

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

•DISCE•QVASI•SEMPER•VICTVRVS• •VIVE•QVASI•CRAS•MORITVRVS•  
1898

VOL. XXXII.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, OCTOBER 15, 1898.

No. 6.

## A Star Unfading.

FRANK EARLE HERING, LITT. B., '98.

UNKNOWN, beyond the bounds of mortal ken  
In some vast space there whirls a star  
Unplumbed,—unknown; 'twould take its turquoise spar  
A million years to reach the eyes of men.  
It is a part of God's great plan; and when  
He called in being myriad things that are,  
He put this silent force to guide our far  
Off earth in harmony unknown till then.

The years will come when Father Sorin's fame  
Will be unheard; his grave unmarked; his deeds  
Unsung. But like the star he shall be felt.  
And those unborn shall ask of God, his name;  
For many that will kneel in sorest needs  
Shall rise, through him, with hearts that Christ's words melt.

Father Sorin.\*

ALFRED J. DUPERIER.



IN making the contrast that follows I can not help admitting the advantage that one term of my comparison possesses over the other. I would not attempt to compare the divine qualities of Saint Benedict's work with those of any other man for fear I should do him an injustice. But between the human side of the lives of Father Sorin and that of the Patriarch of the Western monks, I am fully justified in drawing the parallel; here, however, the comparison evidently

ceases. Notre Dame's venerable founder was undoubtedly a great and holy man; but he, unlike Saint Benedict, less seldom seemed to go beyond the outer part of man into the recesses of his soul. The tree that he planted is fast spreading its branches; but its fruit has yet to bear the test of generations.

In the latter part of the fifth century, the Old World was exhausted, and calamity reached its climax in Western Europe. Authority was disregarded in every section, and religion itself seemed tottering to destruction. Society was on the verge of dismemberment, and barbaric hordes flooded the South on all sides. In all this gloom, Christianity, that had withstood the persecutions of a Tiberius and a Nero, was not

\* Oration delivered at the annual oratorical contest, May 31, 1898.

idle; its work of civilization was to continue, and Providence raised up as an instrument the great Saint Benedict.

Fourteen centuries have elapsed since the death of this Saint, and still his fame increases with each succeeding generation. The invisible hand of his Maker seemed to guide him in all his works, even to the performance of miracles; and his canonization was but an additional proof of his devotedness to God and humanity.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the western part of the New World was in its infancy. Tribes of uncivilized Indians roamed over its immense plains and through its dense forests. America was truly a wilderness, and the obstacles that presented themselves to its early settlers were most numerous. Men of fortitude alone could overcome these obstacles, and Christianity alone furnished those workers that were ready to risk their lives in the propagation of her principles. This western wilderness appealed eloquently to the sentiments of Edward Sorin, and the mighty missionary hearkened to her call.

Saint Benedict, surrounded by barbarians, first conceived, in the little grotto of Subiaco, the grand project of establishing an institution for the betterment and the enlightenment of humanity. Father Sorin, environed by aboriginal Indians and a vast wilderness, meditated in a rude log hut, the erection of an educational monument which was to be the pride of future generations. To a certain extent, the minds of these great geniuses coursed in similar channels. The sublime power that actuated the one, encouraged the other. They both foresaw a like end, and labored incessantly toward its accomplishment. The one was designed for Western Europe in the time of barbaric enslavement; the other was molded for western America in its nascent state. The former was destined to immortalize the names of Subiaco, Monte Casino and Saint Benedict; the latter by his labor was to perpetuate those of his order, of Notre Dame and of himself.

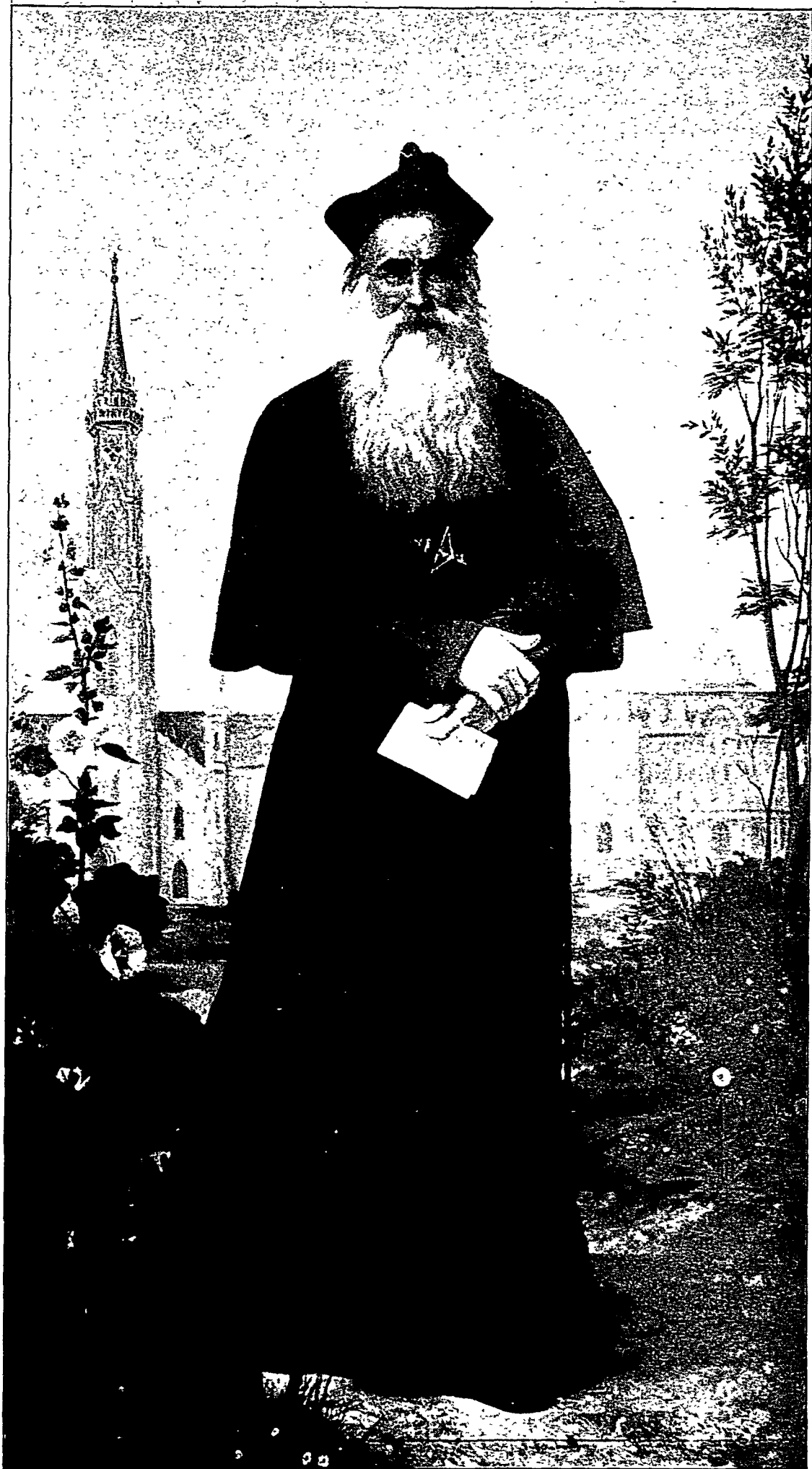
On the discovery of America, Europe stood still, until at last the down-trodden inhabitants of every nation broke loose from the bonds of the Old World and hastened to the shores of the New. Each country contributed its quota toward America's settlement; but France alone furnished those God-like men whose fortitude surmounted all obstacles and whose benign influence melted even the very heart of the savage.

