

# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Disce quasi semper victurus; vive quasi cras moriturus.

VOLUME XV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, DECEMBER 10, 1881.

NUMBER 14.

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## The Love of God.

BY WM. J. KELLY.

I stand upon the river-side,  
And watch the rippling waters glide  
Along its course. The night is calm  
And cool, and, like a healing balm,  
It soothes my soul and fills my brain  
With thoughts of love, unmixed with pain,—  
Of love so pure, so sweet and true,  
'Twould well become the guileless few  
Whose souls find sweet relief in prayer;  
Loved by none of heaven, sweet ease from care.

The love we feel for parents kind  
Is first presented to my mind:  
And when my mother's tender care,  
As o'er my form she bent in prayer,  
Brings to my mind a sunny flame,  
And when my father's aging frame,  
In loving labor growing sear,  
Brings to my mind a willing tear,  
Can mortal feel a holier tie  
Than such a bond of love?—I sigh,

As on their rippling course they hie,  
The murmuring wavelets hear my sigh,  
And backward send a pitying smile,  
So tender, sweet, and free from guile;  
And, while the water laves the shore,  
It seems to whisper, o'er and o'er—  
"Oh! ever cherish and revere  
Thy father and thy mother dear;  
But yet a love that's holier still  
Must warm thy heart, thy bosom fill."

I muse once more upon the ties  
Which high and low so highly prize:  
Upon the love which brothers feel,—  
Unchanged in grief, increased by weal;  
Upon a sister's loving face  
Illumed with tender, artless grace;  
And on another's winning glance,  
On eyes that sparkle, beam, and dance,  
On hand whose tender touch and light  
Fills heart and soul with keen delight.  
The lingering winds my thoughts divine.

And greet my brow with kiss benign;  
While softly breaks upon my ear  
Low, whispered words of loving cheer:  
"Oh, prize that gift so sweet and fair,—  
A brother's love, a sister's care,  
A loved one's tender, light caress;  
But love of God thy life must bless  
Ere Heaven her choicest gifts will send  
Thy griefs with holy joys to blend."

## Friederich Schiller's Childhood and Youth.

Amidst the venerable ruins of the Castle of Hohenstaufen, between the years 1765-68, might often be seen two children, a boy and a girl, so strongly resembling each other as to denote, unmistakably, their relationship as brother and sister. Usually they were seen alone; sometimes with young companions, sometimes with a man in military uniform and in the vigor of life, but more often with a female companion, of mild exterior and manners, peculiarly gentle, though somewhat grave and serious. This latter was the mother of Johann Christoph Friederich Schiller, born at Marlach (Württemberg), Nov., 1759. She found in her children, more especially in the boy, eager listeners to wonderful tales of witchcraft and fairyland,—above all, to simple stories taken from the Gospel,—and their tears often flowed at the recital of the Redeemer's sufferings.

No observation is at once more true and more hackneyed than "that it is to the easy lessons of a mother men of genius have most often owed their earliest inspiration." Already, indeed, had the boy formed habits of revery and reflection, looking forward thus early to the ecclesiastical state, for which his parents destined him, with a religious and earnest enthusiasm. His very sports partook of that serious sentiment; nothing pleased him more than, by the help of a cap and a black apron, to assume the attire of a priest, mount a stool, and deliver extemporaneous homilies to an audience consisting of his mother and sisters. In like manner, from his earliest childhood Friederich was ever delighted to leave his infant games to join the prayers of the pious family to which he belonged, and his favorite sister has left a pleasing description of the child, as he knelt, with folded hands, his blue eyes raised to heaven, and the golden locks clustering over the broad forehead, like "an angel of God." But, though naturally serious, and also impatient of restraint, his temper was sweet and his soul full of tenderness and compassion. If he met a poor child on his way to school, he would bestow on him all he had; even his clothes were at the mercy of his charity. Notwithstanding this kindness of heart, however, the boy was gifted with a resolute and determined

spirit. He was fond of reading books of travel, and the histories of popular heroes, such as Alexander the Great. His musings, far from being merely day-dreams, were ever animated by that zeal for inquiry which foretells, in childhood, the career of a man destined to think clearly, to speak boldly, and to love truth. We read that in his seventh year, one evening, during a storm of thunder and lightning the boy was missed from the supper-table; after some search, he was found at last at the top of a tall lime-tree, enjoying the tempest, and, to use his own words, "wishing to see where so much fire in the heavens came from."

Such, in childhood, was the character of Friederich Schiller. When six years old, his father, having attained the rank of captain, was sent to Lorch, on the borders of Württemberg. Here Friederich received the first rudiments of education, including Latin, and an introduction to Greek, from the clergyman of the parish, Philip Moser, whose name and virtues he afterwards immortalized in "The Robbers." Two years later, Friederich's father being removed by the Grand Duke to Ludwigsburg, the boy was entered at the public school of that place. Although the academical discipline galled his fiery and independent character, still he passed his examinations with credit, was ever one of the first in the Latin class, and received marks of approbation in four different examinations. Here, too, he obtained a striking ascendancy over his play-fellows, owing to his high and brave spirit, but with his superiors he remained reserved and awkward. What, at this time, made upon his young fancy an indelible impression, was the sight of the theatre at Ludwigsburg, which seems to have been a gorgeous spectacle, half opera, half melodrama, according to the fashion of the day, and henceforth a change was noticeable in the habits of the boy. He shrank from the games in which hitherto he had been amongst the most active; in the play-hours he would wander with some friend through the neighboring plantations, complain of his thralldom, and form wild conjectures of a future fate.

Though scarcely eleven years old, he began to form thought into verse, and to form a scheme for some fantastic tragedy. But his religious bias was still his strongest, and at the age of fourteen he still shared the predilections of his parents in favor of the ecclesiastical state. Now came the first revolution and the crisis of his life.

Karl, the Grand Duke, had recently instituted at "Solitude," near Stuttgart, a National Academy, called "The Military Seminary," although suitable instruction was to be given to students intended for the peaceful profession of the law, and soon afterwards Schiller's father was promoted to the office of inspector at Solitude, and raised to the rank of major. These honors and benefits were not cheaply purchased, and the obedient Friederich must needs sacrifice his long-cherished inclinations to the dearest interests of his parents by entering the military school. This unwilling renunciation of his young hopes, however, deeply wounded both his pride and his heart. With grief and resentment equally keen, he became, at the age of fourteen, a student of jurisprudence, and to the dullness of the law was added the repugnant austerity of a corporal's drill. The youths were there marched in parade to lessons, to meals, and to bed. At the word "march," they paced to breakfast; at the word "halt," they arrested their steps; and at the word "front," they dressed their ranks before the table.

Whoever has studied the character of Schiller, will allow that its leading passion was for intellectual liberty, of

which poetry seems to be the noblest expression. "Poetry," says Carlyle, "was the primary vocation of his nature; the acquisitions of his other faculties served but as the materials for his poetical faculty to act upon, and remained imperfect until they had been sublimated into the perfect forms of beauty."

We have seen that Schiller very early began to compose verses, while he secretly continued to read Klopstock, and "Götz von Berlichingen" by Goethe. At last he was allowed to exchange the study of jurisprudence for that of medicine, accepting the latter as a choice of evils. In spite of his teachers, he educated himself as a poet. At the age of sixteen or seventeen, after Wieland's translation of Shakespeare had fallen into his hands, he tried his strength by short flights which appeared in the *Suabian Magazine*.

Crude, hard-labored and extravagant were Schiller's earliest efforts; but the soul from which poetry springs as from a well, already appears ever observant of beauty, ever brave in difficulties, ever determined against opposition and restraint, ever on the watch with an unquenchable thirst for truth. The more his inclinations towards poetry and liberty grew confirmed, the more sensibly he became alive to the petty and formal tyranny by which they were opposed. At last this long and terrible conflict between genius and circumstances having been decided, the cry of the strong young man went forth, and the Titan moved beneath the mountain.

At that time (1781) was published at Mannheim a strange, rugged, fiery melodrama, in which amidst uncouth masses of extravagant diction there flashed out a spirit true to all the unsettled philosophy and turbulent politics of the hour. "The Robbers" appeared, and the sensation it excited ran through Germany like fire through flax; it stirred to its very depths the calm intellect of England, and produced in France the liveliest enthusiasm.

