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Thoughts on Finding a Snake in my Boots.

Thou pretty wriggler! Harbinger of spring!
Enwreathed in many a gay, fantastic coil,
With joy escaped from lately frozen soil,
Promise of genial, sunny days to bring.
The blue-bird poised upon his azure wing,
Building his nest anew—his only toil,
May, seeing thee, with indignation boil—
Thief of his eggs. To me thou'rt no such thing!

Yet some there be who question thy existence—
Say that I've "got 'em again," and all such stuff;
"A mere hallucination" dub thee, sneering.
I smile, and meet their scoffs without resistance.
My conscious temperance is quite enough
To strengthen me to meet thy gaze, unfearing.

EILAIDA KNEGG.

Divine Providence and the Existence of Evil.*

The history of the human race, since its fall by original sin from that state of primeval innocence and bliss so beautifully mirrored in all traditions, all histories, and all poetical fictions, down to the time in which we live, is a narrative of progress—physical, intellectual, and moral. There are exceptional nations, periods, and branches of learning, if you will, but in general the tendency of mankind has been ever onward, ever upward. Each age presents to our view a galaxy of superior men—statesmen, heroes, sages, saints and martyrs—who, by their superhuman virtue, intelligence, wisdom, love, and power of sacrifice founded systems and eras, and led the great mass of humanity one degree farther in the march to a higher, broader plain of life. History pictures to us these men standing by the cradles of all nations, protecting and cherishing

* Thesis defended at the "Circle" of the Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas, Monday, March 5.

their youth, and, finally, guiding them in their more mature age higher and yet higher towards the ideal civilization. These giants of humanity are, then, the means through which, chiefly, the progress of our race has been effected. Hence it follows that the source of their pre-eminence over their fellows must also constitute the source whence, primarily, all progressiveness is derived.

In the first place, such individuals cannot come as the ordinary developments of the laws that govern the propagation of humanity, for no species can of itself surpass its uniform type. Moreover, the fact is universally attested that these men of genius, as they are called, most often spring from ancestors remarkable for nothing, unless it be poverty or ignorance; and hence, according to the laws of generation, could not have derived inherently what their progenitors never possessed. Education is likewise powerless to account for the superiority of their abilities; for contemporaries with the same, and more frequently greater opportunities, both in the way of instruction and application, have failed to attain equal pre-eminence. And there are not wanting instances where great geniuses have arisen from obscurity almost without receiving any aid from education. Shall we then boldly deny the existence of these extraordinary men as individuals, and, as some have done, declare them vast collective beings who have in reality no objective existence, but simply represent, in an imaginative personality, the dominant ideas of their age? This we cannot do without casting to the winds all historical certitude, and common sense as well. I ask, then, how can we account for the mysterious superiority of nature with which the world's immortal ones were gifted? We can account for it only by admitting the direct and special intervention in human affairs of an intelligent power out-

side of, and above, humanity; and this power must, in the last analysis, be referred to an infinite Being, Creator of man and of the universe, infinitely wise, powerful, just and merciful; in fine, to a Being whom we call God.

Again, this proof of the unceasing and manifest interest taken by the Divinity in human affairs is strengthened and confirmed by the universal convictions of mankind. There is not, nor has there ever existed on earth, a nation or a tribe, however barbarous or enlightened, away down under the very foundations of whose government, and in the profoundest depths of whose sentiment, this universal—I might almost say sensibility, both to the existence of an All-wise, infinitely perfect Creator, and to the share taken by the Divine element in all human facts, does not lie. In proof of which we find, in all times and among all peoples, some form or forms of religious worship. Evidently, then, the object of this religious sentiment—that is, Divine Providence—must be a reality, or we must admit that the extraordinary, perpetual, and universal effect we call religion has been produced by no cause at all—an assertion which would be quite as rational as though one should maintain that the sensation of sight would still be produced even if there were no eyes and no luminous bodies to cause it.

God, therefore, after calling into existence, and decking with an almost endless variety of life, this immense, yet but infinitesimal speck in the universe, and after creating and placing hereon as ruler a being whose nature formed a living link between earth and heaven, still did not abandon His work. And although He encompassed His new creation with laws which would of themselves enable it to keep time to the strain of sublimest harmony, that from unnumbered millions of orchestral orbs ascends and forever re-echoes round the throne of the Eternal, He is, nevertheless, ever and everywhere present in an active manner with the work of His hands, and is perpetually vouchsafing to His intelligent creatures His assistance, the better to enable them to accomplish His own inscrutable designs.

But now, it is objected, evil exists in the world, and this fact is irreconcilable with the notion of a God of infinite goodness and sanctity, and still less so with the idea of His intervention in human affairs. I might ask, in return, by what right dare anyone call in question an undeniable truth, merely because he is unable to reconcile it with the existence of another truth not less incontestable? How can we, but finite and of a day, set ourselves up as judges of the necessarily incomprehensible decrees of the Most High? I will, nevertheless, enter into

details, and, to the best of my ability, will show that, even though it be not given to us to know the reasons why God permits evil to exist, the fact of its existence in no way conflicts with His Providence.

Evil, in the common acceptation of the word—as a privation of good—may be four-fold: 1st, the metaphysical evil, or the defects of creatures; 2d, the physical evil, or suffering; 3d, the actual inequality in the distribution of the earthly goods; and, lastly, the moral evil, which is sin. With regard to the first, metaphysical evil, in the last analysis, is resolved into this, that no creature is as perfect as its Creator. Now, evidently, no creature can be as perfect as its Creator. The reverse would imply a contradiction in terms. But if the metaphysical evil be really evil, infinite perfection is possible,—nay, normal, in a finite creature, since the term evil always imports the non-existence of qualities which should be present. The only rational conclusion we can draw is that the existence of metaphysical evil as evil is a formal absurdity which no candid mind can honestly entertain.

Physical evil, moreover, considered in reference to its end, is not bad in itself. On the contrary, I maintain that, even according to our human reckoning, it is good. We always judge of the worth of things by their fitness or unfitness for carrying out the particular end or ends they are destined to reach. If suitable, we call them good; if unsuitable, bad. Thus, in forming a judgment as to the worth or worthlessness of the thesis I am reading, the first thing your minds do is to consider how far my arguments are adapted to the proving of what I set out to prove, that is, to the end I had in view. Again, a farmer, in the purchase or sale of a piece of ground, estimates the value of the field according to the degree of intrinsic fitness its soil may possess for effecting the end of agriculture, taking into consideration also how far the extrinsic circumstances, namely, location, etc., may conduce to the attainment of the same end. Now, according to this standard, judging of the worth of sufferings as means more or less fitting to their end, physical evil, as it is called, becomes not only good in itself, but the highest of earthly goods. For, as merit is the only coin that can purchase beatitude for a moral being, so, too, sufferings and denials are the only employers who can afford to pay their workmen in this heavenly currency, and are, therefore, the means, or the possessors of the means most eminently fitting the attainment of man's last end.

Another objection against Divine Providence is

derived from the fact of the unequal distribution of the earthly goods, not only of the physical but also of the moral order. It is argued that virtue receives little or no reward, and that vice is often glorified; that crimes remain undiscovered; and that the innocent sometimes suffer even the death penalty, while the guilty go unpunished. Again, it is said that the poor are obliged to toil from the early morn of their existence even unto its eve, and all this merely to keep soul and body together, while, on the other hand, the rich, lolling on fortune's never-failing arm, pass a life of perpetual ease, in many cases without ever having lifted a finger to merit it. And, indeed, this latter objection, under the title of Capital and Labor, has become the burning question of the hour. The poorer classes, owing to the development of their reasoning powers by means of education, have begun to inquire why such a distinction as poverty and wealth should exist; why one half the world should live by the sweat of the other half, since all men are by nature brothers, having a common end, and having to make use of common means to attain that end. Labor has thence come to regard capital with a jealous, not to say envious, eye. And while public men, whose duty it ought to be to correct these erroneous ideas, have been restrained by a base fear of doing aught that might jeopardize their own political prospects, ambitious demagogues by the score have been zealous to foster and intensify the discontent. They have persuaded the working-men that poverty and wealth are not necessary consequences of humanity, and that, therefore, they can and should be done away with.

It might be shown that the happiness arising from the possession of riches is, in the main, illusory, being balanced by a corresponding anxiety and a more insatiate craving. Still, we must admit that wealth carries with itself some greater degree of felicity than of care, otherwise men would not seek after it. Some have attempted to prove also that virtue and vice produce immediately in the soul a certain degree of reward or of punishment. The fact cannot be gainsaid, nevertheless, that sometimes deeds of the most heroic virtue have but a meagre reward, if, indeed, any; and that, again, crimes of the most heinous character never seem to cause their doers a whit of regret, much less of expiation. We can account for such seeming anomalies of Divine Justice only by the fact of the probationary character of the present life, and, consequently, of the existence of another world for man, where the good will receive the reward due to their virtue, and the wicked the punishment their guilty

actions have deserved. Of course, for those who try to persuade themselves that in the grave man's whole life and being are swallowed up and lost, there cannot but be something inexplicable about the ills of this life. But to the believer, to the Christian who sees by the rays of faith when reason's lamp has dimmed, sufferings and privations of whatsoever kind are but the action of the All-wise Sower, with plow and harrow making fecund His soil for its nursing and development of the priceless seeds of immortality; life itself, but a spring-time, whose every zephyr whispers of a coming golden summer, the days of which shall be as the eternal years.