Pre-eminent among these mighty missionaries stands Father Sorin. Without the least hesitancy he abandoned country, home and friends to brave the dangers of an unknown land. By his skill and labor, the great primeval forests of the West were transformed into a field of intellectual warfare and American progress. To France we must be grateful, for it is to her that Americans owe their political liberty.

France, we salute thee! Thy part in the great drama of American civilization has been well played. The West especially owes thee a debt of gratitude. In her territory, the lofty work of your missionaries reached a fitting climax. Father Sorin was your greatest hero, and Notre Dame his field of conquest. He alone successfully accomplished in western America what no other man dared to undertake. The savage Indian bowed before this mighty missionary, and offered to share with him his rude hut. In that obscure dwelling, subject to the excessive rigors of a Northern climate, he taught these uncouth scholars the word of God,—they listened to him, and his sublime mission began.

He did not foresee the grand results which were to spring forth to America from Notre Dame; he did not dream that, in the short space of fifty years, this happy hunting-ground of the aboriginal Indian could be transformed into a terrestrial paradise dotted with magnificent structures, each one a living spokesman of his undying fame. This would be a sufficient monument for any other man; but Father Sorin did not seek for honor—he knew it to be transitory;—he labored for the enlightenment of a people by multiplying their educational facilities. His labors were not confined within these walls alone—this was only his stronghold. His field of combat was America itself, and his weapons were forged in the intellectual workshop of American energy.

Saint Benedict adopted the manners and customs of an Italian and retained them through life. Father Sorin, on landing in this country, put aside the habits of a Frenchman and took up those qualities symbolized in the Stars and Stripes; and that noble trait, which was so characteristic of himself, descended through him to his successors, and today Notre Dame is distinctly an American institution. At present, she is the best and foremost of Catholic universities. Her branch colleges are found in every section of this progressive West, promoting Christianity and education.



VERY REV. FATHER SORIN, C. S. C., FOUNDER AND FIRST PRESIDENT.  
(The above is a copy of a picture of Father Sorin painted by Gregori in 1875.)

The great work of European civilization, which was begun at Subiaco and Monte Casino by Saint Benedict, was to continue great forever. Popes, bishops, and priests went forth from the portals of these master institutions, and today Europe finds itself indebted to Saint Benedict not only for its intellectual advancement, but for its social enfranchisement as well.

Notre Dame is still in her infancy. Her part in the great drama of American civilization has but begun. Yet even now, her power and influence are already marvelous, and her sons are fast occupying positions of honor and distinction throughout the land.

Can anyone forget the services of Notre Dame during the civil war, when the very foundation and unity of our republic was threatened? No. The sacrifices of Father Sorin shall never be forgotten. At a moment when aid was most needed at home—for Notre Dame had barely struggled to her feet—Father Sorin selected some of the foremost men and women of his Order and sent them forth to an honorable warfare.

His priests, as chaplains, were always in the thickest of the fight, ever ready to console and reconcile the dying with their Maker. And while these ministers of Christ watched over the battlefield, the saintly Sisters of the Holy Cross stood night and day by the bed-side of the wounded to comfort and relieve them in their suffering.

Those were days of trials—priests left their altars; devout women deserted their sacred occupation; and many of Notre Dame's best sons went forth to battle for their country and their God. Yes, many were sacrificed in that fearful war; but I thank God that a few of her heroes have survived that bloody conflict and are still among us to inspire us with those sentiments of patriotism which characterized them on the field of battle.

Scarcely nine years ago, the distinguished prelates of all parts of the United States were assembled at Notre Dame to honor her venerable founder; and most fitting was the ovation given that great patriarch of the West. His work had reached a brilliant close, and on his golden jubilee, surrounded by the dignitaries of Church and State, God chose to crown his labors.

Shall I recall the memory of the dead? No; I need not. For surely there is not one among you who does not remember that eventful day when Father Corby, surrounded by his comrades of the Grand Army, poured forth his

patriotic soul in sentiments of gratitude for the great honor bestowed by them on Notre Dame. He was the venerable chaplain that amid shot and shell absolved the Irish Brigade on the field of battle. His services to America shall never be forgotten. The names of Father Corby and Father Sorin are inseparable—they are yet to be perpetuated in the history of Catholic America.

I am unworthy to extol thy deeds, O venerable patriarch! I do not pretend to enumerate thy virtues or recount thy many hardships; but there is one creation of thy genius that speaks far clearer than words—it is these sublime monuments dedicated to American Catholicism. When decay and ruin had marked the downfall of European nations, and all eyes were turned toward America as the home of Christian civilization; when future historians record the deeds of men in golden letters, they—those mighty sentinels of intellectual progress—will stand forth to immortalize the name of Notre Dame and of her founder—Edward Sorin.

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#### Two Negatives Make a Positive.

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F. HENRY WURZER, '98.

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James Stedman and Harry Woods both attended St. Mary's parochial school in Cleveland. Although James was a grade lower than Harry they had become very intimate friends during the last year. They were both in their thirteenth year, and both of a size, and this mated them as partners in the procession of First Communicants in May of that year, 1889. It is hard to tell what brought these two boys together; for Harry was of an intellectual turn of mind, while James was more of a drone, who cared only for pleasures and good meals.

One day in early spring, while the boys were waiting at the church door to let the girls pass in first—for the girls' school was a separate building from that of the boys'—Harry said to James:

"Look at that prim and comely girl at the end; she is a rattling good looker and a mighty bright girl, too. She's the girl that makes that piano hum in the exhibition hall. Who is she, do you know?"

James at once agreed with Harry about the young lady's good qualities; for he had little

confidence in his own taste, and always waited till Harry expressed an opinion, and then concurred.

"Why, that's Albert Hawkin's sister. Her name is Mary. She's in the senior grade, same as you are."

The next day at school Harry Woods was sent over to the junior grade of his class to help out in difficult problems. This was considered the privilege of the one at the head of the class. The third boy he came to was Albert Hawkins, Mary's younger brother. Harry solved all the problems for Albert, and then said to him in a low tone:

"Albert, you have got what I call a cracker-jack of a sister. Tell Mary I have my eyes on her."

Albert's face was beaming with a smile of playful delight. He looked up and said:

"Sure, sure?"