But if the popularity of the work was dazzling, the aversion it provoked in some was as intense as the admiration it called forth from others. In vain the Grand Duke sent for the author, and bade him in future eschew poetry, and stick to medicine: on the 13th of January, 1782, the drama appeared on the stage at Mannheim, the theatre was crowded, the play lasted five hours, and the success in print was trivial to that upon the stage.

In a corner of the house, the author beheld the living embodiment of his own thoughts and passions; he returned to Stuttgart confirmed for life in the vocation his genius has adopted: he was a poet, and the future urged him on to glory!

From what has been said, we may gather noble and useful lessons of the virtue of manly perseverance; of the necessity of unintermitting self-cultivation; of the alliance between earnest labor and sure and final success, between honesty and genius, between virtue and liberty!

PHILALETHES.

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—As an illustration of the general spread of elementary education in Japan, an inspector of prisons has reported that during the past summer he found all the children attending the prison schools for four or six hours every day, while the adults attended in the evenings and on Sundays. In the chief penal settlement in Tokio he found 300 boys learning rapidly, and was pleased to note in the senior class that the boys were learning ciphering with European figures from one of their own number.

## College Gossip.

—President Walsh, of the University of Notre Dame, is 30 years old.

—Dr. Sargent, the director of the Hemenway Gymnasium at Harvard, will have charge of the furnishing of the new Latin and English High-School Gymnasium.

—Dr. William Pepper, lately inaugurated President of the University of Pa., is only 38 years of age, and is the youngest college president in the United States.—*Kenyon Advance*.

—One of our professors, in explaining the derivation of Thermopylæ (hot gates), remarked that the Greeks made it exceedingly hot for the Persians at these gates, but that was not the derivation of the word.—*Campus*.

—The late John Amory Lowell left \$20,000 to Harvard College for the botanical garden, on condition that it be called the Lowell Botanic Garden, in memory of his grandfather, who started the first subscription for that department. He also left \$20,000 to be applied to the purchase of books for the library.

—Bates College, at Lewiston, Me., in a suit of law in Boston, claims \$100,000 from the estate of the late Benjamin E. Bates, of Watertown, Mass., upon his promise made in writing, in 1873, to contribute that amount if a like sum should be raised from other sources, in five years, for the endowment of the college.—*University Press*.

—The vote of the people of Texas on the location of the State University, which is to start into being more richly endowed than any other institution in the land, places the Medical Department at Galveston, and the Collegiate Department at Austin, although Tyler may contest for the latter before the courts.—*University Press*.

—Hanover College, Ind., recently admitted ladies to her halls, and the result has been several weddings among the students. One occurred last week, and the young groom and his best man were suspended for their innocent diversion, and the bride ran off home to escape the same fate. Co-education is a success at Hanover.—*Vincennes Sun*.

—Letters received at Hartford, Conn., from China, since the arrival home of the Chinese students, say that the first party of forty had been ordered to Tien-tsin for telegraph work, while the other, who reached Shanghai early in October, were at once confined in an old building in a remote part of the town, the Government's intention being apparently to examine them before they had a chance to scatter to their homes.

—The story that Gambetta poked out one of his eyes when a child, because his father would not permit him to do as he pleased, is perfectly true. What is not so generally known is that the elder Gambetta remained inflexible even after this display of wilfulness. The boy was being educated at the Lycée of Cahors, and, conceiving a dislike to the institution, asked to be removed from it. His father refused again and again. At last Leon said: "I'll put out one of my eyes if you send me back to the Lycée." It was holiday time. "As you please," said the father, to whom it seems never to have occurred that his boy might have inherited his own strength of purpose. The same day Leon took, not a penknife, as the popular tradition has it, but an inkstand, which he dashed with such violence against the eye as to destroy it. Shocked as was old Gambetta, he would not give in, and Leon returned to the Lycée.

—The Royal University of Ireland has fixed its first matriculation examination for the 6th prox., four following days. There are about 740 candidates, over 30 of them young women, apart from those from the three Queen's Colleges. Upwards of 140 of the candidates are from Maynooth College, while many others are from other Catholic colleges and seminaries. There are 8 local centres for examination, apart from Dublin. The matriculation course includes Latin, any one of the following languages, Greek, French, German, Italian, Spanish, Gaelic, Sanskrit, Hebrew, or Arabic, English; elementary mathematics, and experimental physics. Thirty-two examiners have been appointed to conduct the examination, of whom

15 are professors in the Queen's Colleges; six in the Catholic University—Professors Stewart, Kavanagh, Ornsby, Casey, Polin and Scrutton—three in Maynooth College—Professors Healy, Macauley and Browne; three in Presbyterian Colleges; three from Trinity College; one parish priest, and one Oxford Professor. There are 14 Catholics, five of them priests, and 18 Protestants and Presbyterians. The results of the examination will be published early in January.—*Catholic Review*.

## Art, Music, and Literature.

—A drop of ink may make a million think.—*Byron*. Shall it be of good or evil?

—The late Dean Stanley once said to an American friend: "Only one man ever called on me whom I refused to see, and that man was Mr. W. H. Mallock." All credit to the Dean.

—From the first day of its publication there has never been less than 40,000 copies of every number of *Scribner's Monthly* issued. The present issue is nearly four times that number.

—L'Abbé Moigno's journal, *Les Mondes*, is no longer the property of a company. It reverts, we now understand, to the Abbé, and in conjunction with *Cosmos*, under the title of *Cosmos les Mondes*, promises to start with renewed vigor.

—Professor Ranke, the German historian, whose "History of the Popes" was reviewed by Macauley more than forty years ago, proposes to visit London soon in order to arrange for the publication of a new English edition of his works.

—Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, formerly editor of the Dublin (Ireland) *Nation*, and a man who has made his mark as a forcible and elegant writer, was lately married at the Church of the Madeleine, Paris, to Miss Louise Hall, of Cheshire, England.

—Franz Hueffer, who is a musical critic of no mean powers, lately expressed in a lecture his opinion that it was the public who, by their increased interest in matters musical, were to force the critics to provide better criticism, and thereby to encourage musicians to aim at a higher standard of art.

—A fresco representing "The Last Judgment," and covering an entire wall, has just been discovered in the Cathedral of Ulm. Another fresco, representing various biblical subjects has also been discovered in the Cathedral of Peiplin. Connoisseurs pronounce it a work of the 14th century.

—The prizes in the Philadelphia competition for the contemplated equestrian statue of Gen. Meade have been awarded as follows: First prize, \$1,000, Alexander M. Calder; second prize, \$600, James A. Bailey; and third prize, \$400, Arthur L. Lansing. The commission for the work has not yet been awarded. The *Telegraph* thinks that none of the models submitted "give promise of such a work as the public have a right to expect," and the *Times* says that scarcely any of the models "rise above the dullest commonplace."

—The claim is made for Australia of having produced the largest photographic pictures in the world. These magnificent specimens of the art,—not only in point of size, but in respect also of quality,—were taken by Herr Holtermann, of Sydney; they are mounted on an endless band of paper, strengthened by linen, and are nearly 100 feet in length. Among the subjects are two colossal panoramas of the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, each of about a dozen sheets joined together, in one harmonious tone and depth. One picture, printed from a single negative, was five by three feet.

—The author of "Home, Sweet Home!" T. H. Payne, a poor but genial-hearted man, was walking with a friend in London, and, pointing to one of the most aristocratic houses in Mayfair, he said: "Under those windows I composed the song of 'Home, Sweet Home!' as I wandered about without food, or a semblance of shelter I could call my own. Many a night since I wrote those words that issued out of my heart by absolute want of a home,

have I passed and repassed in this locality, and heard a siren voice coming from within those gilded walls, in the depth of a dim, cold London winter, warbling 'Home, Sweet Home,' while I, the author of them, knew no bed to call my own. I have been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or some other city, and have heard people singing 'Home, Sweet Home,' without a penny to buy the next meal, or a place to put my head in. The world has literally sung my song until every heart is familiar with its melody. My country has turned me ruthlessly from office, and in my old age I have to submit to humiliation for bread."

