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Frederic Ozanam.

WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. M., LL. B.

MY theme tonight is most congenial. I am the unworthy exponent of a magnificent life. A character so high, so pure, so noble was that of Frederic Ozanam that I feel keenly the inadequacy and crudity of my speech in my essay to unfold the beauties and merits of a life that evokes the admiration of every lover of virtue and mental excellence. My task is a labor of love. I am to speak of one who was a paragon of moral worth, a marvel of literary versatility, within touch of the progress of the hour, an ambitious seeker after good, a doer of right, a lawyer full of integrity and probity, strictly faithful to scrupulous conception of right and wrong, a professor in the Sorbonne, and the founder of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. Born in 1813, he died in 1853; but in forty years gave to the world a life-ideal along all the lines of high moral and mental observation. The nine-

teenth century is conspicuous for its splendid contributions to the scientific and educational advancement, the moral progress and the social betterment of the world. The minds that fashioned these contributions with the proper moral purpose are revered and held in admiration. A signal contributor to the good of the present century was Ozanam, and both his life and his work are worthy of admiring consideration.

The Ozanams were a family of distinguished antiquity, and have been traced to the time of Julius Cæsar, when Jeremiah Hozannam, a prætor in the 38th Roman Legion, went to Gaul with Cæsar and received of the conquered land a canton called Bellignum, lying near the present city of Lyons, where he established a colony, and died in the year 43 B. C.—the year of Cæsar's assassination. The family were converted to catholicity in the 7th



WILLIAM P. BREEN, A. M., LL. B.

century by St. Didier. During the 15th, 16th, 17th and 18th centuries, the name Ozanam was always found on the rolls of distinguished scientific and holy men and women in France. Antoine Ozanam, the father of Frederic

Ozanam, became a valorous soldier under Napoleon in his Italian campaign. But it is relishable to read that the Ozanams were natural lovers of the republican form of government, and when Antoine Ozanam lost his fortune by going security for a relative, Napoleon offered a brevet of captain in his own guards, referring to him as "the brilliant officer whose valor had made a lively impression on me," but Antoine refused because he could not reconcile himself to the erection of the empire on the structure of the republic. Reduced to poverty, he went to Milan in Italy, and taught until he could send to France for his family. He then saved his meagre earnings and began the study of medicine. In this profession he soon took rank, and during an epidemic of fever, when the two physicians attached to the military hospital in Milan succumbed to the disease, he volunteered his services, and took charge of the hundreds of patients therein until the abatement of the scourge. It was a remarkable coincidence that Frederic Ozanam, the great apostle of practical charity, should have been born at a time when his father was giving to the world an exhibition of that magnificent unselfishness and sublime devotion which so often mark the great medical profession. Returning to Lyons, he continued in his profession, finding recreation in deeds of charity, in which he was nobly seconded by his wife. When they grew old and it became hazardous for them to climb six or seven stories in the tenements of the poor, the father and mother mutually promised not to ascend beyond the fourth story; but such hearts could not be circumscribed by such promises, and the aged doctor, stealthily descending the dark and dingy stairs from the seventh story, frequently encountered his aged wife stealthily ascending beyond the line of promise to assuage sorrow and relieve squalor. On one of these charitable journeys, the venerable doctor made a misstep on one of the broken stairways in the abodes of poverty, was injured and died in twenty-four hours, a veritable martyr to charity.

From such heroic blood sprang Frederic Ozanam. The precocity of the boy of fourteen writing a voluminous Latin poem on the taking of Jerusalem by Titus, was an earnest of the genius that in its zenith should invest Frederic Ozanam's name and character with most grateful distinction. At eighteen he went to Paris to study law and made his home with Ampère, the celebrated French mathematician.

At this house he was brought into contact with the men of science and letters of the day, notable among whom was Chateaubriand, the immortal author of "The Genius of Christianity." Frederic Ozanam felt high in his breast a yearning to work out some mission for the good of his fellowman. In Paris he found his fellow-students religionless in theory, atheistic in practice. The enthronement of the Goddess of Reason and her reign were still remembered. The treatment of the Church and the Pope by the imperial despotism had made even the clergy of France indifferent and lethargic, and the moral ruin needed reparation. Twelve editions of Voltaire, issued after the fall of Napoleon, had tinctured the minds of the youth of France with rationalistic tendencies, and when Ozanam, a trembling boy of eighteen, met Chateaubriand, the gifted and profound writer, who has placed the Christian world under lasting obligations for his exhaustive and fascinating effort in stemming the tide of infidelity, two souls of kindred purpose met, and the mission of Frederic Ozanam to bring back to Christianity the youth of France, flashed full and bright across his brilliant and reflective mind. To the accomplishment of this mission he bent the energies of his cultured mind and the aspirations of his great heart with all the fervor and singleness of purpose of which a noble, youthful soul is capable.

The day of reasoning oratory among the vivacious, apt, susceptible, sympathetic and intelligent French people had not passed away. The function of the orator in the habiliments of reason will never die so long as mind shall dominate matter. Demosthenes, Cicero, Chrysostom, Burke, Bossuet, Sheridan, Pitt, Fox, Grattan, O'Connell, Patrick Henry, Edward Everett, Wendell Phillips, Abraham Lincoln were orators whose eloquence is indestructibly monumentalized in the temples of fame.

Ozanam knew the power of eloquent expression among the French, and that from the pulpit—the loftiest forum for the rhetorician—should come the force that would animate the cold, conquer the indifferent and refute the infidel. He soon concluded that the preacher who could best present the beauties of Christianity in an attractive, impressive, new form, with the logic and strength of the profound theologian and erudite scholar, was the peerless Dominican Lacordaire, then in the flower of his youth, who cast his own horoscope in

saying to Montalembert: "If I am ever destined to utilize my powers for the Church, it must be in the apologetical style—that is to say, in that form which gathers up the glories and beauties of the history and polemics of religion in order to exalt Christianity in the minds of the hearers, and by this means compel them to believe in it." At the age of twenty-one, Ozanam, with two other law students, called upon the Archbishop of Paris, and suggested the plan of having a series of conferences or lectures—not sermons—in the Cathedral of Notre Dame by Lacordaire, but the distinguished prelate took the matter under advisement. Hearing shortly after that Lacordaire was about to give a course of conferences in the chapel of the College St. Stanislaus, Ozanam prepared a petition to the same archbishop and procured thereto the signatures of two hundred of the prominent Catholic young men of Paris, asking for a course of conferences at Notre Dame, but he was then referred to seven of the leading priests of Paris who, not thinking that the pulpit should move with the progress of the world, insisted upon old-fashioned sermons, and a course was preached by them in Notre Dame to no purpose. In the meantime, the most distinguished men of France were actually climbing into the windows of the chapel of the College St. Stanislaus to hear Lacordaire's impassioned utterances, and among his listeners sat Ozanam, enamored and wondering why this splendid eloquence which thousands would delight to hear should be pent up in the narrow walls of a college chapel. Finally, two years later, the Archbishop permitted Lacordaire to ascend the pulpit of Notre Dame for a series of conferences, and the irresistible charm of his eloquence entranced the thousands of his hearers. The Cathedral of Notre Dame never witnessed such a magnificent victory over the hearts of men, and one of the cherished aspirations of Ozanam's religious soul was crowned with a measure of realization prolific and far-reaching in its results. Ozanam's hope, aspiration and prayer that the youth of France, the students of the universities and the attendants at the Sorbonne might be reclaimed from doubt and infidelity, were ever uppermost in his mind, and were the guiding star that poured a constant and undying effulgence upon all the endeavors of his life.

