The great virtue in Lecky's articles is their frankness and sameness. He is very little of a faddist, and his is worth a Klondike in the world of literary appraisal. Lecky brings to his work Lecky's heart and Lecky's judgment. He cares little what Gosse or Lang or Galliene think or says. He carries with him his own standard and it is not too much to say that, while it may not measure up in every particular, it is in the main a standard having for its basis common sense, good judgment, artistic taste and sympathy. Lecky's best essays in the volume before me are those dealing with The Priest in Fiction, Francis Thompson and Catholic Literature. The book is published by the Angel Guardian Press, of Boston, price fifty cents.

IS POETRY GOING OUT?—It would seem so. The great and gifted ones have laid down their crowns. With the passing away of Browning, Tennyson, Whittier, Longfellow and Lowell there seems to be a dearth of poetic power on both sides of the Atlantic. In some respects Canada lost last winter her greatest poet, when death snatched away untimely the gentle soul of Archibald Lampman. He had real poetic vision. So has Campbell, so has Roberts, so have the two Scotts. The trouble with much of the poetry to-day is that it has degenerated into technique. It is words vaguely strung together with no purpose, no soul. It lacks simplicity, it lacks earnestness, it lacks the stamp of divinity. Take up the magazines of to-day and see what a falling away there is in poetic gift—the ideal is giving way to the real. Of course there are left to us yet, Swinburne the agnostic whose work is meaningless melody, Watson, who poetically has lucid intervals and a number of cherry-stone carvers—all beyond the Atlantic. All our Cis-Atlantic poets are minor singers, the

nearest approach to a round full note of true inspiration being just now heard in the Academic groves of Canada. The muses now are living in mud huts—literary adobes.

There is some hope in England that Francis Thompson, with his young, ardent and keen poetic vision may revive English poetry from its present dim twilight. In our neighboring republic Imogen Guiney did she only discard her classical obscurities, would rank as the first of the younger American poets of to-day. Madison Cawein of Louisville, Kentucky, has a verbal style without question the richest of any of our American poets. Cawein fairly stacks his colors. He is a modern Greek, lacking Greek simplicity. If I am not mistaken ten years more will place him at the head of all the younger American poets.

There are to-day hundreds of university graduates who know nothing about poetry, and hundreds of others whose educational visions are horizoned by the country school, who know good poetry, feel good poetry, appreciate good poetry—in a word love it.

It is the continual chattering about technique—about the rhyme scheme, about the architecture of poetry—losing sight of its divine substance—soured fire, that has reduced poetry to mere word stringing. There is a spiritual uplift to the poetry of today. It is a vision vague and vivid. It is a very chaos of art, for it lacks that spiritual unit which must knit together all true art.

NOTES.—Speaking of Louise Imogen Guiney reminds me that her last literary work is a translation from the French entitled "The Secret of Euphrosine." It is a very charming translation of an old-fashioned, but ever delightful romance. The scene is laid in the time of Louis XIII. Nothing could be more fascinating than this tale, so rich in the use of black magic and white. It is so alike to the stories of to-day. The book is published by the well-known Catholic publishers of Boston, Marber, Callahan & Co., the price being five shillings.

A work of great value came to my hands a few weeks ago. It is also from the publishing house of Marber, Callahan & Co., and is entitled "Legal Studies." The author is the Very Rev. Abbe Hogan, President of St. John's Seminary, Brighton, Mass. It is made up of a series of papers originally contributed to the American Ecclesiastical Review. As the learned author states in the preface to the book, "When preparing the several papers, he had in view chiefly two classes, young men in training for the priesthood, and young priests who have gone forth as all must so imperfectly equipped for their work, but having it in their power during the early years of their ministry to make up for what is still wanting."

Twelve chapters make up the entire book dealing respectively with the following subjects: The natural sciences, philosophy, apologetics, dogmatic theology, moral theology, canon law, liturgy, nomenclature, church history, the Bible and the Fathers of the Church. "Legal Studies" is a work of inestimable value to the Catholic clergy, especially to young Seminary students who are studying for the priest's robe. The price of the book is \$2.00 or 25c.

Rev. J. J. O'Neil, O.P., the founder of the Revery Magazine, has returned to America after having spent nearly two years in the Old World's study and travel. He is said that the smoothly and gifted editor will soon bring out an exhaustive work, dealing with a Savanorola. No one is better qualified for this task. A son of St. Dominic, Father O'Neil understands thoroughly the spirit of the times in which the life of the unhappy Savanorola had setting. His sketch of Savanorola published last year is a delicious statement of the facts connected with the life and death of the great Dominican preacher—"with naught extended or taught set down in marble." Marber, Callahan & Co., are the publishers of Father O'Neil's sketch of Savanorola.