The first thing upon reaching home that afternoon he told his sister what Woods had said about her.

"What sort of fellow is he?" she inquired.

"Oh! he is the best kind of fellow. Pretty smart boy in school, too. He knows his lessons every time; and he beats the best of them in arithmetic."

It was not long after till Woods became acquainted with Miss Hawkins, and walked home with her from school.

In May of that year both Stedman and Woods received their first Holy Communion; which event, in those times, marked the end of a boy's school days.

Harry went to work immediately after leaving school to increase the scant revenues at home; James rested at his ease until fall, and then continued at school.

The Stedmans and Hawkins were on intimate terms, and frequently exchanged visits. In playing with Albert and Mary, James became angered at the frequent mentioning of Harry Woods, and resolved to stifle this by poisoning Mary's breast with calumny. James was the son of a wealthy land-owner, and Harry had now become a common parcel boy. He felt that anything was right as against the common pleb. Harry, on the other hand, saw Mary only at great intervals, and then only by chance. The winter went by, and spring greened the world, and Harry saw Mary perhaps once or twice. She greeted him pleasantly at the first few meetings. The second and the third year went, and Mary grew colder and more distant in her attitude; but Harry did

not notice this. Another year fled and they saw still less of each other.

Harry's attentions to Miss Mary so far were only those of regard, of respect for modesty and brightness of intellect; but the time had come when his regard was unconsciously ripening into affection. Harry had a good position, was quite a young man, and resolved to cross Mary's path more frequently. She seemed more sullen each time, but he could not bring himself to believe it. Christmas came around, he made her a present; she accepted it, thinking how foolish he was. After that he called at the house several times, finding her home only once. He called again intending to ask her to go to the theatre. When he reached the door a maid invited him in.

"What is it, sir?" she said.

"Is Miss Mary in?"

"Yes; she just came in. Have a seat. What is your name, please?"

"Harry Woods."

The maid disappeared behind a lot of gorgeous drapery. He began to cudgel his mind for a bright remark to use when Mary came in. He listened and overheard a whisper:

"Tell him I'm not in—just went out."

Suddenly a different maid entered and said:

"Miss Mary is not at home; she just went out."

"How soon will she return," he asked; to see whether he couldn't make that girl blush for the lie she was telling.

"Can't tell," was her pert answer.

Harry hurried out into the street without an *adieu*, giving them an idea that he knew their lie. He rushed madly down the crowded avenue, trying to forget that he had been snubbed. On the way he met Stedman who stopped him and asked:

"Why this angered mien?"

"Do I betray anger?"

"You do, Harry."

"Oh! nothing—I am resolved, though, to let the girls alone. They are a humbug to a young fellow trying to get up in the world;—they're a foolish lot at any rate."

"Why, what have they done to you now, Harry?"

"Never mind—Mary Hawkins will rue this day sometime."

Stedman's imagination filled in the rest. He was jubilant over the incident, and turned away laughing, thinking that it was a spicy story to tell Mary the next time he called.

That fall Harry Woods went to college pay-

ing his way with what he had saved; while Stedman had quit school only that June with nothing to his credit in any course.

Two years had passed; Harry was home for his vacation. He did not try to see Mary; in fact, she had quite escaped his mind.

It was late in the summer, about eight o'clock on a clear, warm evening, when Harry dropped in at Baldwins', his old neighbors. He had promised a week ago that he would come on that night.

"Why, hello! Harry, we were looking for you," said Mr. Baldwin, "come and sit down."

The whole family were seated on the front porch.

"I like to call and see my good old neighbors now and then. How are Nettie and Charles?" There was another girl there whom he did not recognize in the dark, and Miss Baldwin promptly broke in:

"I believe you met Mary Hawkins?"

"Yes, thank you, I believe I did."

Then Miss Hawkins said in a very tender and affectionate way:

"Why, how are you, Harry? I am glad to see you."

"Oh! very well, thank you," he replied rather abruptly.

Then he told college stories to the gathering for an hour or more, and before it was half-past nine Mary said:

"Well, Mrs. Baldwin, I must start for home."

"Now, Harry," said Mrs. Baldwin in a very simple way, "there is a fine trip for you."

"I will take her home if you say so, Mrs. Baldwin, but I don't think she'll want to go with me."

"Oh! yes," she continued in a whisper, but that all might overhear, "she knew you were coming tonight, and she asked me to have you take her home."

Mary did not object, and that was consent, so bidding good-night they were off for home.

Harry said: "We will take the car at Grayling Ave., only two blocks from here."

"I don't mind," she replied in a timid way, "but I'd rather walk."

"Then we'll walk," said Harry.

They told each other of their doings in the last two years, and after a brief pause, Mary broke in in a very plaintive tone:

"Harry, I know that I behaved meanly towards you, and I am sorry for it. Stedman told me many things that I should not have believed—but they influenced me."

"Yes," said Harry, with a tinge of satisfaction, and you wasted all your precious time with him. You have neglected your own improvement. I understand that you don't even play the piano any more; and I am sure you have read very little because Stedman doesn't take to such things."

"But I can mend all that; and I am going to," she replied.

"I am glad of that; but what prompts you to that?"

"Oh! because you'd like me to."

"I did not ask you; besides I am going back to college next week."

"Will you write to me, Harry?"

He paused a moment—hesitating at first—and then said:

"No; I don't think I care to. It will take time to purge out the insults that you thrust upon me a few years ago; and how can you expect that I could enjoy your company when you have fallen so far behind in your music and can't appreciate a good book?"

They had reached her home, and parted with a simple good-night. There seemed mysterious music in the dull thud of the gate as it slammed. Sorrow began to gain the mastery over his vindictive conduct, but he resolved to forget.

Three years passed, and Harry had since been graduated from the medical school, and was practising his profession in his native city. He rose rapidly. He was fond of music, and attended the recitals and concerts regularly. One evening, in the spring of the year, while attending a recital he heard a pianist playing with wonderful touch and feeling. It brought back to him that sadness which he felt on that day when he was snubbed by Mary. He was charmed; he sat motionless till the music stopped. Then he looked at his program to see what that was. It was the third number. It read, "'Rejected by her Idol,' executed by the author, Miss Mary Hawkins." This said as much as a book for him. She had played her rejection by him, and he thought of his rejection by her. He waited to see her; the time he waited was the most painful suspense. He feared she might refuse. But no,—a moment later she appeared brighter and more beautiful than ever. His carriage soon rolled up to the curb, and they went to the *café*. They believed that two negatives make a positive in more ways than one, and the merry wedding bells rang out gleefully a few weeks later.



Varsity Verse.

WHEN LOVE IS DEAD.

WHEN love is dead, what guides the will?  
Youth cares not then to live until  
Love is regained and takes command  
Of his poor will. Its steady hand  
Directs his course for good or ill.

Ah! then a peak is but a hill:  
Love reigns, and youth would slay and kill.  
But no slight ill can youth withstand  
When love is dead.