Completing his law studies and drinking in deep draughts of history and philosophy, Ozanam returned to Lyons and entered actively upon the practice of his profession.

His talents and his intimate acquaintance with literature, philosophy and history dictated that his sphere was that of an instructor; whereupon, at the age of twenty-six, after the reception of the degree of Doctor of Laws, he was preferred to the position of professor of Commercial Law in Lyons, which position he retained but one year. Of his work in the professor's chair, an eminent French jurist said of him: "Those who did not know Ozanam as a jurist did not know him fully. Law was for him not merely what makes a good practitioner at the bar; it was not the bare application of judicial texts to the business of daily life. Law was for him above all a branch of philosophy; it was a portion of history; it was even one side of literature. When a municipal chair of law was created for him in his native town, he took possession of it at the age of six and twenty, armed at all points on philosophy as on history and on the positive theory of that portion of science which he was charged to teach." The degree of Doctor of Letters at the age of twenty-five had been conferred on him in Paris. Dante was the subject of his French thesis, and to Frenchmen he unfolded for the first time Dante as the great theologian, as well as the great poet who left his enduring impress on the religious history of his own and succeeding ages.

Ozanam's well-poised ambition turned his eyes towards Paris—a larger field for the consummation of his high desires—and the following year found him at the fountainhead of theology, science and literature in France—the Sorbonne—where he accepted the chair of assistant professor of foreign literature, and put himself in touch with the eminent literary and scientific men of the day. He went, before entering upon the duties of his new post, to Germany to prepare the subject of his lectures—the literature of Germany in the Middle Ages. He presented himself as a teacher identified with the Christian religion, and never relaxed his efforts to diffuse the beauties of Christianity through all his work. He was an unique orator; beginning with diffidence and a certain uneasiness of manner indicative of a loss of self-command, he soon became emotional, his eyes brightened to the responsive glances about him, his actions became animated, his voice rang out in strong, thrilling tones, and his audience, carried away with him, soon broke into applause, and then he did with his hearers as he would, holding their attention and working upon their minds as only true eloquence

can. He was a prodigious worker. He was never through with the preparation of his lectures, and the previous night would be consumed in contemplation of, and reflection on, the topic which should the next day be presented with all the strength and spirit that great minds can impart to congenial subjects.

It was not surprising that he fascinated the youth who attended his lectures, and that his great purpose of making them appreciate the great things which the literature of the Middle Ages—which was all Catholic—had done for the good of mankind, should be realized. He demonstrated that even during those ages, so largely calumniated and so imperfectly understood, the torch of literature was kept aflame by the Catholic Church. He was gifted with the faculty of making other minds feel the fire that inflamed his own—this faculty which is the great and undeniable test of great mental and moral power. Illustrative of this was the case of a student who was regarded as a dunce, to whom previous masters paid no heed. Ozanam's big heart could not bear the dejection of the youth, and he called him to him and encouraged him and took special pains to make him appreciate the lesson, and so considerably did he approach the young man that he wrote Ozanam a letter thanking him for his kindness and assuring him that it should not be lost; at the end of the year this youth carried off the first prize and subsequently became a member of the Academy. Would to God that every university possessed professors of Ozanam's type! Who shall tell us how many minds, instinct with genius and power, have passed undeveloped and unknown through life, unconscious of their mentality, strangers to the realm of philosophy and thought, who might, under proper instruction, have left indelible foot-prints upon the earth!

He was always quick to attend any gathering outside of his professorial lines where good could be done, and his voice was always lifted in behalf of right. In 1844 he was nominated professor of the Sorbonne for life, although but thirty-one years of age. Guizot at thirty-seven was considered a prodigy, because of his admission to a professorship in the university; such was the success due to the transcendent genius of Ozanam and such was the tribute paid to his learning.*

(Conclusion in our next number.)

* A lecture delivered before the students of the University, December 6, 1896.

His Last Night-Visit.

EDWARD E. BRENNAN, '97.

Old Doctor Jamison had come to Lancaster from—nobody knew where. Through the agency of medical journals, as well as his general practice, he gained the reputation of being one of the most learned physicians in the state. His moral character was without reproach and he soon became one of the city's most prominent men. On several occasions he had been asked to enter the political field, but he always refused, saying that political strife was a kind of magnet which drew away from home that kind attention which every husband should bestow upon his family. The doctor was not opposed to social distinction in others, but for him there was far more pleasure in the library. There he could wander into the realms of glory, and, with the hero of some well-written novel, traverse the many paths of fictitious art, or delve into the facts of science, just as his nature seemed inclined. During the latter part of his life he was more of a "home" man than ever. His health was failing since his wife's death and an assistant attended to all night-calls, much to the displeasure of all who were unfortunate enough to be afflicted during the sombre hours of darkness. He knew his assistant to be a competent man, and when he made up his mind to place the night-calls in his hands he meant it.

One cold winter night he sat in the library all alone. He was wondering why he was ever ushered into this cruel world, why he was wrecked in this sea of trouble to be beaten about on the rocks of misfortune.

"Have I not been a prudent sailor?" he mused to himself. "Have I not placed honor at the wheel, and have I not fought under the banner of morality?"

He sat there the very picture of distress, and before his half-closed eyes there appeared a visionary tableau of days that had gone. He was often known to sit alone like this, and when his assistant rushed into the room with a message, he was not surprised to find the old man sunk deep in some sad reverie.

"Doctor," said the assistant, "you are wanted at St. Vincent's hospital right away."

The old man started as though awakened from a sound sleep and said in a most pitiful tone: "George, you know that I make no night-calls."

"I told them this, but they insisted that it was not so much a professional call as one of duty. It seems that there was a woman brought in there tonight by the police. She was arrested on a charge of theft and lies in a very low condition. She refuses to speak until you come, and as a confession is desired before death intervenes, your presence becomes a matter of duty."

"Is there a carriage outside?"

"I ordered one."

With this the old man murmured something to himself, wrapped himself up warmly and started for the hospital. When he entered the room the hospital physicians stepped back from the bed and the strange prisoner rose half way up, but her strength gave way and she fell back.

When Dr. Jamison saw her he stood with his eyes riveted on her face, as though he were made of cold marble. He stood there for fully two minutes and then fell into a chair beside the bed and buried his face in his hands. The woman turned to the policeman with a haggard expression on her refined face.