We come now to moral evil, or sin, which is, philosophically speaking, the only real evil. It may be defined as "that which is opposed or in contradiction to the perfections or attributes of God." I propose to show, 1st, that God is not the cause, in any sense, of the moral evil; and, 2dly, that He could not have prevented it without withholding from man the gifts which alone make life worth living, namely, reason and free-will. Let us, first of all, examine the origin of evil, and consider the mode of its existence.

When we say that God created man according to His own image and likeness, we mean thereby that He imparted to him, in a finite degree, some of His own perfections or attributes. Chief among these were reason and free-will. Reason was given to man that he might understand the relations existing between himself and his Creator; and free-will that, by voluntarily corresponding with these relations, he might, steward-like, not only preserve in all its freshness and splendor the image of God in his soul, but even add to its lustre, and thereby merit of God's justice an eternal reward. This is the destiny of his earthly career. And in order to render less hard reason's task, God, in His boundless mercy, established and set forth a law clearly defining man's duties both towards his Creator and towards his fellow-creatures. Now, when a man deliberately acts in opposition to any precept of this moral law, he *ipso facto* opposes the perfection or attribute of God on which that particular command is based; or, in other words, he attempts to cast off from his nature the image of one of God's perfections or attributes. So that, although man cannot destroy God's image, or, indeed, any part of it, yet that act of his will induces a pall of darkness over the perfection he opposes, and thus *obscures* the image. This obscuration of the Divine image is what we understand by sin.

God cannot be the cause of evil. I distinguish

two kinds of causes. A cause is said to be *efficient*, when it produces an object by its own immediate act; *virtual*, when it merely influences some other agent in the production of a particular object, and in such a way that the agent cannot help acting. Let us now illustrate the proposition by a comparison. An artist paints a human countenance. All the materials of the picture, as well as the form of the human countenance from which the model was taken, and the ability which enabled the artist to conceive and to carry out his design, are, primarily, from God. But God did not combine these distinct components in such a way as to form a new object. Hence, although He is *primarily* the author of the painting considered as a whole—that is, as a composite of created elements,—He is not the efficient cause of that special combination by which the painting is rendered the particular object it is; for if He were, we should have no such thing as art, still less artists. Nor can God be called the virtual cause of the picture, since to be such, He must needs have destroyed the free-will of the subject, and have forced him to make the painting what it is. But in his execution of the work, the artist felt himself free to modify or change as he deemed fit. Hence, by his free choice, and the free exercise of the ability God gave him, he is the sole and efficient cause of that painting as such.

If we now apply these principles to the case of the sinner, we see at once that although God is the cause of his existence as a human being, and although He is the Author of the gifts whose perversion gave birth to sin, the creature alone, nevertheless, is and can be the sole cause of evil. But how can man, it may be objected, who is finite, be the *sole* cause of evil, since, in that case, he should possess a creative power? For if everything that God created be good, how is it possible for man to combine things good in themselves in such a way as to produce evil? We should bear in mind, however, that (1) creation always means the causing something positive or substantial to exist, and this, too, from no pre-existing material; and (2) that evil has no positive or substantial existence, but is simply the privation in an individual of a reality which should be possessed. Thus the action of God, from the eternal void calling all things into existence, is creation. But a chemist who, by mechanical appliances, expels every particle of air from a vessel does not *create* the vacuum within the vessel. He only *displaces* something which was previously there, and thereby causes the vacuum to exist. And this is precisely the manner in which evil is brought into existence by the rational creature.

But, some will say, even if God is not the cause of evil, He at least could have prevented it. Yes, He could; but at what a cost! To have deprived man of the possibility of doing evil, God must needs have withheld from him, not only free-will, but the gift of reason as well. A little reflection will make this clear.

Between man and his Creator there necessarily exist certain relations. The first is that of Master and dependent, of Superior and inferior. It is obvious that this first relation must be common alike to all contingent beings, since all are equally dependent on God. But there exists a second relation between man and his Creator which is not common to any other finite being. It is that of obligation, on man's part to act in obedience to the will of God, and on God's part to exact such obedience. This second relation is grounded on the very essence of the first, coupled with the fact of man's intelligence. For reason, our only natural guide, teaches that an intelligent being should, like all other beings, act in conformity with his nature. But man is by nature inferior to God and dependent on Him; and therefore can act in conformity with his nature only by submission and obedience to God's will.

But now, if God, in order to prevent the possibility of man's doing evil, were to deprive him of free-will, He must of necessity have deprived him of the faculty of reason also. For if man were possessed of intelligence only, without liberty, or free-will, his nature would still require him to render obedience to the will of God, while, at the same time, he would not be able to do so, since, not being free to act or not act, he would have no control over his actions, and hence in the nature of things they would all have to be referred to God as their virtual cause. God would thus create a being whose nature required him to act in a certain way, and, at the same time, He would withhold from him the means necessary to so act. In other words, God would not adapt the means to the end. But this would argue a want of wisdom in an infinite Being. Therefore, in order to prevent the possibility of man's doing evil, God must have deprived him of both reason and free-will, thereby levelling his nature to the plane of the brute.

But who could prefer such an existence to the one we now enjoy, which, even though capable, through our free choice, of begetting misery, is still the means given us by God for the attainment of a bliss so immeasurably great that our minds cannot even conceive of it? Where the one who, if it were given him to choose between brute and

rational being, would elect to run a blind course in the unalterable grooves of instinct, and after a phenomenal existence, without even a peep at the marvellous beauty in which the whole universe is bathed, without ever a thought of the whence or of the whither, be engulfed, life and being,

"In the wide womb of uncreated Night,"

rather than by the possession of rational existence bring within easy grasp a crown of immortal bliss? For beatitude is, after all, within arm's reach of every one of us. If we neglect to stretch forth our hand and pluck it, assuredly we can blame no one but ourselves.

Man's inclinations are weakened, we must admit, but they are less weak than the hand of Providence is strong. God is ever by our side. He beholds with pity our infirmities, wipes away the tear of despondency, chides our stubbornness, raises us when we have fallen, offers to convey us by His own hands across the barriers which stud life's pathway, and is perpetually holding up to our eyes the toil-sweetened, eternal love and rest that await us in our starry home. But God never compels, He is infinite in justice, and hence His justice respects the rights of the least of his creatures. Unto man He gave free-will, and the sacredness of its nature He has never yet violated. He stands before the gateway of his liberty and, in winning voice, tries to persuade him to open as to a loving friend. But the keys He never demands; the passage He never forces. Sublime dignity of man! Infinite patience, condescension, and goodness of God! *Quis sicut Dominus Deus noster, qui in altis habitat, et humilia respicit in cælo et in terra?*

Prose and Poetry.

BY WILLIAM P. M'PHEE.

God, when He created man after His own image and likeness, endowed him with a mind, the principal faculty of which is that of thinking. Now, the thoughts of man find their expression in language, either spoken or written. When written by intelligent men or women, and arranged so as to give pleasure to the reader, we have formed what is called literature. To cultivate facility and propriety in giving expression to thoughts, grammar and rhetoric are studied to learn the proper words to use and how to write correctly.

Literature is separated into two divisions which are known as Prose and Poetry. Prose, as we understand it, means the written thoughts, judgments

or feelings of men chiefly on subjects concerning philosophy, history, art, religion, science, manners, or lives of men. In fact, everything written, except poetry, is called prose. But from this fact we must not infer that all prose belongs to literature. We cannot say, for instance, that a catalogue, or a daily journal of a traveller, is of a literary character because it is prose. Any writing cannot be classified as literary unless it gives to the reader a pleasure which arises not only from the things said, but also from the manner in which they are said; and that pleasure is given only when the words are carefully, curiously or beautifully arranged into sentences. To do this, we must have what we call style. Prose may well be compared with a building which may be strong, ornamental; or simple. So when we read the different authors we see that one writes in a simple style, another in a grand style and another in an eloquent style. Prose is not within the domain of literature, unless it has style and character, and is written with curious care.

Poetry is the product of an excited and creative imagination, whose primary object is to please, and is expressed in verse. The different kinds of poetry are considered under the heads of Epic, Dramatic, Lyric, Elegiac, Didactic, Satiric and Pastoral. An Epic is the poetical narration of some great and heroic enterprise. Each civilized nation usually has one; few have more than one. The epics of greatest celebrity are Homer's "Iliad" in Greek, Virgil's "Æneid" in Latin, and Milton's "Paradise Lost" in English. Spenser's "Faerie Queen," if not considered as an epic, yet comes near that level, and is regarded as a Metrical Romance. There are many other pieces of literature which must be ranked in the same class. Among this class we see Chaucer's "Romaunt of the Rose"; "The Lady of the Lake" and "Marmion," by Sir Walter Scott, and "Idyls of the King" by Tennyson.

Dramatic poetry occupies almost the same rank as the Epic, and possesses almost all the characteristics of it. It is in reality an acted epic. What the epic narrates as having been done, is represented as being done before our eyes by the drama. Besides this slight difference, the drama possesses in common with the epic the unity of subject, but it requires also two other unities, namely, those of time and place. It is in these two unities that the English drama differs from the classical play, which, some claim, is the model of the English drama. Unity of time meant originally that the transaction should be performed in the time occupied by the performance of the play. By unity of place was meant that all that happened during the play should

take place in the same scene. These two unities have been entirely disregarded by our modern English dramatist. There are two principal kinds of drama, namely, the Tragedy and the Comedy. The tragedy is dignified and serious, having, like the Epic, some great enterprise for its subject. It usually ends with the death of the person in whom the audience is most interested. The comedy is, in all respects, quite the contrary. Its principal aim is to amuse, and it deals largely in ridicule.