—Mrs. Delia T. Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, is a Boston woman, a member of the Tudor family, one of whom, William Tudor, was the originator of the present Bunker Hill monument, and projected and first edited the *North-American Review*. Her father was born of Irish parents, in Philadelphia, and was early in life a merchant seaman. In 1798 he was commissioned a Lieutenant in the Navy. In 1815, while in command of the Constitution, he fell in with the British ships of war, Cyane and Levant, and captured them after a desperate conflict. The Legislature of Pennsylvania presented him with a gold hilted sword, and a gold medal was ordered for him by Congress. He was the only naval officer ever named for the Presidency of the United States. During Mr. Lincoln's administration he was made Admiral, and finally retired, retaining that rank. The remainder of his life was spent with his family at Bordentown, N. J. Mrs. Parnell was the only daughter. She was married to John Henry Parnell, by Dr. Taylor, in old Grace Church, New York. She went to Ireland soon after, and lived at the Parnell mansion in Avondale, County Wicklow. In later years she spent the winters in Dublin. After her husband's death she returned to this country. She is the mother of five daughters and three sons.

#### Scientific Notes.

—The chamois, bounding over the mountain, are indebted in no small degree to a species of pheasant. The bird acts as a sentinel; for as soon as it gets sight of a man it whistles—upon hearing which the chamois, knowing the hunters to be near, sets out at full speed.

—M. de Rossi, in *Les Mondes*, states that explosions of fire-damp are always preceded by undulations too feeble to be detected by the human ear. He proposes to establish in proper localities in the coal mines micro seismographs and microphones, by means of which the approach of danger may be detected.

—The People's Passenger Railway Company in Philadelphia will soon begin an extensive series of experiments with a compressed air motor, with the view of introducing this new system on each of its lines if satisfactory results are reached. This system has been in use for ten years in Nantes, France, but when an attempt was recently made to introduce it in Paris the omnibus companies successfully opposed the innovation. It is the invention of a Frenchman named L. McKar-ski. The motor can be attached to cars as built at present, with little difficulty. The engine and battery of sixteen cylinders to contain compressed air will be underneath the car, while on the front platform the engineer and machinery for controlling the car will be placed. The cylinders will be charged with 100 cubic feet of air compressed to the density of 30 atmospheres, or a pressure of 450 pounds to the square inch. In transmission to the engine the air will be passed through hot water, which will further increase its pressure. The engineer, by means of a gauge, can control the pressure applied to the piston-rod, which will be about that of steam in ordinary running. A speed of twenty miles an hour can be obtained from the engines, which are designed to run seven miles before the cylinders will need recharging. A merit claimed for the new motor is, that it does not require an experienced engineer to run it.

—Some electricians, says *The Engineering*, have held that humid air acts as a conductor of electricity, and others, notably the Count du Moncel and M. Gauguain,

have maintained that it does not. Recent experiments of M. Marangoni support the latter theory very decidedly, for he finds that a leaden jar, heated so as to prevent condensation on its surface and thus arrest conduction, gives as long a spark as in the dryest air. When, however, the precaution of heating the walls of the jar is not taken, the moisture condenses on the latter, and forming a thin film of water, causes a silent discharge which might be mistaken for a slow discharge through the surrounding moist air. It follows from these experiments that the loss of electricity on telegraph lines is due wholly to surface conduction over the wet and dirty insulators, or to leakage along entangled threads and branches of trees at particular points and not to a general discharge into the saturated atmosphere. These phenomena have in all ages excited curiosity, and in many instances they have produced wonder at their extraordinary height and fury. It is related of the soldiers of Alexander the Great, who were natives of the Mediterranean shores, that when they reached the confines of the Indian ocean, and saw its waters rolling up to a great height, and then flowing back twice every day, they became alarmed, and attributed the phenomena to a special interposition of the deities of the country which they had invaded. Various remarkable theories have been advanced regarding the tides. Many of these are truly so absurd that it is hardly worth while to refer to them. Persons find it difficult to understand why the tides are higher at one time than another, and why they rise to the height of sixty feet in the Bay of Fundy, forty feet in the ports of Bristol, England, and St. Malo, France, and only rise to a few feet in height in New York and other places, while they are scarcely perceptible in the Baltic and other seas. Descartes was the first philosopher who advanced the theory that the tides were due to the influence of the moon, but Newton was the first who worked out the problem and discovered the true cause. Descartes believed that the moon acted on the waters of the ocean by pressure; Newton demonstrated that it acted on the ocean by attraction; that instead of pressing the water it rolled them up directly under it, and also at its antipodes at the same time, thus producing the two tides every day. The tides are attractions of both the sun and moon. If the earth had no moon the attraction of the sun would produce two tides every day, but their ebb and flow would take place at the same hours, not varying as they do. These tides would also be much smaller than those of the moon. Although the mass of the sun is far greater than that of the moon, and though attraction is in proportion to the mass, yet it is also inversely as the square of the distance. As the sun, therefore, is four hundred times more distant than the moon, the attraction of the waters of the sea toward the sun is found to be about three times less than those of the moon. There are really two ocean tides, the lunar and solar, but the latter is absorbed by the former, which is wholly observable in respect to the time, the solar only as it influences the height of the tidal wave. That caused by the moon is three times greater than that of the sun, and it follows the moon's motion around the earth, rising and falling twelve hours, and each succeeding tide later by three-quarters of an hour than the preceding one, exactly in accordance with the positions of the moon, or, as it is commonly called, its rising and setting.

#### New Books.

—Mr. John B. Piet, of No. 174 West Baltimore Street, Baltimore, whose publications of a general character have made his house well known throughout the United States, and who enjoys local celebrity for his extensive catalogue of educational books and requisites, has, we are glad to learn, made a reduction of about 35 per cent. from his late retail prices of Catholic books. We are not told whether this reduction is to include educational books also, but we presume it does. Among the medical works published by Mr. Piet is the valuable illustrated treatise of the late celebrated Prof. Nathan R. Smith on "Fractures of the Lower Extremity and the Use of the Anterior Suspensory Apparatus," and Dr. Moorman's "Mineral Waters of the U. S. and Canada." There is, also, a choice

selection of classical books for primary classes, French, Spanish, Mathematics, etc.

—We have received the following new books and hope to have time to give them a brief review next week or the week after: (1) "The Life of the Angelic Doctor, St. Thomas Aquinas, O. P.," by a Father of the same Order, —published by D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street, New York. (2) "Henri Perreyve, and his Counsels to the Sick—Journée des Malades,"—By Kathleen O'Meara ("Grace Ramsay"),—published by C. Kegan Paul & Co., 1 Pater-Noster Square, London. (3) "Sanctuary Boys' Illustrated Manual," a complete guide for Low Mass, High Mass, Solemn High Mass, Vespers, Benediction, etc., by the Rev. James A. McCallen, of the Order of St. Sulpice. Baltimore, John Murphy & Co., publishers, 182 Baltimore St. From Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, 149 Washington St., Boston, Mass., publishers of *The American Shorthand Writer*, and American Agents for Isaac Pitman's Phonetic and Phonographic books, we have received (1) "A Manual of Phonography; Or, Writing by Sound." By Isaac Pitman. London, and Bath: 1880. Three Hundred and Forty-Fourth Thousand. (2) "The Phonographic Teacher; A Guide to a Practical Acquaintance with the Art of Phonography, etc., by Isaac Pitman, 1881. Seven Hundred and Fortieth Thousand. To the many inquiries from abroad relating to Phonography and phonographic books, we say in brief that we prefer the pure Isaac Pitman system and books, with the latest improvements by the inventor of Phonography, and take pleasure in referring our correspondents to Messrs. Rowell & Hickcox, Pitman's American Agents, 149 Washington Street, Boston.

### Exchanges.

—*The Queen's College Journal*, Kingston, Canada, has had a very late start this year, owing, it says, "to the fact that there was no one in college to take charge of it." The matter in the number before us gives satisfactory evidence that it has at last found some one fully capable of taking charge of it. The editors did well in laying Prof. Fletcher's inaugural address, or lecture, before their readers. With an exception or two, the matter of the lecture is excellent,—entertaining as well as instructive. Does it not seem rather contradictory to say that "at the revival of letters in the 16th century, when the human mind began to be stirred with the new ideas then floating in the air, it turned in vain for any literature worthy of the name, to the writers of the middle ages? Scholasticism, limited and circumscribed by ecclesiastical tyranny, had produced nothing but metaphysical subtleties, and outside of the classical literature there was neither eloquence, nor history, nor philosophy"; while in the following sentence he admits that "Latin was already the vernacular of the learned in every country of Europe." Perhaps, too, he thinks Dante a poet of little note, and Thomas Aquinas no philosopher? "To Christianity," he continues, "is due the moral element in our civilization; to Greece and Rome the *intellectual*." This can hardly be conceded; would it not be better to credit those in a measure, and in a measure only, with simply the literary form, or style? It may seem bold, if not rash, in one who is not on an equality with the professor thus to question his assertions, but we think it right to put the question, nevertheless. Even though he be wrong on these points, the excellence of the lecture, as a whole, suffers but little.