"I haven't long to live," she said, "and consequently I do not fear any sentence which may be placed upon me for the crime of which I am accused. So in contradiction to any doubt which may arise, I believe you have sufficient reason to know that I am speaking the truth. The only reason that I speak at all is on account of my little babe.

"Many years ago I was a bright girl, surrounded by all the pleasures of home. When I was eighteen I met a young man by the name of Wilbur. My father forbade me to see him and we used to meet secretly. We were married and my father disinherited me. I did not care. I loved the man—God knows I loved him! I worshipped every bit of ground he touched. He became a drunkard. We lived together for two years, and after our child was old enough to talk I could endure his drunken insults no longer. I had often wished that I had given more weight to my father's advice; but I was young and inexperienced at that time and I went to him once, with the story of how my husband would come in drunk and abuse me; but he only said: 'When you married him I told you never to enter my house again. You followed your own counsel, now abide by the consequences. You are no daughter of mine.'

"So I went back and tried to make a man of my husband, but it was not in him. I took the

child and left him. I tried once more to be reconciled with my father, but all in vain. My father cast me from him and would not listen. Since then I have tried hard to work and support my little one, but my health has been poor, and it became necessary for me to resort to what you call theft. Twice have I been in jail on this charge, and now I am up for the third time, but—"

Suddenly there was a commotion in the room; the doctor had fallen limp upon the floor, and the woman with a mighty effort—the strange woman—jumped from the bed, and fell across the old man's body. She murmured "Father!" and died, praying God to care for her little one.

Freedom of the Press.

HUNTER M. BENNETT, '97.

In looking over the history of free criticism it is interesting to notice that the first check it ever received was from one of the oldest and greatest republics the world has ever seen. In Athens, before the Peloponnesian war, the old form of the comedy was devoted almost exclusively to contemporaneous events. The license it took in imitating prominent men and criticising their actions became very popular, as it not only educated the people upon the topics of the day, but also afforded opposing parties an opportunity of prejudicing them in their favor. But this state of affairs did not last long. The old saying, "Give them an inch and they will take an ell," was soon verified. The beneficial effects of free criticism were overcome by the abuses that were made of it. The slander of public men became so great and so prejudicial to the good of the government that laws had to be passed making it a punishable offence.

It is no wonder, then, that after the art of printing had been invented we see men striving, for a long time in vain, to obtain the freedom of the press. Since experience had proved free speech to be so hurtful to governments they were not disposed to grant freedom of writing when criticism would be more deliberate, studied and permanent and, therefore, more dangerous.

Milton was one of the most earnest supporters of the law extending the privilege of written criticism, but he also recognized the dangers attending it. In his address to the

Lords and Commons he said: "I deny not but it is of the greatest concernment in the Church and commonwealth to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men, and thereafter to confine, imprison and do sharpest justice to them as malefactors, for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them to be as active as that soul was whose progeny they are."

Experience has proved that Milton was right in the dangers he foresaw, but his prediction is more applicable now to the public press than to books.

Two evils have arisen out of the freedom granted to the press, one of which was uppermost in Milton's mind when pointing out its dangers, and the other was the necessary outcome of its development. The experience of the Grecian comedy had shown the mischievous effect a false criticism of public men had upon governments, and it was partly to guard against this that the English law of Libel arose. The strict way in which it has been enforced in England has mitigated somewhat this first great evil of a free press, but in America our experience has been different.

When our forefathers adopted their idea of giving freedom to the press they also took precautions against its dangers. But the wholesale disregard of the laws that has taken place has made them fall into disrespect, and the press, instead of being the servant of a community, has become its tyrant by the abuse of its members. It is a frequent cause of surprise to foreigners that Americans overlook the attacks of papers, but it is the only course left to a man who does not wish to subject himself to further abuse and ridicule. This pernicious tendency of the press has ruined the prospects of many a man who would have been of service to his country, and there seems to be no way of stopping it unless by the strict enforcement of the existing laws. The public speeches and writings of a statesman should be open to criticism, but other criticism of a defamatory character should not be allowed. It is a common occurrence for our newspapers to accuse public men of corrupt and dishonest motives, and redress can not be obtained without implanting in the minds of some people a doubt of their innocence. This wholesale misrepresentation of the actions of public men will also have a bad effect upon history; but history already made is not nearly so serious a question as history to be made. The great evil of false criticism of the official acts of men does

not lie so much in the effect it may have upon them as in the influence it has over the people.

It is to this partisan appeal to the prejudice of the people that the second great danger of a free press can be traced. It is impossible to estimate the evil inflammatory and ignorant criticism has caused. The practice of "jingoism" has been carried so far that the monstrous spectacle is presented of a great part of our nation being at times openly desirous of war. The people have been so excited by the continuous blustering of the press that they would willingly rush headlong into an unnecessary war without considering the calamity it would bring about. Men of supposed intelligence have been known to advocate it as a necessity to unite the patriotism of our people.

There is no doubt, then, that the freedom of the press will ultimately be a serious question in America. How to limit it without destroying the essential parts of free criticism, which is one of the foundations of our liberty, is the question to be solved. Blackstone says: "To punish any dangerous or offensive writings of a pernicious tendency is necessary for the preservation of peace and good order, of government and religion—the only solid foundation of civil liberty;" but to apply this to the criticism of our public policy it would be necessary to establish a law the application of which would destroy the very principles upon which our government is based. Some other means has to be devised by which it may be stopped without infringing upon the rights of citizens.

The most sensible solution that has been proposed seems to be the education of the editors. If every editor possessed a clear knowledge of international and constitutional law it would have saved us a great deal of trouble in the past, and would save us much more in the future. It is to be hoped that the time will soon come when the seriousness of these questions will be impressed upon the minds of our law-makers. Libel and ignorant criticism have caused enough trouble in the present century to make them felt by many succeeding generations, and it is only an understanding of the evils they are causing that will prevent authors from indulging in writings which have such a pernicious effect upon a free government. When education has pointed out the dangers of ignorant and false criticism we may safely rely upon the intelligence and patriotism of American editors to refrain from taking a wrong or partisan view of affairs.

Varsity Verse.

DAYBREAK.

ATHWART the distant eastern sky there breaks
 A shower of amber light. In gold and green
 The fleecy clouds reflect a trembling sheen
 Upon the wood-clad hills and mirrored lakes,
 Far in the west the stars like silver flakes
 Of snow begin to melt in depths serene
 Of amethystine skies. The Sable Queen
 Of night has fled, the glowing Sun-god wakes.

And thus as darksome night melts into day
 And all the world is filled with purest light,
 So at that time when ceases human strife,
 And hope casts on our souls a cheering ray,
 Shall rise from error truth and glorious right,
 And death shall merge into eternal life.

A. M. J.

YOUTHFUL DEPRAVITY.

