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## The Old and the New.

BURDENED with griefs that are now forgot,  
With hopes that are long since dead,  
List to the Old Year's solemn tread  
Marching homeward and pausing not.  
Good night, Old Year, thou must away;  
Thy course shall be ended ere dawn of day.

Burdened with joys that are now no more,  
With loves that are sunken low,  
List to the Old Year marching slow;  
Trembling, palsied, his reign is o'er.  
Good night, Old Year, thou must away;  
Thy course shall be ended ere dawn of day.

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Bringing the days that are yet to be,  
And the things that are hid from sight,  
List to the New Year's footstep light  
Echoing out of eternity.  
Welcome, New Year, tho' death may come  
To take us away ere thy course is run.

Bringing the joy and the peace of God  
And the Christ who has conquered sin,  
List to the New Year hurrying in  
To follow the path that the Old Year trod.  
Welcome, New Year, tho' death may come  
To take us away ere thy course is run.

C.

## Originality.\*

MATTHEW A. SCHUMACHER, A. B., '99.

NO man begins life entirely free from prejudices or erroneous notions on certain subjects. We all naturally cling to the first teaching we have received, because we can not easily rid ourselves of it. We are, to a great extent, the victims of our early surroundings—our whole career seems to take its color from the impressions made upon us when as yet we had no views of our own. If we were told in our

youth that the bite of an ant meant instant death, we should never pass an ant-hill. A deception of this nature, however, would soon vanish; but there are some words and phrases that seem to be hidden in an eternal mist for the majority of mankind. If you say a man is a genius the meaning conveyed seems to be that the man lives on ambrosia and nectar, and that the gods bow to all his wishes. Originality, the subject of these few pages, may be classed among those words that are often used but seldom rightly understood.

Originality has been made synonymous with eccentricity or peculiarity, and creation. It is neither of these. An original man may have an eccentricity, in fact, he generally has; but peculiarity pertains no more to originality than ornament does to man. All that can be said or done has been said and done already, so the days of creation are past; but the way of saying and doing things is ever new. Whatever conclusions we arrive at to-day find their origin in what has taken place many years before. The countless inventions that characterize our age are all natural growths of seeds planted long ago.

Originality simply means the proper development of self, the natural growth of man's capabilities. It is a freshness and vigor that every man has within him and should bring out; it is the one thing that should distinguish men. The man that understands that he is himself and no one else, that is convinced he will need a lifetime to cultivate his own garden, that knows what is external to him must not supplant what is within him, is an original man. That man is original who studies a model without being influenced by it, who admires noble deeds and does not slavishly imitate them, who thinks, reads, writes and acts in accordance with his own resources.

The original man is simply the ordinary man living as a rational being. His day is not past, and never will be as long as men

\* Competitive essay for English medal.

have courage to oppose the routine of their time. In the words of Emerson: "Adhere to your own act, and congratulate yourself if you have done something strange and extravagant, and broken the monotony of a decorous age." It is this quality of strangeness that characterizes the original man in the eyes of other men—and as it pleases or displeases, the man is judged. It requires considerable grit for a man to be true to himself when so many around him are leading a strained or artificial existence. If he does not cast his lot with the movement of his time he is pronounced odd, peculiar, eccentric; whereas he is but original. He stands to his convictions, however, and he sacrifices his surroundings one by one on the altar of his individuality. He realizes fully that no two men are alike and that hence it is folly for him to follow blindly another man. He works quietly and patiently at his own development, and in time stands out a well-defined personality, far superior to the ordinary men of his time. He arrests attention, provokes criticism, and improves those surrounding him. He has a mine of wealth within him that he gladly shares with his fellow men. He makes use of the opportunities at hand as a man in normal condition uses the air he breathes; he casts aside as useless what he can not assimilate or make part of himself. This is the original man of all times.

We can safely state that there has never been an over-production of original men at any time in history. This lack of originality may be traced to different causes varying with the age. In our time we can lay hold of several forces that militate against it; these forces enter so closely into our life that we are practically ruled by them. We become so accustomed to our surroundings and our manner of acting that we would change neither even if we could. We see constant activity, and we know there is life; but we never ask ourselves what kind of life exists. A flash of lightning on a dark night reveals what the darkness conceals, but with its disappearance all is as black as before; so we may rest content under the guidance of a few forces, but when these forces are withdrawn we also disappear and no trace is left of our existence. The majority of us belong to that class of men who live a number of years, die and are buried. A tombstone is the only witness that we ever walked the earth. Every thought we utter will seek quotation marks, and yet we pride

ourselves that we are in an age of enlightenment. Our age is constructing a vast piece of work, no doubt, that every passer-by can see; but the close observer is disappointed when he beholds the spare foundation on which the structure rests, and is forced to confess that our house will fall when the rain and storms of time begin to batter against it. We are extremely practical and industrious, but we lack depth; we are far-reaching in our endeavors, but our success is of the hour—momentary.

The excessive multiplication of books in our day is doing great damage to both writers and readers. We have books on every imaginable subject, and that by the score; and we have readers that never tire of devouring these publications. It is strange that a sane man has the blindness and the thoughtlessness to produce a work in which there is not one thought of his own. Yet, daily, books are thrown on the public whose existence can in no way be justified. Very often a mere trifle of difference in controversy gives rise to a bulky volume whose only merit is size. This tendency of ours makes our age an age of excessive criticism. We have gone far beyond the modest limits of adequate criticism; for nowadays from the gray-haired authorities that sit in high places down to our country weekly paper flow words of wisdom on what the world has done, is doing, and will do. We have sifted thoroughly all the works of every poet; we have praised and condemned nearly everything that has ever been written. We have almost vaporized many productions by our system of alternately commending and censuring. Instead of stimulating men to original research in the literary world many of our writers prefer to discuss at length a detail of no consequence, or to oppose a given opinion. We have Chaucerian and Browning societies in abundance that are engaged in a ceaseless war about technicalities, obscurities, and such like, that should be passed over in silence. Why should intelligence be used as a machine to bring forth again and again what has once been done satisfactorily? Why not explore in new fields instead of slavishly holding to a beaten path? Our books are all attuned to one air, and the only difference between them is a matter of discordance.

It is evident that a writer does a great injury to himself in publishing a book when he has nothing to say, but he inflicts greater harm on the reading public. We are past the time when "a page digested is better than a volume

devoured," was believed in; we are no longer a superstitious people; we must touch everything, or it does not exist. A little reflection and observation on the results produced by our indiscrimination and continual reading, however, would give facts strong enough to convince a Thomas. We might re-christen our book-stores and call them idea-markets, for we go shopping for thoughts now as well as for household goods. By constant reading we naturally accumulate many facts about various subjects; we become skilful in the use of set phrases; we can talk on various topics whenever we are called on; we can give the opinion of fifty men on any matter discussed; in fact, we are well satisfied with ourselves, and we pride ourselves that we are educated, that we are original. A vain dream! We have simply gathered a chaotic mass of material that has completely killed our mental development; we have buried ourselves under the tombstones of other men; we have checked our natural growth. With all our extensive reading we are lost when we are asked what is our opinion of Shakspeare. Shakspeare! Immediately a hundred facts we have read about the man come up before our mind. After some consideration we find that we can tell what a dozen authorities think of him, but to speak truly we have no view of our own. We have accepted blindly every opinion expressed on Shakspeare no matter how much our good common sense protested. In this way we spend the best part of our life on other men's premises and thus neglect our own; we acquire an over-stock of unimportant details about subjects we are interested in, but we miss the spirit, the one thing worth seeking. We come to the eleventh hour weighed down by a heap of dead matter which we can not shake off; what wonder then that originality is crushed.