When look of love no more doth thrill;  
The heart for evermore is still,  
Man wanders forth from land to land,  
And seeks in vain on every strand  
His heart with other joys to fill,  
When love is dead.

J. P. S.

HER GREAT BLUE EYES.

She has a mystic gleaming in her eyes  
Like Northern lights quick darting through the  
skies

In summer time.

And never can I praise in verses clever  
Those eyes of blue; they'll follow me forever  
Until I die;

Nor tell to you in my poor halting measure  
The quaint conceits of her mind's hidden treasure  
In fitting rime.

Now, if in anger they would flash at me,  
Like a skiff on the waves of a stormy sea,  
I'd be engulfed:

But like a spring bloom they are bright and gay,  
And chase the shadows on my heart away  
Like rays of sunshine.

Alas! they gleameth not on me it seems,  
For quite impartially dart those potent beams  
From her blue eyes.

M. J. McC.

THREE FOUNTAINS.

The dreams of men are their desires;  
Each human heart possesses fires  
Of poetry;  
A Shelley sings,  
And from his lyric heart he brings  
Sweet melody.

Full rich and grand and more supreme  
Than when the organ's passions seem  
A heavenly vision;  
A Milton plays,  
And God and man and heaven's lays  
Are blent in unison.

Fire and force and dash and wit,  
The genius of the infinite,  
Are seen  
When Shakespere dreams;  
His thoughts are life, his grandeur beams  
Supreme.

J. J. S.

Away from the Noises.

EUGENE A. DELANEY.

I do not care for crowded streets with all  
their gayety and squalor. The sight of strug-  
gling crowds of people tires me, makes me sad.  
There seems to be gross insincerity, a selfish  
spirit of disregard among the passing throng.  
The hum and rattle of heavily loaded wagons  
passing over the hard pavements grate upon my  
nerves. I would rather hear a severe reprimand  
than listen to such sounds. But I love  
the open country, with its fields and brooks, its  
wooded hills and its glens. Often have I stood  
in the early morning and felt merry to hear  
the cocks call their watch along the valley.  
The master of the yard behind the house  
would send forth his most stately crow; then  
his call would be taken up and sent far down  
the road. With this barn-yard music go my  
thoughts; but long after the chant of the  
cocks has ceased to impress me, my thoughts  
keep flight and go on and on.

But my greatest pleasure is found in a  
ramble to a quiet glen where I may sit with  
my book. The path thither is bad, and the  
old tortuous road worse; but surely no good  
road would be in a fitting place here among  
the mountains. If I take my way soon after  
the sun is up, I hear the music of the birds—a  
confusion of music. The pewee sends his clear,  
sharp notes from a hidden place among low  
branches; a flock of cedar waxwings are more  
industrious in their search for berries, and  
close upon these come the robins, eager for  
a contest in the treetop. In the low bushes,  
there is a long-drawn, plaintive call, not loud  
nor strong, but weak and yet a little piercing.  
The shy catbird is there. He gives his own  
note in this call, but he can do better with an  
effort. The catbird is a bit of an imitator.  
Concealed there among the leaves he can give  
out a song which causes one to pause and  
listen. The song was stolen, to be sure, but we  
forgive the theft, for we too share the bird's  
crime of imitation. If the catbird would but  
come out into the sunshine, even though his  
song be not his own, we should admire him the  
more. Who knows, the bird may be ashamed  
of his dull black coat. The whine of the cat-  
bird is subdued by the clatter of a flock of  
jays which make bedlam for a moment. Jays  
are wild, handsome, thieving creatures. A  
little horde of these blue-coated villains come

ruthlessly down upon the eggs and the nestlings of other birds. Their havoc quickly done, they are off to other parts; but there is woe behind them.

Perhaps there is a low sweet note that comes from the underbrush. This is a song that holds me, the song of the thrush, a brown thrasher. Steal along carefully and peep through the bushes. Here is a narrow, silvery thread of water, which flows quietly from a little spring among the dark rocks. On a low, overhanging bough sits the songster. He is unconscious of the things about him. His bird soul is filled to overflowing with the joys of his hermit life. See the quiver of the mottled throat, as it rises and falls; hear the burst of song that can live nowhere but in such a place. Maybe you like the voice better when you do not see the bird. Stand by the side of the brook, and look along the winding course of the restless waters—yes, now the song seems sweeter.

But you like the cheering note of the woodland best when you pause before turning the leaf of your book to look into the quiet waters that stand among the rocks. Here, aside from the current of the stream, you see a face and even a thought that has changed much since a time long ago—a time when the thrush's song was even sweeter than it is now.

The birds soon seek shelter from the heat of day and leave me with my book. The water, though, keeps company with me. Without the sound of running water, the glen would be lonely; for there is no noise now but that of the stream, and perhaps a gentle rustle among the leaves. In such a place, one does not read all from a book. The trees and the rocks give forth their chapters which are more interesting than printed pages. A bee weighing down a slender flower, or a squirrel slaying the occupant of a soft nest overhead is tragedy enough for such a place. Sometimes one is drawn from his book by the noisy cry of a kingfisher as the bird dashes up the stream, a few feet above the water. The kingfisher is a wild, rude, noisy bird. He does not often catch a trout; but when he does capture one, he gulps it,—greedy vandal!

The splendor of the morning is soon subdued by the quiet of noon, and noon wanes before the softness of the coming twilight. One should not read now. The birds are at their song again. One by one they cease until the new note of the whippoorwill comes insistent and alone on the quiet air. How often have I stood in the settling gloom, when

the twilight was about to be lost in the night, and waited for the whippoorwill! The surrounding hills, dark and silent, seem to frown and draw nearer to the narrow road. The sound of the ever-restless waters comes louder and louder, borne upon the night winds. A shadow flits among the trees and settles to rest upon a rock by the side of the road. Now, in the surrounding peace, comes a cry that almost startles one. But there is a charm in the whippoorwill's note. Its mournful trill is sweet. The day-time song of a bird may be forgotten. Such songs are many; but the lonely note of the whippoorwill lingers for years in the memory. Perhaps it is only long afterward, when we too are alone like the bird of night, that we fully feel the hidden charm of the whippoorwill's song.

In the thicket the katydids and the crickets struggle with their persistent calls. In the sky the stars come to twinkle in unison with the insects' music. The Dipper and the Northern Cross have come to their places. Soon myriads of lights appear until the full outline of the Milky Way shows its broad band of misty white, its ancient, massive suns that are no more to us than the feeble glare of the fireflies among the laurels. A quick turn of the road brings into view the scattered lights of the town, for night has come.

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#### Popular Music.

LOUIS C. M. REED, 1900.

What an enormous amount of actual trash is published these days under the name of "Popular Music!" The title, which, of course, is indicative of the popular fancy in music, has unfortunately become the shelter of the most worthless, imperfect offspring in musical creation, thus making us the uneducated patrons of an inferior class of music and rendering us incapable, apparently, of judging between good and bad.