She glanced at me with roguish eyes
 From o'er yon Eden's fence;
 And as the stars shoot through the skies,
 Sweet conscious flames in me arise
 And stir my sluggish sense.

With expert look she shook her head—
 There were no Sisters near,
 And quickly to her side I sped,—
 When o'er my face confusion spread,
 For 'twas a *Minim* dear.

H. M. B.

TO ART.

I heard a song in plaintive strain,
 Some sorrow it set free:—
 Was it human voice in low refrain
 To angels' melody?
 Why ask the source from whence it came?
 Its love-notes soothed my heart,
 And stirred in me a joyous flame;
 Oh! love, no more depart.

Again I heard the self-same song,
 Sung now for worldly gain:—
 Its coldness made we wonder long,
 And filled my heart with pain.
 Oh! art, when thou hast willing soul
 To aid thee on to fame,
 We see thy grace; thou hast a *rôle*
 Which glorifies thy name.

W. C. H.

FAME!

At first for fame
 And sounding name
 He wrote heroic poems grand.
 It happened, though,
 Where'er he'd go
 He'd find no publisher at hand.

It came to pass—
 Alack, alas!—
 He lost of sounding fame all hope.
 He now fares well,
 For he doth sell
 Verse advertising toilet soap.

C. M. B. B.

Making a Man.*

H. C. STEARNS, '99.

"I hear that Miss Merrill is going to marry an English lord in England soon," said one of the boys at the club the other evening.

"There is a story connected with her and Van Allen," said Billy Masson. "Shall I tell it?"

"Well, you remember how Miss Merrill cut Van Allen so suddenly, and without any apparent reason?"

"Yes," said Franklin, "they say that Van Allen was so cut up about it that it changed him completely—for the better, too. By Jove! he used to be a hair-brained dude."

"Well," said Billy, "you all know how Van Allen fell in love with Miss Merrill and courted her. You remember that the club was wondering what she could see in him to admire.

"Van Allen had proposed, and was told to see papa. Well, Van Allen went to papa. Old Merrill was furious. He told Van Allen that he was 'a sap-headed dude.'

"'Why,' said he, 'you can't take care of yourself, much less of my daughter.' But Van Allen had plenty of money; this was a partial recommendation to Merrill, and at the close of the interview he said: 'Prove yourself to be a man, and you can have Daisy.'

"When Van Allen told Daisy the result of his 'seeing papa,' and the conditions under which he might marry her, she said:

"'Why, that's easy to do. Just save somebody's life.'

"'But,' said Van Allen, 'how can I do that? I have never had a chance to do so yet, doncher know, and if I wait for you and I do have a chance I may never get you at all, doncher know.' A long speech for Van Allen, but then, you see, he was in love and rather excited.

"They looked at each other rather soberly for a moment, then suddenly Miss Daisy exclaimed: 'I have it! When we go to the World's Fair next week I will fall into the lagoon, and you shall save me.'

"'You can swim, can't you?' she added, seeing Van Allen's face still held its frown.

"'Why,' said he, 'don't you perceive that your father will see into the whole thing?'

"'But not if we go separately,' said Daisy.

* Read at the meeting of the Columbian Literary Society, December 10, 1896.

"They arranged to go separately to the Fair, she with her father, and he prepared to swim. She was to fall into the lagoon from the Venetian gondola-landing. The time was set for four o'clock in the afternoon. Van Allen, of course, was there an hour too soon. He had waited some time when he saw the blue dress and sailor hat of, as he supposed, Miss Daisy. She had her foot on the gunwale of one of the gondolas, when suddenly the gondola turned, and the young lady fell into the water. Van Allen immediately sprang in after her, and as he was prepared, had not much trouble in carrying the young lady to the shore.

"As soon as he was on land he recognized that the young lady was not Miss Daisy. Here was a predicament; or, as Van Allen expressed it, 'a pretty how-de-do, doncher know.' He could not stay in those wet clothes—if he went away Miss Daisy would think he was a coward. He said to one of the guards at the landing:

"There will be a young lady—dressed just like this one—here to meet me. Will you give her a note?"

"I'll try to," said the guard, "but it is very unlikely that I will see her." Van Allen wrote on one of his cards: 'I was here, but got wet saving a girl and had to leave.' Of course Miss Merrill never received the note.

"Next day Van Allen went to Miss Marshall's house (Miss Marshall was the young lady whose life he had saved the day before) to inquire after her health. He then went to Miss Merrill's house. To his astonishment he was met at the door with a request for his card. He wrote on one 'Urgent,' but in a moment the servant returned with a 'Not at home.' Van Allen understood, then, and sadly went away. Soon after, the breaking of the engagement between Van Allen and Miss Merrill was announced.

"He had gone to see Miss Marshall quite often, and had become very friendly with her, and so she seemed to expect him to say something about the rumor concerning him, as he had never told her he was engaged. Van Allen told her the whole story, and when he finished she said:

"Indirectly, I was the cause of the trouble; perhaps I can rectify the mistake by going to see Miss Merrill. Why did you not tell me sooner?"

"Excuse me," said Van Allen, "but I would rather not have you go. If the young lady has no more faith in me than that, I would rather have matters stand as they are."

"But," said Miss Marshall, "don't you see

that it was a great deal your own fault? 'Yes,' she continued, seeing the look of surprise on Van Allen's face, 'I mean what I say. I suppose I am doing wrong in speaking this way, but you are spoiling your whole life simply because you won't open your eyes and see, but must have things pointed out to you. Why don't you be a man and do something to let us know you are a man, instead of living as you do? Languid, eternally bored, your highest aim is to be the best dressed man on the avenue. Is it any wonder that Mr. Merrill should doubt you?"

"You are an American, the noblest and highest title a man may bear, and yet you ape the English, and seek to hide the fact that you are an American. Your proudest moment is when some one mistakes you for an Englishman."

"Miss Marshall's face was flushed, and her eyes flashed as she spoke.

"I speak for your own good," she continued gently. "I admire you for the good there is in you, and I know there is good in you. Be a man. Open your eyes and see, and then come back and thank me."

"The next day Van Allen was not at his club, which caused not a little wonder, since Van Allen was a thorough club man. He went to his uncle, a banker, and asked him for a position, which so surprised the old man that he said he would give him one before he remembered that Van Allen knew nothing whatever about business.

"Van Allen had been working at the bank a month when he went to see Miss Marshall again. Even then there was a suspicion of black over his eye from the effect of his boxing lesson. He was happy, however, for he liked the new life, which gave him something to think about besides the mere matters of dress and "society." But he was saddened by Miss Marshall's telling him that she was going to Europe within a short time. Shortly after she left, Van Allen found out how much he loved her. But as that was two years ago, we may safely judge that nothing will ever come of it."

As Masson finished the story he turned to ring the bell, just as Thompkins came up.

"Just ring that bell for me, will you, please?" Then Masson said to him: "What's the latest news? You generally know."

"I, nothing special," said Thompkins. "I suppose you know that the cards are out for the Marshall-Van Allen wedding?"