When the press or books can form our creed for us; when by a mere statement they can win our approval or condemnation of an act, we can rest assured no mission burdens our conscience. I fail to understand the unlimited confidence placed in printed matter. How often do we not see a glaring inconsistency or error defended, even by educated men, simply because it is contained in a book! Print seems to sanction an opinion or action that we would boldly oppose in actual life. What hidden power, then, resides in a bit of paper and a little ink? Is truth changeable? No; the fact is that in real life we rely on our own judgment; in print we give the writer credit for honesty,

and accept every statement as true. We forget that there are many circumstances to cause the writer to distort the matter he presents, that we may be receiving a partisan view, or that the whole subject has been handled superficially. This course of action is inimical to reflection and so the enemy of originality. "Books are for nothing but to inspire" says Emerson. When they do our thinking we are no longer free men but slaves.

Another great menace to self-development is slavish imitation either in action or writing. It is sad to see a man with great energies struggling in his breast get the foolish idea to act as another great man has done, making himself a client whereas he has the power to be a lord. Our much-extolled hero-worship can be applied in two ways. It sometimes makes a good man forget that he can assert himself as his hero has done, and causes him to worship blindly at the shrine of his chosen god. The result is he is neither himself nor the other man—his existence is blank. We do not rejoice at the downfall of a great man, even though we know his end is deserved. There is always a tinge of pathos in our hearts when we see fortune turn against him. Who would not grieve over Lamennais' fall that knew the efforts of the man in defence of good before he met his final reverse? Yet we know he merited the blow. It is the zest and ardor that we admire in men of his type; it is their individuality that draws attention; it is their one failing that causes their ruin. We are convinced that they understand what originality is, although they have a weakness that proves fatal. There is as much sense in trying to pour the ocean into a small hole as for a sane man to try to live himself into another man's mould. You may have two men inclined the same way, but they will never act the same way. Application always differs, and hence men differ. In life there are certain things that are to be admired but not imitated, some that will not be imitated, and there are some that can not be imitated. When a man is solving a theory he may do it very calmly and with a degree of pleasure; but when this theory is put into practice in a way that involves his interests in real life his attitude changes. The theory is the same in both cases; but the circumstances determine its whole force. You can never find two men acting alike.

All the saints were original men. It is remarkable that no two of them reached their

goal in the same way. Paul is the man of fiery eloquence and noble ambition; Thomas the quiet expounder of the mysteries of God; Augustine the whole-souled opposer of heretics. Some chose the active life, others the contemplative, and under one of these standards each one has reached his end. One is noted for charity, another for zeal, and so on. No saint has yet been canonized who tried to supplant his own nature. Self-development was the object of their exertion, and as a result each saint has awakened the epoch in which he lived—a logical outcome of a well-defined personality. The men that we revere from the remotest antiquity down to our own time have all been original, and that is why they stand out so prominently. Socrates came to the knowledge of One God simply because he thought for himself; Plato and Aristotle were far in advance of their times because they did not submit blindly to their surroundings. We might mention dozens of names, but a little reflection will recall them to anyone. The principle has always held, and will ever remain true, that immortality is reserved for originality.

We seldom meet with an original style in our day. There is too much imitation. When a man tries to follow a set guide he will have to shape his thoughts to fit the cast chosen; and in this way we often get a cast perfectly made, but we find no fresh thought. Of course it is a matter of opinion whether style exists or not; it is evidently only a relative term. You can not lay down in a few printed pages what style means. With a few underlying principles and an individuality any man can evolve a style—a style that will be read and appreciated. Style is a distinguishing mark, hence newspapers have no style. When a strong writer asserts himself we say that he has a marked style; its merit is freshness, concreteness, or any quality that makes us notice at once that the writer has a quality purely his own. Buffon has well said: "The style is of the man." Alexander Smith says of Milton: "Every sentence of the great writer is an autograph. If Milton had endorsed a bill with half-a-dozen blank verse lines it would be as good as his name, and would be accepted as good evidence in court." This is forcible but not too strong. Take any of our acknowledged authors and you can pick out his peculiar or individual qualities. We note the simplicity of Cæsar's style, the profuseness of Cicero, the terseness of Tacitus, the concrete-

ness of Quintillian, the fire of Demosthenes. Again, we have the exact clearness of Newman, the epigram of Emerson, the composure of Lamb, the venom of Swift. Thus we might characterize every writer.

There was but one Newman in style, and there will never be another. We must admire his winning transparency of thought, but wisely decide to leave him enjoy his well-deserved reputation. It is the height of folly for a man to try to ape the style of another man. "The only effect of such copying," says William Matthews, "is to annihilate individuality by substituting process for inspiration, mannerism for sincerity and calculation for spontaneity." Imitation at its best gives but a poor showing of the original; there is something in the original that is inimitable, and it is this something that gives the original its worth. We can always tell an imitation no matter how skilfully it is done, and the highest praise we give it is—still, it is but an imitation. What are we to imitate? Thoughts and ideas are common property, expression is individual—logically speaking we can not imitate. Is it not evident that we can claim no merit if we utter a thought that has been expressed often before and say it as another man has said it? Imitation is as inconsistent with originality as day is with night.

I do not see that an exception should be made with regard to the dead languages in the matter of imitation. First of all we can make no pretence to a style in another language unless we understand it thoroughly; if we are not familiar with it and do not intend to be so we are not supposed to have a style. Yet while a man is studying the classics he occasionally dabbles away at Latin and Greek themes, and it seems to me he should be allowed to write his own way once he knows the principles of the languages. Of course, this policy is always strongly advocated in theory, but I think if it were given more chance to operate in practice better results would be obtained. A student might end his sentences in Latin with the *esse videatur* of Cicero, he might get the Demosthenic twang in his Greek compositions down to a nicety. What benefit is this to him? The highest commendation that it will bring him is that he is a faithful disciple of Cicero and Demosthenes. I think the student that has a moderately fair style which is the result of hard thought and drawing on his own resources, has done more for his own development than another who

can write a page in the style of Cicero or Demosthenes. And according to the proper conception of the word education, the first man can lay claim to the greater merit, and not only that, but he will be the victor in that struggle where every man must draw from a fountain within or die. The one end of education is lost sight of when men are made to order; education has no meaning unless it shows a man how to use the wealth within him, unless it makes him ripe for the real conflict. We may lose all our book-knowledge, but we shall never lose a well-trained mind which is the blessing of education and the necessary requisite for originality.

When we see how much has been done already in the literary and scientific world we may think there is nothing left to be done. This is a grave delusion. The man of energy, perseverance and individuality is as strong a character to-day as he ever was. According to Boswell, Goldsmith lamented that he was born too late, that literary fame was a thing of the past. He thought Pope's work would of necessity throw him into the background. I am glad to say this remark or apprehension had no foundation, and that it will never be realized. If this statement were true what would have become of Wordsworth, Burns, Carlyle, Macaulay and a host of others that can justly lay claim to the victor's laurel? Every man has something that no other man before him possessed, at least in the same degree, and by developing this something he will make himself a man of power in his circle. Originality knows no clime or age, but springs into existence under every master's hand.