Lyric poetry, as the name expresses, originally meant the poetry intended to be sung to the music of the lyre. As it was one of the first forms of poetry to appear, it contains some of the grandest specimens of poetic art. It is meant to express sentiments or emotion. It includes six kinds of odes: Sacred, Heroic, Moral, Amatory, Comic and Bacchanalian. These are so well known that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them.

Elegiac, Pastoral and Didactic poems are not very numerous, and they hardly need explanation.

In all literatures, excepting American, poetry precedes prose. The first writing we know of, is the Book of Job, which was written about 1500 B. C., whose original form was poetry, although our translation is in prose. The Psalms of David also were written in poetry, and contain some of the grandest strains in the poetry of any literature. Passing from the Hebrew to the Greek literature, we see that the first writers of any importance wrote about 1000 B. C. In this group we meet Homer and Herodotus, of whom Homer wrote his "Iliad" shortly before Herodotus began his histories in prose. These were the earliest writers. In 19 B. C., Virgil died prematurely, as he died while collecting information to finish his "Æneid." To the reign of Augustus belongs also Horace, Ovid, Sallust and Livy. Of these Horace, Ovid and Sallust were poets, and Livy an historian. The last mentioned wrote a complete history of Rome, in 140 books of which, but few remain. Here, again, we see that poetry held a precedence over prose, as Virgil wrote several years before Livy. Turning to English literature we see Cædmon writing poetry almost 600 years before Malory, who is considered the first artistic English prose writer. Bede wrote a little later than Cædmon, but Bede's works were written either in French or Latin. Hence his writings are hardly considered as English literature. "Télémaque," by Fénelon, in French, is an example of prose which would have been better expressed in poetry. Terence's Comedies rank very low as poetry and they should have been written in prose.

Scientific Notes

—ORIGIN OF ARTESIAN WELLS.—The sedimentary rocks, in their great thickness, inclose a succession of water-sheets or water-levels occupying distinct stages, and extending, with uniform characters, under whole countries, like the strata to which they are subordinated. It is proper to remark here that by the term water-sheet is not meant a real bed of water, lodged in a cavity, between solid masses that serve as walls to it, but water filling the minute interstices or the cracks of a rock. Continuous and regular in sand, these sheets are usually discontinuous and irregular in limestones and sandstones, in which the water only occupies more or less spacious fissures. When natural issues are wanting, human industry is able, by boring, to make openings down to the subterranean waters, which it causes to jet up to the surface, and sometimes to a considerable height above. The thought of undertaking such works is a very ancient one. The Egyptians had recourse to them forty centuries ago; and they were executed in France, in 1126, at Artois, whence the name of artesian wells has been given to them. The water-levels of cretaceous strata, from which the French artesian waters issue, are not always of advantage; but in the north of France and in Belgium they constitute the most formidable obstacle which miners have to encounter in reaching the coal-beds. A striking confirmation of the theory of the source of supply of the artesian waters has been observed at Tours, where the water, spouting with great velocity from a well a hundred and ten metres in depth, brings up, together with fine sand, fresh-water shells and seeds, in such a state of preservation as to show that they could not have been more than three or four months on their voyage. Some of the wells of the wady Rir have also ejected fresh-water mollusks, fish, and crabs, still living, which must, therefore, have made a still more rapid transit.—*Popular Science Monthly*.

—DANGERS OF BENZINE.—Some weeks ago, in a Philadelphia music printing establishment, while a boy was engaged in cleaning a press with benzine, rubbing it with a rag, the fluid blazed up; the lad's clothing caught fire, and he was so severely burned that his recovery was stated to be doubtful. It has been popularly supposed that flame, or at least a temperature equal to the white or red heat of iron, was necessary to ignite benzine vapor, but, according to the *American Exchange and Review*, this is a mistake "It is a fact little known," says that journal, "that hard friction can develop sufficient heat to inflame benzine vapor, especially if the surface rubbed be varnished with shellac. We are informed by a competent and truthful mechanical engineer that a few years ago, while trying with benzine, in a closed tin vessel, to construct a thermostat to ignite a powder giving out sulphurous gas in case of fire outbreak, he found that the vapor was leaking from a minute crack in a seam. He requested a tinman to solder the leak, supposing that a copper soldering tool at dark heat would

not be dangerous. To his surprise and that of the workman, the vapor ignited, with a blue flame, as soon as the tool approached near the crack, and a flame played around the tool like a will-o'-the-wisp. This gentleman several times experimented afterward, and found that at a dark heat the tool did not inflame the vapor when at a distance of twelve inches from the crack, but did always set fire to it if within six to four inches. No matter how small the crevice, there always came out enough vapor to ignite at this low degree of temperature. In these trials, as in the first instance, the tinman's furnace was kept at a considerable distance." We mentioned a few months since a case in which this vapor was ignited by electricity generated in rubbing a flannel garment, which was being cleaned in a tub of the fluid. This last occurrence once more emphasizes the need of the utmost caution in the handling of benzine in the scouring and furniture establishments and printing offices in which it is so generally and extensively made use of.

The American Game of Football.*

... On entering the ground and securing his post of observation, the spectator will see before him a field 330 feet long and 160 feet wide. The shorter line is the "goal-line." Across the field, at intervals of five yards, are white lines parallel to the goal-lines; these are meant to guide the umpire in the imposition of penalties for fouls, off-side playing, or delaying the game, the penalty being commonly a loss of five yards by the side which is in fault. In the middle of each goal-line is the "goal," two upright posts 18½ feet apart with a cross-bar 10 feet from the ground. In order to score a goal, the ball must pass between the uprights and over the cross-bar, and must cross it from a "place-kick," or from a "drop-kick,"—that is, from a kick made just as the ball is leaving the ground, not from a "punt," a kick made while the ball is in the air. Each side, while defending its own goal, necessarily faces the goal of its opponents, and its object is to advance the ball, by running with it or by kicking it, toward its opponents' goal line, to plant the ball on the ground on the other side of the opponents' goal-line, which constitutes a "touch-down" and scores four points in the game, and to kick the ball over the cross bar of the opponents' goal or force the opponents to make a "safety" touch-down in their own territory. When a touch down is made, the successful side takes the ball any distance it wishes straight out into the field, its opponents remaining behind their goal-line until the ball is kicked. One man, lying on the ground, holds the ball in proper position; another, when the ball is dropped to the ground, kicks it; if the ball goes over the cross-bar, it counts two points in addition to the four points for the touch down, and, if the goal is missed, it counts nothing. A touch-down and a successful goal thus count together six points; a goal kicked from the field, without a previous touch down, counts five points; and a "safety" touch-down counts two points against the side which makes it.

The feature in this process of advancing the ball which is most difficult for even the practised eye to follow, and which will probably always remain a profound mystery to the unskilful, is the prohibition of "off-side playing." The general principle, however, is not difficult of comprehension: it is merely that no player has legal rights when he is between the ball and his opponents' goal; he is then "off-side" until the ball has touched an opponent, or one of his own side carries the ball ahead of him or runs in front of him, having touched the ball while behind him. So long as he is "off-side," a player must not interfere with the ball or with his opponents. The players of both sides are so continually on and off-side that it is hardly possible to fol-

low the process. A line of men comes charging down the field; the ball is kicked back over their heads, and they are all technically off-side. In an instant the ball is kicked back again, and they are all on-side again and entitled to play, since the ball has touched one of their opponents. The shifting is often so rapid and constant that the men themselves almost come to forget the prohibition until one of them happens to play at a moment when he is off-side, and then the imposition of a penalty, the loss of five yards by his side, recalls him to a sense of the rules of the game.

"Passing" the ball, or throwing it from one to another, is another feature of the game. Hardly any combination of team-playing and individual skill is more noteworthy than the sight of a first-rate team carrying the ball down the field, each player taking his turn in running with the ball, and, when hard pressed, passing it over the head of an opponent to one of his own side, more fortunately situated, who carries it farther. Considering that the egg-shape of the ball makes it the concentrated essence of irregularity, that only the most skilful player can even hazard a guess at the direction which it will take after a bound, and that an error of but an inch in the direction of a throw may carry the ball a dozen feet away from the place at which it was aimed, one may be pardoned for admiring the certainty with which individuals and teams make each point of play and combine them all into an organized system. Passing has also its phase of off-side playing. A "pass forward" is not allowed, and is a foul; the ball must be thrown straight across the field, parallel to the goal-line, or in any direction back of that line....

"Rush-line tricks" are the leading feature of the modern form of the game; against an unskilled team they are deadly, and score touch-downs and goals with bewildering rapidity. Instead of passing the ball from a scrimmage to a half back, the quarter-back will hold it for an instant until one or another of his rush-line takes it from him and charges with it. But the clock-work precision with which the whole matter is managed, the manner in which every other player of the rush-line supports the one who has the ball and does just the work necessary to help him break the opposing rush-line, show that nothing has been left to chance. Such "rush-line tricks" are possible only through perfectly organized team-play, and an ingenious system of signals. The spectator, during the scrimmage, can hear an almost constant flow of conversation from the captain to his men, exhortations to "play hard," or "put the ball through," or apparently superfluous information on every kind of subject connected with the game. He is really managing his team, telling them to whom the ball is to be passed next by the quarter-back and what players are to do special pieces of work connected with the play. Every sentence has its pregnant word conventionalized to mean to the players something quite different from the meaning which the opponents will probably attach to it; and the whole system, carefully memorized and practised for weeks, enables the captain to keep his team well in hand throughout the game. Each team has its pet system of signalling, which it fondly imagines to be undiscoverable; while the first few minutes of a "great" game are spent in studying the signals of the opposing team, to see whether they have been changed since the last season....