Books and Magazines.

THE CHURCH AND MODERN SOCIETY. By the Most Rev. John Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul. Chicago and New York. D. H. McBride and Co.

It was more than a happy thought, it was a good action, to publish again in one volume the chief lectures and addresses delivered on various occasions by the eminent Archbishop of St. Paul. The title of the book clearly indicates its leading idea and suffices to show the bond of union which connects the different subjects. That the author is a deep thinker and a forcible orator we need not mention. But that the first edition of his work—if we are well informed—was sold out before being published, shows how vast is the popularity of the writer, and what a marvelous interest Americans take in all social questions. Theologians and philosophers, sociologists and scientists may and do differ as to the solution of some of the difficult problems examined by the learned Archbishop of St. Paul. Still, no candid mind can refrain from admiring his earnestness and chivalrous enthusiasm, whether he treats of the Catholic Church and Democracy, or sings like a poet the praises of America, or even depicts in glowing colors the progressive genius of Leo XIII, "the Pontiff of the Age." Strange! in a country in which the Church is constitutionally separated from the State, one of the most prominent churchmen and most ardent patriots, claims, and deservedly too, that the only means which the people of the twentieth century have to "preserve life, liberty and happiness" is to accept and apply the principles of the Roman Catholic Church, "the mother of genuine democracy and the nurse of true patriotism." Perhaps the most eloquent discourse ever delivered by Archbishop Ireland is his "Oration on Liberal Education," in which, on the occasion of the Golden Jubilee of Father Edward Sorin, he paid a just tribute of esteem, gratitude and admiration to the venerable Founder of Notre Dame University, whom he calls "the Patriarch of the West" and the model educator. In short, we firmly believe and trust that this book will have a large circulation, as almost every page of it contains a substantial food for all Christians and Americans, while the spirit which breathes throughout is the best answer to the utterly false charge—that one can not at the same time serve God and country, a charge that is daily receiving refutation.

SCIENCE AND THE CHURCH. By the Reverend J. A. Zahm, Ph. D., C. S. C. D. H. McBride and Co., Chicago.

The volume which has just been issued from the press of McBride & Co., of Chicago, under the above title, is composed of essays, reviews and lectures which have appeared in various periodicals during the last half-dozen years, and which are now collected and published in book form—as the author states in his preface—"in response to numerous invitations from both the clergy and laity." Like nearly all of Dr. Zahm's other writings, these articles deal with the mutual relations of science and revealed truth. Three papers treat of the attitude and influence of Leo XIII's administration in respect to matters of science. Three others discuss, though from different standpoints, the question as to the freedom of Catholics in the pursuit of science. The rest are articles upon eminent Catholic scientists and discussions of topics which have long been a subject of controversy, such as "The Site of the Garden of Eden." Taken as a whole, the book is calculated to give a good idea of the lines of thought along which the author has been seeking to bring religion and science into completer harmony. The articles are interesting and comparatively brief, and on account of their brevity, if for no other reason, will be read by many whom the author's more learned treatises never could reach.

Dr. Zahm's previous books and the controversies engendered by them have made his name a familiar one to American Catholics. A practical scientist himself, deeply versed in the literature of science, and thoroughly conversant with theology and the writings of the Fathers, he seems to be eminently fitted for the great task predicted by Frederick Schlegel as awaiting the churchmen of our time, viz., "the reunion in faith of all the sciences." Much has been already accomplished. Evolution and the other grand generalizations of modern science have been stripped of their vagaries and clearly and sympathetically presented to the Christian public in their true light. Catholic dogmas, on the other hand, have been freed from the entangling web of mere belief and opinion, and clearly but boldly presented to the intelligence of science. It is too soon to forecast the result. Much remains still to be done. But it is to men like Dr. Zahm and to books like "Science and the Church" that we must give the credit for whatever has been done in this direction thus far.

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—We wish to draw attention to the initial article of this number of the SCHOLASTIC—an oration on Frederic Ozanam delivered near the close of last term before the students of the University by the Honorable William P. Breen, a worthy alumnus of Notre Dame and lecturer in the Law Department on Statutory Law. It is a subject of more than ordinary interest to young college men, and will bear careful consideration not only on this account, but for the manner in which Mr. Breen has handled his theme.

—By the death of Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey the Catholics of this country have lost a pious sister, a devoted friend and a generous benefactor. She was a novelist who wrote for faith and love, and her works—many in number and admirable in quality—have done much credit to herself and much good to her readers. Her "Palms," which graced the columns of the *Ave Maria*, will ever be remembered as one of the best of the Catholic books of our time. It is a fact often commented upon that converts to the Church are, as a rule, more pious and more energetic than those born in the faith. Mrs. Dorsey, who entered the Church in her twenty-second year, bears witness to this assertion.

So great was the power she exercised by her pen for the good of the faith that in 1889 Notre Dame deemed her worthy of receiving the Latane medal—the highest honor which can be conferred by the University. Her life, extended beyond the ordinary span of mortals, received its reward on the Feast of the Nativity—a beautiful occasion for a soul released from care.

—It is, indeed, gratifying to notice the earnestness with which the majority of the students, fresh from the pleasures of the holidays, have settled down to serious study. It is hoped that the spirit now animating them will continue to dwell among them, and that those who have not yet opened their minds, like doors, for its reception, will do so before many days. It is of the utmost importance to students of any course to see that they take up the classes of that course. This applies most particularly to those who expect a commercial diploma next June. It is unnecessary to state that failure to comply with this rule will lead in every case to forfeiture of the right to graduation.

—The President and Faculty of the University have caused to be produced a beautiful memorial of the foundation of the Fellows Scholarship—the first in the history of this Institution. It is a testimonial in parchment to the zeal for education and to the generosity which characterized the lamented Colonel Fellows. The expressions of gratitude are in admirable good taste and a worthy tribute is paid therein to the deceased benefactor.

Most of the text of the document has come from press, but that part of it which gives the whole the title of beautiful is the work of artist hands. The text is surrounded by a border, painted in green and gold, at the four corners and along the sides of which are allegorical representations of law, history, music, art, science and literature. At the top there is a shield surmounted by a cross and a banner bearing the word "Theology." This shield bears the monogram of U. N. D. in Gold and Blue. There is a profusion of illuminated letters. The parchment is appropriately enclosed in a gilt frame with a band of blue silk all around. The embellishment has been very kindly done by artists of our neighboring institution—St. Mary's Academy—the home of the artistic.

A Knight without Fear or Reproach.

The heart has its judgments as well as the head, and it is not often that a public man inspires in an equal degree affection and admiration. But on that December afternoon when news flashed over the continent that Colonel Fellows was no more, it would be hard to say whether he was more loved or admired by his fellow-countrymen, so tender were the tributes paid to his memory.

