

THE  
SCHOOL-ASTIC.

· DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·

· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXVIII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 12, 1895.

No. 16.

A Ballade of Disconsolate Uncles.

(To their Twentieth-Century Nephews.)

WE lived before the "Brownies" came,  
When days were long and books were few,  
When "Crusoe" was not wholly tame,  
When fairy tales were always true,  
And "Fairy Books" were not all "Blue"  
Or "Red" or "Yellow." 'Twas a crime  
To kill the Christmas that *we* knew,  
The Christmas of the olden time.

'Tis useless quite, we know, to name  
The books *we* loved; they said adieu  
Long since to light and life and fame;  
Their modest page and sober hue  
Condemned them. "Give us something new!"  
You cry. We plunder every clime  
To please you; but we can't renew  
The Christmas of the olden time.

Our Yule-tide joys were not the same,  
You know. St. Nick still used the flue  
When *we* wore knickerbockers. Blame?  
Oh no! we only pity you.  
It's largely in the point of view;  
Your notions are too grand to chime  
With what you, long ago, outgrew—  
The Christmas of the olden time.

ENVOY.

But mind, young men, all this is due  
To your propensity to climb,  
A tendency that lost you, too,  
The Christmas of the olden time.

DANIEL V. CASEY, in *The N. Y. Sunday Sun*.

The Color Geography of Modern Painting.

FREDERICK EMIL NEEF, '93.

We often smile at the folly of ignorance, when we read of the untutored Indians who exchanged precious metals for bits of stained glass, though we scarcely ever consider our own weakness for favorite colors. If an enthusiast were to insist that he could tell from the coloring resorted to by the masters of to-day, whether this or that collection of paintings is of English, French or German origin, perhaps you might be inclined to suspect an extreme theory. And still, is it really so absurd as it seems to suppose that our partiality for colors enters into the tone of our national productions?

In galleries where the masterpieces of different artists are classified into separate groups, it is not a difficult matter to discover the evidences of *personal* idiocracy in the coloring of each group; and, in a parallel manner, every civilized people evinces, as a nation, a sort of *national* idiocracy in its predisposition to choose certain colors and shades in preference to others, frequently, without obtaining any corresponding advantage. These national or favorite colors and color combinations, as we may best call them, are determined *directly* by the distinct temperamental leaning or tendency which is peculiar to each nation; but *indirectly* and fundamentally—since they indicate the general drift of individual tastes—their ultimate selection depends on summary, particular influences, especially the lasting external influences exerted on the artist during early life by parents, home, society and surroundings, all of

"THE industry that prospers must be steady to a given object; not fitful or easily daunted. Whatever it undertakes it must do heartily, as a pleasure, not as a task; thoroughly, not with a failing zeal."

which tend to develop within him a personality which in later years is tempered in accordance with the standard prescribed by a more advanced education.

The spontaneous adoption of distinctive color-formulæ in different countries is a most remarkable fact in the scientific study of modern painting.\* At the same time, it is of moment to note that such a thing as "settled preference" is unheard of among nations that fall below the average standard of European art. Such nations are, as a rule, not far enough advanced to grasp intuitively that important secret in art, color propriety, on which depends the principle of individualization. Without that principle no art can become national. I do not believe that any group of paintings can legitimately be called *national*, when that characterizing quality which uniquely distinguishes the artistic spirit of one nation from that of another, is wanting. Unsettled art cannot, in any instance, be expressive of one nation and one prevailing impulse. Color adaptation admits of no liberties beyond truth to the natural.

Among the paintings of the Japanese you will not infrequently find a group of carps represented, each fish too sharply defined and of a caste entirely foreign to it; or a toy-seller gaudily clad; and, now and then, a landscape that lacks blending of shades altogether and has the inartistic appearance of poor crayon-work; all more or less reveal the common faults of Oriental conventionality—painful definition of outline and haphazard color adaptation. There is no emotion, no passion, no soul in the ignoble creations of most Japanese artists, and, therefore, a distinctively national school of art is as yet impossible to them.

A sort of relationship exists between this kind of Asiatic art and European art in its earlier stages of development. Lower Norse art merely exhibits, in a milder degree, the peculiarities of Japanese painting. Here, nevertheless, we already get some insight into the deeper meaning of colors, and they are used with at least rudimental discrimination. In the comparative study of groups you will observe that Norway paints her coast scenes, fisheries and fjords in an intense, cold, receding blue that makes one instinctively put his hands into his pockets, while Sweden is less technical and more merciful in adopting the softer blue of its winter skies and inland waters. Outside of these two nations of modern Europe,

however, nearly all the traces of palpable conventionalities, which are so dangerous to the healthful growth of art, have disappeared. The subjects of Danish art are varied, and everyday life is more carefully considered. Their manner of coloring is significant of an active transition from blue to red, slaty blue, and gray, and not infrequently a brownish carmine with white to cheer, constituting, pretty nearly, the national color-formula of Denmark.

In the arrangement of countries with reference to their color-formulæ, Poland should be classed separately from Russia, since her artists have succeeded in evoking an unique element in their art-creations—a strange and indescribable weirdness. The quality to which I refer is strongly brought out in Piechowski's painting of Christ on the Cross, entitled *Via et Vita Nostra*. Black and blue-gray, made vivid by touches of crimson, are not ineffective in arousing the quick and severe emotions. By analysis we perceive that unexpected contrast between the dull and fiery colors gives the first impulse to a piercing or thrilling sensation; the degree of contrast intensifies the created impression, and the study of the artist's conception in detail prolongs it within us.

In Russian art the ample variety is not disproportionate with the varied influences to which the extensive empire is subject, although the main impulse is limited to the several principal cities. The Northern blue is associated with the yellow of the Southern sunlight; and occasionally both elements are interfused in mild or deep shades of green. Still, there are but few examples in Russian art to illustrate a happy use of these latter shades. Aivazovsky always confines himself to the identical glassy, transparent green in all his water-scenes, apparently as if he considered another water effect unnatural or unequally realistic. English painters it must be observed, grant a greater scope to the green suggested in Russian coloring. This fact is established by the prevalence of greenish tones among many of their most unrelated productions.\*

Holland, Spain and Italy retain in their present art much of the influence of their mediæval masters, and cannot strictly be classed among those countries whose art

\* By the term *Modern Painting*, only the art of the present century is here to be understood.

\* *A Hopeless Dawn*, by Frank Bramley; *Death of Pharaoh's First Born*, by Ernest Norman; *Surf*, by W. Ayerst Ingram; *Caledonia Stern and wild*, by Peter Graham; *Sunset After Storm*, by Henry Moore; *Dancing Down the Hay*, by G. H. Boughton; *Undine*, by Rudolf Lehmann; and *Requiescat*, Briton Riviere.

developed with the nation and belongs exclusively to our own age. Both in Germany and Austria, chromatic variety is very nearly, as I once heard one impregnated with mechanics express it, in a state of "stable equilibrium;" but not entirely so, since there is a general sombreness that oversteps normal variety, due to the fact that a dull red partly neutralizes the effect of sprightlier elements. France also plays an important part in the study of national chromatics, inasmuch as she presents an almost exclusive use of red shades; and the most delicate hues of pink are familiar subtleties to her colorists.