—There is a *State University* at Iowa City, Iowa, and from this *State University* is issued a weekly paper called the *Vidette-Reporter*, which has been on our exchange list for some time but which is so far below mediocrity that it seldom gives one an opportunity to give it a favorable or unfavorable notice. As a rule, we pass such papers by in silence; they are too insignificant to deserve either praise or censure; occasionally, however, when these papers happen to rise above their ordinary level, either for good or evil, we do notice them, and on one such occasion we did notice an article in the double-headed Iowa City paper that bespattered the cut-throat communist Mazzini with fulsome praise. Whether it was that the writer of the article was ignorant of the antecedents of his *hero*, or too cowardly to break a lance in his defence, we know not, but nothing fur-

ther was said about the matter. The exchange editor of the paper is very wise, and consequently very timid. It seems to have hung like a cloud over his brilliant mind, ever since, and he has at last plucked up courage to make a thrust at us in one of his sporadic attacks on the college press. Wisdom, you see, cannot always hold the valorous animal spirit in check, particularly if the latter be fortified by a heavy meal of turkey, etc. The circumstances under which the attack was made are very peculiar. Gorged with Thanksgiving turkey—we fear the Solon of the *Vidette-Reporter* seldom gets a square meal, but wisdom and heavy feeding are said to be inimical—he goes to bed to dream of valorous feats. He beholds "all the exchange editors of the country assembled in one room, and busily engaged in their tasks" [the room, of course, was of no ordinary size to accommodate so many]. Undaunted by numbers, he makes an onslaught upon them. Brandishing his quill, he at last makes amends for the long term of inglorious ease forced upon by his superior wisdom, and puts the whole body of mercenary exchange editors to the rout! Judging from his soliloquy, as he surveys the field of his exploits, these editors must be a scurvy set of fellows and highly deserving the castigation inflicted by our Iowa hero. He discovers "as great a disparity in brains as in the motives of these knights of the faber; yet however widely they might differ (*sic*) in other respects," he finds "each one thoroughly imbued with the belief that it is his duty to pass judgment upon the merits of his contemporaries." Oh, the villains! "One because he hasn't brains enough to do otherwise, resorts to the most fulsome flattery—that stock in trade of all dolts [this Ex-editor, mind you, does not indulge in flattery, therefore must not be considered a "dolt"] and indiscriminately praises what he can neither appreciate nor understand." Oh, the blockheads! how richly they deserved the castigation! But we must not interrupt the soliloquy:

"Another, with as little genius and less judgment goes to the opposite extreme and is unable to discover any merit in anything that comes to his table. He thinks wit and sarcasm to be his forte. And forgetting that 'brevity is the soul of wit,' and unable to distinguish between sarcasm and vulgarity, succeeds admirably in proving himself a consummate ass. The best known example of this class is the exchange editor of the *Niagara Index*. Another grows frantic in his attempts to be severe with a display of meaningless dashes and points, and discloses his weakness by putting every other word in italics. A representative of this species is the exchange man of the *University Press*. But perhaps the most disgusting of all is that narrow-minded man who calls every other man a fool who does not agree with him in his bigoted opinions. When his politics or religion is opposed, [*sic*! very sick!] he lays on with his intolerant abuse, and proves that he is either unacquainted with history or wilfully ignores it. The presiding genius of the *Notre Dame Scholastic* table answers to this description. There are a few, who, unable to justly criticize, show their good sense by keeping silent."

Mark especially the deep truth draped so modestly, so gracefully by the latter sentence. "There are a few, who, unable to justly criticize, show their good sense by keeping silent." This is, no doubt, why the sapient exchange editor of *The Vidette Reporter* kept silent for so long a time. Exchange editors, behold your exemplar! Do not allow such transcendent genius to be wasted in vain, but take pattern by it; it is there before your eyes, before the eyes of the world, admirable in its intrinsic worth. Pass the word throughout the length and breadth of this great country, and to the other side of the Atlantic, that all the exchange editors, ay, and even the embryo exchange editors, may behold this pearl of wisdom in the fields of Iowa—that they may hear him and be enlightened! Let it not be said of you, O exchange editors, that ye allowed pearls to be cast before swine! Now that we have called attention and given our meed of praise to this Daniel come to judgment upon the American college press, perhaps he will vouchsafe to tell us wherein we of the SCHOLASTIC have been wrong in our judgment of historical facts, or ignored them, as he says we did. In dire suspense and with bated breath we await the exposition. But until it is made, clearly and forcibly enough to convince even our obtuse mind, we must adhere to a rather dogged resolution not to take anything upon credit, even from this modern Daniel come to judgment.



# Notre Dame Scholastic.

Notre Dame, December 10, 1881.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the FIFTEENTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends that have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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—Friendship and affection are the rewards of true worth; and wherever and in whoever true manliness is found, the recompense of kindly appreciation and affectionate remembrances are sure to follow it, even beyond the grave.

In the busy whirl of life, where chicanery and deceit mark so many as their victims, we love, at times, to stand aside, to retire from the rush and bustle of the world around us, and watch with earnest eyes and anxious listening ears the actions and the words of men.

True, honest, earnest men are not indeed wanting in this our own day, but the paucity of their number is remarkable. No matter what position in life they fill, no matter where we drop in upon them, be it in business, in the family circle, or in society, men and women of the present day are, as a rule, the same as regards their moral worth. Society gossip and small talk, the unkind criticisms and doubtful innuendoes of the tea-table or drawing-room, and the bold and shameless manner in which the press and the stage set forth and picture the lowest passions of men, and the eagerness and gusto with which society in general drink in the nauseating potion, bear witness to the fact—far more forcibly than tongue or pen can picture it,—of the small estimate placed on true worth and true manhood by too many thoughtless, heedless persons, who, moth-like, will hover near the danger despite all effort to prevent them. It is both pleasing and refreshing to be able to grasp one by the hand and to know from daily intercourse and close observation that the one with whom we hold such friendly relations is an upright, honorable and true

man or woman, whose heart remains pure and earnest in its friendship, and whose mind is not circumscribed by the narrow limits of bigotry and mock sincerity.

Such friendships are occasionally formed; nor are they confined to any creed or class or caste in society. But as a general rule, however, those true and lasting friendships which live through and beyond life, are found oftenest in the lowly and humble walks of life, where riches nor fashion nor princely companions engross the attention, but true honesty and nobility of purpose, of mind and heart, seek but to find in those they love and respect such undoubted marks of sincerity and earnestness as shall enable them to rely in time of need on the advice, the protection or direction of one who has proved himself worthy of their confidence and holds in their estimation the place of the noblest work of God—an honest man.

—A slight glance over the present session seems to us not inappropriate. We may as well pause a while, and contemplate the field over which we have thus far gone.

A review like this will rest us from our labors, and will give us time to take breath before we resume our task. They must be pleasing, indeed, the thoughts of a well-spent day. They must be especially gratifying to the weary, hard-working student, who receives the approbation of his own conscience, and feels assured that he has done well that which he undertook to do. Day after day he labored silently, unceasingly, careless of his own comfort, keeping high his aim and pressing onward to attain it. For him who has been very successful, owing to the remarkable talents with which he has been endowed, the pleasure derived from the consideration of a duty well performed is greatly enhanced by the evidence of his progress. His labors are fully repaid thus far, and his future success becomes only a question of time. With increasing knowledge, self-reliance and manliness have also been developed. He is no longer the timid boy, bashful and unlearned; he has become a man who thinks and reflects. He cultivated his mind, enriched it and trained it; and behold! his soul was likewise adorned with all the rich gifts that render man amiable and fit him for his right place in society. It would be an unnatural exception to find a studious, well-lettered young man, anything less than a polite gentleman. Whatever elevates and ennoble the mind, cannot fail to react on the soul; and, therefore, the more the mind is cultivated, the more the soul is beautified and its noblest faculties drawn from their germs.