Born in Troy, New York, the future statesman spent his early years in Arkansas where he began the practice of law. Then the civil war broke out, and young Fellows was enlisted on the Confederate side, and fought with honor until captured at Port Hudson and confined in a Northern prison. At the close of the war he returned to New York where he was chosen successively State Senator, Federal Congressman and finally District Attorney of New York.

So run the broad outlines of his life; and it is well to tell the story simply, for of the golden deeds that made his years beautiful and glorious as an illuminated manuscript there will never be an adequate record. With a mind brilliant, eager, inquisitive, keenly responsive to every high appeal, and strengthened by careful cultivation, he was admirably fitted by nature and art to be a leader. The honors of public life came to him easily; the duties of public life he held sacred; and if his brilliant eloquence had not already reared him a "monument more eternal than brass," he would have merited from his grateful country-

men a memorial tablet for this one service: that in an age of low ideals he set an example of exalted public virtue which to future statesmen and party leaders may still be an inspiration and an upward call.

His private character was singularly sweet and winning. He was a chevalier without fear and without reproach, a knight as noble as any sung by his favorite, Sir Walter. Affectionate, gentle, loyal, hospitable, fresh-hearted, the mature wisdom of manhood was in him tempered with the buoyancy of youth. Had he lived a century he would never have grown old.

He would battle for a principle with inspiring constancy and power, but the storms of party passion swept harmlessly past him. Bitterness and enmity were strangers to his nature, and one of the most beautiful of many beautiful tributes paid to him was this testimony of a friend: that he never spoke ill of any man, not even of his enemies.

It was right that billows of flowers should surge round the coffin of this lover of all that is honest in life and beautiful in nature; and it was in no perfunctory spirit that his



COLONEL JOHN R. FELLOWS.

friends at Notre Dame selected as their tribute a wreath of violets, palms and white roses—meet symbols of his modesty, his courage and his stainless life. Peace be to his ashes, and to his memory honor and benediction!

* *

Extract from the Minutes of the Faculty of the University of Notre Dame.

The Faculty of the University being assembled in convocation, the President formally announced the death of Colonel John R.

Fellows, and paid a feeling tribute to the memory of the departed statesman. The following Resolutions of Condolence, on behalf of the Faculty, were then submitted by a special committee, and unanimously voted:

WHEREAS, Colonel John R. Fellows has passed away after a long and most honorable career in public life; and

WHEREAS, We deplore in his death the loss of a cherished friend, an exemplary citizen, a cultured Christian gentleman, a faithful public officer, an orator, a statesman and a jurist who, himself representing the ripest fruits of academic training, was zealous that the blessings of knowledge should descend upon others; therefore, be it

RESOLVED: That in the death of Colonel Fellows we feel a sense of personal bereavement; that we acknowledge with gratitude the helpful sympathy and practical encouragement which we, as educators, received from him; that we revere his memory as citizen and scholar, and offer his sorrowing family the assurance of sincere condolence; and be it

RESOLVED: That these Resolutions be engrossed on the "Minutes" of the Faculty, and a copy presented to the family of the lamented Colonel Fellows.

For the Faculty, by

REV. A. M. KIRSCH, C. S. C.,
 PROF. J. F. EDWARDS, A. M., LL. B.,
 PROF. W. A. HOYNES, A. M., LL. D.,
 REV. J. W. CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

A Bit of Local Color.

"Walk?"

"Yes; but not beyond the stile. I've lost my privileges and I'm trying to work off some of those infernal demerits," said Ed Davis as he rolled a cigarette.

Ed was always rolling cigarettes. He smoked continually, and his eyes were ruined by tobacco. Besides being near-sighted, he was color-blind. A black dress seemed no different to him than a red one. Jerome offered him a light and they were on their way to the stile.

"Confound it," said Ed, "I wish they would not be so strict here. I'd like to go to the Academy this evening."

"Well, no one will stop you," said Jerome. "If you want to go real bad, I'm willing."

Jerome was an unsuspected fellow; he was always first in his classes, but did more skiving than any other student in the University.

"If I want to go!—did you ever see me refuse a chance?" asked Ed.

Jerome did not answer this question, but stood admiring the sunset, while Ed walked on to the main road which leads to the stile.

The sun had passed beneath the distant forest, and his brightness was scattered into various hues on the sky. A golden border of sunlight arose from the horizon and on it were castles of the brightest tints. The whole western sky seemed to be sprinkled with gold-dust. The dome of the distant convent shone out conspicuously among the trees, and Jerome began to think of the fair ones.

"Come here!" shouted Ed.

"That is a beautiful picture," said Jerome. He was occupied in thought, and the call of his companion did not reach him.

Ed called again; this time he was answered.

"Well?" asked Jerome as he advanced toward his companion.

"The convent girls are up the road," answered Ed.

The glories of the sunset faded away from Jerome's mind on hearing the words of his companion. He hastened to where Ed was standing and asked: "Where are they?"

"Beyond the cemetery. That turn in the road hides them," answered Ed.

"How many were there?"

"Not more than fifteen," answered Ed.

"Graduating class, I'll bet. They have been to see the 'Grotto,' and a more beautiful evening could not have been chosen," said Jerome.

Jerome and Ed walked very fast. They wanted to meet the girls and have a little flirtation if possible. They talked of many things, and every step brought them nearer to the supposed girls. The turn in the road was at last reached and Jerome saw a group of brothers out for an evening stroll. P. E. R.

Exchanges.

Now do the college exchange editors throughout the land take up their pens and lists of stereotyped phrases, and vainly endeavor to do justice to the Christmas numbers which have spread cheer and good literature broadcast through the college world. If we fall into the beaten paths trod by our predecessors and contemporaries, and praise the festal dress of our exchanges and afterwards indulge in extravagant praise of their contents, we should not be blamed too harshly, for

nearly all of the Christmas numbers came in handsome dresses and contained matter deserving of the highest commendation.

The literature in the Christmas numbers was of the kind that makes the life of the exchange editor a path of roses. We have been entertained by fiction—and good fiction at that—instructed by wise editorials, inspired by clever verse, enlightened by essays, and amused by humorous columns until we have become a marvel of good nature to our friends.

It seems to be an established custom to devote a great part of the Christmas numbers to a review of the past football season. Very near all of our exchanges, which come from institutions devoted to the instruction of the sterner sex, contain pictures of the brawny heroes who have won fame and glory for their respective institutions. We have read the histories of so many victorious teams that we have come to the conclusion that there was not a single football team in the country but had won the championship of their particular class. It's a good thing to be patriotic; we are a little inclined to be that way ourselves, and even if the teams did not do all that was expected of them that is no reason that their wounds should not be healed even if we have to do a little boasting in order to apply the balsam. We should like to mention all of our exchanges, but to do them justice the entire SCHOLASTIC would be too small, so we must content ourselves with generalities and say to our fellow editors "Well done."