The country is at present overrun with this worthless composition. It has almost vitiated our taste for what is higher and nobler in music. Under its influence our senses, manifestly, have become reconciled to its inharmony, and we prolong its existence by our approval of it.

Strictly speaking, we Americans are not educated musically, and while man by the gift of God naturally strives for his betterment,



his progress may be slow on account of the crudity of his surroundings. Unfortunately, our advancement in music, although it has been but gradual, has now been retarded—let us hope only temporarily—by the invasion of popular music. It is given expression on every hand. The young and the old, the educated and the uneducated receive it with equal favor. The display windows of our music houses are filled with what is inelegantly called “latest hits,” and the music rack at home creaks under the weight of a worthless collection of discordant airs. The inspired creations of the old masters, that required the highest talent and technical proficiency for their production, lie untouched at the bottom of the music pile, or are left to crumble in some unfrequented corner. When the old father asks his daughter to play for the entertainment of his guests, she rattles off a “two-step,” or perhaps sings for them the latest “coon-song,” an undefined species of latter-day musical creation. The bands and orchestras melt a quantity of this inharmonious composition into medleys, and reproduce them to the gratification of their audiences. I know a leader of a band that was ordered to play “popular music solely” if he wished to retain his band at the fashionable resort where he was engaged.

As a result of the popular approval of this class of music, a still lower form of composition has lately made its ungraceful bow. It is technically called the “coon-song.” I ask pardon for introducing the ungainly term into this paper; but were I to attempt to conform strictly to the requirements of “literary distinction,” I fear it would be difficult to convey my exact meaning. The “coon-song,” for better or worse, has supplanted the sickly, sentimental ballad that lasted until Mr. Harris’ fruitful machine gave out and other authors had written all they could think about “Mother.” It is a reverse of the sentimental song in one respect, although its mission is equally worthless. It is a lively song; but unfortunately it is favored by “society” in about the same degree as was the sentimental song by the patrons of the theatre gallery. Men that would not hesitate to relieve a poor beggar-woman of her pocketbook would shed great tears when a strained, emotional voice would tell them about old mother’s silken locks, or pathetically render a new version of “Father, Come Home Tonight.” And when one sentimental song met with popular favor, every man and woman that had ever felt even the feeblest

inspiration to write a piece of music, immediately took up a pen, and with unblushing pride brought forth a lot of rudely forced rimes to the familiar sentimental song air, concluding, of course, with a touching chorus in waltz time.

One reason for the widespread favor of the “coon-song,” and which shows the unexalted standard of popular taste, is the “rag-time,” as it is commonly known—a form of syncopation in which the accompaniment gambols. A good pianist is not infrequently judged by the proficiency of his “rag-time.” Any words at all, whether they be found between the covers of a dictionary or not, are allowable in a “coon-song.” It is not even necessary to rime them, as “My coal black lady, she is my baby,” etc., and to put any meaning in the words would, from all appearances, be an offense against the requirements of popular coon-song composition, and the product of an author at all scrupulous in this regard, might be pitilessly rejected after a short, unsuccessful life.

In a recently published “coon-song” appear, among other equally delicate and edifying lines, the words, “Go broke she’s a sweet potater; she’s a red-hot radiator; she’s the warmest baby in the bunch.” What has woman, regardless of her complexion, ever done to merit comparison to a sweet potater (whatever species of the vegetable kingdom that may be) or a radiator,—a red-hot radiator at that? Wonderful, indeed, must be the imagination that can summon these glorious similes! And this is one among hundreds of like songs that we hear on every hand. Yet the people buy them, and sing them, and seek for more. The publisher is kept busy making money, and the author overworks his poor, insufficient brain in supplying the demand. Thus it goes, while the true genius, who works in accordance with the highest ideals of the art, who strives to bring forth the value of music as an educational factor, in poverty lingers awhile, and then dies.

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PARENTS.

Twin beacon lights that linger by the deep  
To show me, untried seaman, the course to keep.  
E. A. D.

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## NATURE.

All nature is an open book,  
The hills’ green sides its pages;  
The blooming flowers in every nook,  
Its magic thoughts through ages. J. J. S.

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Notre Dame, October 15, 1898.

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

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

Terms, \$1.50 per Annum. Postpaid.

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

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} Reporters.

—Under direction of Prof. Preston, Messrs. Kegler and Steiner are rapidly bringing the band up to its old-time standing. We are glad to notice this improvement among our musicians, for the band is one of our most popular organizations.

—The members of the Varsity and likewise of the Notre Dame Athletic Association wish to express their thanks to the football team and the students of Illinois University for the courteous and gentlemanly treatment accorded our players. In all our games with Illinois, many of which were exceedingly close, we have found them true sportsmen. We hope that our first meeting on the gridiron will result in close relations between the two institutions and that our teams may often be matched against each other.

—Our heartiest congratulations to you, gentlemen of the Varsity! It was a glorious start that you made last Saturday. The old SCHOLASTIC had predicted that you would do well; we were fully satisfied that the Gold and Blue was pinned on the right men. Now that our prediction is verified, that you have encountered

a formidable enemy and come back with colors flying, we wish to compliment you on your victory. In that hour of triumph many a bump received in practice and many a headache must have been forgotten. Certainly, fellows, there was just cause for rejoicing. A victory over Illinois is no trifle; for that institution has long been noted for her athletic teams, and the ability of Coach Huff to develop good football players is undisputed. You had tried and trained foemen against you; you proved equal and superior to their skill and prowess. You have the right stuff in you; keep on with your work, and when you return from Ann Arbor let us record another brilliant victory. You can win it, fellows; we'll stand by you for that.

—Noble Father Sorin! Another St. Edward's Day has been added to the records of the past, and Notre Dame has again paused for a while to recount her memoirs of thee. Last Thursday dawned dark and gloomy; perhaps among the elder members of the Community, recollections of by-gone times may have brought some sorrow for the friends that are no more. For us not so; the students of Notre Dame look upon thy festival day as one of rejoicing. True, you are not here to gladden us with your presence and cheer us on as in other years; but the same spirit still prevails on Founder's day that characterized it when many of our present alumni, in Prince's uniform, stepped out to read a verse to our Father Founder.

The Solemn High Mass in our college church, the music of the band and the field-day events all speak eloquently of thee and of the beginning of our college home. Fifty-six years ago, St. Edward's Day found Notre Dame in her inception; it found you starting on a God-given work that was to go on and on long after your hands had put their last touches to it; long after your voice, that once directed it, was hushed forever. What hopes had you at that time, or what encouragement? Let us answer this in our own words. It was the hope of a brave man; the encouragement that God will reward those that labor for Him. Thus you started here more than half a century ago. As the years passed by and your work multiplied, Notre Dame had set aside a day to honor her founder. Thus St. Edward's Day became an annual holiday in our curriculum. May the students of Notre Dame always respect it; and may her sons follow after the noble example of her founder!

Our Victory at Champaign.



CAPTAIN MULLEN.