At Notre Dame this invariable rule makes no exception, and finds many proofs to substantiate it. The better the student, the greater his progress and the better the man; and in inverse direction, the worse the student, the smaller his progress and the meaner the man.

The best student is the most pleasing companion and the most polite pupil. Take him wherever you like, you will find him true to his character. *Excelsior!* is his motto. He will not be unfaithful to it. In conversation, he rules by modesty and amiability; his sense of right and wrong guards him against abuse and vituperations. In actions he is unassuming, and yet his example gives a tone to the general behavior. In the same proportion that a bad student is shunned and held in contempt, a good student is honored and respected.

These remarks strike us more forcibly at the end of a

session perhaps than at any other time, because it is then that we pause a while to reflect more earnestly upon the past and consider the gains or the losses which have been made during the session.

During a tedious journey we are apt to be distracted by the fatigues and the distance; but when the goal is reached, we rest ourselves, wipe our brows and look around. We have then a comprehensive view of the space already travelled over and we take pleasure in casting a glance at each of our *compagnons de voyage*, just to see how each one looks. Some are fatigued, yet full of spirits and ready to continue the route. They come up smartly, and, but for the sake of companionship, would have distanced us long ago. Others take it easy, and show no disposition to run away. At times they needed a word of encouragement, no more; they keep pace with us. Others stand away behind. It is very fatiguing for some to travel up such roads in an unknown country. They give it up ten times, and ten times they undertake to go farther, lest they may be lost. We have no word of harsh complaint against them; we refrain from anything that might discourage them.

But why should we speak of the stragglers? Are they so conspicuous as to attract our attention, or so numerous as to be noticed? We think not. One or two, here and there, have failed to do their part; the large majority have performed their duty manfully and creditably to themselves and their Professors. It is, therefore, our pleasing duty to testify to their earnest and persevering application and to say to them that the work of the session is being well done. Stores of knowledge are being acquired; art and science are being cultivated; virtue and the noblest qualities of the soul have been developed and made more perfect; solid foundations are being laid, upon which moral and spiritual edifices may be safely reared, and the future appears bright and smiling. Praises and congratulations are due to the students, while high encomiums are deservedly owing to the Faculty to whose untiring labors and devotedness the success of the session may be ascribed.

Let the past be a guarantee of the future and let the future be like the past, we can ask for no more; and when the sun of June shall shine on us once more and tell us that the labors of the year are ended, we will gladly retire to the *dulce otium* of vacations with full confidence that the year 1881-82 has been a year of success for Notre Dame, and of progress for her students.

#### Minims' Column.

Hurrah for the Minims' new refectory! A refectory suggests sentiments of profound delight and unmixed satisfaction such as no other apartment can rival. And this one is so near the kitchen!

Brother Leopold teaches us to sing Sunday evenings. We all enjoy it, and try to profit by the opportunity. Every boy that can learn to speak can learn to sing, although some may have better voices than others.

We are to have a skating rink of our own, as well as our neighbors. Professor Stace came down with the surveying instruments last Monday week and showed us how to stake out the ground. We chose a place in the field, east of our play-ground, which is lower than the surrounding ground. Then Donn Piatt took the levels, Joe Dwenger established the corners, and I (Dennie O'Connor) officiated

as rodsman. We laid out a space one hundred feet north and south by two hundred east and west. All we want now is to have it scraped out a little and rolled. Then it will fill with water and freeze up.

Our study-room is more beautifully adorned than any one we ever had. In front, with His Hands extended to bless, stands the Holy Child—the most beautiful statue in the College. On His right is His Mother, the Blessed Virgin, and on His left, His foster-father, St. Joseph. Opposite are the statues of St. Aloysius and the Guardian Angel. It is a pleasure even for little boys to sit and study in such a beautiful room. But there are some other statues, not placed there for ornament, to be found there sometimes. They are movable statues. If you do not understand what they are I will explain the matter to you personally.

We all play hand-ball now. It seems to be the favorite game in every department of this University.

A little fellow asked me the other day if people lived in volcanoes. I told him I had never been down far enough into the crater to see. Some people, I know, are always in hot water, and that is perhaps how my little friend obtained his notion.

We are very much obliged to you, Mr. Editor, for your kind notice of our play in last week's SCHOLASTIC. We shall try to deserve a better one next time.

The Minims' column this week is supplied with matter by Dennie O'Connor, Donn Piatt and Willie Berthelet. We don't feel quite so funny as we did last week, because we have been having a retreat, which is quite a serious thing. The weather has been cloudy and dull, too, all of which seems to have a depressing effect on our spirits. Next week, no doubt, we shall feel better.

#### Personal.

- Ben. H. Collack is at his home in Chicago.
- H. Hunt is agent for the Red Line R. R. Co.
- Frank Boone, of '81, is going to school in Lima, Ohio.
- Jno. H. Gillespie, '74, is book-keeper in the Burlington Insurance Co.
- H. L. Rose is studying medicine in Cincinnati. We wish him success.
- J. Homan is now attending Nelson's Business College in Cincinnati, Ohio.
- Andrew Greening, '73, is teaching school about 01 miles from Pinckney, Mich.
- J. Fiemming, '74, is assistant cashier in the First National State Bank, Chicago, Ill.
- C. W. Dodge, '74, is practising law with the firm of Tracy, Dodge & Dodge, Chicago, Ill.
- James Brogan, '72, is in the retail grocery trade at Pinckney, Mich., and is doing excellent.
- Jas. Burns, Commercial, of '81, is clerking in his father's clothing store at Columbus, Ohio.
- Fred. Groenwald (Com.), of '80, is assisting his father in the plumbing business at Toledo, Ohio.
- James Devine, '73-'74, is farming about 4 miles from Pinckney. He married recently, and is doing well.
- George Truschel (Commercial), '81, is clerking for Schulz in the wholesale confectionary business, at Wheeling, W. Va.
- Matt. M. Jeffreys, a Notre Dame student of '72-'73, died recently at Pinckney, Mich., aged 26. He was an accomplished youth, full of energy and ambition, was greatly respected, and his death casts a gloom over the village.
- We were greatly pleased at receiving recently a call

from our friend Mr. Banning, of *The South-Bend Tribune*, accompanied by Mrs. Banning and Miss —. Mr. Banning is a genial gentleman, and we are always glad to see him. Mr. Crockett, also of the *Tribune*, paid us a visit a short time since. His visit was a flying one, however, and we had scarcely time to more than say "How d'y do."

—Jas. W. Bell (Com., of '79), in writing to one of his old college friends, states that he is well and doing well. He has been with the firm of Wright & Kaufman, grocers, Terre-Haute, Ind., for nearly two years, but intends to accept a position in the Recorder's Office the first of December. Jim is remembered as the crack shot of the famous nimrods of '77-'78 and '79, also for his amiable and gentlemanly disposition whilst a student here.

—Mr. Joseph D. Murphy, of '65, now engaged on the *Philadelphia Times*, paid his *Alma Mater* a visit on his way home from the Land League Convention at Chicago, which we believe he attended in the double capacity of delegate and reporter for his paper. Mr. Murphy when at college was one of the editors of the *SCHOLASTIC*, as may be seen by referring to the bound volumes of the time that he attended class here. In the capacity of editor of the college paper he made himself a ready and pleasing writer, thus preparing the way for the remunerative situations which he afterwards held on the great dailies of his native city. He is proof-reader in the office of the *Times*, and has held the situation for a number of years. He is also one of the directors of the Philadelphia public schools. He promises us another visit next summer, in company with Dr. Skilling, a graduate of the Medical Class here and of the Jefferson Medical College.