* * *

Now that the holidays are over we shall expect all college editors to fulfil the fair promises they made earlier in the year. Inexperience can no longer be a plea for lenity, and hereafter criticisms will be more strict. Inability will be severely censured, but worth shall always receive its just reward. We trust that we shall neither have to excuse nor be excused. We shall try our best to raise our standard higher, and if we fail we also shall deserve censure for inability. From indications, this is to be a banner year in college journalism, and we shall do our best to make it so. If our exchanges but redeem their promises a most creditable year will crown their efforts. There is a saying that promises were made to be broken, but we trust that this saying will be proved false by the exchanges we shall receive during the coming five months.

In view of the fact that there is at the present time much discussion regarding the usefulness of college athletics, we think that the following statistics in regard to the standing of athletes in Mount St. Mary's College may prove interesting. The statistics are taken from an article in *The Mountaineer*:

"In six graduating classes, thirteen out of eighteen gold medals were taken by members of the college football and baseball teams, while three of the remaining five medals were secured by tennis and hand-ball players, and but two went to those who took no part in athletics. Of twenty-four gold medals offered to members of the junior class during the same six years, eleven went to members of the college football and baseball teams, seven were awarded to tennis and hand-ball proficient members of sub-baseball and football teams, while non-participants secured about five medals. Thus, out of forty-two prizes given, all but seven were awarded to students who combined study with such exercise as was afforded by the principal games in which the students indulge. This average holds good throughout the minor classes as well."

Personals.

—Charles Eppe (student '85-'86) is the proprietor of a flourishing drug business in Seneca, Illinois. His establishment is the largest in the city and is still growing. We wish him every success.

—William Burns and John G. Mott, both B. L's of '96, are continuing their studies in the Catholic University at Washington. Mr. Burns is as full of poetry as ever, and takes his chief delight among the natural beauties of Washington, while Mr. Mott indulges his love for oratory by attending the congressional debates. Both gentlemen say they are happy in their present surroundings, but often sigh for the good old times of '96.

—Michael Ryan (A. B. '95) and Patrick Crowley (student '91-'94) have chosen the better life, and are in Mount St. Mary's of the West Seminary at Cincinnati, preparing to follow out their high vocation. We trust they may be successful in their student days and afterwards when they go out into the world to battle for souls. John Shannon (A. B. '96) is also studying for the holy priesthood. He is at Mount St. Mary's Seminary in Baltimore, Md.

—During the holidays many of the students called upon James Kennedy (LL. M. '95) and John Gallagher (LL. B. '96) who are practising law together in Chicago. Their visit was short for the reason that Messrs. Kennedy and Gallagher have already secured a large clientage and are kept very busy. Their office is always crowded, and according to all reports, they are on the way to success. Knowing the energy and learning of the two gentlemen we can prophesy that fame and prosperity will soon be theirs.

Local Items.

—FOUND—A watch. Inquire at Students' Office.

—FOUND.—A small sum of money. Inquire at Students' Office.

—COXEY: "Did Golden vote for Bryan?"

TOMASO: "I don't know; somebody did."

—LOST—A "Harvey's Grammar." Finder will please return it to A. McManus, Carroll Hall.

—Dr. O'Malley has resumed the consideration of the Epic for the benefit of the Criticism Class.

—"Honey Dew" has been relegated to the background. Shock now smokes "Posey," if you please.

—The "Captain" has returned, and it is quietly rumored that he will make his formal *début* shortly.

—The Carrolls played Brownson Hall basketball last Thursday and were defeated by a score of 2 to 0.

—"Any tea in that can?" said Landers. "Empty," murmured Shag, but the head was an old offender himself.

—The Brownson gym is undergoing extensive alterations in order that baseball practice indoors may be begun immediately.

—Charles Fleming and Sam Dixon, two old students, have returned to Notre Dame, and are now residents of Brownson Hall.

—James H. Brown has been admitted to practice law before the courts of Indiana. A dignified looking shingle now graces the entrance to his roof garden.

—A team composed of McNichols, Herman and Martin defeated a team of the Carrolls, in handball, composed of Herron, Shiels and Fennessey. The scores were 23-18 and 23-22.

—An arc-light is being placed in the Carroll gym, where the series of basket-ball games between Sorin and Brownson Halls are to be played. This will improve the light greatly.

—Father Fitte's classes are well attended these days. The First Latin men are considering the "De Officiis," and find it of great advantage as supplementary to their studies in Moral Philosophy.

—Notwithstanding the fact that there was no ice on the lake during the holidays, students from all parts of the country who went home report excellent skating. The climate here is all wrong, or something.

—Prof. Edwards boasts of one of the largest classes he has ever had in Modern History. He is meeting with great success in his efforts to encourage students to make researches in the various epochs of history.

—Pay your athletic dues at once so that you will have a vote at next Thursday's meeting. The voting will be by ballot, and only those

who are members of the association will be allowed the privilege of voting.

—The billiard tables in the Brownson Hall reading-room have been recovered and repaired. One of the billiard tables has been transformed into a pool table, and the students may now indulge in that festive pastime.

—WISEACRE: "Say, why is a naughty Carrollite like a man who boards a crowded street-car?"

STEINERO: "Give it up."

WISEACRE: "He gets the strap."

—"School must have begun several days ago," remarked one of the old students yesterday, as he glanced casually around the gym. "What makes you think so?" queried his friend. "Why, I just heard some boy ask another for a 'drag.'"

—Hay has become a book-worm of late. The other day, while scanning a book of forgotten lore, he discovered that the first four and the last few pages were missing. He smiled and said: "This book is eternal; it has neither beginning nor end."

—One of the large pictures of the football team has been placed in the Sorin Hall reading room. The students without exception say that it is the finest athletic picture they have ever seen. The picture reflects great credit upon the photographers, De Vos and Hogue.

—Charles Elitch, of the College, received a diploma of honor from the Board of Trade of San José, California, for the best pencil sketch exhibited at the Santa Clara County Fair last October: which only proves that the Board of Trade of San José, California, know a good thing when they see it.

—There will be an unusually large attendance in the College this session. The matriculation book shows a large number of new names, and very few of the students of last session have failed to return. The classes are now in full operation, and everything points to a prosperous and successful year.

—Students should have their letters and mail matter addressed to them at their different halls, Notre Dame, Ind. There is a post office on the grounds, and delay and possible loss of mail may be avoided by telling correspondents that letters should be addressed to Notre Dame, Ind. South Bend is not our post office.

—The young men who compose the Orpheus Club have been acting rather suspiciously of late. Jim Brown has started a growth of whiskers to hide the sinister expression which pervades his countenance, and Flannigan has had his hair cut. We don't know why George Wilson puts cologne on his letters, but we are certain that "Fat" Cullinane and Dukette did not get their neckties at the same "fire sale." In the meantime all the members are hustling, and everybody is requested to keep both eyes open, for it is coming!

—The Lecture Course for the second session will open next Wednesday afternoon at 2 p. m. Pelham's Popular Entertainers and Animated Pictures are advertised for that day. The entertainers include a humorist, a soprano voice, a reader and a pianist, while the pictures will show such vivid representations that the spectator will easily be deluded into the belief that he is witnessing scenes in actual life. Single tickets for this entertainment, or full tickets for the course of lectures for the season, may be procured at the Students' Office.