I do not mean to intimate that the masters of any nation confine themselves to the use of only such colors as are expressed in their color-formulæ. Such a theory would indeed indorse a most ignoble form of conventionality. The drift of modern painting has been to nationalize color; that is to say, that colorists of the same country have, independently of each other, developed a common result in their paintings—the outcome of an intuitive leaning toward one color or one color-combination, which determines the national color-formula. But this intuitive leaning towards colors that seem to offer the means of more subtle national expression, does not, in any way, preclude the fullest liberty that can be enjoyed without violating the principles of æsthetics and propriety.

Although the modern painter has experimented with almost every conceivable color and color-combination, I do not believe that he is as felicitous in his use of yellow as he would be if tropical environments could exert a direct influence on him; if he could see daily how the sun gilds everything in the tropical world, the atmosphere, the sands, the sky, the mellow fruit. Of course, it is true that we cannot dispense with yellow in the admixture of colors, but on the other hand, is there any school of art that has credited it with an individual, expressive power just as noble as that of red and blue? Raphael Collin, in one of his paintings, entitled "On the Sea Coast," and Auguste François Gorguet, in his "Contemplation," hint the charming possibilities of a future method more rich in the introduction of the "glorious gold" of the tropical countries without eliminating the pensive blue of the North and the exciting red of the middle zone.

In conclusion of the general theory, I do not know of a simpler way to summarize briefly than by analyzing an illustration. If, for

instance, one could step from the red glow of a French art palace directly into the blue atmosphere of a Swedish or Norwegian gallery of paintings he would realize most strikingly how widely different are nations in their choice of colors. And not merely that. A few notes about the chromatics of other nations, would suggest that there is actually a pretty systematic color-gradation between the parallels of latitude of  $71^{\circ}$  and  $40^{\circ}$ —from the blue in the colder countries to the flesh tints in the heart of the temperate zone, with as many intermediate color-combinations as there are distinct nations. To every geographical division situated in the chromatic region, this color-gradation assigns, as it were, some diacritical color-formula, and establishes a color-geography which is to be regarded as the outgrowth of a tendency in modern coloring and not as a law of modern art.

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### My China Cat.\*

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ARTHUR W. STACE.

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On the top of my wardrobe, gravely nodding its head in solemn approval of the subject I have selected, stands my only pet, my china cat. It is not a handsome cat. Its mouth is in the shape of a bow—not a Cupid's bow, but a rainbow. Its whiskers are not to be mentioned. It is cross-eyed and snub-nosed. Its tail is a minus quantity, while its feet were not made for any practical purpose. But for all that, I love my old cat. I think it must be on account of its great wisdom that I am so fond of it. Some say that the owl is the wisest bird; but if you could only see my cat I am sure you would all agree that in the line of wisdom the owl can't be compared to the cat. This cat is not an office cat; it is not a family pet, nor is it like that fickle creature which so basely deserted one of my most esteemed classmates a few short weeks ago. My cat is a virtuous cat. It doesn't hold midnight soirées on the roof. It stays at home nights and has never yet threatened to join a concert company. In fact, it is too utterly virtuous; for when I occasionally entertain company in the evening, that cat keeps up a perpetual nodding of its head till I am driven almost wild by remorse.

Some cats do not have a history; others

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\* Read before the Philodemics, December 12, 1894.

have. My cat is one of the lucky number. Its history is not interesting; but interesting or not you will have to make up your mind to hear the story of its life. It first attained notoriety on a Christmas morning about six years ago. Up to that morning its history was veiled in obscurity. On that memorable Christmas day a young lady presented my fraternal relative with a large package with the compliments of the day. After unwinding a ball of cord and about twenty wrappings of paper, he discovered the cat, then as now wisely nodding its head. He knew not what a treasure he possessed, and, sad to relate, he consigned the inoffensive quadruped to the depths of a dark closet. One day about four months afterward, while rummaging through the closet, I came upon the cat. I at once recognized its great worth, and rescuing it from the depths of oblivion, elevated it to an honorable position on top of my book-case. There it stood four years, guarding my den and nodding and wagging its head in approval or disapproval of my actions. I left it there when I first came to college, and there I found it on that balmy June evening when I returned home for my first vacation. It was the last thing I saw in my den when I left home to return to college, and it was the first thing I saw when I came back on my vacation. Always nodding, nodding as steadily as a perpetual motion machine. However, last June my cat was missing from its customary station. After a long and anxious search I found it stowed away back of a pile of books. A second time I raised it up and all summer it held its old post. Last September I resolved that my pet should never again suffer indignity, so I brought it with me, and now upon my wardrobe it faithfully guards my possessions.

If that cat could only talk what tales it would unfold. It could tell of pillow fights and other fights; of midnight revels and morning headaches; of evening banquets and consequent nightmares; of struggles with Virgil and Xenophon, and midnight tussels with Logic. What memories it does bring back to me! In the book-case, directly under where it formerly stood, was a secret drawer. It served the twofold purpose of a larder and repository for treasures. In that drawer could always be found pie, cake and all delicacies dear to boyish hearts. There I kept my diary which told a story. Need I tell you what the story was? What does a bundle of letters tied with a pink ribbon usually signify in the private drawer of a boy of sixteen?

You can draw your own conclusions. We all have had our little romances with dainty blue-eyed maidens, trustfully confiding their hearts to us one day only to demand them back the next. If your china pets could talk would they not tell just such tales as these! How foolish it all seems to us now. How differently we would act if we could live our lives over again! Do not deceive yourselves! Boys will be boys, and experience cannot change them. The troubles I have confided to my wise feline are without number.

At school, long ago, we smaller boys were persecuted by a bully larger and older than ourselves. He lorded it over us in great style, and abused us without mercy. He was the largest boy in the school, and, of course, he had it all his own way. We were all afraid to tackle him, as he had a pair of hard fists which he knew how to use; but we did some pretty hard thinking, and our thoughts wouldn't look well on paper. Many and many a time did I come to my den after some fresh indignity and labelling a pillow with the tyrant's name I used to pummel it unmercifully. I seemed to get lots of satisfaction out of pounding that inoffensive effigy. I did not know my wisdom in those days. I have learned since that it is often safer to pound on effigy than to pound the original. We got even with the bully though, for we all got together one day and half murdered him, and he never bothered us again. Ah! the old memories come thick and fast; but life is short and time is fleeting, so after one more nail I'll stop. The ending is sad, too sad to chronicle. I can hardly write it, for my tears. But oh! gentlemen, the saddest, bitterest sight, it has ever seen, it saw last Thursday afternoon.