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PROVINCE OF QUEBEC, DISTRICT OF MONTREAL, No. 11. IN THE SUPERIOR COURT. Dame Margaret Cox, wife of William Edmund Evans, of Verdun, in the District of Montreal, Plaintiff, vs. the said William Edmund Evans, Defendant.

An action in separation as to property has been instituted this day upon the defendant. MONTREAL, 12th July, 1899. BEAUDIN, CARDINAL, LORANGER & ST. GERMAIN, Attorneys for the Plaintiff.

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**St. Patrick's Society.** The regular monthly meeting of St. Patrick's Society will be held in St. Patrick's Hall, 92 St. Alexander Street on Monday evening September 4, 1899, at eight o'clock. By Order, S. CROSS, Rec. Sec.

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## LEAFLETS FROM MY LITERARY DIARY.

NEW BOOKS.—Of the making of books there is no end says one of our old writers. Yesterday I was looking over some of the books which reached my desk within the last few months. Father Arthur Barry O'Neill's little volume of poems "Between Whites," is one of these. I always remember Father O'Neill's name in the realm of poetry in connection with his witty poem "The Belles of Boston." "Between Whites" contains nothing humorous, it is keyed to religion and the lofty sentiments of life.

Under the heading of Marian Songs and Sonnets Father O'Neill includes in his book a number of beautiful little poems having for their theme, the Queen of Heaven. Here is the opening one entitled "My Queen":

"Victors in tourney for love and duty,  
Chivalrous knights in their golden prime,  
Knelt at the throne of the Queen of Beauty,  
Ages ago in the olden time.  
Kneeling they proffered and deemed it honor,  
Guardons of valor, the tourney's prize.  
More than repaid, just to gaze upon her,  
Reading their bliss in her lovely eyes.  
Lances no longer we tilt for glory,  
Gone is the pomp of the tourney now;  
Still like the knights of the olden story,  
Lovers the queens of their hearts avow.  
Peerless is mine: with her grace none other  
E'er may compete, here below or above,  
Queen all unrivalled! O Mary Mother,  
Grant for my gurdion one smile of love.

Under the title "In various Keys," Father O'Neill gives us some sweet and true poems, although they lack fire and strength. Here is a truth expressed in his poem "Boy and Man" which will be readily recognized:

"The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow,  
And to find out what manner of man he will be,  
No need from magician or seer need we borrow,  
In the glass of the present his future we see.  
Self never is changed in the process of growing,  
No harvest is other than sown in the seed;  
And each boy in life's garden is constantly sowing,  
His self of the future, a flower or a weed."  
"Between Whites" is full of pure, sweet and noble thought and is bet-

ter heart food than much that is uttered in to-day to the reading public with the aid of calcium light. The book is published by that well-known enterprising Catholic publisher, D. H. McBride & Co., of Akron, Ohio.

ABOUT CATHOLIC WRITERS.—Did you ever notice the way some literary reputations are built up, by persistently keeping in the public eye. I remember having heard Chas. J. O'Malley, editor of the Louisville Midland Review, a paper by the way which has done so much to bring out our young Catholic writers—say that the "Critic" of New York, has some thirty or forty literators whose names appear almost continually in its columns and who finally are received by the public as writers of merit—gifted ones.

We Catholics are sometimes afraid to praise our own writers—we leave it to others to take the lead—and generally that lead is never taken. I know a number of clever young Catholic writers in Canada who receive no encouragement. It sometimes happens indeed, that if they have the courage to appear in the role of writers they are killed off by cold neglect or malicious criticism. It seems a weakness of our people that virtue cannot grow out of the teeth of emulation. The man who is preaching upon the public—ever ready to sell Catholic interests for a mess of political potage is all right—he is a patriot and is given a column notice in some of our Catholic papers, while the struggling Catholic writer who is endeavoring to hold the Catholic mind up to higher ideals is unworthy of notice.

Nay, it is sometimes worse than this. Even when some Catholic writers have secured a status among recognized literators the Catholic paper will refuse to accord them recognition. Merely slur over their work, as trivial and unworthy of serious consideration. This is our injustice to each other as Catholics. Is it any wonder that we feel the gaud of inferiority pricking us since those of our own household brand us as mediocres.

PLAIN TALK.—But it is not in the department of literary work alone that the Catholic feels an uphill fight. Take the professions of law and medicine. The Catholic lawyer or doctor must be far superior to his fellow non-Catholic practitioner or he may hope to gain the confidence of the Catholic people. Why is this? Because we are not united, because we are not true to each other. Because too there are snobbish Catholics who think they cannot move and abide in the kid glove kingdom of Israel if they remain in touch with their Catholic people. Irish Catholics are a brilliant race