But how about those who spend more time in such amusements than they can really spare? This question is asked more often than any other; and those who ask it do not seem to recognize the injustice to the modern college faculties which is implied in it. The development of the American college is not in a direction which makes the implications of the question possible. It is less possible every year for a man to waste his time, and yet remain in college. The increase of numbers alone has made the process of "weeding out" incompetent or lazy men in freshman year more of a possibility, and more of a feature in college life; and the influence of this process lasts throughout the course. The "high-class man" who gets on a football team is thereby compelled to organize his time more carefully, to cut off every other drain upon it, and to give spare time to nothing else; the man of less ability is compelled to follow a course as nearly parallel as his ingenuity will enable him to take; and the effects are somewhat like those which high taxation often has on a people, in bringing out more work than would be the case without it.

* Condensed from an article in the *Century*.

NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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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 TWENTY-FIRST year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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S. J. CRAFT (Lit.), '88.

—Another letter from our esteemed correspondent, who is now on his way towards the Golden Gate, has been received too late for insertion in this issue. Considering the fact that the stamp of the mailing office bears a date which shows that the transmission of the letter occupied a period of twelve days when, in the present course of human events, the same feat might have been accomplished in four or five, we were strongly tempted to inveigh against the efficiency of our present administration. But we refrain.

—A grand rally of the Temperance Society and those of the students who, though not active members of the organization, are yet in sympathy with its prime objects, took place last Sunday evening. The lecturer of the evening was Prof. Hoynes. The gentleman's oratorical abilities are so well known that it seems unnecessary to state that he held the goodly audience in rapt attention from the beginning of his lecture until its close.

Prof. Hoynes studiously avoided the too often bombastic eloquence and over-wrought style of the average temperance orator, and, instead, treated his hearers to a highly rational, often pathetic, yet always calm discourse on this crying evil of the day—intemperance. We are happy to be able to state that the lecture has been secured for publication in our next issue. Quite a number of accessions to membership bore ample tribute to the Colonel's successful effort.

St. Thomas' Academy.

Monday evening, March 5, the St. Thomas Aquinas' Circle celebrated by anticipation the feast-day of their patron philosopher, the Angelic Doctor. Fathers Walsh, Stoffel and Morrissey, and Professors Hoynes, Fearnley and Ewing occupied the visitors' seats. The exercises were begun by the Rev. President, Rev. S. Fitte, who delivered a brief but comprehensive and eloquent eulogy on the life and work of St. Thomas.

Mr. James A. Burns then began the task of showing how the existence of evil is reconcilable with the existence of Divine Providence. To show the action of an over-ruling Providence, he spoke first of the physical, intellectual and moral progress of nations, and claimed that each succeeding era possessed and improved upon the excellencies of the preceding. Genius was a strong argument in favor of providential intervention, since fitting men appear in each crisis and give shape to the issue. The speaker then considered the existence of evil; but as the thesis appears entire in another part of this paper, we shall commend to the reader further consideration of his arguments. His conclusions were logical and cautious. The arguments brought to bear upon the subject were, in the main, deep and decisive, and showed care in preparation.

Upon Messrs. Houck and Heinemann devolved the task of refuting the thesis. Mr. Heinemann was the first disputant. He denied Mr. Burns' premises, and since they were untrue, the conclusions were necessarily false. He disputed the introductory reasonings concerning Divine Providence, and whilst confining himself mainly to the natural order, threatened to demolish the very foundations of the thesis. He claimed that the world's history evinced no progress aside from that of Christianity. The arguments, as presented, were strong and well chosen.

Mr. Houck argued from a supernatural standpoint. He brought forward the existence of evil, and opposed the idea of eternal punishment as incompatible with the goodness and mercy of the

Creator, and asserted that God's foreknowledge is irreconcilable with the free-will of man. Mr. Burns was equal to the occasion, and by clear, convincing reasoning refuted the objections and forced the objectors to yield. His choice of illustrations, however, at times might be subject to criticism.

Rev. Father Morrissey made a few appropriate remarks concerning the success of the disputation. He complimented those participating in the exercises, and paid a handsome tribute to the efficient work of the Rev. Professor of Philosophy. Col. Hoynes was called upon and responded in his usual happy manner. The meeting then adjourned, everyone satisfied with the celebration in honor of the glorious Father of Christian Philosophy, St. Thomas Aquinas.

Philosopher's Day.

Last Tuesday was the day of days for our local metaphysicians. Every year the St. Thomas Aquinas Academy celebrate the feast-day of their patron by an excursion to some neighboring city, and on Tuesday last the Academy, consisting of the classes of Philosophy and Logic, made a descent upon Elkhart, which, being interpreted, means City of the Unregenerate.

We always like to enter fully into the spirit of these occasions, and we had for weeks been striving to acquire an antique, philosophic air by allowing our straw-colored locks to creep downward until they mingled with our eyebrows, and the irréverent small boy used to hail us with "Johnny, get your hair cut"! But, alas! how have we departed from the customs of those philosophers of old! Fancy our dismay when we found that these degenerate disciples of Pythagoras had neglected to don the dingy garb that is wont to mark the man of philosophic mind, had laid aside the flowing locks, and now loomed up in hand-made clothes, and were topped off with pompadours, with bangs, and some even with hair trigonometrically divided in the centre. Not to appear odd, we sadly sought the man who does the tonsorial act, confided our locks to his keeping, and then, laying aside our clothes of antique cut, and blushing for our own lack of moral courage, we borrowed our room-mate's newest suit and sallied forth more dude than philosopher. Could the shades of Aristotle and of Plato have gazed upon the Sunday-togged, silk-tiled brigade that left the College Tuesday morning, they would have wiped away a regretful tear with the trailing end of their classic togas and hied them back to the land of shadows. So recreant were the Academicians to

the ancient customs that the lantern of Diogenes must have turned in the coffin.

By eleven o'clock the philosophic look had faded from the countenance of the Rev. Professor of the abstruse science, and the genial faces of himself and Rev. Father Morrissey were added to the party at the depot. The conductor, seeing us, kindly stopped the train, and several accommodating passengers got off and allowed us to take their seats. Luck was with us, and we reached Elkhart before Arthur could order a strike. The conductor was very obliging and stopped twenty minutes at Elkhart with us. We declined his offer to show us the town, but asked him to stop for us on his way back. Our coming must have leaked out in some way, as a reception committee of one was awaiting us at the depot. The committee began to beat a large brass bass drum as soon as we appeared, and in the excess of their joy at seeing us shouted out several times: "This way to dinner, gentlemen"! We entered the spacious dining hall, where a bountiful repast had been prepared in honor of our visit. The dinner passed off without accident, and when it became apparent that a longer stay would be useless, we left the dining hall. The host seemed grateful to us for having left this much, and after presenting him a few souvenirs bearing the pious motto "In God We Trust," we turned ourselves citywards.

Our hearts still beat warmly at the remembrance of the hearty reception received at the hands of the good people of Elkhart (no puns on the word "heart"). We had scarcely left the depot when a prominent citizen, who was standing on a scaffolding beside a bucket of paint, shouted out to us in the heartiest manner: "Ah, there! boys." With equal cordiality we bowed and sang back: "Stay there." This placed us at once on friendly terms with the citizens, and showed them that we were not "stuck-up." When we reached Main street, we were met by a committee of about 20 citizens. (They were mostly under 12 years of age). They cheered us lustily, and accompanied us about four blocks. Sub-committees were waiting on every corner, and soon our escort numbered about fifty. Their enthusiasm had not abated in the least, and we were momentarily expecting them to present us with a few brick houses (a brick at a time). One of the committee presented Gibbs with a piece of Elkhart real-estate (about a handful), and asked him how he liked it. Their attentions, were irresistible, and there is no telling where our reception would have stopped if a party dressed in blue and decorated with brass buttons had not addressed the

committee and, with a fairy-like wave of his wand, dispersed it. As to who he was, we were divided; some of us maintained that he was of the race of *genii*; some that he was chairman of the committee; others that he owned the city (no attempt at verse), but all agreed that he must have been drunk. Just before we scattered ourselves over the city, another instance of the warm-heartedness of the citizens occurred and touched us deeply. In the door of his place of business, over which hung three golden spheres emblematic of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence, there stood a gentleman who, as we passed saluted us cordially, slyly winked and, pointing to the spheres hanging overhead, assured us that if we ever stood in need of a friend we had only to call on him. As we never saw him before, we were the more deeply sensible to his kindness.

The party then separated to view the different sights of the city, and "Bertie" and Chute set out to find the circus where they could see the elephant that the boys had been talking about on the train. About an hour later they were seen driving about behind the horse that was once the property of the man who founded Elkhart. The pleasure of the drive was much marred by some trouble caused by the inhospitable wretch in blue who was so lacking in polish as to accuse them of abusing the rights of hospitality by "fast driving on the sidewalks." Burke, Meagher and O'Regan inspected the high-school building, whilst Mike and Eddie went over to see the horn works. Craig and Stubbs went to see the starch factory, and Gibbs sadly left the crowd to find a tailoring establishment where cleaning and repairing are in the curriculum. Nobody knew what had become of Jim and Nelson, but it was thought they were looking for the committee man who was so kind to Gibbs. Simon asked us to "keep mum" about him, and promised to do the same for us. Houck and Jimmie took the rest of the crowd to the matinee, and the party was dispersed to the ends of the city the remainder of the day.

At 6.15, all hands were seen wending their way towards the depot, and, strange as it may seem, a pall of darkness began to settle down upon Elkhart, and the citizens had to carry on business by gaslight. The train was an hour late, as the conductor had forgotten where we stopped, and was halting at every station to find us. Suspecting this, we telegraphed him and he came on at once. He was glad to see us again, and, rather than inconvenience us, he side-tracked a little further on to allow the fast express to go by. Drays were waiting at the depot in South Bend for us, and we

were soon back under the shadow of the Dome.