On that fated day it saw me go forth arrayed in pride and an extra padded football suit. Ah! happy was I. I saw fame and glory awaiting me on the gridiron; but oh! what a fall was there, my countrymen! At dusk my faithful cat heard the door stealthily open, and saw a woe-begone figure enter the room. It shook its wobbley head in anger that such a dirt-begrimed and cast-down specimen of humanity should invade the sacred precincts of my sanctum sanctorum. Quickly its anger turned to pain and sorrow when it recognized its master in this battered football player. Ah! then, indeed, there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. Emphatic words turned the atmosphere of the room into various colors. Only the cat heard and saw, and the cat never reveals the secrets confided to it.

John Casey, LL. D., F. R. U. I.

PROFESSOR L. MCGRISKIN, A. M.

Professor Casey, of the Catholic University, Dublin, died a few years ago, and left a memorable name as a mathematician behind him. No man during his life made so many discoveries in mathematics. He first became famous as the discoverer of the proof of Poncelet's theorem. For nearly a century this theorem had baffled the skill of the mathematicians of Europe, when Casey, a poor school master in a remote district of Tipperary, gave the solution to the world. In 1858 he wrote a letter enclosing the proof to Professor Townsend of Trinity College, Dublin, who at once recognized the beauty and truth of the proof, and gave every encouragement to the discoverer. The theorem reads as follows:

"If a variable polygon of any number of sides be inscribed in a circle of a coaxal system, and if all the sides but one in every position touch fixed circles of the system, that one also in every position touches another fixed circle of the system."

In giving the proof of this celebrated theorem, he also gave incidentally a method of representing the amplitude of Elliptic Integrals, and the proof is yet so concise and clear that boys in their second year of geometry can master it.

The next great step he made in advance was in the application of the "Theory of Inversion." This theory or method of geometrical reasoning—one of the most important in the whole range of geometry—was the joint discovery of Doctors Stubbs and Ingram of Trinity College. The next writer that employed it with great advantage was Sir W. Thompson, now Baron Kelvin, who by its aid gave geometric proofs of the most difficult propositions in the Mathematical Theory of Electricity. But Casey, in a paper published in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy, applied it to what is now known as Bicircular Quartics, with such facility and skill, that the mathematicians of Europe looked on as if he were the magician of mathematical science. He next gave a theorem on the reduction of the rectification of Bicircular and Sphero-Quartics to Elliptic Integrals in a paper published in the Philosophical Transactions entitled "On a New Form of Tangential Equation."

In later years he stood foremost amongst the discoverers in the new geometry of the

triangle. The Lemoine, Tucker, Taylor and Brocard circles were of great interest to him; he gave their equations, developed their properties, and deduced so many new theorems that Mr. Brocard remarks, Casey's work "*paraît être le couronnement de ces nouvelles études de géométrie du triangle.*"

The extension of recent geometry to a harmonic quadrilateral was made by Mr. Tucker in a paper read before the Mathematical Society of London in 1885. His researches were continued by Professor Neuberg in "Mathesis" in the same year. The next great generalization was made by Casey in a paper read before the Royal Irish Academy in 1886 "On the Harmonic Hexagon of a Triangle." Geometers then began to think that there was a point within any polygon inscribed in a circle whose distances from the sides were proportional to the sides. They tried to find it, but once more the glory remained to Casey; he found it, and gave the "harmonic polygon" to mathematics.

These few facts give but a faint idea of the discoveries of the great Irishman. The scientific world is proud of him; Irishmen should well be. When we reflect that Descartes, Leibnitz, Newton and Hamilton, the discoverers of Quaternions, are the only men since the birth of Christ that gave a new mathematical science to the world, it is our duty to appreciate those who widen the domain of human knowledge.

Casey's capacity as a teacher was equal to his genius. He knew by intuition whether he was understood or not; and his skill in proving proposition after proposition, again and again, leading up to the subject in hand was the wonder and delight of all his scholars. After a hard proof, he would tell a story to "relieve the tension," as he used to call it, so that he almost forced you to learn in spite of yourself. He was good-natured, always in good humor, had always a pleasant word for his pupils in the morning. He was fond of telling about the "hard knocks" he had "around the world." Any allusion to the death of his wife filled his eyes with tears. We used to avoid it, but it was sure to turn up three or four times a year. He enjoyed a joke, but it was not wise to tell a story better than his; otherwise work was resumed at once. He had great hope in some of his scholars. "When I am dead," he would say, "there will be some of my boys alive yet." He was a devout Catholic, had a deep reverence for the mysteries of religion, and devoted his

whole life to the cause of Catholic education. His discoveries in mathematics, however, will be remembered, though the goodness of his character may be forgotten, when all are gone who knew him.

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A Bit of Color.

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THOMAS B. REILLY.

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"I tell you, Tom, I must see who the owner of that grey shawl is."

"O pshaw! Come, old fellow, you have been standing here for the past ten minutes gazing on that skater with the grey shawl. What on earth are you dreaming about? I fail to see what charm there is in that bit of color."

The last remark was made to me by my friend Tom Kenton. We were skating on the Hudson. It was a perfect day; the ice, hard and smooth, gave back a crisp, metallic ring as the blades of the skates shot swiftly over it. The ice-boats darted about with lightning speed. Here and there small bands of people were gathered about some artistic skater, gazing with delight on his graceful evolutions.

My Christmas vacation had arrived and, being very fond of skating, I resolved to spend a few days in the country at the home of my schoolmate, Tom. Accordingly, I made preparations and left New York City on Monday morning. I arrived at L. within an hour, and was soon at home with my companion. Those were glorious days!

The river was like a mirror; the ice with hardly a break stretched away for miles and miles. The morning seldom brought out many skaters, but among those who did come I noticed one in particular. She was slight in build, but such ease and skill as she exhibited on skates I had seldom seen in professionals. Around her shoulders was a grey shawl. She never mingled with the crowd, but kept by herself, so I never could get a glimpse of her face. Each morning she came and went. One morning she came, her face veiled and a muffler about her throat. The tide had gone down and the ice had sunk with it, making the approach difficult. I offered her my assistance in helping her to alight and with a nod of thanks she went off towards the seats. I was getting interested, I felt curious to know who she was. What was her name? where did she live? and a thousand other questions came to

my mind. I actually found myself dreaming about her.

Such was the state of my mind on the last day of my visit. I had caught sight of that slight figure with the grey shawl, and standing still I gazed at the form as though it possessed some fascination for me (which I confess it did). I had resolved to make so bold as to speak to her when my friend Tom broke upon my mood with—

"What are you dreaming about?" I turned to him and said: "The fact is, old fellow, that I am much interested in that 'bit of color,' as you call it. I must speak to her."

"Why," said my friend, "it cannot possibly be done. Chance is the only thing that will help you."