The original man is a child of nature and solitude to-day as he always was. Deep research, quiet reflection, and oneness of view are his characteristics. In our time we have an Alexander Smith retiring into a wood and then producing a "Dreamthorp." Thoreau in a similar position writes "Walden"; Mr. Burroughs' love for nature gives us works that bring us in close intimacy with the feathered tribe and the botanical world. Wordsworth's poems draw their inspiration from nature. There is a freshness and depth in the publications of writers that were great lovers of nature and who felt that

".... The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

The original man cherishes highly the gifts nature has bestowed upon him, and he is determined to hold them pure. Mr. Marion

Crawford said he would not read a novel because he feared to lose his personality in writing. Thackeray acted likewise; he said: "I bake cakes, but I eat bread." Fidelity to self has made both of them what they are, and that quality alone will produce originality.

Deep research has ever accompanied the productions of the original man. The scientist will spend years of patient toil in his laboratory; hidden from the observations of men, and some day he will bring forth a wonderful discovery as the result of his labor. The sculptor chisels and chisels till he sees a mass of stone, polished *ad unguem*, begin to breathe and move; and like Michael Angelo he exclaims, "Speak, Moses!" Phidias when asked why he took so great pains with his painting replied, "I am working for immortality." And thus we might go through the line of great men, for they all were men of deep research, quiet reflection and oneness of view—they were all original.

#### A Word about the Gaelic.

HUGH S. GALLAGHER, 1900.

There is no mark that distinguishes one country from another more than its language. This is an acknowledged fact, and from time immemorial it has been the custom of the conqueror to impose his own language on the conquered. The example of this nearest our own day is the case of Poland. Yet the people of that conquered nation tenaciously cling to their old tongue and they are still Poles.

It took a long time for Ireland to see that the greatest wrong ever done her was the suppression of her old tongue. Not until recent years has she seen that her last resource of unity and strength must be a return to that language. The Land League movement was the first force to arouse her completely to this truth. It inspired the people with true patriotism, the love of ancient freedom breathed over hills and valleys made holy by the music of her songs.

It may be said that if the people were loyal enough from the beginning they would not let the language die away as it did. This, of course, is a strong objection, and would be true were other things equal. How could they keep a language that, in the first place, was suppressed in the schools? Beside it was a capital offense to foster the Gaelic in any way.



Just like the priests it was followed to the coasts, but, like them too, it could not be put to sea. Hence it is that the Gaelic is still the language of the coast-line. To assert that it is dead, or that it ever was dead, would be rash. At no time did it cease to be the medium of communication to at least one-sixth of the population. From the sea-coast it is beginning to spread again, and there is every prospect that it will soon be over the Island. "Those who learned through English sources to despise whatever was mere Irish are beginning to see themselves now," says a writer in the *Philadelphia Catholic Times*, "in the ridiculous position of men without a motherland, while the tongue they boast of is the surest mark of national degradation; at least the glittering badge of English enslavement."

And why, it may be asked, have they not sooner begun the revival of the language, since all the laws forbidding them were abolished? The reason of this has of recent years been traced to the Catholic hierarchy and clergy of Ireland, who, no doubt, have been very slow in this regard. The more are they to be blamed, too, since their influence there is greater than in any country in the world. They saw with their own eyes the language fast dying away, and they did very little to stop its ruin. I know of one parish where, thirty years ago, out of two hundred children for confirmation four had been instructed in English, all the rest in Gaelic. Three years ago the reverse was the case.

The reason why the people themselves have allowed its decay may be traced to that sordid disease, utilitarianism. Whatever would be of no service in enhancing their material welfare they thought of no use. The late Professor Blakie of the Edinburg University, who though not himself a Celt, had no equal in his heartfelt sympathy with the neglected condition of the Celtic language, and especially with that portion of it spoken in the Scottish Highlands, well remarks in connection with this: "People whose low ambition," he says, "does not soar above what is called getting on in the world—that is to say, whose anxiety is expanded on planting laboriously, one above another, a series of steps by which they mount to the highest possible platform in the merely material world without the slightest regard to moral or intellectual consideration—may well question the utility of Gaelic; for no Gael, I imagine, in these latter days ever gained a penny by any remarkable proficiency in his

mother tongue; but those that believe with Plato and St. Paul that money is not the one thing needful may be allowed to think otherwise."

The opinion of the same learned professor may be given here to show the literary and philological claims of Gaelic. He says: "I can not see that the Academic claims of Greek and Latin, however highly allowed, can justify us in the habitual neglect of that most venerable member of the Aryan family—the Gaelic language." That the Gaelic is the "most venerable," as the professor says, and also the most important to philology of the six groups which compose the Indo-European family of languages, has been proved by Professor J. C. Zeuss and others.

Let us now look at a few of the peculiarities of the Gaelic tongue. We may say at the outset that these peculiarities are the greatest difficulty to be overcome in learning it. The most noted peculiarity of the Gaelic is the very frequent use of the verb *to be*. This necessitates a variety of forms, and surely it has these in abundance. It has a form of this verb for asserting, another for asking, a third for negation, each of which has a conjugation of its own. The verb *to be* does away with many other verbs and adjectives; the noun corresponding abstractly with the verb *to be* is used instead. When I say "I am hungry," I express it in Gaelic by "there is hunger on me." To express possession, as having an apple, for instance, I say "there is an apple with me." In the same way when I love or hate anybody I say "there is love or hate with me on him." The verb *to know* is expressed in the same way. When I wish anything, I say "it is a pity, or alas! that such a thing is not with me." Thus it can be seen that the verb *to be* is the most important word in the language, and on the mastery of it depends much of the proficiency in using Gaelic.

There are other still more peculiar phrases in Gaelic, which, though seemingly ridiculous, are very logical. When I want to say a person is blind in one eye, the idiom is "he has but half an eye." The half here does not mean the half of one eye, but the half of a pair. The same is the construction with one of a pair of anything.

Another peculiar construction is used for the phrase "to be alone;" it is "to be with oneself." This you notice has been introduced by many into English. To die is expressed by

'to find death," though in this case, as in many others, there is a distinct verb. Phrases like these when translated literally into English are very beautiful.

Again when I would say, "John owes me five dollars," I say "I have five dollars on John." It will be seen that the Irish still keep this phrase in their English. In the expressions to be cold, hungry, sick, afraid and others the corresponding noun with the verb to be is used.

Some strong idiomatic phrases in English doubtless owe their origin and strength to the Gaelic. For instance, we say one army bore down on another, in a hostile sense to overtake. This is the only means to express overtake in Gaelic in any sense. Many other examples like this could be given to show how much the English owes to the Gaelic. On a little consideration it will be seen that each of these phrases mentioned are stronger than the expression for the same thought in English. Take such a simple word as to win a game on a person. In Gaelic it is to put a game on a person, which undoubtedly is the stronger expression.

Of all the idioms in the Gaelic, as in every ancient language, the most numerous and peculiar are those connected with the head. I say the two heads of a stick when I mean the two ends of it. The end of anything in this way is expressed by head. There are other idioms like this. If I want John to go after James, I tell John to go on the head of James. When I say John turned back, I say he turned on his head. The English phrase on account of is expressed in Gaelic by from the head of. When I love John better than James I say I love John over the head of James.