Thus ended one of the most enjoyable days of the year, and the philosophers, one and all, are loud in their praises of the noble people of Elkhart.

N.

Books and Periodicals.

—The March *Century* contains several features of romantic interest. First in uniqueness, perhaps, is Mr. Kennan's continuation of his revelations in regard to the Russian state prisons, the details of which are remarkable for interest and bear every evidence of authenticity. An interesting incident related by Mr. Kennan is the celebration in the House of Detention at St. Petersburg of the Centennial Fourth of July. A narrative paper of thrilling detail is Captain Frank E. Moran's account of the planning, mishaps, and finally successful execution of Colonel Rose's Tunnel at Libby Prison, the narrator having been one of the party who escaped. The article is illustrated. This number contains also two full-page portraits of Bismarck; one after the bust by Roth; the other (which appears as a frontispiece) is from a photograph, and shows the Chancellor in his garden with his two hounds. A short anonymous article considers Bismarck's peculiar influence.

—*The Art Amateur* for March contains another of the series of exquisite colored flower studies—a brilliant cluster of "Gladioli," by Victor Dagon who also contributes an admirable double-page study of "Hydrangeas" in black-and-white. The other designs include a striking portrait of Alexander the Great for modelling in clay and brass hammering, a partridge-berry and dwarf cornel decoration for a cake-plate, decorations for tiles (tea and coffee flowers) and a fish-plate, a design for a repoussé candlestick, and embroidery designs for a cushion and a burse, besides a page of monograms in "Q." Excellent practical articles are given on "Sketching from Nature," "Landscape Painting in Water-Colors," "Tapestry Dye Painting," "China Firing," and "Practical Wood Carving" (with numerous designs). The "Hints for Home Decoration and Furnishing," by a practical architect, and Mrs. Wheeler's "Views on Embroidery Materials" are of special value. The Water-Color Exhibition is reviewed and illustrated, and "My Note-Book" is filled with vivacious talk about the \$18,000 peach-blow vase, the Spencer sale, and other fresh art topics.

—The frontispiece of *St. Nicholas* for March is an exquisite engraving of "Babie Stuart," by T. Johnson, from Van Dyck's well-known painting. The first article, "An Ancient Haunt of Pirates," contains an interesting description of a journey through the little known region where the celebrated Lafittes, Pierre and Jean, carried on their privateering. The trip was taken by Eugene V. Smalley, and the artist, E. W. Kemble, and the latter has made many characteristic drawings illustrating his companion's account of the trip. Ernest

E. Thompson has contributed a novel and attractive paper showing what a naturalist may read "From Tracks in the Snow," and the tracks are reproduced so that the readers may draw conclusions for themselves. Helen Campbell tells an amusing story of "The Hobart Treasure," and shows how the treasures may be hidden where least expected. Frank R. Stockton, in the "Personally Conducted" series, gives his impressions of "The People We Meet" abroad, and H. A. Ogden draws pictures of them. John Dimitry, in "Onatoga's Sacrifice," recounts a legend based upon Indian traditions of a terrible man-eating bird. Other stories with poems, and the usual number of pictures and departments complete an attractive number.

Personal.

—M. O. Burns, of '86, is about to engage in legal practice at Hamilton, Ohio. He is well and prospering, and sends kind remembrances to old friends at Notre Dame.

—Frank Grever (Com'l), '80, is one of the prominent business men of Cincinnati. A letter recently received from him contains many kindly recollections of *Alma Mater*, and expresses his desire to soon visit the old spot.

—Mr. C. C. Davis, Editor of the *Daily Herald Democrat* and the *Evening Chronicle*, of Leadville, Colo., was a welcome visitor to the College last week. He examined everything in detail, and declared that no one could do justice to what was to be seen unless he had several weeks at his disposal. Mr. Davis made many friends while here, and will always be cordially welcomed whenever he can find leisure to spend a few days at Notre Dame.

—We learn from the *Daily Statesman*, of Austin, Texas, that the Very Rev. Provincial Corby, who is now engaged in visiting the houses of the Congregation in the South, passed last week at St. Edward's College, near Austin. Shortly after his arrival, the students improvised a literary and musical entertainment in his honor. Addresses in various languages formed one of the features of the evening's programme, to which the distinguished guest responded with some general and appropriate remarks. The *Statesman* says further:

"The reverend gentleman finds the balmy climate of Texas contrasting strangely with that of Northern Indiana, where the mercury marked 23 degrees below zero when he started for the South, a few days ago. And not the less favorably does it contrast, he thinks, with the damp, foggy climate of New Orleans, in nearly the same latitude as Austin. Very Rev. Father Corby thinks our city exceptionally well located from a sanitary point of view, and that the hills around Austin, on the South side of the river especially, possess very rare, natural advantages. Our visitor is a gentleman of culture and wide influence, and will no doubt give a very favorable account of Austin to his many friends in the North."

—A recent number of the *Boston Pilot* contained an appropriate notice of Miss Eliza Allen Starr's latest publication—"Songs of a Life-time."

We have already referred to the work in these columns, as one which, from an artistic and literary point of view, should claim the attention of intelligent minds everywhere; but the subjoined personal extract will be of more than passing interest to the gifted lady's numerous friends here and to the countless numbers of friends of Notre Dame throughout the world:

"Miss Starr is a native of Deerfield, Mass., and in that beautiful town her childhood and girlhood were spent. She has the tender love of nature, and the artistic touch in description of nature's beauties, which characterize in a marked degree the New England poets. Some of her loveliest verses are inspired by memories of her Eastern home. We need but name 'The Wapping Homestead,' 'The Lonely Window,' and 'The First Snowflake.' Miss Starr has been a resident of the West since 1854. She is not less happy in her pictures of its vast prairies or majestic forests, than in her reflection of rural New England. For many years our artist-poet was connected with St. Mary's Academy, of the Sisters of the Holy Cross, Notre Dame, Ind., and was, we believe, the founder of the magnificent art-school which has grown to be one of the glories of that celebrated institution. She was a bosom friend of the late Mother Angela, and is the author of a beautiful memoir of that remarkable woman. It is not strange, therefore, to find the natural and spiritual beauties of Notre Dame numerously commemorated by Miss Starr's muse."

Local Items.

- St. Patrick's Day!
- Philosopher's Day.
- Burbank this evening.
- "Ah, there!" "Stay there!"
- You're positively getting "tuff."
- Where were the Philharmonics?
- "I want to show him who I am."
- Prompters should neither be seen nor heard.
- Green will be the prevailing color next Saturday.
- The Minims enjoyed "rec." Wednesday afternoon.
- "Cælo capita alta ferentes" they made quite an imposing van.
- What is the bill posting committee that it should desecrate the Sabbath?
- It is hardly just to be compelled to attend an entertainment against one's will.
- The Minims will have new uniforms for the members of their baseball nines.
- Masters L. Black and V. Kehoe will captain the Minim first nines this season.
- A lavatory for visitors is being fitted up on the lower floor of the main building.
- What has come o'er the spirit of Birdie's dreams? Are his thoughts still in Elkhart?
- Old Boreas with his customary blizzard postponed the opening game of the football season.
- Gibb's strategic abilities were put to a severe strain, but they were fully equal to the occasions, nevertheless.
- "Mollie" claims to be the most assiduous and,

at the same time, the most voluminous scribe our journal can boast of.

—Father Kirsch has started a new choir. Long may it wave, and may all possible success attend it, for it is destined to fill a long-felt want.

—The members of the Senior department sincerely regret that Bro. Hilarion has been unable to be with them this week on account of illness.

—The Euglossians have promised an entirely new programme for April 9, consisting of orations, essays, dramatic readings, declamations both serious and comic.

—We would respectfully notify those interested in the national game that we have on hand but a few more copies of "The Rise and Fall of the Roman Umpire."

—"Ratio C." experienced considerable difficulty in getting the "pwapah capaw" in the matter of tonsorial decoration the other evening, but perseverance conquered.

—Washington Hall needs a new piano. The instrument now in the hall has become so antique and "chestnutic" that it can scarcely tell the difference between a bar of music and a bar of soap.

—Those desiring to cultivate any variety of beard for commencement week would do well to begin early with the arrival of warm weather in order to present a respectable appearance in June.

—People who are so free with their advice concerning the choice of associates should withdraw themselves into themselves, and give themselves up to prolonged reflection on their own surroundings.

—Quite a little stir was caused for a time by a rumor that oil of a peculiar quality had been struck in the immediate vicinity of the tailor-shop. On investigation, however, it was found to be untrue.

—We trust the hinges of the doors in Washington Hall will be oiled before another entertainment is held there, or at least persons should not be entering and leaving while anyone is speaking on the stage.

—We sincerely trust that "Bobbie" and the rest of the disaffected will have a wholesome regard for the might and muscle of the fighting editor, who has not been an athlete and baseball catcher all these years for naught.

—Our enterprising Director of the Tailoring establishment has received a new, large and varied supply of goods from the East. He is prepared to furnish suits in the latest style, and invites all to call and make their selections.

—The Sorins held their 5th regular meeting in St. Edward's Hall on Monday, March 5. The following young gentlemen took part in an interesting debate: Masters Rogers, Williamson, Lonergan, O'Mara, Koester, Collins, Boettcher, Cudahy, and Ayer.

—About the first of next month Mr. Henry Heller intends to move his tonsorial parlors from their present location in South Bend to more pleasant quarters in the Oliver House block. He will continue to do business at the old stand in Notre Dame.