"And," said I, "I shall wait for that chance if it takes until nightfall."

"Very well," Tom replied. "I must meet father at four o'clock and will leave you."

I nodded assent, and soon my friend was gone. This was my chance, now or never would I know the owner of that grey shawl. Kate, my sister, would arrive that night, at least, she said she might. She was visiting in P., a few miles above S., and the next day would see me at work again in the city. I took a last puff—and a vicious one it was—at my cigar and flung it from me on the ice. When lo! there dashed past me a flash of grey, my unknown! As she sped on something white fluttered to the ice, her handkerchief. Fortune was on my side.

A few quick strides and I had in my possession the passport of introduction. How madly did my heart beat! What a pretty little speech had my mind conceived! I was ready to do anything for the owner of the grey shawl. At that moment I caught sight of my "bit of color," and soon was gliding swiftly after it. When within a few feet, with my nerves well-nigh unstrung, my heart beating like a trip-hammer, the owner turned quickly in her course and I came face to face with—my sister Kate.

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THERE is no falsifying our character—to the All-Knowing the man and his act are substance and shadow. The light and shade unite themselves in a sun picture which is beyond bribery, and does not know flattery. There are no profiles, like Hannibal's portrait, to hide a blind side, but only the full face, like Cromwell's, with the warts or wrinkles, as well as anything nobler.—*Gerke*.



## The Brotherhood of Science and Faith.\*

The subject to which, through the courtesy of the chairman, I have been called to respond is comprehensive, profound and important in a practical sense. It is comprehensive as the range in space of the million planets, stars and constellations within telescopic reach. It is profound as the mystery of their creation through the will and omnipotence of God. It is important in a practical sense as bearing upon the investigation of truth and our relations to one another.

However, I should state before proceeding further that I can but barely touch upon it in the limited time at my disposal.

Tirelessly as the coral of the ocean science is ever at work in the domain of investigation. According to its teaching, the same law that determines the sphericity and fixes the status of the most distant star applies also to our own planet, and even to the grain of sand on the sea-shore, or the dew-drop that glistens on grass or leaf in the rays of the morning sun.

Science recognizes that between man and other created beings are innumerable ties, analogies and relations that point unerringly to a common creative design—to an omnipotent Creator. The budding life of spring, the matured splendors of summer, the dying glories of autumn, and the departed life of the year in winter's dreary span, tell in turn of a Power that holds all things in the hollow, as it were, of His hand. By His will were created all things, animate and inanimate, and we may read in their being the impressive lesson of His omnipotence and laws. Science would be untrue to itself did it not look up from these things to their Creator and find brotherhood with Faith in saying:

"God of the granite and the rose,  
Soul of the sparrow and the bee,  
The mighty tide of being flows  
In countless channels, Lord, to Thee!  
It leaps to life in grass and flowers,  
Through every grade of being runs,  
While from creation's radiant towers,  
Its glories flame in stars and suns."

Science deals with the material works of the Creator, and seeks to reveal and explain their hidden forces. Faith sees the Creator in all things, and humbly bows in recognition of His goodness and omnipotence. Science would be incomplete without Faith, for in such case its

vision would be restricted exclusively to the tangible, and not behold the origin of the subjects of its investigation, or the source of the laws governing them. True science realizes this, and "looks up through Nature's laws to Nature's God," before Whom the greatest is as but a little child idly throwing pebbles into the surf of the sea.

Secondary causes and effects can never be clearly understood without acknowledging the First Cause—the Almighty Himself. And His first lesson to man He revealed through His visible works—through sun and stars, through planets and satellites, through the revolving spheres and the changing seasons, through continents and oceans, through mountain and valley, through forest and plain, through the fruits and crops of harvest, through growth and decay, through life and death, through all the operations and forces of Nature.

These considerations point to our common dependence upon the great Father of all; and they indicate in that acknowledgment an indissoluble bond of brotherhood between Science and Faith. In this brotherhood, Science can see more clearly and act more effectively than in the darkness of doubt. It finds the light and truth of the Cause of causes in its work, and beholds the divine plan—

"In that great cathedral, boundless as our wonder,  
Whose lamps the sun and moon supply;  
Its choir the wind and waves; its organ thunder;  
Its dome the sky."

It is important to remember in the investigation of truth that the laws put into effect by the Creator for the government of His works are the same now as they were in the beginning, and as they always shall be. Revelation is simply declaratory of them. It cannot be contradictory or repugnant to them, for it proceeds from the same source. It is supplementary in its nature. Providence speaks to and directs us as imperatively by the laws of Nature as by Revelation. If they appear materially to differ in the lessons they inculcate or the rules they prescribe, it may be assumed that the fault lies in the interpretation or unsound reasoning of the person finding the difference, and not elsewhere. It may safely be predicated that when science accurately interprets the laws of Nature no contradiction or material difference can be found between them and a correct exegesis of Revelation.

In conclusion, I may be permitted to add that true science must ever recognize the Deity in His works, and thus ever be of the brotherhood of Faith.

\* Address delivered by Col. William Hoynes at the anniversary proceedings of the World's Fair-Auxiliary in the Auditorium, Chicago, January 1st, 1895.

*The Drummer's Story.*

W. C. HENGEN.

While I was making a trip through the State of Washington, about two months ago, I was delayed, at a town of the name of Mansfield for a few days on account of my financial circumstances. The town was, as we say, "having its boom." The inhabitants were enthusiastic, and everyone entered into any public movement with the greatest zeal. Football had become the great sport, in which men, women and children delighted. A great match was to be played between the teams of Mansfield and Wilson, a town some twenty miles distant. They were old rivals, having played two games in which each town in turn had once been victors. The coming game was looked forward to with great anxiety, and as it drew near the day for the decisive battle, the excitement grew to a sort of frenzy.

The morning of the eventful day broke clear and cool, a typical day for a football contest. All were a-stir early. Great preparations were made for the reception of a star player, whom they had engaged from a college team. Captain Jack was the name by which this wonderful player was known in the vicinity. These people had often read of his superior strength and admired his perfect physique. As they read and talked of his brilliant plays, his long runs and the many touch-downs he had made, they grew warm with the prevailing animation which is generally shown in this noble game. And when they thought about seeing him play and actually moving in their midst they could not contain themselves.

Mr. Luck, who was none other than a common tramp, while he was wandering on his way the morning of this great day, had the misfortune to fall into an old well near a farm house and bruised his eye; but receiving no serious injuries he proceeded on his journey. The farmer's yellow, bob-tailed dog came out at our friend and he dashed across the field for a hedge which seemed the nearest place for protection. He scratched his face and tore his clothes on the briars and thorns. The dog also helped in this work of destruction. He moved on his way, and striking the highway he determined to follow it to the town. Fortunately he found a bundle of clothes. It was a football suit. He put this on, for even this was better than his

own sadly dilapidated garments. In this guise he approached Mansfield, and was mistaken by a farmer on his way to town for the famous football champion.