"Now, fellows, remember the boys at home," said Captain Mullen, as he led his team out on the Illinois gridiron last Saturday; and we are going to tell how every man of them followed his advice. We are going to tell about a game that was "real game" on both sides; how our Varsity, three times pushed within seven yards of their goal during the last eight minutes, braced against the fast rushes of their opponents, and three times in this dangerous territory secured the ball on downs. A few episodes may be attached to our legend to tell of Fleming's punting, of the winning place kick, of Mullen's good management, of Eggeman's hard work and of how Monahan bucked the line. All in all, the story of last Saturday's victory is a glorious one for Notre Dame.

It was our first game this year; and if we can rely on the truthfulness of the old adage that a good beginning insures a successful ending, we may look for some brilliant victories in the near future. We may expect our team to find a place among the leaders of the West. Illinois has long been ranked as a first class team, and justly so.

Among our supporters there were those that questioned the advisability of playing the first game against so good a team; a few others, unable to estimate the playing abilities of our men, had spread vague rumors of a large score in favor of Illinois. We are glad to inform our readers that these gentlemen, seeing the folly of their ways, have turned over a new leaf. The Varsity proved itself worthy of our confidence, and showed its ability to cope with the best teams in the West. Before last Saturday, newspapers, football critics and Western colleges had conceded Illinois an easy victory. The result of the contest proved to be a surprise to all except our men, who went there determined to win and to show the football world that its opinion of Notre Dame players was not what it should be.

Perhaps the best account of the game may be summed up thus: It was a hard-fought, even, fair, clean and gentlemanly contest—anybody's game to the last minute; no kicking, no roughness, and no unfair play; a sportsman-like game that called for the best and hardest efforts of every player, and one that delighted and excited the spectators by its closeness.

Of the Illinois men, Johnson did good work, while in the game. Wilmarth, Brundage and Cook behind the line, McLane, centre, and Francis at left tackle, put up the fast ball that made our men fight every inch of the ground.

For Notre Dame, team work won; every man played well, and it would be hard to pick out any one player and say that he did better than the others. Fleming's work was all that could be desired. He never made a fumble during the whole game, and his punting won many yards for the Gold and Blue. It was his left foot that sent the ball over the goal posts for our five points that won the game. Monahan at full-back went crashing and plunging through the line in a manner that made the spectators hold their breath. He had pluck enough for ten men. Kuppler and Lins never forgot what they were in the game for, and worked like



INSTRUCTOR HERING.

fiends from start to finish. Frequently when the ball was apparently down, Lins would come ploughing through the crowd, dragging Monahan ahead for another two or three yards. Captain Mullen at end set a pace that could not be eclipsed. He and Farley were down the field after the ball was punted and dropped the runners before they could regain a yard. Their good work was frequently applauded by the crowd.

John Eggeman was a whole game in himself. When we had the ball, he made way for our backs to crawl ahead a few yards; when Illinois had the ball they could rush it until they struck him, and then their gain stopped. Coach Smith calls him the greatest centre rush he ever saw. McNulty spent the time very pleasantly in downing runners when they came his way and in bothering his opponent when he had nothing else to amuse him. Fortin is a good man; he, Murray and Bennet were in the game from first to last. It was Bennet's first game; he has the right stuff for a football player, and if he keeps on improving will cause some trouble to the Ann Arbor men when he gets there.

There is no fault to be found whatever. Coaches Hering and McDonald have given us a team that have shown their ability to play good, gentlemanly football. The Illinois men gave us a clean game and fair treatment all through. It was a close race where we finished with a small but glorious lead. The following is a detailed

#### STORY OF OUR VICTORY.

Captain Johnson won the toss, and scattered his men in the east end of the field, leaving the kick-off to Notre Dame. Fleming sent the ball forty-five yards to Wilmarth, who returned it fifteen before he was downed. Cook tried Mullen's end without any gain. Hall made four yards around left end before Farley got him. Cook could only make a half yard, so the ball went over. On Notre Dame's first down the ball was fumbled and Elkas dropped on it. After Cook had gained two yards through the line Wilmarth punted for twenty. Fleming returned four yards. Monahan hit left tackle for three yards, centre for one and a half, and the tackle for three more. Mullen gained two and a half on the Princeton tandem, and Lins went four through the line. Farley dodged left end for three and Lins as many more through the line. Ball went over for off-side play. Mullen upset Brundage three yards behind the line, but Cook made it good in the

next play. Brundage pushed Murray back for two, and then Cook dodged between Fortin and Kuppler for twelve. Brundage added four more, Cook two, Hall three, Brundage and Cook each another two. Hall got four, then the ball was fumbled, but McCormick got it, and had made a yard to his credit before he collided with Fortin. Cook went for McNulty, but couldn't budge him. Brundage made two; a double pass gave seven more; Martin added three and a half, and the ball went to Notre Dame for offside play. It was nine yards from our goal, but on the first down Fleming sent it thirty-eight yards farther away. Cook brought it back three before Mullen stopped him, and then our men held them for four downs. Lins took seven yards between guard and tackle. Monahan called for two at centre, and Mullen one and a half around Martin. Lins and Farley together argued for six more. McLane held firm and Monahan couldn't gain. Fleming punted thirty-three yards. Mullen dropped Cook as soon as he had caught the ball. Cook returned the ball twenty-eight yards to Monahan, but it was given back to Illinois for offside work. The ball was again punted for thirty yards, and Monahan had started back ten when Adsit caught him. Lins advanced four and Monahan two. In the next play Monahan got through Elkas, but was called back and ball given to Johnson's men for holding. Mullen grabbed Hall for three yards' loss, and then the ball was punted thirty yards to Fleming. Fleming returned the punt with four extra yards. Wilmarth kicked for twenty-eight yards, and Fleming again sent it back for thirty-four. The half ended with the ball in the centre of the field. Score 0-0.

Johnson went in at half-back in the second half. Farley took seventeen yards off Wilmarth's kick-off. Then Monahan began a series of plays that surprised the Illinois men. He dashed through the line first for five, then four, twenty-five next, then nothing, then four, one and a half, twelve and one. Then Lins took the ball four and a half, and it went over for off-side. Monahan heeled Wilmarth's punt of thirty yards, and Notre Dame got a fair kick. Fleming sent the ball thirty yards, and Wilmarth was tearing down the field with it when Fortin met him open armed, and he stopped with fourteen yards. Illinois tried a kick, but Eggeman made the play that won the game by blocking the ball, and Farley dropped on it. Mullen got three; Monahan eighteen in two plays and Mullen ten more. Lins left the ball

on the ten-yard line, and when there was no gain on the next down, signals for a place kick were given. Fleming dropped back about eight yards; Mullen was on his knees in front of him, and Eggeman snapped the ball. A moment later it was flying fair and square between the goal posts. Score, Notre Dame, 5; Illinois, 0.