#### Local Items.

—Gude!  
 —Second reading.  
 —"Oh that Necktie!"  
 —"Boys, send Henoeh."  
 —"He is broke, Jack!"  
 —"Dan" is a boy again.  
 —"Professor, give us rec."  
 —"Oh that G. B. crowd!"  
 —"The trio are bad men."  
 —"Soaker! Fred Soaker!"  
 —Thursday's rain spoilt rec.  
 —"Your bank is too small."  
 —Now is your time, Willie.  
 —Where is "Marshal" from?  
 —"Casty" won't assign again.  
 —"Willie M." did immensely.  
 —I study "Fografy." What?  
 —The D. D. always takes a hint.  
 —"Go way from me, I'm mad!"  
 —It's a secret of the press, "Duff."  
 —We wish to warn Dever in time.  
 —Billy says he will pay for the dye.  
 —A lad can be too smart sometimes.  
 —Arthur has a very penitential spirit.  
 —"What do some Juniors applaud for?"  
 —"Did you see the man with the boot?"  
 —"Willie Shakespeare" is his title now.  
 —The horizontal bars are well patronized.  
 —Oh! "Fitzzy," don't you hit on the nose!  
 —"Primrose" has returned and looks well.  
 —"Gag is what they call the football, Captain."  
 —"I might as well die now as any other time."  
 —The Juniors say John Q— is qua(c)ker like.  
 —"How do you do, Denver? Got the G. B.? Eh?"  
 —What brought that coal-yard to the Junior campus?

—"Zeke" excused himself because he was fascinated.  
 —"The bird no longer cheers us with his sweet notes."  
 —Clint doesn't like to have his name appear in print. (?)  
 —"Let them up, Flue." "I will when my ship comes in."  
 —Next meeting Mc and 8 Tob do the grand dialogue act.  
 —"Mr. President, I take—" "You are not recognized sir."  
 —Why did not "Geawge" appear at the entertain ment?  
 —Short-hand will some day rule the world, a big foot never.  
 —"Bill Shakspear" is blooming, he is one of the bohoyas!  
 —"How do I look now? Do you think I would make a mash?"  
 —"Say, Mollie, must the bridge extend across the stream?"  
 —Censure has turned, and the censuring gentleman is censured.  
 —"Elgin" does not want to be complimented. "Eh, W. M. T.?"  
 —Ask him if he voted for the coroner of Pulaski County, last October.  
 —"Morphie" is an "Engineer," and "Mongie" a "Fogropher."  
 —"Mark Anthony" is taking lessons in ground and lofty tumbling.  
 —My name is not Chromo; my name is T—, and I am from Elgin.  
 —After nine long years the "lucky man" had his hat caved by a football.  
 —The trio are not working together now. See the Chicago man for particulars.  
 —"C. F." is about to start a new burying-ground for his talked-to-death victims.  
 —It is no longer "Who struck Billy Patterson?" but who stole Charlie's cake?  
 —A public debate is a thing of the near future. It will be given by the Philodemics.  
 —You can tell them apart by one wearing a turn-down and the other a stand-up collar.  
 —One class always late for dinner speaks well for the Trigs, but mayhap it is put out.  
 —"Shorty," the kid from Boston, is lively and witty. We expect great things from him.  
 —"Sammy" and the bay "window man" are the swift-est runners in the Junior department.  
 —"Mark Anthony" still takes to his ancient resource, the Geography Class is the scene of conflict.  
 —"Did that gentleman pay his entrance fee?" "If you heard the speech you wouldn't doubt it."  
 —The Senior Lunch Brigade is out every evening skirmishing for the Juniors' lunch basket.  
 —"Consumption has no pity for blue eyes and golden hair," neither has a certain professor Dennis on the *qui vive*.  
 —Charley Cavanaugh, writing from the Quaker City, says he will visit his *Alma Mater* during the holidays. Welcome, Charlie!  
 —Bonus Coperæ! (Note) A certain literary fellow wished to show the extent of his knowledge in Latin. (Meant force, good head.)  
 —Our friend John says after leaving the refectory at the St. Joe Farm on last Thursday he was ashamed to look a chicken in the countenance.  
 —It would be well if more attention were given in answering the prayers in the study-hall, as it is hard to succeed during the day if we begin poorly.  
 —The Sorins played the "New Arts" for a select audience, on Thursday, the Feast of the Immaculate Conception. It was an excellent Entertainment.  
 —He stood by the rink reciting Shakspeare; as we passed



we caught the following line: "Now is the winter of our discontent." It must have been something appropriate.

—Master Dillou's name was omitted by mistake from the programme of the "New Arts." He took the part of Mr. Otto, and performed it in a manner that does him credit.

The following-named Juniors were awarded the best bulletins for the Month of November, viz: Neal Ewing, Harry Porter, Ed. Fishel, Charley Porter, J. Heffernan, Charley Echlin, Ed. Orchard, C. Kolars, and Fred Fishel.

—The Band is progressing nicely under the able management of Professor Paul. They have in rehearsal two new pieces, "The Bouton Regiment Quickstep," by A. M. Schacht, and "The Company C. March," by G. L. Tracy.

—Rev. President Walsh visited the Minim department last Friday. He examined the Arithmetic Class in common and decimal fractions, and expressed himself very much pleased with the progress the Class has made since his last monthly visit.

—A certain Senior went up to M. and tapped him on the arm; all was silent as the grave, when suddenly the *homemade propeller* shot through the air like an arrow, and the certain young man was picked up just four miles the other side of South Bend, in a badly used-up condition; although insensible, he faintly murmured in a penitential voice: "Was that your *vaccinated arm*?"

—Books lately added to the Lemonnier Library: The Styrian Lake and Other Poems, by F. W. Faber, London, 1842; The Poetical Works of Bayard Taylor, Household Edition; The Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, Household Edition; Poems of Edgar Allan Poe, with Memoir, Widdleton, N. Y.; Lowell's Poetical Works; Homer's Iliad, N. Y., 1849; Milton's Poetical Works, London, 1849; Goldsmith's Miscellaneous Works, Phil., 1869; Seven Wonders of the World and their Associations; European Life and Manners; Henry Coleman, 2 vols., London, 1849; Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation; Barrington; Shaw's Choice Specimens of English Literature; Complete Manual of English Literature, Shaw; The Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy, by Thos. Keightly; Good Thoughts for Priest and People; Frost's Dialogues; Curious Questions, by Rev. Henry Brann, D. D.; The Habits of Good Society; The Perfect Gentleman, or Etiquette and Eloquence; Sketches of the War in Greece, Philip James Green, London, 1827; Illustrated History of Ireland, M. F. Cusack; Hooley's Tasso, 2 vols., Exeter, 1810; The Household Library of Catholic Poets, Ryder; Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland, Lecky; The Felony of New South Wales, Jas. Mudis, Esq., London, 1837; Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. CXXX; Macmillan's Magazine, Vol. 44; The Cornhill, Vol. 44; Lippincott's, 28; Scribner's, Vol. 22; Harper's, Vol. 63; Atlantic Monthly, Vol. 48; Appleton's, XI; Popular Science Monthly, Vol. 19; Geological Magazine, Vol. 8; International Review, X; Westminster Review, Vol. 114; London Quarterly, Vol. 152; British Quarterly, Vol. 74; Edinburgh, Vol. 158; Popular Science Review, Vol. 5; North American Review, Vol. 133; Dublin Review, 1881; American Catholic Quarterly, Vol. 6; Catholic World, Vol. 33; The Month and Catholic Review, London, Vol. 42; Irish Monthly, Vol. IX; Revue Monde Catholique, Paris, Vol. 8; Revue Catholique, Louvain, Vol. 25; Le Correspondant, Paris, Vol. 48; Le Contemporain, Paris, Vol. 36; Fortnightly Review, Vol. II; Nineteenth Century, Vol. II; The Contemporary Review, Vol. 2; Periodische Blätter, Regensburg, 1881; Alte und Neue Welt, 1881. The Association return thanks to Rev. P. P. Cooney for Scripturæ Cursus Completus, 28 vols., purchased from the library of the late Father Finotti; Miscellaneous Essays, by M. Carey, Phil., 1830; Matthew Cary's Essays on Political Economy, Phil., 1882; The American Museum or Repository of Ancient and Modern Fugitive Pieces, Prose and Poetical, Phil., M. Carey, 12 vols., from 1781 to 1792.

### Roll of Honor.

[The names of those students who appear in the following list are those whose conduct during the past week has given

entire satisfaction to the Faculty. They are placed in alphabetical order.]