The good old tiller of the soil informed all he met, and soon all were aroused. The band, followed by a cheering throng, came out and met him. They escorted him, to his great surprise, to the best hotel and he was waited on by the mayor and other dignitaries. They had often seen the picture of Captain Jack in the papers, with his long hair and in his suit; however, Mr. Luck looked as much like the paper-pictured Jack as any of their cuts look like the one they wish to represent. The tramp had long, mussed hair, and in the costume, the people thought they at once recognized the hero. The tramp's morning misfortunes added to his appearance, for the eye had turned black and his face being scratched and his ears torn only proved to them that he was just the old veteran they had thought he must be. Mr. Luck accepted the situation, and when he found out the drift of affairs, he was equal to the occasion. He feigned rheumatism in his right shoulder, which would necessitate his declining to play in so great a match.

This, of course, was a great disappointment to all; but by his shrewdness he humored them, and made them believe that they would win the day. The presence of such a one would encourage them on to greater acts and deeds of daring. Mr. Luck, although he had never played a game or even witnessed one, was far from being ignorant of the game, for he had read, now and then, one of the great daily papers.

In the meantime Captain Jack arrived. He was not noticed; he told his story, but no one believed him. It happened that he had had his hair cut; he wore creased trousers and had too many fine airs to be a football star. The tramp declared him an impostor, sent in an alarm, and soon the real Captain Jack was invited to a seat in the city's public carriage, and driven to the police station. The captain had his hearing before the mayor, and he released him on condition that he would leave the town in one hour. Jack did as requested. His fellow-students never found out just what happened their Captain Jack that day, for he could never be made to speak concerning it.

The game was played; the Mansfield boys won with a score of sixty to nothing. Excitement reigned supreme. Mr. Luck was praised to the skies. His presence had worked the charm.



The triumph was celebrated by a great display of fireworks and a glorious triumphant march through the town. Our hero was placed upon a platform, which was decked with banks of chrysanthemums, drawn by eight prancing bays in advance of the noisy crowd, who pierced the air with shouts of victory. Mr. Luck took advantage of a pressing invitation to stay in their town. He never recovered from his rheumatism enough to play football. His popularity increased day by day until he was elected "Chief of Police." His society was sought by the most influential persons, and he was courted by the best families.

I have heard since then that he has whispered love to the banker's daughter, and that Mansfield will see a swell wedding before the roses bloom.

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Book Reviews.

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—Father Finn's stories are best qualified by that much-used and much-abused adjective "healthy." They are full of the gay and stirring life of brook and meadow; they teem with blithesome fun and frolic. Sunshine and the blue sky, trees and flowers and the things of nature, all that fosters poetry in the soul of youth and brings him nearer God, these Father Finn puts into his writing and uses with a charm that always captivates. A flavor of "Tom Brown at Rugby" seems to go with everything this author pens. "Mostly Boys" is a collection of tales intended for the Yule-tide fireside that will be welcomed by every child in the land. There is just the right amount of bitter and sweet in them to make them palatable to the youthful taste; and the characteristics that brought "Percy Wynn" and "Claude Lightfoot" into such deserved favor with children will effect also that this new book be beloved. The first story, "The Wager of Gerald O'Rourke," has a rather abrupt ending; but, of course, everything is arranged at last and Christmas brings a holy peace to all the personages concerned. "The Last Shall be First" relates an incident that occurred during the expulsion of the Jesuits from Portugal; the pretty turn which accompanies this narrative cannot fail to give it a new interest at almost every reading. A tale to set a boy's heart throbbing, however, and make his blood go bounding through his veins is "Our Western Waits;" and the book is worth while procuring for this story alone. Benziger Brothers are the publishers.

—The *Cecilia* for December is devoted exclusively to Christmas Offertories by Ign. Mitterer and B. Koenen, and the antiphon "Hodie Christus Natus est," by J. Plag—compositions of a pleasing religious character. The Christmas Carol "Weihnachtsliedchen," words by Rev. M. J. Lochemes, music by J. Singenberger, is very good.

—The December number of the *Musical Record* contains a great many notable and interesting articles, and gives a synopsis of what it purposes to do for the coming year. It says: "The aim of the present management is to raise its standard of variety, excellence and helpfulness with every issue, and no effort to this end is being left untried." We congratulate the management, and hope their laudable efforts will be crowned with greater success in 1895. It is an interesting monthly, and the musical numbers each part contains are well worth alone the yearly subscription. Among its musical selections of this month, are "Lo! a Star Shone in the East," a quartette for mixed voices by Violetta. "Holiday March," by C. Kinkel, and "Santa Claus Rondoletto," by Julius Becht.

—The *Forum* for January is unusually full of thought-compelling matter. Frederic Harrison continues his series on "The Victorian Writers," and discourses lovingly, though critically, on "Dickens' Place in Literature." Mr. Harrison contends that the literary immortality of the genial creator of "Pickwick" rests on certain elements of humor in which Dickens is unequalled and unrivalled. "The Anatomy of a Tenement Street," by Alvan L. Sanborn, is a vivid and, in the main, truthful picture of the daily life of that great class that exists in the poorest and meanest districts of great cities. The writer makes no attempt to theorize or moralize on the state of the life he describes, but pays a tribute to the elevating influence of the Catholic Church on the minds and hearts of her choicest children—the poor and lowly. Many interesting facts concerning that always mysterious subject, the newspaper, may be gleaned from "The Pay and Rank of Journalists," by Henry King, Editor of the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*. We learn, for instance, that one editor-in-chief receives \$50,000 a year. Many reporters, however, earn a bare ten dollars a week. The average newspaper man has an income of \$1,500 a year. Of interest to students of Greek will be "Through Ancient Greek to Modern? No!" the vigorous and effective answer of Prof. Paul Shorey to Mr. Gennadius, who, in the October *Forum*, advocated the study of Modern Greek as a means of more easily acquiring a knowledge of that ancient tongue.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, January 12, 1895.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind.

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

Address: EDITOR NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC,  
Notre Dame, Ind.

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## A Card from Father Corby.

The large number of congratulatory letters received during the holidays makes it impossible for me to answer *each*; so I presume on the good-nature of my friends to reply in this way:—I acknowledge the receipt of each and every letter with profound sentiments of gratitude, and wish each of my amiable correspondents all the blessings they so kindly wished me, and tenfold in addition.

—In another column of this issue will be found a short sketch of the life and labors of one of the oldest students and graduates of the University—the Reverend Edmund Burke Kilroy, D. D. The Reverend Doctor is a genial, courteous gentleman and a scholar of no mean ability. During his visit to the college last year he entertained the members of the Faculty with many happy reminiscences of the early days of Notre Dame. And it is to be hoped that he will find leisure to pen an account of those historic times for the benefit of the SCHOLASTIC readers.