—Rev. President Walsh spent part of two days in visiting the classes in St. Edward's Hall. The Minims are always glad to see the Rev. President come into the class-room, as it gives them an opportunity of satisfying him that they do their share of the work.

—The class of physics has been making some very interesting experiments during the past week in the domain of the Electric Ring. Some of the boys now have a very clear idea what it is to be struck by lightning, and "Bertie" says Larkin is a veritable specimen of condensed electricity.

—Old "Bob" is no more! Long and faithful service did he perform as the college "hack." But—it is a sad commentary upon the frailties of human nature that those individuals of well-known kind, gentle dispositions should, in the slightest degree, be made responsible for his loss!

—The case of Bokee *vs.* Adams came up before the moot-court on Wednesday evening. Messrs. Brewer and Brady appeared for the plaintiff, while Pollock and Chacon represented the defendant. The attorneys for plaintiff introduced some very ingenious arguments, but their opponents had the best of the law, and were, accordingly, awarded the case.

—The Lemonnier Boat Club held a meeting last Sunday evening, and received encouraging reports regarding the financial condition of the association. The new boats will be completed about the 15th of April, and one hundred dollars has already been paid on them. They will be four-oared and thirty feet in length, and will be built somewhat after the style of the present six-oared barges. The snow on the ground and the ice on the lake prevented any discussion in regard to the opening of navigation.

—Apropos of this being the thirteenth annual issue of the *Scholastic Annual*, the editor gives the readers a very clever and humorous introduction on the recent disappearance of superstition generally, and especially that regarding unlucky numbers. But clever as this is, it does not surpass in interest any piece of reading in the book. We are given a fine choice of both prose and poetical selections, and nearly all of them, besides, have the merit of newness. This publication certainly deserves a very high place among Catholic annuals.—*Catholic Standard*.

—The members of the St. Thomas' Academy were most pleasantly entertained Tuesday evening at Elkhart, by Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, assisted by Miss Gordon, Miss Holland and Miss Pounder. The evening was most agreeably spent, and was brought to a conclusion by a bountiful supper to which the Philosophers did justice. During the day the sights of the city had been viewed under the guidance of the Gordon brothers who are old students of Notre Dame. The visitors departed for home, feeling that such hospitality as they had received was seldom met with.

—Very Rev. Father General Sorin honored the princes by a visit last Tuesday, and, as usual, he

gave them some precious words of advice and encouragement. Among other things, he said: "I am delighted to see you all looking so well and so happy and so handsome, too. But let me tell you the secret of making yourselves look even handsomer: keep yourselves scrupulously clean and neat; put every article of your clothing on carefully and properly. And then," he added, laying his hand with an expressive gesture on his breast, "keep your *hearts* clean, for this purity will be reflected on your faces, and make even the plainest beautiful." The Very Rev. Founder's golden words cannot fail to have their own grand influence on the minds of the Minims.

—EUGLOSSIAN ENTERTAINMENT.—The Euglossians gave the first of a series of entertainments in Washington Hall last Saturday evening. The orchestra played a selection while the audience was filling the Hall, and the literary exercises of the evening were opened by Mr. Charles J. Stubbs who gave the first scene of the second act of Shakespeare's "King John." Mr. Stubbs' selection was the feature of the evening, and by far the most difficult to render well. Notwithstanding that he impersonated several characters totally different, he seemed to be conversant with the personality of each, and changed easily from one to the other. The audience testified their appreciation by hearty applause. Mr. Roy C. Pollock was the next speaker on the programme, and he did fairly well in the recitation of "Kentucky Belle," which was well suited to his natural style of delivery. Mr. W. M. Silver's declamation was entitled "Agitation in Ireland." Although Mr. Silver's delivery was at times monotonous, he possesses the elements which constitute a good speaker, and with a little more practice his slight defects will be easily removed. Mr. Fred Jewett sang the "Maid of the Mill" most acceptably, and was forced to respond to an enthusiastic *encore*. Mr. Jewett has improved much of late in his singing. Mr. D. Brewer followed with "Our Republic." Like Mr. Silver, his voice was clear and he was distinctly heard in every part of the hall. His delivery was marred occasionally by monotony. Mr. T. Goebel's essay was full of thought, and he was several times interrupted by applause. Aside from a slight uneasiness on the stage, Mr. Goebel's appearance was good. His production would have afforded more pleasure to the audience if he had spoken with more energy and distinctness.

"The Passing Regiment," by the orchestra, was a pleasant variation. The recitations by Masters W. McPhee and J. McIntosh were delivered in a pleasing manner. Their gestures were graceful. These young gentlemen are promising speakers. Mr. E. Berry's parody was quite enjoyable, and was well spoken; but his voice was too low at times to be heard throughout the hall. "Shamus O'Brien" was given by Mr. T. F. Brady. The declamation was quite agreeable to the audience. Mr. Brady's faults were few and hardly noticeable, and they can be remedied by practice. Mr. J. Garrity appeared for the first time this year in a recitation "Over the Mountain." Mr. Garrity's defect was

in not being able to make himself heard throughout the entire piece. He is a good speaker. Mr. T. O'Regan favored the audience with a short temperance speech in verse. His ability is too well known to need any comment.

Rev. President Walsh complimented those who took part in the exercises, and expressed the wish that he might have the pleasure of listening to the Euglossians again in the near future.

The success of the evening's entertainment is due to the energetic and painstaking care of Prof. J. A. Lyons, under whose careful training the members of the elocution classes are acquiring such proficiency in speaking. Although some of the speakers appeared for the first time Saturday evening, they all displayed considerable ability and made a good impression. The excellence of the programme bears testimony to the able work of the elocution classes.

"STROKE, STROKE, STROKE!"

Some months ago a poem (?) under the above heading appeared in these columns. Frantic efforts were made to find the author; but we, of course, refused to divulge the name. Tempting offers and threats were alike unable to shake our noble resolve. However, since the authorship has been erroneously attributed to quite a number of literary celebrities, we herewith publish their denials both to relieve them from responsibility and to let the fame remain undisputed, until the author chooses to step forth into the light and receive the plaudit of Christendom:

"Candor compels me to admit that I am not its author."
—FRANK F-R.

"I cannot claim the honor."—A. TE-N-S-N.

"My muse busies itself only with blank verse, but I could make a better success at Rhyme than the author of 'Stroke!'"—C. J. S.

"I indignantly repel the assertion."—J. A. B-R-S.

"Whilst I write poetical prose, I make no claim to the title of poet. I am no rhymster."—S. J. C.

"I never perpetrated poetry in my life."—M. GOEKE.

"A comparison between this poem and my acknowledged production, 'A Leap Year Ode to the Dome,' ought to convince any fair-minded man that I am not the author of 'Stroke!'"—G. H. C.

"I cannot truthfully say 'I did it.' I would willingly stand godfather to this orphan if I considered only its undisputed literary merit; but, owing to its glaring lack of knowledge of nautical affairs, I cannot claim the honor."—P. V. D. B.

"As father died before this poem appeared, I presume it is unnecessary for me to bring proofs to back the assertion that he is not guilty."—H. W. L-N-F-L-OW, JR.

"My feelings were too much harrowed up after the race to think of writing poetry; but 'J. V.' did not feel so bad, and I suspect him of writing."—C. N.

Roll of Honor.

[The following list includes the names of those students whose conduct during the past week has given entire satisfaction to the Faculty.]

SENIOR DEPARTMENT.

Messrs. Albright, Armstead, Adams, Bowles, Brookfield, Brady, Beckman, P. Burke, Barrett, Barnes, Beckwith, Bronson, Ball, J. Burns, Brewer, Britt, E. Burns, Brelsford,

Brannick, Barnard, Craft, Cosgrove, Campbell, Chacon, Cusack, Crane, Craig, Cartier, Chute, E. Coady, T. Coady, Dore, Donohue, Ewing, Eyanson, Fitzharris, Finckh, M. Fenton, J. Fenton, Fisher, Fehr, Goebel, Griffin, Gallardo, Geisler, Gibbs, Henderson, Heinemann, M. Howard, Hummer, E. Howard, Houck, Hepburn, Jennings, Jacobs, Jackson, F. Kelly, Keating, J. Kelly, Louisell, W. Larkin, A. Leonard, Langan, W. McDermott, Metzger, Mattes, McCune, Mulkern, J. McDermott, Mackey, Major, Munroe, V. Morrison, W. Morrison, Maloney, McAllister, McCart, Mack, McAuliff, Melady, Andrew Nicholl, Alfred Nicholl, Norton, Neill, Nelson, O'Hara, Orr, O'Regan, O'Shea, O'Donnell, O'Brien, Plato, Prudhomme, Prichard, Preston, Pender, Parés, Quigley, Rochford, Rother, Rudd, Stubbs, Scholfeld, J. Sullivan, Short, Stephenson, Sawkins, H. Smith, W. Silver, D. Sullivan, Tiernan, Tarrant, Woods, Wall, Wilkin, White.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Masters Adelsperger, Adams, Allen, Berry, Bombeck, Bronson, Boyd, Beaudry, Blake, Burger, Benner, J. Bray, H. Bray, W. Brown, Brady, Cauthorn, Campbell, Cooney, Crotty, J. Connors, F. Connors, Case, Connelly, Cavanagh, Carney, Chute, Coulter, Cullen, Casey, James Doherty, John Doherty, Delaney, Duffield, Daniels, Davis, Devine, Darragh, Ebner, Elder, Fitzgerald, Figge, Falvey, S. Fleming, P. Fleming, C. Fleming, French, J. Flynn, F. Flynn, Freeman, Frei, Grossman, Graham, J. Greene, T. Greene, Gale, Gonzales, Grever, Garrity, Houlihan, Henry, Howard, P. Healy, Hampton, Hoerr, Huber, Hackett, Hughes, Hake, Hayes, Hoyer, Hall, R. Inderrieden, Jewett, Jackson, Kinsella, Kutsche, Kellner, Kehoe, Lane, Lahey, Moncada, Monaghan, Merkle, Martin, Munroe, McGuire, McMahon, John McIntosh, James McIntosh, McGurk, H. Mallay, W. Mallay, McIvers, McPhee, Miner, McGrath, McKenzie, McNulty, McCartney, Mayer, Monarch, Neef, Noud, O'Neill, W. O'Brien, G. O'Brien, W. P. O'Brien, M. O'Kane,* O'Donnell, Paquette, Powers, Pecheux, Perkins, Quinlan, Roth, Reinhard, I. Rose, S. Rose, Rowsey, Reidinger, Roper, C. Schillo, Stephens, Spalding, Shenk, Senn, A. Sullivan, L. Scherrer, C. Scherrer, Talbot, Thome, Wile, Wageman, Wade, Walsh, Weldon, Wright, Wood, Wilbanks, Cunningham.