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

R. Anderson, W. Arnold, J. C. Armijo, E. Blackman, F. M. Barron, W. H. Bailey, W. J. Browne, J. F. Browne, F. Baker, W. B. Berry, J. M. Boose, F. M. Bell, W. S. Bolton, R. Becerra, T. E. Bourbonia, J. Barry, M. T. Burns, D. Corry, S. G. Clements, M. J. Carroll, E. V. Cheline, L. F. Calligari, J. J. Conway, T. F. Clarke, W. A. Connor, C. Coughanowr, C. E. Cripe, G. Clarke, J. Concannon, N. Commerford, F. Dever, A. D. Dorsey, J. Drury, J. P. Delaney, D. Danahy, A. Dehner, B. Eaton, E. J. Eager, F. Ewing, R. E. Fleming, J. Farrell, T. F. Flynn, J. Falvey, M. Falvey, C. L. Fishburne, W. E. Grout, H. A. Grambling, F. W. Gallagher, W. W. Gray, A. J. Golonski, F. Grever, M. F. Healy, M. Henoeh, A. T. Jackson, W. Johnson, F. Kinsella, F. E. Kuhn, J. Kindel, A. Kuntsmann, M. Livingston, H. Letterhos, H. M. Lannon, J. C. Larkin, G. Metz, J. R. Marlett, G. E. McErlain, F. X. Murphy, W. McCarthy, P. McGinnis, J. Millett, C. J. McDermott, J. A. McIntyre, W. H. Morse, J. F. Martin, W. B. McGorrick, E. McGorrick, W. McEniry, J. Nash, H. Noble, J. B. O'Reilly, W. J. O'Connor, T. O'Rourke, E. C. Orrick, J. N. Osher, E. A. Otis, F. Paquette, C. L. Pierson, S. Pillars, S. S. Perley, L. Proctor, F. Quinn, F. Rettig, P. Rasche, W. E. Ruger, A. P. Schindler, J. E. Schalk, W. Schofield, B. Schofield, J. Solon, W. E. Smith, E. E. Smith, P. Shickey, H. Steis, C. A. Tinley, E. J. Taggart, I. Treon, S. B. Terry, C. B. Van Duzen, W. H. Vander Hayden, F. Wheatly, F. Ward, J. A. Weber, F. S. Weber, J. A. White, J. E. Walsh, E. D. Yrisarri, J. B. Zettler, A. F. Zahm.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

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#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

O. P. Dillon, J. F. Nester, F. P. Nester, E. Nash, D. A. Piatt, W. T. Berthelet, W. Welch, D. L. McCawley, C. H. McGordon, J. S. Chaves, J. H. Dwenger, D. A. O'Connor, J. J. McGrath, W. J. Miller, L. J. Young, W. Prindiville, D. Prindiville, C. Metz, W. P. Devine, R. V. Papin, F. I. Otis, A. J. Otis, B. B. Powell, J. McGrath, E. McGrath, C. D. Brandon, J. S. Beall, P. S. Gibson, J. A. Kelly, A. J. Kelly, J. T. Kelly, P. P. Johnson, T. Ellis, P. E. Campau, C. Campau, J. L. Rose, F. J. Coad, A. P. Roberts, L. P. Graham, H. C. Dirksmeyer, H. Hynes, F. S. Whitney, J. Tong, W. Masi, C. Quinlan, E. Thomas, W. Walsh, T. Norfolk, Ryan Devereux, E. S. Chirhart, E. Adams, G. King, M. E. Devitt, G. Price.

### Class Honors.

[In the following list are given the names of those who have given entire satisfaction in all their classes during the month past.]

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

D. A. O'Connor, J. H. Dwenger, B. Powell, C. McGordon, C. Metz, J. Beall, H. J. Ackerman, W. Prindiville, C. Brandon, W. Devine, J. L. Rose, D. Piatt, J. S. Chaves, J. McGrath, P. Campau, C. Campau, A. Roberts, D. Prindiville, C. Young, F. Coad, A. Otis, F. Otis, F. Whitney, F. Scott, J. Norfolk, W. Walsh, G. Price, H. Hynes, E. McGrath, H. Dirksmeyer, W. T. Berthelet, L. P. Graham, J. Tong, J. Kelly, D. McCawley, J. Nester, F. Nester, E. Chirhart, W. Miller, E. Nash, C. Quinlan, T. Ellis, G. Gibson, P. Gibson, W. Welch, P. Johnson, J. Frain, R. Papin, A. Kelly, J. Kelly, V. A. Rebori, O. P. Dillon.

# Saint Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

CARD TO PARENTS:—There is no vacation during the Christmas holidays. If parents wish their daughters to go home at that time we earnestly request that our classes be not broken in upon by pupils leaving before the 21st of Dec., and that they return promptly to resume studies by the 3d of January.

PREFECT OF STUDIES.

—On Wednesday morning the pupils assembled in the study-hall to pay their congratulations to Very Rev. Father General on the thirty-ninth anniversary of his first Mass at Notre Dame. Miss Galen, in behalf of the Academy, read an address, of which the following is a sketch:

"VERY REV. AND DEAR FATHER:

Two score of years have wrought wonderful changes in the wild landscape that met your sturdy view on your first entrance into the far western solitudes of Notre Dame. From your own dear land, from home and friends, an exile did you come to us to propagate and maintain those principles which the mighty Galilean had entrusted to you through the direct recipients of His holy word.

No magic picture of enchanted lands, no wondrous tales of witchland or of fairyland, or of strange transformations deftly wrought by art or strangest fancies can compare with the zealous, steadfast work of your most able and earnest labors.

Where stately halls of learning now arise there was a wilderness, and savage tribes made this their hunting-ground. How changed the place! Then Christian education was a dream. To spread this priceless blessing far and near was your grand purpose.

The untutored savage bowed before the unknown gods of his then mighty race, when you, a simple, unassuming priest came to teach him of the new land beyond the mighty flowing river of eternity.

Dear Father, in that hour of need, from the glorious land of France came gracious succor. You saw, through wisdom's telescope, souls that needed, that demanded your aid; you faltered not; neither poverty nor distress, nor hope nor fear, nor all the bright promises which luxury and wealth could place at your command could turn you from the one grand and only redeeming feature of earth and life—the salvation of souls.

You came, and the New World knows and feels your labors. The children of St. Mary's, from the hour they first gathered on St. Joseph's stream, have prized you as their constant friend. The future will reveal how much they owe you. We are too poor, even were all the dialects of earth at our command to-day, to tell how deeply our hearts acknowledge your due. This, dearest Father, is why, to day, we have gathered to recall the first precious Mass you offered thirty-nine bright years ago in the humble log-cabin then reared at Notre Dame.

We come to thank you, o'er and o'er again  
For all your countless labors since that day,  
For your self-abnegations, which, we know,  
Are more than tongue can tell—by land, by sea,

From thoughtlessness, from malice and from guile  
Of those who know but selfish, sordid aims.  
We thank you, and in thanking bear in mind  
The heavenly source of each grand enterprise  
That made the 'desert blossom as the rose.'  
God and His holy Mother, at all times,  
Have been your strength, your solace; they shall be  
Your strong protection till the crown be won.  
St. Andrew's Feast is one of the clear, shining gems  
That Faith has set in the bright calendar  
Of our festal days.

We wish you joy, and many a glad return!"

At the close of the address, Very Rev. Father General thanked the young ladies, and said he felt humiliated to be commended when he knew how little he had done, for to the prayers and labor of others much more was due. He took the occasion to speak of the good achieved by woman: he would repeat what he had often said, that no great work had ever been accomplished without her assistance. He recalled the example of St. Catharine of Alexandria, whose festival had been commemorated a few days previous, and proposed her as their model in science and in piety.

"At your age," he said, "her strong and cultivated intellect, enabled her to refute the wisest men of her time in argument. Questioned by the Emperor, she confounded him by the clearness of her reasoning. Unable to answer her himself, he called around him forty of the most profound philosophers of Egypt, then the garden of the literary and scientific world. He bade her present herself before them, sure that their superior wisdom would put her to silence.

"Young girl as she was,—only eighteen years of age,—she accepted his challenge, and won the victory. The wise men declared with one voice, that the reasoning of Catharine was conclusive, and that they were ready to defend at the expense of their lives the truths she had explained, which they afterwards did.

"Be perfect as possible in every one of the arts and sciences you are learning, but be equally well versed in your Christian faith."

(Selections from "ROSA MYSTICA" and "ST. MARY'S CHIMES," monthly papers, edited by the young ladies of the Senior Department.)