—The second, or, as it is familiarly called, the "long session," has begun, and it is gratifying to notice the earnestness with which the stu-

dents commence their work. The ardor which inspires them during these days should be kept up; for once they allow themselves to slacken their pace it will be difficult to arouse a second effort. Let no student foolishly imagine that he can make up for lost time. The exception goes to prove that exactly the contrary is the case; and many that relied on "making up" are the ones that are obliged to go over last session's work. While the majority of the students are to be congratulated upon their promotions, there are some who have no one to blame but themselves for their failure to pass. To both classes we say, let the past be an incentive to greater work and earnestness during the ensuing session. Don't lose time in vain regrets. If the reports concerning you are not what you desired, it is yours now to see that they will be in the future what you wish they were at the present.

—Did you make any resolutions, O gentle reader, as you averted your first yawn on the New Year's morning? If you did, the SCHOLASTIC hopes that one of them was a promise to yourself never again to "crib" in the competitions, or if you have never indulged in the meanest of college vices, never to begin. Cigarettes are bad, "skiving" demoralizing; but a man may use up any number of the little paper-covered cylinders, may "cut" classes day after day, and still be a gentleman. But "cribbing" is dishonest and unfair to your fellow-students, and if they were not altogether too chivalrous, you would never "crib" again. A "pony" is the last resort of weakness, and if you use one you confess yourself a drone, a useless cipher in our little world. Always a vice, "cribbing" is peculiarly aggravating at Notre Dame. The competition system puts each man on his mettle, and the marks received in the monthly examinations determine the standing of each student in his classes. Is it not utter meanness, then, to get a better grade than an honest, hard-working man, by using a "pony"? You may plead over-work, but your fellows know the falseness of your excuse, and it is a wonder that they do not despise you. For your own sake, for the sake of your college, for the sake of the dear ones at home, be honest, be manly and *begin to work*. There is a full month before you; make it a month of study, and when the competitions do come they will find you prepared to do honest work—to be a man.

### One of Notre Dame's Oldest Graduates.

The Rev. Dr. Kilroy, the well-known pastor of St. Joseph's church, recently celebrated the fortieth anniversary of his ordination and turned the 64th year of his life. Forty years of active service in the priesthood is a record not frequently met with in Canada, and *The Beacon* (Ontario, Canada) thought that a brief sketch of the man who had accomplished it would not be without interest to its readers of all classes.

Rev. Edmund Burke Kilroy, D. D., is an Irishman by birth, but came to Canada with his parents when he was only five years of age, so that he is practically a native Canadian. The family settled on a farm in Essex County, about five miles from Windsor, in 1836. When but fifteen years of age, the subject of this sketch entered Notre Dame University, Indiana, and in 1853, when twenty-three years of age, took his degree of A. B., graduating with high honors. He was ordained a priest the following year. For two years he discharged the laborious duties of a missionary priest in Northern Indiana and Southern Michigan. In 1856 he was appointed President of the University at St. Mary's-on-the-Lake, Chicago, which position he held for two years. From 1859 till 1864 he presided over the most important parish in northern Indiana, namely, the city of Lafayette. When the American Civil War broke out he was appointed by Governor Morton, the famous War Governor, special agent of the State of Indiana to attend to the spiritual wants of the many Catholic soldiers in the armies of the Potomac, the Cumberland and the Mississippi. He accepted the office cheerfully, and at many scenes of death was the means of bringing spiritual consolation to the numerous souls that otherwise would have departed without it. In 1864 he returned to Canada, and during the thirty years which have since intervened, the Diocese of London has been his field of labor. His first station was Sarnia, and his pastorate there was marked by the purchase of an attractive site for a convent.

The story of his pastorate of St. Joseph's is one of progress. Under his able, executive management the debt of the church was wiped out completely, and St. Joseph's was one of the first churches of the diocese to be consecrated. Not only was the debt wiped out, but the church itself felt, from time to time, the influence of his

generous devotion, and the story was told by the new pews, the statuary and the paintings, the beautiful altars and the costly vestments which are now part of the furnishings.

An enduring monument to his energy and devotion is the Loretto Convent. Through his instrumentality in 1878 the Jarvis property was purchased as a site for the convent at a cost of \$10,500. Of this amount \$5,500 was a contribution from the good Doctor himself.

The separate school building is another monument to his industry. The school building was originally erected under his supervision, and was since enlarged until its seating capacity is now over 400. He has always taken the most active interest in educational matters, and



for the past twenty years has been chairman of the board of trustees. During all these years the relationship between him and the board has been the most cordial. He was instrumental, too, in bringing about the union of the Catholic and Protestant cemeteries. What is now the Catholic portion of Avondale cemetery was purchased by him and placed, like the rest of the property, under the entire control of the civic authorities. The line between the Catholic and Protestant portions is little more than an imaginary one, both being under the same management. It is gratifying to know that the arrangement has been found to be eminently satisfactory.

Dr. Kilroy took a leading part in promoting the interests of the hospital before it was firmly established, and is now one of its most

ardent supporters. He speaks very highly of the institution and its management, and is delighted with the success of the experiment in obliterating religious lines.

Dr. Kilroy is one of the ablest and most popular priests in Ontario. Personally he is a man of amiable disposition, large-hearted, thoughtful and forbearing. His relations with his congregation have always been of the happiest kind. He is a thorough student of humanity, and has had a wide and varied experience with men. This experience has not calloused his nature, but has, on the contrary, made him more generous and compassionate. He is widely and deeply read, and in all matters of public importance is thoroughly abreast of the times. He is a fluent and forcible speaker, though of late not much given to pulpit oratory, and, should occasion arise, a formidable controversialist—*Ad multos annos, Doctor!*—*The Ontario Beacon.*

#### Concentration of the Mind.

That man only is a student who knows how to study. How many of the young fellows who fill our class-rooms and laboratories are really students? Comparatively speaking, very few. Many of them possess a rich store of varied knowledge; but it was under the guidance of others that they gained it.

It is easy to see and, perhaps, to appreciate the beauties of a great work of art, when one has one's attention called to them, but to discover them for oneself is quite another and a more difficult thing.

The former requires that the appreciative power of the mind be cultivated; the latter, not only its power of appreciation, but also those of judging and observing.

Reading, writing and observation have been named as the three elements of education, and, in our opinion, none is more essential than observation; in fact, the three could be reduced to this one. Teach an unlettered man to observe, and you will soon see that it will not take him long to learn both to read and write. We do not mean the mere mechanical actions of moving the lips and manipulating the pen, but the intelligent performance of them.

Observation depends for its success on the concentration of the mind, without which a man is incapable of any intellectual work of very high character. It is only after long years of

practice and constant application that one is fully able to concentrate one's mind on any particular subject or thing.

Some may hold it in their minds for a few minutes; but on the slightest provocation it eludes their grasp, and, almost unknowingly, they find themselves thinking of something entirely different.