If idiom, then, is what gives life to language surely the Gaelic has life in full abundance. It is no wonder that in the enlightenment of the present time such a valuable literature as the Gaelic can afford is not overlooked. America especially is coming to the front in the movement for its preservation. In the East and in Chicago, many societies have sprung up for its cultivation. It is taught in all the leading universities of the country, such as Harvard, Johns Hopkins and the Catholic University at Washington. Let us hope that the course at Notre Dame will some day be made more complete than it now is by the establishment of a chair of Gaelic. Preparation has already been made for a course in Gaelic here, and the course will be in operation soon.

Varsity Verse.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

AN eerie breath is hovering round us still,  
And sighs and moans when Proserpina's bow  
Hath vanished from the heavenly coasts that fill  
The earth with winter's bloom-unsullied snow.  
One lonely star, the loveliest and first  
Of all its shining band, from glowing West,  
Peeps faintly through autumnal mists that burst  
Unchallenged for the old year's last behest.

Now one by one that myriad host appears  
To guard with twinkling sparks the dying day;  
Till here and there a lesser light that nears  
And adds its glow to crown the milky way.  
Now from dead leaves the frosty sapphire gleams  
And woods put on their sacerdotal stoles,  
And through the withered boughs the pale moonbeams  
Steal like the visions of some fearful souls.

Again the stainless ghosts of last year's flowers  
Add lustre to this magic scene. The rose  
That died so soon regains its wildwood bowers;  
The lily droops; the crocus saffron blows;  
And overhead the wandering ivy-vine  
Runs riot among the wind-rent withered leaves.  
The sylvan gods drink pure ambrosial wine,  
While for her plighted love CEnone grieves.

A distant sound of little bells,  
A thousand booms and a thousand knells,  
Caused flowers and elves to disappear,  
And ushered in a bright New Year.

P. D.

THE STATUE OF NOTRE DAME.

Shining aloft unclouded, grand and free,  
Though tempest's wings may rise above thy ray,  
Thou smilest still undimmed by its sway  
From thy abode of light and sanctity.  
Radiant Queen, whose beams we love to see  
Above yon dome, when gorgeous glare of day  
In tranquil lines has faded calm away,  
We turn from books and love to live with thee.

Thy lucent brow shines promise through the storm,  
And signs of hope in midnight gloom doth form.  
With glow of love unblurred, unstinted, shine;  
Let crown and crescent shed refulgence round.  
Be thou an evening star through night profound,  
That it may cheer our hearts with rays divine.

W. H. T.

TRIOLET.

A passing glance from an eye of blue,  
Somewhere we chance to meet—  
Swift as a thought, and yet 'tis true,  
That passing glance from an eye of blue  
May bind together strangers two,  
And make their lives complete—  
A passing glance from an eye of blue  
Somewhere we chance to meet.

P. MACD.

The maiden counts the moments till  
Her lover names the day;  
The old maid sighs and counts the years  
Since the last one ran away.

P. D.

## Withered Leaves.

ANTHONY F. DORLEY, 1900.

Oft may the spirits of the dead descend  
To watch the quiet slumbers of a friend.

—SAMUEL RODGERS.

John Anderson, prominent lawyer and senator, sat in his office, busied with an important case that was to be tried the following week. He was in an irritable mood; in fact, he was seldom otherwise. "Stingy and cranky old Anderson," his neighbors called him. Somehow he seemed more perverse than usual to-day. He began his work that morning by boxing the office boy's ears, although this was not an infrequent occurrence. The clerks whispered to one another: "Look out for the old bear to-day."

It was evening and all had left except the office boy. The old man was looking through his desk for some papers relating to the case upon which he was working. His failure to find them did little to soothe his ruffled temper. Drawers and boxes were opened and closed so noisily that the office boy went about on tiptoe and cast an occasional timid look in the direction of his employer.

In his search old Anderson came upon a package of letters in the topmost pigeon-hole of his desk. They were tied together with a much-bethumbed ribbon, and the dust of months seemed to lie upon them. As he pulled them out, one slipped from the package and dropped to the desk. It was yellow with age, and its envelope was worn through at the edges. It separated as it dropped, and out fell a ring and a withered rose. The ring rolled noisily across the desk and the flower crumbled to pieces.

The old man recoiled and fell back in his chair. His head sunk into his hand, and his eyes turned from the band of gold to the little heap of withered fragments and then back to the ring. His face had so strange and so wistful a look that the office boy stopped in the act of placing a book on the shelf to take a furtive glance at him.

Strange thoughts came to John Anderson's mind as he looked upon the ring and faded leaves. They were thoughts of other days long since past, and of her who lay under a little green mound on the hillside near his native village. Forty years had gone since he came up from the city, a rising young lawyer

recently elected to the legislature, to have a talk with Mary. His future demanded it, he said, when he told her with guilty and averted face that their engagement must be broken. Wiser heads than his had convinced him that it would be folly to endanger his bright prospects by such a thing as matrimony, and they ought to know.

She gently remonstrated, and said, "I can wait, John." It all ended in his receiving back the engagement ring, and he bade her a hasty good-bye. Even now he can see among the musty law books on the shelf yonder the sad, white face that turned from him on that summer day.

A few months later he made his first speech in the legislature. Somehow he was not at his ease. Something in the smooth order of his creation was going wrong. A letter from a friend the previous day told him that Mary was ill. "She is not the girl she used to be," it said in addition. "For weeks she has kept aloof from the other girls, and, confidentially, I really believe it is on your account." In spite of himself his thoughts would wander to the little village far up in the mountains, and he would have given half the world had she been in the gallery to hear him. The old wisecracks of the gathering nodded their heads with a look that said: "Here's one of our coming men." When he finished, his colleagues pressed around him with congratulations. "It's the finest speech I've heard this session," said one.

In the midst of it all a telegram was brought to John. One glance at it and his heart throbbed. Her old aunt bade him come at once. Late that night he reached the little town and walked rapidly up the well-known street. As he approached Mary's home he heard the creaking of the old swing under the big elm near the garden gate. The night air gently swung it to and fro. Here they had spent many happy hours together when they were children, and talked over the weighty questions of their future. When he grew up to be a man he would go out into the world and become a famous lawyer and then return to claim her as his bride. There was a light in an upper window—her room.

The aunt met him at the familiar door with reddened eyes and tear-stained face.

"It is all over, John. She passed away this evening. Ever since you were here last she has been failing rapidly, but until yesterday I hoped she would grow better."

There they stood in the hallway while she



told him how the end came and how much Mary longed to see him before she died.

"Tell him to think of me occasionally," was her message to you."

With feelings like those of a murderer forced to look upon his victim he entered the room where she lay. Her calm, gentle features had become of the waxen hue of the grave. Hat in hand he stood in silence before that draped figure, while the old aunt sank into a chair, with her face buried in her hands, and wept silently. He could not bear the sight of this shattered home. He turned to flee. As he reached the door his elbow struck against a vase of roses upon the table. It tottered and dashed to pieces upon the floor. He stopped to pick up one of the flowers and then rushed out into the night.

As he hurried along the deserted street it seemed to him that he heard low, sweet requiems in the sighing of the trees. Now and then he was sure he distinguished the words: "You have murdered her." He reached the city early the next morning. On the train he bought a morning paper. In the first column was a glowing account of his speech of the day before. A friend hurried by as he stepped off the train.

"Good morning John," he shouted back, "that was a clever speech you gave us yesterday."

The previous day the bravos of his friends made his heart beat quicker and flushed his cheek with pride; but now the pleasure of it all was gone forever."