There were six minutes of play left. Wilmarth kicked forty-five yards and Monahan came back fourteen. The ball was carried ten yards, then Illinois blocked a kick and secured the pigskin. Johnson, Hall and Brundage brought the ball to our seven-yard line and lost on downs. Fleming punted thirty yards, but in another minute the ball was back to our five-yard line, where our men again held for downs. With a minute and twenty seconds to play, Fleming punted again for thirty-five yards. In four plays, Illinois brought it back twenty-seven, and there were still forty seconds play. Three times the Illinois men rushed for the coveted touchdown, but Hayes, Kuppler, McNulty and Eggeman headed them off. Time was called with the ball six yards from our line, and Eggeman in between them.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		ILLINOIS
Mullen (Capt.)	Right End	Adsit
Fortin	Right Tackle	McCormick
Murray	Right Guard	King
Eggeman,	Centre	McLane
Bennet	Left Guard	Elkas
McNulty	Left Tackle	Francis
Farley	Left End	Martin
Fleming	Quarter Back	Wilmarth
Kuppler	Left Half-Back	Hall
Lins	Right Half-Back	Johnson (Capt)
Monahan }	Full Back	Brundage
Hayes }		Cook

Umpire, Brown; Referee, Flint; Linesmen, McDonald and Hadsall. 25 minute halves

Exchanges.

From far-away India, from Mangalore College, South Canara, comes one of the best exchanges on our table. We extend to it a hearty welcome, not only because it comes so far to see us, but because it gives us in such good verse and prose the thoughts of another and far-distant world.

\* \*

The *Northwestern*, *Oberlin Review*, *Purdue Exponent* and the *University of Chicago Weekly* have been received. They are well edited, and combine some literary matter with their news

items. The *Exponent*, especially, makes an effort to be more than a mere journal of news. The *Northwestern* contains an able plea for the establishment of military and naval training at Northwestern University, in order that the men in case of war may know how to fight for their country.

\* \* \*

The St. Mary's *Chimes* are made of good metal and their harmonies grow the sweeter with age. This observation, or others like it, has doubtless been made before, as ex-men all over the land lift their hats, make their best bows and search for choicest compliments when the *Chimes* favors them with a call. We are a little new at the business, but our admiration for the *Chimes* is none the less genuine because expressed crudely and without grace. The October number is now before us, and is filled with delightful verse and prose. The editorial item, "History Repeats Itself," which tells of the Sisters from the Convent going to nurse the sick soldiers, is written with a delicacy of feeling and grace of touch that is beautiful. The "World around Us" contains apt comments upon the day's doings, and all the departments are complete.

\* \* \*

The Beloit *Round Table*, in commenting upon the advisability of accepting a challenge to a debate sent Beloit from Notre Dame, remarks that "Notre Dame is not very popular at Beloit owing to the treatment the football team received there the year before last." The treatment in question was really nothing more than a hotly contested game and a bad defeat. If Beloit considers that ill-treatment, probably the debate had better not be arranged, for our local Websters openly avow that whatever debate they go into they intend to make an earnest effort to win. Should the proposed debate be arranged, an interesting question for discussion might be as to whether or not it is lady-like to defeat a visiting team on one's own grounds.

But seriously, the gentlemen that do the debating for Beloit should not let a disputed football game of two years ago enter into consideration when they come to pass upon this challenge. Whatever may be the feeling at Beloit toward Notre Dame there is no ill-feeling existing here; and should a debate ever be arranged, the gentlemen from Wisconsin may be assured that Notre Dame's treatment of them will be most courteous.



## Local Items.

—The Carroll Specials defeated McDoodle's eleven on Oct. 9, the score being 17 to 0.

—Van Hee "speaks a various language every night in the dormitory. Featherston says it is 1st French.

—"Lost, strayed or stolen," a few dark complexioned sprouts. The property, or appendage of C. M. Louis.

—Harry Foster, who was called to serve in the Ill. Infantry is with us again. Harry looks none the worse from the hardships of the campaign.

—"I told you we would win the Ill. game," said brother Solomon. "I knew it by the flight of the dove that came in the dormitory last Friday morning.

—Mahoney and Barry will run a race next Thursday. Mahoney will ride a high-g geared wheel. This will enable Barry to get the start on him. The betting is in favor of the wheel.

—Dr. Berteling, who accompanied the Varsity Eleven on its recent trip to Illinois, says that the coach at Champaign spoke of the game as being one of the cleanest he ever witnessed.

—Francis St. Clair of the Chicago athletics in speaking to a South Bend *Tribune* reporter of the game between his team and the South Bend Commercial, says: "As to Hering, his equal is not upon the gridiron."

—"Jamie" is in the Band this year. After his complete study of music under the foreign leaders, his influence should be mighty. The University musical circles may feel proud of this exceptionally skilled musician.

—You have heard of how Varsity overthrew the Invincibles. Well the "Never-sweats" will so completely annihilate the "S—M—s" that "for years and years there'll be fond hearts watching,—for the scalp that never returned."

—Stitch distinguished himself in a game of football on Carroll campus last Thursday by catching a ball which was kicked by the full-back on his own side, before any of the players of the other side touched it. This play was applauded by the spectators.

—A cold, drizzling rain prevented the Minims from having their annual sports on Founder's Day. All of the contests were postponed except a football game. This took place on the "Varsity" grounds between the Minims and the ex-Minims, the former winning by a score of 5 to 0.

—Cold nights are raising havoc in the park. Flowers are beginning to grow gloomy, and the trees will soon lay aside their summer garments to put on the dark robes of winter. It will not be long before the gardeners with their spades, will be around to take up the

century plants and lay them in the green-house.

—Hartung, Yockey and nine other fellows, all dressed in football paraphernalia went out the other day to bring back the honor of Sorin Hall. They got as far as the Carroll campus when they found a little obstacle in their way. This kept growing and bothering them until they forgot what they went after and so came back without it.

—PERSONAL.—If the person who was observed stalking off with two volumes of "The Lives of the Deceased Bishops" under his arm, will quietly return the same, all will be forgiven and no questions asked. If he still insists on retaining them, will he please call on Rev. Father L'Etourneau and secure the third volume so that the act may be complete?

—A very exciting game between a Sorin Hall eleven and the Carroll Specials took place on Carroll Campus last Thursday afternoon, October 13. Notwithstanding the fact that Sorin Hall had three reserve men, and also out-classed the Carrolls in weight and strength, they could not score against their young opponents. The score was 0 to 0 when the game was called.

—If you want to get a good lively two-step—one that has a movement and swing, that will set your feet sliding around the floor, one easy and simple to play and one that would be a nice present for some of your lady friend piano players—call on Mr. Edward Gilbert of Sorin Hall and get a copy of his "Rough Rider's Two-step." It is the latest out and is dedicated to Col. Theo. Roosevelt.

—The Philopatrians held their 4th regular meeting last Wednesday evening, October 12. The program was very well carried out. Messrs. Lockwood and Rush entertained the Society with choice readings. Mr. Higgins gave a fine description of the bicycle ride to Niles, in which Mr. Groogan was the hero. Mr. Stewart was admitted as member. The program appointed for next meeting is: Messrs. Putnam, recitation; McAdams, declamation; Mahoney, song; Britt, recitation; Kasper, reading, and Newman, recitation.