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Masters Ayer, H. Bachrach, S. Bachrach, A. Bachrach, Bloomhuff, Beckham, Barbour, G. Black, L. Black, Blake, Bates, Burns, Bradley, Boettcher, C. Connor, W. Connor, E. Connors, Collins, Connelly, W. Creedon, F. Creedon, Cummings, Clendenin, Carlile, Cudahy, Cornell, Crane, Cohn, Carpenter, Campbell, Durand, F. Dunn, J. Dunn, Jessie Dungan, Jas. Dungan, Doss, L. Dempsey, J. Dempsey, F. Dempsey, Dench, Dorsey, Des Garennes, M. Elkin, E. Elkin, G. Franche, C. Franche, Flannery, F. Falvey, E. Falvey, Finkel, Grant, Griffin, Greene, Gerber, Goodwillie, Hinds, Harlan, Hagus, Howard, Hamilton, Healy, Halthusen, Jaramillo, Johns, Kerwin, Kehoe, Keeler, Koester, Keefe, Kinsella, Kane, Kaye, A. Lonergan, H. Lonergan, Mooney, Marx, Maternes, L. Mayer, G. Mayer, McPhee, Mott, J. Marre, A. Marre, Minor, Neef, Neenan, Nichols, O'Neill, Oppenheimer, O'Mara, Perry, L. Paul, C. Paul, Plautz, Parker, Pierce, Quill, Rogers, Ricks-cker, Sweet, Seerey, F. Smith, E. Smith, Stone, Stephens, Speir, Storey, Taft, Toolen, Trujillo, Tomkins, Thornton, W. Williamson, Wm. Williamson, J. Walsh, Welch, W. Walsh, A. Witkowski, S. Witkowski, Willien, Wilson, Young, Zie-man.

* Omitted by mistake last week.

Class Honors.

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

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

E. Berry, R. Bronson, E. Blessington, G. Cartier, A. Hake, J. Henry, A. Jacobs, F. Lane, I. Lyons, W. McKenzie, V. Morrison, W. O'Brien, J. Pfau, J. Reinhard, C. Senn, M. Smith, B. Stephens, F. Suing, B. Tivnen, H. Wageman, J. Brady, J. Bombeck, F. Carney, H. Carroll,

H. Cauthorn, J. Cosgrove, T. Greene, R. Hall, M. Louisell, A. Leonard, H. Miner, W. McDermott, F. Neef, J. Whalen, N. Woods, D. Brewer, E. Burns, S. Fleming, W. Lahey, J. Mooney, E. Melady, T. McCune, T. Noud, A. Plato, F. Schillo.

List of Excellence.

[The students mentioned in this list are those who have been the best in the classes of the courses named—according to the competitions, which are held monthly.—DIRECTOR OF STUDIES.]

COMMERCIAL COURSE.

Book-Keeping—W. O'Brien, J. Clarke, D. Brewer, G. Hobart, L. Monarch, J. O'Shea; *Arithmetic*—F. Springer, J. Clarke, H. Woods; *Grammar*—H. Miner, F. Schillo, F. Wile, H. Woods; *Geography*—F. Henderson, J. Bombeck; *United States History*—A. Mayor; *Penmanship*—F. Baca, J. Mithen, A. Plato, F. Suing, F. McCune, H. McAllister, K. Newton, J. Henry, M. Quinlan, R. Graham, A. Daniels, L. Hoerr, R. Reinhard, S. Ciarcoschi, C. Bombeck, T. Gonzales, W. O'Brien, H. Wageman, J. Peck, W. Allen.

Notre Dame.

The following is an extract from a lengthy and kindly notice, written by a recent visitor to Notre Dame from Colorado, which appeared in a late number of the *Herald-Democrat*, of Leadville, Col.:

"NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, Feb. 25.—At a recent meeting of the Sorin Association, a literary society composed of the Minims of this celebrated school, the following resolution was, after a protracted debate, almost unanimously adopted:

"*Resolved*, That Colorado is the greatest State in the Union.

"So flattering a tribute from a mixed assemblage of future presidents, representing every commonwealth in the Union, your readers will agree, was as complimentary to the forensic eloquence of the Colorado contingent as it must be gratifying to all lovers of the Centennial State. The result was not obtained without a struggle, as may well be imagined, for home love and local pride are ever conspicuous characteristics of the American youth, and it goes without the saying that the delegates present from New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and elsewhere, and participating in the discussion, ably contended for that recognition for their respective states, which finally was secured for the youngest and most distant one in interest. It remained for an enthusiastic orator from Denver to turn the popular favor toward Colorado, which he did with a fifty-page argument, carefully prepared and forcibly presented!

"Nowhere east of the Rockies is Colorado so great a factor in the nation as at Notre Dame. Ten per cent. of the pupils at the University and at St. Mary's Academy hail from the Centennial State, and familiar views of its matchless scenery pleasingly confront the visitor in favored niches of the institutions. Moreover, one of the leading intellectual lights of the school, Rev. Father Zahm, seems never to tire of sounding the praises of the land of sunshine, which he has learned to love so much. He but recently returned from a journey to Italy and to the Holy Land, and in a description which he gave to the students of his travels abroad, referred to an Italian sunset as the most beautiful he had ever witnessed anywhere in the world except at Leadville.

"Notre Dame has deservedly become the most popular eastern school for such of your people as feel that must send their children out of the State for an education. And it is a somewhat singular circumstance that a goodly number of the Coloradans who patronize the institution are Protestants. This is due to a knowledge of the fact that notwithstanding the school is under Catholic direction, no undue influences are exerted to proselyte the children, and

that beyond the earnest efforts made by the Faculty to inculcate doctrines of morality, the student's mind is left free, in matters of faith and belief, to follow its own dictation. It is the largest school of its kind in the United States, and its foundation dates back to half a century ago, when the site upon which it is located was yet an Indian encampment. The University of Notre Dame for boys and St. Mary's Academy for girls are practically under the same direction, although the buildings are separate and a mile apart, and the latter is in direct charge of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. The landed estate of the schools embraces sixteen hundred acres, much of which is under cultivation. It is on the outskirts of South Bend, one of the most flourishing manufacturing cities in the United States, on the line of four principal railways, in an atmosphere noted for its health-giving properties.

"Far-famed though Notre Dame may be, yet those alone who have visited its enchanting precincts can form an adequate idea of the grandeur of its architectural magnificence or of the indescribable beauty of its surroundings. The University, with its Gothic spires and towering Dome, surmounted by the colossal statue of the Queen of Heaven, resplendent by day in their artistic gilt covering, and by night made luminous by the grand crown and crescent of electric stars; the imposing church; the stately pile of buildings which surround the main structure; the spacious recreation grounds; the soft shades and inviting walks; the charming lakes and beautiful groves; the College park; the gardens, and the farm itself—all arranged with an eye to the beautiful as well as the useful—present a picture attractive in itself to the art-loving and the religious; all these, too, combined with the existence of well-ordered courses of study and a conscientious and kindly care for the morals, the health and the intellectual advancement of a numerous body of students, furnish unquestionable evidence of the immense advantages to be found in this spot, favored of Heaven, to further the efforts of the young toward the attainment of that complete mental, moral and physical education which makes the true and perfect man . . . One could spend a week profitably in viewing the curiosities and the varied works of art here to be seen on every hand. A resident artist, from Italy, has been employed for fifteen years in decorating the walls of the main building of the University, and of the magnificent churches connected with the two institutions, with frescoes of historic and sacred scenes.

"Healthful exercise and recreation is enjoined upon all; and innocent amusement is provided, so that the enforced seclusion of the students from the world is a hardship only in name. Two charming lakes afford excellent boating and fishing in summer and skating in winter. In season all the popular out-door sports are indulged at will, including foot and baseball, yachting and wheeling, while well-appointed gymnasiums and billiard rooms shelter the students during recreation hours in inclement weather, and invite healthful relaxation from study. A fine music hall and theatre, larger than any auditorium in Leadville, furnish the societies with excellent facilities for entertainments.

"An abundance of plain, wholesome food, scientifically cooked, and served with uniformity and regularity; natural sleep in well warmed and thoroughly ventilated dormitories; appropriate exercise and suitable recreation, all here conspire to aid the development of healthy men and women; and the writer has never elsewhere seen a happier or brighter aggregation of boys and girls than at the University and at St. Mary's Academy.