The office boy approached timidly and interrupted the old man's reverie.

"I would like to get off an hour earlier to-night, sir, because—to-night's the night—"

He had to repeat his request before he received an answer.

"What night?" asked old Anderson.

"Christmas eve, sir."

"Why yes, that is so. I never thought of it. Take that," he added, bringing something from his capacious pocket. "Buy something for mother on your way home."

The boy held his breath in wonder when he saw the shining gold piece in his hand. This from stingy old Anderson! He hurried out the door with a hasty "good night" to which he received no answer, and stopped under the first street lamp he came to. He assured himself that it was not all a dream.

The bells in a neighboring church tower were ringing merrily on that Christmas eve.

An occasional flurry dashed big snowflakes spitefully against old Anderson's window. The office-boy had forgotten to fill the lamp with oil before he went home. The flame sputtered for a time as though to remind some one of the neglected duty, and then went out. From a house across the way music and merry voices now and then broke the quiet of the musty office. Unconscious of it all John Anderson, senator and prominent lawyer, sat alone with his thoughts.

### The Comforter.

JOSEPH J. SULLIVAN, 1900.

The wind sighed through the trembling leaves, and the shadows of the forest gathered round a girl as she sat with her brown hair disheveled and covering her tear-stained face. From the gates of a neighboring city came an old man clothed in white. He bore a scythe on his shoulder, and his hoary beard reached his waist. On he walked, slow, with kindly eyes.

"O Father Time!" exclaimed the sorrowful one, "is any maiden more distressed than I? My beloved has left me alone, and my heart is sorrowful unto death. The blush of the rose wounds me; the purity of the lily mocks me; sit with me and comfort me." "Nay, arise and walk with me," said the venerable one, "I can not stay my course. It is not meet that one should drink deeper of the cup of bitterness than is his due. I travel on, the great comforter, the great healer of sorrowful hearts. Men of all nations see me at a distance and cry to me. My balm is all powerful. The seeds of sin are ever sown, and the harvest is tears—these I must wipe away; I will comfort you."

They walked on toward the setting sun and into the shades of the night. The moon path lay like a carpet before her. The dew glittered like pearls at her feet. The roses sent forth a sweet fragrance about her; the lilies rested as comforters on her bosom. The song of the bird grew sweet again; and when the morning broke her wound was healed. A great calm had fallen on her. She was no longer the sorrowful one, but she was weary of the way. She sat on a stone to rest and gazed into a sun-lit pool; but lo! how changed was she—wrinkles lay in folds on her brow; her hair was gray; but Father Time had comforted her.

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Reporters.

—Although a week has passed since classes were reorganized, the formal opening of the new term has not yet taken place. To-morrow appropriate ceremonies will inaugurate the new year. Solemn High Mass will be sung and the Very Rev. President will preach the opening sermon. It is unnecessary to add that when the President speaks he has something to say and that he knows how to say things with grace and with force. Only we would suggest that the listeners come well prepared to hear and to carry away with them the wise counsels that shall have been spoken.

—The SCHOLASTIC, at this its earliest opportunity, takes pleasure in offering to the Messrs Oliver of South Bend its congratulations on the successful and magnificent opening of the new Oliver House, one of the most perfect hotels in the West. The brilliant reception, with which the hotel was opened to the public a few weeks ago, was attended by the Very Reverend Provincial Zahm, the Very Reverend President Morrissey, the Rev. Vice-President French, and members of the Faculty. Since its construction, the Oliver House has been

the admiration of visitors to our neighboring city; and the excellent family to whom South Bend owes this monumental contribution to its advancement deserve—what indeed is granted them on all sides—the sincere gratitude of a people who love their city and take pride in its beauty and prosperity.

—In this first issue of the SCHOLASTIC for the new year we can not insist too strongly on having more effort made by the students towards contributing to our columns. The prospects for athletics are very bright and the chances of Notre Dame being at the front on the diamond and on the track are unusually good. With these accomplishments before her, she must make redoubled efforts to be at the front in intellectual matters, for that is really the most desirable of all goals. Our weekly publication may be viewed as a reflection of what we are able to do along these lines; it may be viewed as our exhibit in competition with other college journals. It should, therefore, be the special care of every student to assist in keeping his college paper in the lead, and to contribute to its columns should be regarded as an honor, equal to, if not greater than, contributing toward the success of athletic teams. There is an abundance of good material at the University and there is plenty of talent if it is only exercised properly. It will show a great lack of college spirit if this be allowed to go by undeveloped. Our readers may be deprived of many a pleasing story or many a clever verse, and our paper will lack interest if such a course is followed. Permit us, therefore, to suggest this resolution as an addition to other commendable ones you may have already formed, namely, that you will give some of your leisure time to the encouragement and support of the SCHOLASTIC.

## A Question of Notation.

For a long time and in paragraphs without number, the newspapers and magazines have bristled with interrogatories as to whether this year of Our Lord, 1900, is the last year of the nineteenth or the first year of the twentieth century. The question is not, perhaps, of importance in proportion to the attention which it has received, but it is naturally one of much interest. In the first place, we are to remember that our era is the Christian

era. We reckon time from the birth of Christ. The end of the first year of our era was one year from the moment of the birth of Our Lord; the end of the first century was one hundred years from that moment; and the end of the nineteenth century was nineteen hundred years from the same point of time. Had Our Lord lived until the present day, His age, at any period, would of course be identical with the years of the era of which His life was the measure. For the first twelve months of his life He would have been in the first year of His age, but He would not have been one year old until the end of that year had arrived. After a young man is twenty years of age, he enters upon his twenty-first year; but he does not reach his majority, does not claim, for example, the right to vote, until he has actually arrived at the age of twenty-one years. The same use of language is illustrated in our most ordinary experience. A mother being asked if her baby is one year old, replies, as the case may be, No; not until the first of next month; or, Yes, he was a year the first of this month. Ask a child, How old are you? The answer is, say, Ten years. Suppose you then say: When will you be ten years? The child, with a surprised look, will say, Why, I was ten last birthday. It is clear, then, that in the ordinary, the universal use of language in relation to our ages, whenever we speak of periods of time we refer to completed periods, to the past and not to the future. That is, we place the numeral indicating a period of time after that period, and not before it. A young man past twenty is in his twenty-first year, but he is not twenty-one years old until he has actually reached twenty-one. Had Christ lived to be one hundred years old, the end of His first year would have been marked by one, the end of His tenth year by ten, and the end of his hundredth year by one hundred. The numeral reached would, in every case, mark the period passed. Had he lived for nineteen hundred years, the end of the nineteen hundredth year would have been marked by writing the number nineteen hundred. We were in the nineteenth century for the past hundred years, but we did not use the number nineteen hundred in our notation until we had actually reached the end of the nineteenth century. It is a question of notation, a question of the ordinary use of language, and, according to that usage, it would seem that we are living in the twentieth century and not the nineteenth. H.

#### Geology and Biological Evolution.

There is in man a natural longing to know all that is possible for him to know. Formerly philosophy was almost exclusively pursued; but now much attention has been paid to the solving of the secrets of nature. Advantages peculiar to our times render this pursuit favorable, and therefore most wonderful discoveries have, one after another, been revealed in the scientific world. One of the questions that caused considerable excitement and attention relates to the development of life and even its origin. This is the theory of evolution.