—All of the students returned from their Christmas vacation in time to get the benefit of the early classes. The advance guard was headed by Jean Jacques Barré, who marched proudly up the steps on the opening day with a grip, six or eight golf-drivers (he played "shinny" with them in Chicago), three canes, a yard and three-quarters of ribbon, and a very happy smile. With the exception of Doc and Bones he was the only one who wore any kind of a smile when South Bend was reached. Now that the members of the Faculty are all ready, classes will be begun as soon as Tomaso has rested enough to enable him to attend them.

—Whoop'er up for the basket-ball players. There has been such a generous response to the call issued by the coach that the large gym will not hold all the candidates for the team. The coach is teaching the men to play the game scientifically and to avoid all fouling, so that now there is not a whole floor of shouting players ignorant of the game as there was in former years. Both Brownson and Sorin Halls show signs of developing strong teams. The series of games between these two Halls will be watched with interest. If the players show up strong enough—which they undoubtedly will—it is the purpose of the coach to organize a Varsity that will play match games with some of the teams of the middle West. The students should remember this, and give the game their heartiest support, for it will be a great financial aid to the Athletic Association.

—The Brownson gym has been altered in order to admit the baseball cage for indoor practice. The north wall, separating the barber shop from the gym, has been torn down, and on the west side an entrance has been made into the bicycle room, which will be used hereafter as a dressing-room. Shower-baths will be put into the new dressing-room so that the men after practice may go from the gym direct to the baths without loss of time. The cage will be ready by January 25. With regular indoor practice and an early start the men should be in good form for the opening game. There is an unusually large number of candidates for places on the team. Powers, who caught for Holy Cross College last year, McDonald, who played first for St. Edward's College, Brown and C. Fleming, who were

leaders on the Carroll Hall nine three years ago, are among some of the new candidates for positions.

—For some years after the great fire of '79, Notre Dame rejoiced in the possession of an efficient volunteer fire department. Unfortunately this useful institution was permitted to degenerate until it finally passed out of existence altogether. The recent blaze on New Year's day awakened everybody to the fact that our beautiful buildings with their invaluable contents would be safer with a trained fire department on the grounds. Thanks to the energies of some of those who have Notre Dame's welfare at heart, the University Volunteer Fire Department has been organized with the following roster: Brother Lawrence, C. S. C., Assistant Chief; Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., Marshal; Fred J. Schillo, Assistant Marshal; Frank J. F. Confer, Captain; Messrs. W. Cullinane, Dooley and Flannigan, Truckmen; Messrs. Howell, Kearney, G. McCarrick and Falvey, Pipemen. A partial test discovered much of the apparatus now on hand to be in an unserviceable condition. This will be replaced at once, and the department will be raised to the highest possible state of efficiency. Thorough drill and exhaustive practical tests will take place every Thursday under direction of the Marshal. A "chemical" and an engine house and dormitory for the convenience of the fire laddies are among the things promised for the near future.

--A large book has been chained to a table in the Sorin Hall reading-room in which the reformed Sorinites are expected to write their New Year's resolutions. There have been very few entries so far. We publish here a small number selected at random:

Daniel P. heads the M page with a great big double-breasted resolution to quit the managing business. '96 was positively his farewell tour in that line.

Jean Jacques Barré has made a firm resolution to write no more than three sonnets a week, and always to have a hearty welcome for any one who knocks at his door.

Coxey is going to continue the study of German.

Golden intends to begin a series of lectures for the enlightenment of those poor wretches who do not know the difference between a Pittsburg "stogie" and a Wheeling "toby." It is the wish of all that all the lessons be conducted in the open air and on windy days.

Jack Mack, of Mass., wrote one sonnet that hurt him so much he has resolved never to do it again.

Reilly is going to see Cuba free within the next month or know the reason why. If he can not get any followers he is going to rout the whole Spanish army himself. And the Count is going to be just as loving and kittenish as ever.

SOCIETY NOTES.

THE ST. CECILIANS held their first regular meeting last Wednesday evening. The business of the evening consisted of the election of officers, which resulted as follows: First Vice-President, J. F. Fennessey; Second Vice-President, Francis B. Cornell; Recording Secretary, Francis Druiding; Corresponding Secretary, T. J. Murray; Treasurer, T. V. Watterson; Historian, Roy Murray; First Censor, J. Taylor; Second Censor, W. F. Dinnen; Sergt.-at-Arms, J. V. Welsh. The honorary officers: Very Rev. A. Morrissey, Honorary President; Rev. J. Cavanaugh and Austin O'Malley, Lit. Critics; Prof. Preston, Musical Director; and Bro. Alexander, Promoter, were unanimously re-elected. Several new names were proposed for membership and these will be acted on at the next meeting.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.—A special meeting of the Athletic Association was held on Thursday for the purpose of electing a treasurer for the ensuing term. This departure from the regular order of election which heretofore prevailed was deemed advisable not only for the purpose of putting the finances of the Association on a sound footing early in the season, but also in order to lighten the labors of the treasurer. Mr. Frank O'Shaughnessy was unanimously elected to fill the office, and he has doubtless relieved the majority of the students before this. The regular meeting for the election of officers and transaction of important business will be held next Thursday, at 1 p. m., in the Brownson reading-room.

THE COLUMBIAN LITERARY AND DRAMATIC SOCIETY held its semi-annual election of officers Thursday evening, January 14. The following gentlemen were chosen: 1st Vice-President, Charles M. Niezer; 2d Vice-President, J. H. McGinnis; Recording Secretary, L. C. Reed; Corresponding Secretary, John H. Shillington; Treasurer, P. E. Follen; Critic, Wm. Monahan; Censor, R. E. Brown. The President appointed the following committees. Committee on Program: G. P. McCarrick, Chairman, George Stuhlfauth, Jos. J. Rowan; Committee on Entertainments: S. J. Brucker, Chairman, J. F. Daly, Alfred Duperier. A debate, the subject of which is: "Resolved, Whether or not the military drill should be enforced at all colleges," was arranged for the meeting two weeks hence. Mr. P. E. Follen, and Alfred Duperier will uphold the affirmative and E. B. Falvey and G. P. McCarrick, the negative.

Roll of Honor

SORIN HALL.

Messrs. Arce, Atherton, Brennan, Bennett, Barry, Bryan, Byrne, Cavanaugh, Costello, Crilly, Confer, Delaney, Fagan, Fitzpatrick, Geoghegan, Golden, Kegler,

Lantry, Murphy, Miller, Mingey, Medley, McDonald, McNamara, McDonough, R. O'Malley, O'Hara, Palmer, Puskamp, Piquette, Rosenthal, Ragan, Reilly, Sullivan, Steele, Sheehan, Steiner, Spalding, Weaver.

BROWNSON HALL.

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