—The "lounging" or smoking-room in Sorin Hall is gradually being transformed into a vaudeville music hall. After the vesper meal, when the students are weary from their day's labor, many scenes of mirth are enacted to the delight and deep appreciation of all. When this spirit of gaiety is manifested so early in the year, it means that when the long cold nights drive us to our limited confines, fun will be at par, and the rollicking laugh, together with the facetious joke, will stimulate everybody to "get into the game." Collegiate secret societies are inconsistent with our principles; but be it at Yale or Harvard, Princeton or Cornell, there are no more jolly times and no more jolly fellows than there are at Notre Dame.



—Now that our new Gym is nearing completion every student of Notre Dame ought to feel that he has an individual duty to perform, which consists in exercising his power to uphold and strengthen our athletics. The erection of this grand new edifice, dedicated to our athletics is a fitting reward for the progress and labors of the past. While many of those whose indomitable courage has lifted Notre Dame to her present athletic standing will never enjoy the many facilities and inducements offered now, let us hope that they will never see the precedents they have established degraded, but rather let them exult in beholding Notre Dame "First in sports, first in studies and first in the hearts of her children."

—The following is the program for the Lafayette Memorial Day Exercises to be held on Wednesday, Oct. 19, 3.30 p. m.

Gems of Fostes.....*Tobani*

University Orchestra.

Latin Poem.....Mr. Francis X. McCollum

Declamation.....Mr. James H. McGinnis

English Poem.....Mr. St. John O'Sullivan

Violin solo—Faust.....*D. Aland*

Mr. Michael J. McCormack,—accompanied by

Mr. Francis F. Dukette.

#### ORATIONS.

Lafayette—The Man.....Mr. Eugene Delaney

Lafayette—The Statesman..Mr. Louis T. Weadock

Lafayette—The Soldier.....Mr. John F. Fennessey

(At the close of the exercises the audience will rise and sing "Columbia, Gem of the Ocean.")

—An excited spectator at the Irish Dutch football game the other day, fell into a spasm. He was carried to the Infirmary where an operation on his liver relieved him of the following lines:

#### THE GAME.

While the news of one great contest,  
Was still ringing in our ears,  
And the Brownson Campus echoed  
With a hundred thousand cheers,  
Came the tidings of disaster,  
From the gridiron, trod so much,  
That the stalwart sons of Erin,  
Had been walloped by the Dutch.

Then our old friend, J. O'Reilly,  
Stout old Irish lad is he,  
As the famous pigs of Dublin,  
Ever were or cared to be,  
With his little faded shamrock,  
Stepped into the awful fray,  
Breathed a prayer to good St. Patrick,  
And his funeral is today.

And another, F. C. Bouza,  
Player, he of great repute,  
In all kinds of sports and pastimes,  
Eating sausage, he's a beaut,  
With his cry of "Kill the Irish,  
Give Matt Donahue a crutch,"  
But the echo from O'Reilly,  
Answered sweetly—"Kill the Dutch."

Now this fierce and bloody battle,  
Sharp at five p. m. did close,  
So that Dr. B. could straighten,

L. Fitzwilliams' twisted nose,  
And this game in history's pages,  
You can read, both day and night,  
How those fierce, blood-thirsty Dutchmen  
Won that hard, unequal fight.

—Mr. J. C. Locke, of the Rhetoric class, compliments the Varsity on their game at Champaign by giving us this

#### SONG OF VICTORY.

Flaunt to the breeze the Gold and Blue,  
And give the old-time yell!  
Proclaim in shouts of jubilee  
How hard old Champaign fell!  
They boasted loud and long about  
The way they'd use our boys,  
But they couldn't vanquish Notre Dame,  
Those fellows of Illinois.

For they'd punt, kick, cackle,  
And they'd fumble, tumble, tackle,  
They'd rush and strike, and put up fight, so as  
not the day to rue.  
And they'd jostle and they'd tussle,  
And they'd waste a lot of muscle,  
But they couldn't down the stalwart men that  
wore the Gold and Blue.

Flaunt to the breeze the Gold and Blue,  
And give the old-time yell,  
To let each boasting foeman know  
He'll fall as Champaign fell.  
There's many a foe to conquer yet;  
There's many a brain to cram,  
With the plain and simple knowledge  
That they can't whip Notre Dame.

They may punch, kick, cackle,  
They may fumble, tumble, tackle;  
They may slug and strike and scratch and fight,  
so as not the day to rue.  
They may jostle, they may tussle,  
They may waste a lot of muscle,  
But they must reckon with the men that wear the  
Gold and Blue.

—The following books have been lately added to the library:—Mathematics: Design and Construction of Masonry; Dams, Wegmann; Stresses in Framed Structures, Du Bois; Chimneys for Furnaces and Steam Boilers, Armstrong; Government Surveying, Clevenger; Elementary and Higher Trigonometry, Lock; Mechanics for Beginners, Plane Trigonometry, Spherical Trigonometry, Plane Co-ordinate Trigonometry, Analytical Statics, Todhunter; Solid Geometry, Aldis; Solid Geometry, Smith; Theories of Equations, Chapman; Integral Calculus, Differential Calculus, Williamson; Theory of Determinants, Weld; Theory of Equations, Todhunter; Elliptical Functions, Baker; Treatise on Arches, Howe; Treatise on Ordinary and Partial Differential Equations, Johnson; Elementary Rigid Dynamics, Analysis of Statics, Analytical Statics, Routh; Highway Construction, Byrne; Practical Treatises on Foundations, Patton; Studies of Childhood, Sully; Mental Development, Baldwin; Principles of Psychology, Vol. I. and II., James; Elements of Psychological Psychology, Ladd; Psychology Descriptive and Explanatory, Ladd; Pain, Pleasure and Aesthetics, Marshall; Functions of the Brain, Ferrier; Outlines of

Psychology, Hoffding; Mesmerism, Spiritualism, etc., Carpenter; Animal Magnetism, Féré; Psychology of Mind, Maudsley; Pathology of Mind, Maudsley; Senses and Intellect, Bain; Handbook of Psychology, Baldwin; Human Intellect, Porter; Lectures on Human and Animal Psychology, Wundt; Outlines of Psychology, Fitchner; Cognitive Powers, McCosh; Psychology, Maher; Cock Lane and Common-Sense, Lang; Chemistry of the Sun, Lockyer; Story of the Chemical Elements, Pattison; Hempel's Gas Analysis, Dennis; Story of the Heavens, Stawell; Gravitation, Airy; Sanitary Work, Weales; L. Figuier Les Nouveaux Conquêtes de la Science, Vols. I. and II., Ferat, Gilbert, Broux.

Students Registered at the University,  
Fall Term, 1898.

SORIN HALL.

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