Evolution may be regarded as the change undergone by anything that by differentiation becomes unlike its former condition. Evolution then may be applied to anything that possesses the capacity of becoming more perfect, but popularly it is applied to life alone. The theory of biological evolution maintains that the forms of life originated from one primitive organism, simple and undifferentiated.

Life possesses two properties that are opposite and antithetic. The first is the tendency to vary, and the other is the tendency to remain the same. The result of these two counteractions is the struggle for existence. Those who cling to an extreme evolution must of necessity hold also that variation continually overcame the tendency to remain the same. Those who hold to special creation of species must also, as a consequence, hold that every form of life once created remains always as it was then. Accordingly they make no account of the tendency of variation. Constant change is followed necessarily by new forms, and this continued indefinitely results in evolution. It must be remembered that species in science and species philosophically considered are often not the same. This is due to the classifications, which are difficult and inexact and are in fact seldom absolute.

Extreme evolution is not proved satisfactorily. A few scientists have made researches in regard to the extent that species may vary. Darwin found that by inter-breeding certain allied animals and plants a hybrid was produced sometimes different from both. This variation does not continue, however, and comes to a definite stop sooner or later. Hybrids become sterile or degenerate, and can only be preserved in plants by slips and bulbs, or some vegetative production. Some plants

are more inclined to produce varieties such as mellons and violets; others, like the apple and pear, can not produce a hybrid between them. Darwin concludes that, as the natural production of varieties is not less likely than the artificial, plants vary without limit, or at least did so in the past. Why assume what experience disproves? Moreover, how do we know that in the past plants were so different from what they are now? Geology denies it as we see.

Facts of Geology indicate, although in a general way, universal evolution, yet in reality they prove the opposite. Animals and plants appeared on the earth in a regular ascending order, from the lowest to the highest; this argues in favor of evolution. Let us remark, however, that evolution implies a gradual perfection. This takes place in general, since the lowest forms of life were first and others succeeded in order. There is still another objection. The forms of plants and animals were more perfect in their kind during the geological times than at present. During the carboniferous age there were rushes forty feet high; now the tallest are not more than seven. Then species were numbered by hundreds, and now we have six or seven. Ferns were like palm trees, and club-mosses like evergreens, and sixty or seventy feet in height. Many also were more highly organized. Among animals there were reptiles with wings like a bat. Many forms, moreover, have become extinct.

We may, however, account for all this. As to degeneration of forms, we know from life as it now exists that it is degenerating still. This is a natural tendency. Species of birds and animals have become extinct in our own times and others are fast disappearing. Then too we have reason to believe that the air now is stronger, and hence tends to wear out life sooner. Even the life of man has been greatly shortening since the creation. Accordingly, degeneration and extinction may be considered as consequences of natural causes.

Geology offers another argument against universal evolution, and this has not been satisfactorily accounted for. When life first appeared in the rock deposits we find it represented by unicellular plants and animals, algæ and protozoans, and soon after the sponges, molluscs, crustaceans, and starfishes, which are not fishes at all. This was during the Silurian age. Then in the strata of the Devonian age, which are immediately above,

we find fishes highly developed. Now if extreme evolution is true, we should find one or more transitional forms from the preceding groups of animals to that of fishes. The fishes, however, appear suddenly, fully developed and even more perfect than the fishes at the present time. It must be borne in mind also that a fish, or back-boned animal, is so widely different from the invertebrates that it is the basis of the division of the animal kingdom into two groups, the vertebrates and the invertebrates. The correctness and exactness of this classification is such that far from being called into question, the contrary was never held.

Besides, if we find the fossil remains of molluscs, radiates, and crustaceans, and if the Devonian rocks have fishes, then the intermediate rocks should contain the transitional forms between these. Either form may leave fossils, and whatever we imagine those to be that are transitional, we should find their remains. This question has not been sufficiently explained and answered, and thus a stumbling-block to universal evolution still remains.

Since extreme evolution is not entirely satisfactory there are only two alternatives: We must either admit absolute special creation, or we must reconcile the two theories to formulate a more reasonable one.

Absolute special creation, in which each form of life was created by itself independently without undergoing any change, seems improbable, for experience shows that variation does take place to some extent. Enough has been said to show this.

It remains then to be found whether evolution and special creation are to any degree reconcilable, and what results therefrom. As we have stated, variation actually never goes far. Now if we suppose certain models or types to have been created they could vary each in a certain sphere.

When we look, for example, at plants classified, we immediately see the significance of this. There is so great a contrast between the primary divisions of both kingdoms that we can not but notice a remarkable separation. Besides there is no variation between the well-defined members of these classes.

Next it may be asked, what are these divisions. We get them from two sources. The natural classification of animals and plants separates them immediately. Moreover, the successive ages of geology point them out

very distinctly and in regular order. Among plants the four groups are well marked. Sea-weeds and fungi constitute the first, and they appeared in the Silurian age. Next in order we have mosses, then the ferns and their allies, and finally the flowering plants. On examining animals we find that they may be similarly divided.

During the present time the great attention given to the subject of evolution has had valuable results. It has been established that evolution to some extent is certain, and on closely examining what the natural tendency of scientific men now is, we notice that they are inclined to conform unconsciously to the order of the books of Moses. Moreover, there begins to manifest itself a tendency to maintain the creation of a few types of life admitting, however, variation within the spheres of these models. I have heard an opinion expressed that in a short time this theory will become as popular as evolution was a few years ago.

The theory which at present seems to create attention is, that among both animals and plants a few types are admitted as created specially, while evolution or variation goes on within these.

A. N.

#### Magazine Notes.

—The January *Cosmopolitan* contains four complete short stories,—“Motorman Cupid” by Melville Chater, “Dizzy Dave” by John Luther Long, “The Lady of the Ship” by A. T. Quiller-Couch, and “Patrick’s Proxy” by Seumas MacManus. These stories are cleverly and amusingly illustrated. There is also an illustrated article on “Zoroaster, the Magian Priest,” by A. V. Williams Jackson, professor of Indo-Iranian languages in Columbia University. Professor M. V. O’Shea, President of the National Child-Study Association, contributes a very clear article entitled “Encouraging the Mental Powers of Young Children.” Edgar Saltus, Howard W. Bell, Alexander Harvey, John S. Fulton, Zenaide A. Ragozin, Chas. De Kay and Kirke La Shelle present descriptive articles, and Clinton Scollard and Arthur Ketchum contribute the verse.

—The most important interest that attaches to the January number of *Harper’s* magazine is this, that Mrs. Humphrey Ward begins therein a novel, “Eleanor,” that promises to rival her past great achievements in fiction. The first part, which is here presented, has for its scene Rome, the Rome of to-day, not the

Rome of the Cæsars, but that of the Sovereign Pontiff of Christendom. We can not yet see, of course, the author’s purpose in these opening chapters; but it is quite plain that the Catholic Church has lost none of its charm—or, must we say, its usefulness?—for the author of “Robert Elsmere” and “Helbeck of Bannisdale.” There is an abundance of good fiction in this number—Seumas MacManus, Virginia Frazer Boyle, Owen Wister, Stephen Bonsal, Frederic Remington, Stephen Crane and Octave Thanet contributing each a short story. Charles F. Lummis writes charmingly on California, and Sir Martin Conway, Chalmers Roberts, Julian Ralph, Sydney Brooks and others contribute special articles.