Concentration of the mind is a habit; but, unlike most habits, it is acquired only by hard and persevering labor. Once acquired, however, it follows the natural course of habits; and for one who possesses the habit of concentration, to think and reason require little or no exertion on his part. Indeed, it has become part of his nature.

Once able to concentrate one's mind on any desired object, what can one not accomplish in the world of study? To him are open fields of study into which the nervous-minded are unable to enter.

Mind-concentration is also a physical exercise; it strengthens and invigorates the brain, develops and restores its vitality. It is impaired by defects of the physical system, and by none more than those occasioned by the fiendish use of tobacco, which turns it away from the "path to control of mind," and takes it farther and farther from its true goal; which so weakens and undermines it, that the smoker loses control of it, and instead of being the master is the slave.

No wonder, then, that many of the scholars in our schools and colleges, complain of their inability to study, and wonder why some of their companions are so successful! They are often told the true reason, but will not believe it, and go about seeking an answer more conformable with their habits. They are told that it is the cigarette habit which undermines their nervous systems and incapacitates them for constant work of any nature, yet they are skeptical and remain so until it is too late—not to mend, but to recover fully from the habit's evil effects. They wring their hands in despair, and ask why they knew nothing about it before?

Such cases are becoming more and more numerous in our large colleges and universities; and this is why the number of real students is continually on the decrease. Unless the subject be taken at an early age, and the habit of study be as carefully instilled into him as the evil habits are excluded, he can not hope ever to attain the rank of men who are students by virtue of years of untiring work.

H. C. M.

## Exchanges.

It is with pleasure that we again take up the pen and with it our work as exchange-editor. In our hasty glance over the periodicals upon our table, we have noticed a great many Christmas numbers, each of which promises all manner of good things.

\* \* \*

The *Dial* never disappoints one's expectations. Its poets have the poetic instinct, and its prose writers a lightness of touch or manner that renders their every contribution readable. One cannot, however, always agree with the editor in his estimate of men and things. In the current issue he replies to several of his brother editors, who, it seems, regret that the *solid* article has been banished utterly from the columns of the *Dial*. Among his reasons for the present policy of the paper, he gives the following: "We happen to be writing for a very large number of paid subscribers, and are trying to furnish them with reading matter that is interesting." By way of innuendo this means that the readers of the *Dial* can appreciate sweetmeats only. Well, it is not worth while, as one of those readers, to resent this implication of mental mediocrity; but we would like to know—since the editor's course is so fruitful of good results—why the *Dial* has such a "very large number of *paid* subscribers."

"In truth," the editor continues, "who cares what any college boy has to say on subjects which have long occupied the minds of great thinkers? No one, save, perhaps, his grandmother, his teacher and himself. Essays of this kind, while good for the class-room and literary society, are what oft was thought before and multitudinously better expressed."

We admit that much in the ordinary college boy's essay has often been the subject of more mature thought and better expression; but we realize at the same time that the same may be said of his descriptive writings and of his short stories. To the best of our knowledge, very few indeed of all the stories published in college papers during the first half of the present scholastic year offered anything novel either in plot or in treatment.

As an example in point let us take from the *Dial* a short story captioned "Christmas Eve." At best, it is but a modern version of the Prodigal's Return. True it is, that the writer, with a delicate sense of the eternal fitness of

things, pictures the mother as rushing into the arms of the newly-found one; and that the father is made to play the part of the discontented brother. Yet these are insignificant details in comparison with those of the fatted calf and the first robe, both of which are retained.

## Personals.

—W. Gerdes (Prep.), '93, is assisting his father in the hotel business at Cincinnati.

—Mr. J. D. O'Hara, '68, is conducting a Keeley Institute near the capital of the State.

—Mr. Frank McKee, '91, is now in the office of a Life and Fire Insurance Co., in Versailles, Ky.

—Joseph Courtney, '86, has been blessed by Providence with an heir. Joe is fast becoming a man of wealth.

—John McWilliams, student '90, is engaged in the New England Transportation Company, New Haven, Conn.

—Mr. George Nester, '78, is now the father of a bright little daughter. George is the happiest man in Detroit.

—Rev. John Guendling, St. Joseph's Orphan Asylum, Lafayette, Indiana, was a welcome visitor at the University during the past week.

—The SCHOLASTIC tenders its sincere sympathy to a former and well-known teacher of the University, Brother Marcellinus, whose saintly mother departed this life January 6, at her home, Dubuque, Iowa, aged 76. May her soul rest in peace!

—A letter from Signor Luigi Gregori conveys greetings for the New Year to all his friends in America. We are glad to learn that the bank in Florence, Italy, in which he had deposited all his money a few months before it failed, promises to pay fifty cents on the dollar, February 1st. We earnestly hope that it will not be long before the bank will be able to pay all its indebtedness, although it is almost certain that it can never liquidate its debts in full.

—The Appleton (Wisconsin) paper, speaking of the grand opening of the Columbia Theatre, which a stock company has placed under the sole management of Mr. Hugh Arnot O'Donnell, of the Class of '94, pays a high compliment to the musical and literary programme arranged by him for the occasion. In mentioning Mr. O'Donnell's debate to the cultured audience of Appleton, the *Morning Journal* says:

"The interest of the evening rather centred around the reading given by H. A. O'Donnell, 'The Chariot Race.' Mr. O'Donnell gave the familiar passages with great power and a keen dramatic insight that promise much for his success as a teacher in this department. He is evidently far above the amateur standing, and will be a great addition to the city. He was applauded to the echo, but modestly declined to appear again."

The SCHOLASTIC wishes Hugh all success.