"The Colorado pupils, it may be said, are delighted with the schools, and are making excellent progress in their studies. They are as contented here, doubtless, as they would be anywhere beyond the limits of their own homes. All look forward with pleasurable anticipation, however, to 'vacation,' which will, this year, begin on the 27th of June, when they will be returned to their mountain eyries in a special train, in charge of Rev. Father Zahm. The children scarcely realize the constant surveillance in which they are kept, so unobtrusive is it, but it is a fact that from the moment they leave the parental roof in the mountains until they return to it, they are scarcely ever for one moment, day or night, beyond the sight of a paternal and watchful care."

Saint Mary's Academy.

One Mile West of Notre Dame University.

—Thanks are returned to Mrs. Saviers, Columbus, Ohio, for a "carpet sweeper."

—Miss Linnie Farwell deservedly wears the Junior politeness badge this week.

—At the Offertory of the High Mass on Sunday last, "O Sponse mi" was sung with feeling by the Misses M. F. Murphy and C. Moran.

—At a competition in Physical Geography held by the First Preparatories, the Misses Geer, Johnson, Crane, Butler, E. Quealey, Balch and Zahm excelled.

—Much regret was felt that Very Rev. Father General was not present at the reading of the monthly Bulletins on Sunday evening. Rev. Father Saulnier presided.

—A very spirited competition in the Third Senior Rhetoric Class was held lately. The Misses J. English and E. Nicholas were the captains, and proved able leaders.

—The thirty subscribers of the *Ave Maria* drew for the elegantly bound volumes which were sent as premiums. The Misses Beschameng and M. Smith were the fortunate ones.

—The members of the First Senior Class of Literature are deep in the delights of criticism. Soon we may give them an example in print, to show what the Second Seniors can do in that line.

—On the 9th inst., the Minims had a party in honor of little Adele Papin's tenth birthday. Besides the good wishes tendered the little Miss, substantial gifts from her schoolmates made the day a memorable one.

—Rev. A. D. Bergeron, Chicago; Rev. G. M. Legris, Kankakee, Ill.; Miss A. Moulton, Mrs. A. Beck, Chicago, Ill.; Mrs. C. R. Hartman, Denver, Col.; C. B. Wheaton, Geneva, N. Y., and C. A. Miller, South Bend, Ind., were among the late visitors at St. Mary's.

—The anniversary of Mother Angela's death made all at St. Mary's realize how deep is their grief at her loss. High Mass of Requiem was celebrated by Rev. Father Saulnier. The young ladies attended the Mass, at which many received Holy Communion. True, indeed, is it that Mother Angela lives yet in the hearts of those she has left.

Yes and No.

"What the lips have lightly said,
The heart will lightly hold;
The things on which we daily tread
Are lightly bought and sold;
The sun of every day will bleach
The costliest purple hue,
And so our common daily speech
Discolors what was true."

Appropriate indeed are the above words of Adelaide Procter, in the consideration of the simple

words yes and no. So often are they used, that their importance is lost sight of, and their force forgotten; and yet there are few words upon whose utterance so much depends.

It is in childhood that we first learn the significance of these monosyllables. How eagerly does the child watch his mother when he has made a request, until the word yes or no falls from her lips! Gladly would the mother gratify the wish of her child, but her love for him forces her to say no, and the disappointment pictured in his wistful face is felt in her very heart.

In school-life, much good or evil may result from the right or wrong use of these simple words. Just when an infringement of the rules would seem to promise much pleasure, how hard it is to say no! and yet that is the word duty demands. True, moral courage is required to withstand the appeals of companions, but the consciousness of having done right amply compensates for pleasure foregone. In the world of society, the voice of enjoyment, of dissipation entreats "come and be gay; enjoy yourself, life is short;" and shall "yes" be the answer? If we say "no," then must we turn from the world's allurements and walk in a path of denial and abnegation. Can we make the sacrifice? Yes or no decides it. Behold the politician's hand outstretched to take the proffered bribe; if he says "yes," his conscience must ever reproach him; if "no," his heart is at ease, for right and truth have not been bartered.

Firm must be the determination of a young man if he wishes to withstand the temptations of the wine-cup. Before him stands a friend, seemingly tried and true; he holds out the red wine, and in that instant, the two words yes and no are struggling for the mastery; which shall it be? Happy for him if he refuses the poisoned draught; that "no" will stand in golden letters on Heaven's record of the deeds of earth.

"Words are lighter than the cloud-foam
Of the restless ocean spray;
Vainer than the trembling shadow
That the next hour steals away";

but to the man who stands accused of a crime, the words yes and no are not light; to him they bear the sentence either of imprisonment and disgrace, or liberty and honor. As the question, "are you guilty?" rings through the court-room, what a conflict rages in the heart of the culprit as his lips frame the word "yes." When convicted and sentenced, see his wife before the governor pleading for her husband's pardon. Shall the word be yes, three letters that will bring joy and gladness to a household? His own heart pleads with his reason, but duty whispers "the laws must be enforced, you are the guardian of peace, of justice; do what right commands"; and, bearing desolation with it, there breaks on the silence "no."

How vividly does the sound of the Angelus bell, as it falls on the ear, remind us of a time long ago, when the word "yes" dropped from the lips of our sweet, beautiful Mother, when the Angel Gabriel brought his tidings of the Redeemer to come. Breathlessly did the hosts of heaven listen for the word that

Mary was to utter; and what jubilation must have resounded in the celestial courts at the response: "Behold the handmaid of the Lord." Those same angels shall we behold when, on the last dread day, we shall appear before God's awful tribunal. Shall we be saved? Can we say which of these monosyllables will be the answer to that portentous question? Let us then strive to use these words here for good, and then we may hope to enter into eternal rest.

LETICIA MEEHAN.

Tablet of Honor.

Par Excellence—Misses Allen, Andree, Arpin, Brady, Balch, Bub, Burton, Barry, Barth, Bloom, Brewer, Boyer, Beschameng Bourne, Bray, Beck, Belfield, Carmien, Clifford, Claggett, Conners, Clore, E. Coll, M. Coll, Campeau, Campagne, Calkins, H. Dempsey, C. Dempsey, Ducey, M. Desmond, C. Desmond, Davis, Dunkin, Daube, English, Earley, Flannery, Fenton, Fitzpatrick, Gavan, Geer, Guise, Gordon, Hummer, Hughes, Hertzog, Hellmann, M. Horner, I. Horner, Henke, Hinz, Harlen, Heffron, C. Hurley, K. Hurley, Hillas, Hofmann, Hutchinson, Hooker, Johnson, Kearns, Kohler, Kron, Keyes, Koester, Leonard, Loonie, M. F. Murphy, L. Meehan, N. Meehan, E. McCarthy, McCormick, McEwen, McNamara, Moore, C. McCarthy, Marsh, Moran, C. McFadden, J. McFadden, Mitchell, Marley, Neff, E. Nicholas, O'Brien, Prudhomme, Piper, Papin, Quill, Quealey, G. Regan, Rend, Riedinger, E. Regan, Richardson, Keen, Snowhook, Sullivan, Stadler, Sheean, Saviers, A. Schmauss, M. Smith, B. Smith, Spier, Studebaker, Trask, Thompson, Van Horn, Van Mourick, M. Vochting, B. Vochting, Waterbury, Wagner, Wiesenbach, Wehr, Webb, Young, Zahm.

JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses Blaine,* Burdick,* E. Burns,* Churchill,* Davis,* E. Dempsey, Dolan,* Dreyer,* Farwell,* Foster, Fritz, Hake,* Hagus,* Hughes,* Kloth,* Lewis,* Longmire,* Lauth,* Miller,* McCune,* N. Morse,* Mercer,* Newman,* G. Papin,* Quealey,* Reed,* Rhinehart,* Rose,* Rogers,* Stapleton,* Thirds,* A. Wurzburg,* N. Wurzburg.*

MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Par Excellence—Misses E. Burns, F. Palmer,* A. Papin,* L. Reeves,* S. Smith.*

* Drew for Politeness Cross.

Class Honors.

LANGUAGE COURSE.

FRENCH.

1ST CLASS—Miss M. F. Murphy.

2D DIV.—Misses Beschameng, Van Horn, Snowhook.

2D CLASS—Miss Gavan.

3D CLASS, 1ST DIV.—Misses McCarthy, Marley, McEwen, Campeau, Barry, Studebaker.

2D DIV.—Misses Spier, Balch, Prudhomme, Regan, Kron, Fenton, Burton, Campagne, Hellmann.

4TH CLASS—Misses Barth, McCormick, K. Desmond, M. Desmond, Sheean, Van Mourick, Flannery, Dempsey, M. Horner, Arpin, Brewer, Waterbury, Wagner, Hepburn, Smith, Pugsley, Rhinehart, E. Smith, Webb, Dolan, Davis.

5TH CLASS—Miss A. Papin.

GERMAN.

1ST CLASS—Misses Bub, O. Hoffmann, A. Beschameng, B. Vochting, M. Vochting, L. Trask, L. Henke.

2D CLASS—Misses F. Moore, T. Hinz, M. Hummer, L. Wiesenbach.

3D CLASS—Misses M. Piper, Wehr, E. Balch, Sloman, E. Quealey, Ducey.

4TH CLASS—Misses G. Lauth, M. Smith, M. Thompson, Davis, Quill, Leonard, M. Horner, Wurzburg, Daube, Andree, Miller, Dreyer, Kohler, Bourne, O'Brien, Conners, I. Horner, Koester, Crane, C. McFadden.

3D DIV.—Misses Lewis, Rogers, Bray, Hagus, Foster, Rose

LATIN.—Miss Mary Burton.