—The Christmas number of *The Deaf Mute’s Friend* is remarkable chiefly for a story, “The Flood,” translated from the German by the Rev. J. M. Toohey, C. S. C., and for a poem, “Silence,”—very appropriate for this magazine—from no less brilliant a pen than that of his Grace of Peoria, the Right Rev. John Lancaster Spalding. There are several other stories, poems and special articles of importance, as well as smaller things to delight the young, and here and there throughout the magazine are scattered pictures of Christmas scenes and customs.

—*Cæcilia*, a musical monthly published at St. Francis, Wisconsin, contains in the December number several compositions contributed mostly by J. Singenberger, who is also Editor of the publication. A *Te Deum* and a *Tantum Ergo* are among the contributions.

—The New Year’s issue of *The Ladies’ Home Journal* opens with the fourth article on the theatre and its people, which tells about the rehearsal of a play from the first reading to the first public performance. “The Boer Girl of South Africa” receives attention at the hands of the author of “Oom Paul’s People,” Howard C. Hillegas. John Ritchie, Jr., explains “Where the New Century will Really Begin,” and says that the Friendly Islands in the Southern Pacific will be enjoying the new century next year, while the rest of the world will still be lingering in the old. Mr. Dunne, the creator of “Mr. Dooley,” presents in this number the second chapter of “Molly Donahue,” another denizen of the now famous “Archey Road.” Mr. Edward Bok deals a telling blow to the politicians who hamper our public school system. Ian Maclaren continues his pleasant papers. The departments are as usual full of the value so much looked for in this magazine.



## Personals.

—It gives us great pleasure to chronicle the recent marriage of Miss Nellie Robertson and Mr. James Cooney. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. P. P. Cooney, C. S. C., at St. Francis de Sales' Church, Toledo. The groom was graduated at the University ten years ago, and has always been a loyal and worthy son of *Alma Mater*. *Ad multos!*

—Mr. Eugene Delaney, C. E., '99, has been coming to the front very rapidly as a clever engineer. Eugene is now employed in mine surveying at Wildred, Pa. For the first few days he was employed as a transit-man, but soon his talents were recognized, and in three days he was appointed to the position of assistant engineer of the mine. Mr. Delaney holds as prominent a position as the chief engineer, for in his work as engineer he was told to follow his own ideas and to do everything as he thought best. Mr. Eugene Delaney was a member of the SCHOLASTIC staff last year. The SCHOLASTIC is very proud of him and extends to him its best wishes.

—The *Daily Journal* of Stevens Point, Wis., has this to say of one of our students who recently was appointed superintendent of bridges and buildings for the Wisconsin Central:

Mr. Jacobs has been with the company for six years, securing a position as draftsman in Mr. Callaghan's office soon after returning from Notre Dame University, where he took a course in engineering. He gave very excellent satisfaction, and his devotion to duty secured for him two years ago a promotion to the office of inspector of bridges and buildings, placing him next under Superintendent Callaghan. When the latter resigned recently the name of Mr. Jacobs presented itself for promotion, and after carefully considering the matter the officials decided to make the appointment. The office for the next few years at least will be a very important one, as all the new improvements at Fond du Lac, Abbottsford, Chicago, and a score of other places, will be made through this department.

—William L. Luhn, an alumnus of Notre Dame, and at present Major in the 36th U. S. Volunteer Infantry Regiment, is the author of a work titled "The History of the First Washington Volunteers." *The Outburst* says that it is devoted to the movements of "our boys" from the first call to arms up to the muster out. "Every engagement in which they participated is carefully and impartially described, and a full roster of each company of the regiment is given, with losses in battle by sickness, discharge, recommendations for promotion, special deeds of valor, and every sort of data necessary to a full understanding of what befell the regiment and each of its gallant members." We wish the Major all success, not only in his military career but also in the field of history and letters. He is now with his regiment in the Philippines closely pursuing the enemy.

## Rt. Rev. Bishop Rademacher, Dead.

Just as we go to press, official news comes from Fort Wayne, announcing the death of Rt. Rev. Joseph Rademacher, D. D., bishop of this diocese. We earnestly request the prayers of our many readers for the repose of his soul.

\* \* \*

## CARD OF SYMPATHY.

In behalf of his fellow hall-members and classmates we wish to offer our condolence to Mr. Robert Lynch on the death at Chicago of his father, Mr. Michael Lynch. To him and to all the members of the sorrow-stricken family we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

JOSEPH R. CARLTON,

JOHN L. CORLEY,

MATTHEW D. LONG,

NICHOLAS R. FURLONG—*Committee*.

## Local Items.

—What has become of our basket-ball players?

—The word "side-head" has become obsolete at Notre Dame.

—Some minor notes resulted from the "brake of bells."

—Trainer Engledrum has issued the call for track team candidates.

—Fortunately for many of the students their return tickets expired on January 10.

—FOUND.—A pair of gloves in the Brownson Refectory. Owner please call on B. Anthony.

—Notwithstanding many idle rumors current before the holidays, our athletes are still with us.

—From present indications Franklin Steele is a legitimate successor of the renowned Deerfoot.

—As a matter of note, you are reminded that the next examinations will be held Feb. 23 and 24.

—Judge Cooney has returned from Woodstock after a pleasant renewal of acquaintance with the bar of that city.

—Mr. George Kuppler of the Law Department spoke before the Jefferson Club at South Bend last Monday evening. He chose the subject of "Trusts," and his address was well received.

—The subject to be debated in the annual contest with the University of Indianapolis will be announced in a few days. A large number of candidates will enter the preliminary contests.

—The interest taken in the military department of the University is very gratifying. Target practice was indulged in during the

vacation period and some good records were made.

—If the track team is successful in winning all the meets in which they participate we can justly lay claim to the Championship of Indiana. Let's do it just for fun. What do you say, Cork?

—A wrestling mat has been ordered for the gymnasium. Persons desiring to receive instruction in "Græco-Roman" and "Catch as catch can" wrestling should report to Mr. McWeeny.

—Mr. William Laden, a student at the University of Notre Dame, is home for the holidays. Mr. Laden is forging to the front in college athletic circles, and says he is in fine form for the Christmas *meats*.—*Albany Record*.

—It is surprising to notice how many pretty pillows and mats the Corbyites are bringing back. They must have been presents of the boys' own suggestions, as they are done up in gold and blue colors, and the names of the fair donors are not revealed.

—There was a gathering of the Corby Hall students in the reading-room Wednesday night, and they were tendered a smoker. The time was spent in relating holiday experiences, and some of them were hard to beat. The smoker ended with a few selections and songs by the glee club.

—Glad to see you back!" We say it from a force of circumstances that render it impossible to speak otherwise. It is rather an ambiguous welcome, and in one sense we don't mean it, for we know that the fellow has some goods in his trunk; consequently, we are eager to see more of him.

—Gymnasium Director Weiss has posted the following schedule of classes for students of Brownson, Sorin and Corby Halls:

Tuesday—10 to 11 and 11 to 12 a. m.

Wednesday—3 to 4:30 p. m.

Thursday—2 to 3:30 p. m.

Friday—3 to 4:20 p. m.

Saturday—10 to 11 and 11 to 12 a. m.

Sunday—2 to 3:45 p. m.

—The St. Joseph Debating Society held its first meeting of the new session on Wednesday evening. After some interesting talks by Messrs. Corless, Cameron, Barry, McMahon, McElligott, and others, the programme for the next weekly meeting was read. Beside a debate, a limited number of minute speeches and declamations are given at each regular meeting. Under the direction of the worthy President, Mr. Charles A. Benson, the Society has made much progress during the year.