## The Broken Pump.

How dear to my heart are the scenes of St. Mary's,

When fond recollection recalls them to view,  
The orchard, the meadow, and hidden wild-berries,  
And e'en the sharp prickles which stuck through my shoe;  
The tangled ravine, and the rough benches nigh it;  
The wonderful ferns and the numberless sticks;  
The Saint Joseph River, which swiftly glides by it,  
And e'en the old pump, that stood out on the bricks;  
The stumpy pump-handle, the creaking pump-handle,  
The old, broken handle that *no one would fix!*

That old wooden pump-spout I hailed as a treasure,

For often at four, when my classes were done,  
To sip its clear liquid I found it a pleasure,  
And, from classes dismissed, it was there I would run.  
How ardent I seized the tin cup that was hanging  
Adown from that pump that stood out on the bricks,  
And, quenching my thirst, I let it go banging,  
Just like the wild school-girl, so full of her tricks.

That stumpy pump-handle, that creaking pump-handle,  
That old broken handle that *no one would fix!*

But alas! the sad day that pump-handle was broken,  
O when the intelligence came to my ears,  
My grief was so deep that I left it unspoken,  
And often was seen with my eyes full of tears!  
Deprived of that water, through long recreations,  
Of the stumpy pump-handle, recalling the clicks,  
I waited, half choked as I took my collations,  
And longed for the bell that would ring half-past six;  
That stumpy pump-handle, that creaking pump-handle,  
That old broken handle that *no one would fix!*

### Roll of Honor.

FOR POLITENESS, NEATNESS, AMIABILITY, AND CORRECT DE-  
PORTMENT.

#### SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par excellence*—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, S. Hanbury, L. Pool, S. Walsh, M. Clark, A. Dillon, M. Feehan, M. Wiley, M. Beal, M. Campbell, E. Chrischellis, C. Donnelly, L. Fendrick, R. Fishburne, A. Glennon, J. Heneberry, L. Lancaster, S. McKenna, A. Price, M. A. Ryan, A. Rasche, M. Simms, E. Slattery, E. Vander Hayden, H. Van Patten, K. Wall, J. Barlow, E. Call, M. Call, L. Coryell, M. Fishburne, H. Hackett, N. Keenan, A. McGordon, N. McGordon, A. Mowry, J. Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, C. Pease, V. Reilly, J. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, A. Rulison, E. Thompson, G. Taylor, M. Wolfe, A. Leydon, L. English, K. Fenlon, M. Flemming, M. Metzger, K. Mulligan, M. Newton, M. Ryan, M. Reutlinger, L. Wagner, M. Behler, B. English, M. Green, H. Hicks, N. Hicks, M. Eldridge, A. Ives, *2d Tablet*—Misses L. Fox, C. Campbell, L. French, A. Nash, E. Nash, E. Tanner, E. Todd, M. Casey, E. McCoy, S. Papin, C. Rosing, E. Shickey, M. Garrity, A. Watson, L. Williams, A. Gavan, M. Mulvey, J. Pampell, I. Smith.

#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

*Par excellence*—Misses C. Ginz, C. Lancaster, H. Ramsey, J. Spangler, S. Semmes, A. Clark, M. Chirhart, M. Coogan, M. Dillon, C. Ducey, L. Heneberry, A. Martin, G. O'Neill, C. Patterson, M. Paquette, F. Robertson, A. Wright, A. Watrous, W. Mosher, F. Hibbins, J. Krick, J. McGrath, M. Wilkins, M. Chaves, C. Richmond, E. Rigney, L. Robertson, M. Schmidt, D. Best, S. King, M. Otis. *2d Tablet*—M. Thomann, M. Morgan, E. Papin, P. Ewing.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

*Par excellence*—Misses E. Rigney. *2d Tablet*—H. Castanedo, A. Sawyer, E. Burtis, M. Barry, J. McGrath, Martha Otis, J. McKenna.

### Class Honors.

For the week ending December 3d.

GRADUATING CLASS—Misses A. Cavenor, C. Claffey, E. Galen, S. Hanbury, S. Walsh.

1ST SENIOR CLASS—Misses Clark, Dillon, Fox, Feehan, Wiley, 2D SR. CLASS—Misses Campbell, E. Call, Chrischellis, Donnelly, Fendrick, Fishburne, Glennon, Lancaster, McKenna, Ave Price, Ryan, Rasche, Simms, Shickey, Slattery, Wall.

3D SR. CLASS—Misses Barlow, Casey, Etta Call, M. Call, Fishburne, Ginz, Hackett, Keenan, Legnard, Lancaster, McCoy, A. McGordon, N. McGordon, Mowry, Owens, Margaret Price, Mary Price, Rosing, J. Reilly, A. Richardson, M. Richardson, Spangler, Semmes, Thompson, Todd, Taylor, Thomann, Waters, Wolfe.

1ST PREPARATORY CLASS—Misses Ducey, English, Eager, Fenlon, Garrity, Metzger, Mulligan, Ryan, Watson, Wagner, Williams.

2D PREP.—Misses Behler, Chirhart, Considine, Coogan, Fisk, N. Hicks, Martin, Mosher, O'Neill, Paquette, Rogers, Robertson, Eldridge, Ives.

JUNIOR PREP.—Misses Castanedo, Ewing, Hibbins, Hackett, Krick, Papin, Wilkins, Welch.

1ST JR.—Misses Campan, H. Castanedo, Chaves, Mattis, Otero, Richmond, Rigney, Schmidt, Sawyer.

2D JR.—Misses Best, Burtis, Lewis, King, Paul, McGrath, Otis.

#### FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Misses Galen, Pool, and C. Lancaster.  
2D DIV.—Misses Eechan and Bland.

2D CLASS—Misses Reilly, Campbell, A. Cavenor, Morgan, Semmes, Papin, H. Castanedo, F. Castanedo.

3D CLASS—Misses Barlow, E. Call, Taylor, Price, Leyden, Clark, Hackett, A. Clark.

4TH CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses Walsh, A. Nash, Donnelly, A. McGordon, Etta Call, Mary Price, M. A. Ryan, Rosing.

2D DIV.—Misses Slattery, Owens, Beal, Pease, E. Nash, Ave Price, Margaret Price, Todd, Shickey, Glennon, E. Papin, Vander Hayden, L. English.

5TH CLASS—Misses Lewis, Chaves, Otero, Sawyer, Brown.

#### GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Claffey, Dillon, Ginz, Chrischellis, M. Behler, Wagner, Pool, Thomann.

2D CLASS—Misses Flemming, Maud Casey, Chirhart, Reutlinger, Butts.

3D CLASS—Misses Todd, Keenan, Edith Call, Van Patten, Considine, Spangler, Martin, Eldridge.

4TH CLASS—Misses Schmidt, N. Hicks, M. H. Ryan, Coogan, Coyne.

## The Sun.

NEW YORK, 1882.

THE SUN for 1882 will make its fifteenth annual revolution under the present management, shining, as always, for all, big and little, mean and gracious, contented and unhappy, Republican and Democratic, depraved and virtuous, intelligent and obtuse. THE SUN's light is for mankind and womankind of every sort: but its genial warmth is for the good, while it pours hot discomfort on the blistering backs of the persistently wicked.

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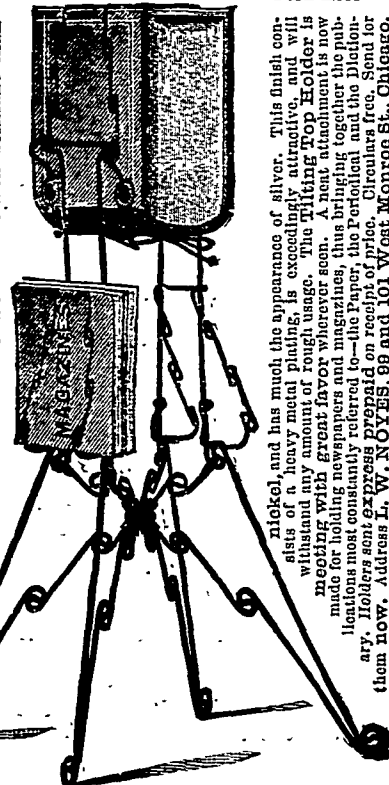
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