## Local Items.

- Pull away is the game.
- Nearly all the boys have returned from their vacation.
- The Carroll military company will have a drill to-morrow.
- "Diabola" intends making a tour of the world on snow-shoes.
- The halls have undergone a thorough cleaning during vacation.
- "Shorty" will make a special study of lightning bugs this year.
- "Summer Resort" says that a gate ceases to be a gate when it's ajar.
- A recent census of "Cosmopolitan Flat" shows several new residents.
- Some Carrolls delight in "cracking" jokes on their returning companions.
- A query for the wise: If my uncle's brother is not my uncle, what relation is he?
- Brownson Hall has an imposing array of colts from which to select a baseball nine.
- The St. Cecilians will hold their first meeting, for the election of officers, this evening.
- After a long absence, the "Baseball Phenom." Of the Orient is again with us.
- The Columbian Literary Society of Brownson Hall will reorganize next Thursday evening.
- Our irrepressible punster says that when a clock refuses to run it evidently has no time for us.
- After a long and delightful vacation in the cultured East, Philosopher Bones is again with us.
- Several members of the Faculty spent St. John's day with Rev. J. M. Toohey, of Academy Station, Indiana.
- The skating on St. Joseph's Lake was never better. It is a scene of great sport during "rec." hours.
- Father Moloney's many friends are pleased to see him looking so much improved after his trip to Columbus, Ohio.
- The "Judge" ate New Year's dinner with Chief "Rain-in-the-Face," and danced a polka with "Beautiful Snow."
- FOUND—A pneumatic tire air-pump. Owner may recover the same by calling on Brownson Hall reporter.
- The attendance in Brownson Hall is so large this session that there is serious talk of starting a new study-hall.
- The Lake Shore Limited taken regularly on your Eastern trips will prevent that tired feeling so often experienced by travellers.
- Our genial store-keeper has reduced his price on skate-straps from a quarter to twenty-five cents; so says "Davie's" brother.
- Judging from the number of baseball players coming in we may expect to put a first-class Varsity nine in the field this season.
- Mr. John Gallagher, a graduate of St. Mary's, Kansas, has entered the University as a law student and is a member of Sorin Hall.
- An extra number of seats are being placed in Brownson Hall to accommodate the new students who have entered since Christmas.
- "Diabola" beats the world as an acrobat on skates. The great feature of his somersaults and hand-springs is that they are always involuntary.
- During the temporary absence of Rev. Father Franciscus, Father Klein, our Professor of French, is acting as Superior of the Professed House.
- Father James Burns, C. S. C., Director of Sorin Hall, visited Michigan City on Thursday last to attend the obsequies of an old friend and classmate.
- Bro. Onesimus, the steward of the University, has had men busily engaged, for the last week, in cutting ice with which to stock the large ice-house.
- The refectory cat came bounding in Friday morning with a bottle tied to his tail and great consternation prevailed. There is a "two little thousand cool, boys," awaiting the perpetrator of this dark deed.
- The night was not very dark; but the road "Kilkinney" terminated at Mishawaka instead of at the Varsity. The way of the transgressor is long!
- During the Christmas vacation the members of the Bicycle Club who did not go home during vacation made many trips through the surrounding country.
- A Carroll, after gazing intently on the lines of latitude and longitude on the maps in the geography, was heard to mutter: "This whole world is given up to lines."
- Padre. G. A. Dion, Procuratore-Gen. della Congreg. della S. Croce, 163 Via Guilia, Roma, did not fail to remember the Staff of the SCHOLASTIC during the holidays.
- On Tuesday last, the Very Reverend President Morrissey went to Dubuque, to attend the funeral of Mrs. Anastasia Kinsella the mother of Brother Marcellinus.
- Rt. Rev. Monsignor Straniero, in a letter from Rome, requests the Director of the Historical Collection to remember him kindly to the Faculty and students of the University.
- Some of our amateur skaters have been forced to make astronomical observations without the aid of a telescope. They are now fully convinced of the existence of falling stars.
- "Yes, Professor, Julius Cæsar's mother was Anni Domino, and she lived a hundred years." And the mirth became so intense that even



the portraits on the wall lost their dignity and laughed heartily.

—It is rumored that the Very Rev. Provincial Corby will, in the near future, accompany Father General Français on an extended trip to the various houses of the Congregation of the Holy Cross in the United States.

—New matting has been placed in all the corridors of Sorin Hall. Together with the painting and other improvements the interior of Sorin Hall is bound to become the prettiest of any building on the premises.

—Our poetaster says that the muse has deserted him since the babbling brooks and frog-ponds have ceased murmuring; but that the midnight solos on the second flat may yet inspire him to write an *Inferno*.

—Rev. Father Cavanaugh preached a very appropriate and interesting sermon on the 6th inst. at St. Mary's Convent, the occasion being the religious reception of several young ladies into the order of the Sisters of the Holy Cross.

—So far the skating has been very good. The ice is hard and smooth and very little snow has fallen on it. For the past few weeks a great many have been taking advantage of the favorable weather to enjoy themselves on the lake.

—At the first of the new year a great many of the students made solemn resolutions never to smoke again, etc.; but we notice that though the new year is not far advanced yet some of these good resolutions have already been broken.

—All of the football suits have not been returned to the proper authorities yet. The Executive Committee wishes to state that all those who have suits should return them to their proper places at once before the new committee takes charge of the association interests.

—It would pay students now contemplating subscriptions to magazines for the present year to consider the excellence of the *Ave Maria*. Its every page and line is worthy of perusal, and no one can fail to read a paragraph of it without profit to himself. The reduction of the subscription price places it within the reach of all.

—Rt. Rev. Bishop Burke, D. D., '66, has presented to the Catholic Historical Collection, of America, Notre Dame, Ind., the beautiful golden crozier given to him on the day of his consecration; and he has placed in the Catholic Archives of America in the Bishops' Memorial Hall the papal bulls appointing him first Bishop of the Diocese of Cheyenne.

—We are thinking seriously of laying the following rules before the Faculty. They are taken from the code of a college once attended by a Texan friend of ours:

I. The use of firearms in the President's room is strictly prohibited.

II. Saddles and bridles must not be hung on the chandeliers.

III. Vocal culture must be taken behind the barn.

—The Director of the Library returns thanks to Mr. Rogers, of Louisville, for a gift of thirteen volumes of general literature and a book filled with interesting clippings relating to literary characters. Very Rev. Dr. Albrink, of Cincinnati, and the Grey Nuns of Toledo, have also presented valuable works to the library. During the holidays, one hundred and sixty books were secured and nearly two hundred volumes of recent publications are *en route* for the University Library.

—In one of our neighboring cities is a "cop" who has a unique way of testing whether the party he meets is under the influence of liquor or not. Glancing suspiciously at his unfortunate victim he asks him to pronounce two words which he spells—"T-r-u-l-y r-u-r-a-l." The chances are that the thick-tongued tippler unwittingly acknowledges his weakness for drink by pronouncing the words "Tuly hural," and he is forthwith marched off to the station. This policeman must have evidently passed the civil service examination before wearing the star, or, as Bryan Bradley says, he would be a brilliant subject for a Lexow Committee.

#### Examination Averages.

##### SORIN HALL.

Burns, W. 70; Barrett, J. 95; Barton, F. 83; Casey, D. 92; Cullinan, E. 97; Devanney, J. 86; Dinkel, N. 79; Davis, F. 86; Dempsey, J. 86; Eyanson, F. 83; Funke, A. 88; Foley, P. 93; Gibson, L. 89; Hervey, J. 86; Hudson, A. 95; Kennedy, J. 91; Keough, F. 93; Murphy, D. 98; Murphy, J. 91; Marr, W. 82; Mott, T. 96; Mott, J. 92; Mitchell, H. 95; Murray, J. 82; McKee, J. 93; McManus, F. 89; Oliver, B. 87; Pulskamp, G. 84; Quinlan, T. 76; Ryan, M. 84; Stace, A. 93; Slevin, R. 87; Shannon, J. 63; Vignos, A. 97; Walker, S. 93.

##### BROWNSON HALE.

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\* Omitted by mistake from the last three lists.