—An unusually large number of students remained at the University during the holidays. Those who constituted the home guard report an enjoyable vacation, and are grateful for the efforts made to add to their enjoyment. Many freedoms were granted them regarding

visits to the city, and Bro. Hugh chaperoned several theatre parties to the Oliver and the Auditorium. Those students who were not familiar with American theatrical productions were very loud in their expressions of pleasure. In short, the boys were in high spirits throughout the entire vacation.

—The Director of our school of Oratory and Elocution has completed arrangements for a debate between the students of our preparatory school and the South Bend High School. The question for discussion will be: "Resolved, That strikes are productive of more harm than good to the working classes." The debate will be held March 30. As many students of the preparatory school as can possibly enter this contest should begin at once to work for it. The names of all those desiring to compete for places on the team must be handed in to Professor Carmody not later than next Thursday, January 18.

—Just before the Christmas holidays the Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall, on the occasion of a banquet, elected officers for the coming year. They are now a fully organized athletic association known as the "Preps." Their team colors are purple and white. The officers are as follows: F. Cornell, President; R. Clarke, Manager; F. Schoonover, Treasurer; A. Krug, Captain of football team; L. Kelly, Captain of baseball team. The success of the football team was due in a great measure to G. Weidmann, its organizer and captain; by vote of the members he is to retain his office during the coming season if he comes back in September.

—At the last meeting of the Philopatrians the following officers were elected: President, Brother Cyprian; 1st Vice-President, Fred Schoonover; 2d Vice-President, Lorenzo Hubbell; Secretary, Marc Scott; Treasurer, George Stich; Corresponding Secretary, Clarence Kennedy; Librarian, G. Farabaugh; 1st Censor, Nicholas Hogan; 2d Censor, J. L. Putnam; Sergeant-at-Arms, Grover Davis; Dramatic Critic, Professor Carmody; Musical Director, Professor McLaughlin; 1st Promoter, Bro. Alexander; 2d Promoter, Prof. Maurus. A very interesting programme was arranged for the next meeting.

—The Rev. Father Gallagher treated his boys to a banquet on Christmas night. It was enjoyed the more as it was arranged and given as a surprise. After they had done justice to the feast the boys offered hearty toasts to the Rev. Father. All were unanimous in saying that this has been the most successful and prosperous year St. Joseph's Hall has had. The cause was duly attributed to the efforts of the Director of the hall, and their appreciation was shown by the tone of the speeches of the members. Mr. Peter J. McNamara acted as toast-master. Among the speakers were Wm. Cameron, N. R. Furlong, John Worden, Joseph Cullinan and John Corley.

—The skating on St. Mary's Lake is the best that we have had since the winter of '62. So Cornell says, and he is authority on those things because he was here when St. Mary's Lake was nothing but a cow-track with half a teacupful of water in it. Runt points with pride to the expansion of the Lake and his record as a basket-ball player. In fact he has expressed a desire to remain here until St. Mary's Lake expands to an area equal to Lake Michigan; and his friends, in appreciation of his kindly services in waking them in time for morning prayer, have started a fund to permanently endow Runt to the University. The fund is receiving the generous support of the alumni, and when it is completed a Chair of Tradition will be established in the old college building that is located on the banks of St. Mary's Lake. There Runt will be established, and the glory of Notre Dame's sons will be kept alive for posterity. Incidentally he will look after the personal columns in the old SCHOLASTIC.

—WEATHER BUREAU'S REPORT:—If nothing happens to offset the present conditions of our globe the forecast for this week will break Notre Dame's previous record for variety.

SUNDAY:—A partial eclipse will spread a forty-twilight power sombreness over the twin lakes.

MONDAY:—Mercury out of sight. Hanna gets the "Coal Trust," and coal will go so high that you will have to go to bed to get your feet warm.

TUESDAY:—A bargain-counter blizzard will sweep this state and a cyclone or two will make things hum; cellars all chartered; corner-lots in St. Mary's tunnel selling at a fearful premium.

WEDNESDAY:—Gala-day. Pretty sky. All nature about as beautiful as a sun-kissed maiden of Hawaii.

THURSDAY:—A snow-storm on stilts will pass in the night.

FRIDAY:—Very commonplace. Heavy rain and snow. Wheat firm, but Chicago milk gets Leiter.

SATURDAY:—An "aurora borealis" will bore through the hazy atmosphere about noon and show to a large audience. Electric light companies should exhibit their wires free of charge.

The only notable event that might change these predictions is the threatened collision of Venus and Senator Roberts. Even this will not affect the fusion of the gold democrat.

—Another remarkable incident has just come to light, and it only goes to prove the old, old saying that "murder will out." The well-known John Birne, of the famous State vs. Birne and Sin Jun case, is the instigator of this perpetration of the law. John forsook his former companion, Sin Jun, and persuaded daring, dashing "Mc" to go over across the way with him. They spent nearly one full hour in preparing for their caper. John wore

a choker and a bright red tie. "Mc" had one of those new standing up and lay down collars and a gorgeous green string tie. Then after putting the last touches to their toilets they started across the way. All the way over they hopped and skipped about livelier than a pair of colts just turned out in a pasture. "Mc" whistled a portion of Georgia Camp Meeting. Though John couldn't do that he forgot his dignity and did the cake walk to perfection. They told funny stories about bells and *belles* and other fairy tales until they came to the gate. Not a vision was in sight. They carefully scanned the situation, dodged by the dogs and made their way to the buildings. John thought the people had all gone home, but "Mc" claimed they would see some of them at least if they walked through the buildings. They carefully wiped their feet on the rug that lay before the door, giggled and smiled, and then walked in.... They both darted out and never stopped running until they got back to Sorin Hall. That night they talked it over, and came to the conclusion that they had opened the wrong door. (Was it the door of the Apiary they opened?)

—"Who put that fire gong in the hall? Some one please answer." So spake Charles Jolly Baab, as he stood in front of Sorin Hall, wrapped in a pair of carpet slippers, a golf cap and bath robe shivering and wrathful. He had returned from Wilkes Barre, Pa., only the night before, and he had not entirely subsided as to his usual equipoise which the Yuletide gaiety had somewhat mixed up for him. He slept very thickly that night, and the old cow bell, that jars so roughly on the ear-drums along about six a. m., did little to interrupt his strong sleep. Then after a few minutes came the clanging gong, bang! bangy wang! wang!! wang!!! and Charlie was already out the door. He had been a pipeman on the N. D. Volunteer Rubber Boot, Tin Helmet Fire Department, and he knew the danger of sleeping in a burning building. When he was out on the gravel walk he took his first breath, then he looked around twice. "Where is the fire?" he called out as he swung the bath robe tighter to keep out the ten-degree-above-zero-zephyr that blew in around his carpet slippers. "Where is the fire?" he exclaimed as Superintendent of Heat and Hot Water O'Brien came stolidly around the corner. "In the boiler. Where do you think I keep the fire?" replied the autocrat of the Bath Department. The students were filing out of the chapel now, and Charles J. Baab of Wilkes Barre understood. Then was when he made the remark that appears at the head of this article.

(ED. NOTE.—A new gong had been placed in Sorin Hall during the holidays, which gong is of the size and intonation that would lead an unacquainted person to think it was a fire gong. Mr. Baab did not know of this new gong, hence his justifiable fright.)