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## In Memoriam.\*

### *A Reverie.*

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

**S**PED with the spirit of the night,  
Borne on the music of the coming day.  
As the bleak November day crept on  
The maples whispered, "He is gone";  
And the reed-grass hangs low i'the lake  
To bid the turquoise waves awake  
And roll,—and roll their plastic might—  
Unceasingly upon the shore,  
And whisper, "never, nevermore."

Music is the breath of God;  
The dawn-sky hears the vibrant notes  
And flushes deep with joy; the fluted throats  
Of larks swell with its might;  
The scarlet sumach gladdens on the sight  
And tints the yellow on the golden rod.

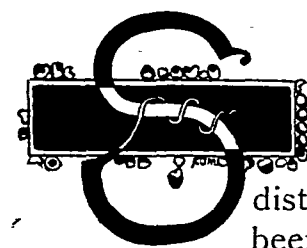
There is a sadness creeping through the soul  
That feels the breath of God, and can not tell  
Its joy; 'tis like a bell  
That promises sweet sounds and hides within its  
throat  
A flaw that jangles every note.

He felt, and he could tell;  
And on us yet there is the rhythm's spell  
Of what he saw; he heard the music of the  
golden-rod,  
And played the cadence in a fitting key;  
He touched the cloud-flush in a reverie,  
And knew that music is the breath of God.

\* Prof. N. A. Preston, died Nov. 9, 1898.

## The Catholic Element in Public Life.\*

FRANCIS X. MCCOLLUM.



**S**INCE the days of the Reformation society has been constantly separating along two principal lines. Two distinct warring elements have been observed in the social world which have actuated and shaped the progress of the universe; the one Catholic, the other Protestant. For nearly four centuries these divisions of the civilized world have been striving for the mastery. Bitter enmity and prolonged strife between them are manifest on nearly every page of history. But today the bright sun of peace and unison is high on its triumphant march, the weary enemies lay aside their aged weapons and proceed hand in hand to victory.

In view of this fact, why is it that the Catholic element in public life is still so weak. It can not be that there is difference of ability; for it is a matter of common knowledge that there is no distinguishable difference between the intelligence of the Protestant and the Catholic. Men of profound knowledge, great statesmen, brilliant orators, famous writers have been known and honored in both these creeds, and to testify to this they have left their imperishable monuments as an undeniable proof.

But while there are, and have been, Catholic men in every position in life, while these men have distinguished themselves in all the refined professions; while their influence has been the most inspiring and elevating that wish could claim, yet it is a lamentable, regretful truth that they are not occupying

\* Oration delivered at the annual Oratorical Contest, June 1, 1898.

the position of dignity which their intelligence demands.

No one will say that we are justly represented in public life. All the positions which demand honor and respect, all the cultured professions, all the elevated occupations in the land show a deplorable deficiency of Catholics. Can this direful condition be accounted for in any satisfactory manner? A few reasons may be advanced; but, Catholics, we are to blame for this deficiency, upon our shoulders rests this egregious fault, and we must answer for it. The ban of social ostracism is no longer a barrier to the Catholic. The old sores existing between Protestantism and Catholicism are fast healing, and we are invited, we are begged, by the voices of the dissatisfied multitude to come to the front. We have a field of labor spreading out before us which borders only on infinity, a deed of charity to perform which will live in history until the consummation of time. And shall we yet be dormant? Ought we not awake to a high sense of our duty? Should we not discard the false mantle that has been shrouding us and appear before the world in our proper position? Our conscience demands it, and our God sanctions it.

Not only have you this opportunity to enter public life, not only have you this right, but you are needed there, for the glorious preservation of the flower of nations. Society today is disunited, the distant rumblings of rebellion are already audible on the breeze, and our Waterloo is not a century distant unless the tide of affairs is somewhat reversed. Class is arrayed against class, party against party, until the peaceful and industrious people that we were are gradually deteriorating into an aggregation of Shylocks and Catilines.

Why are Catholics the best qualified to set aright these dangerous perils? Because they are pillars of strength which can not be subverted; because they have unity and fixity for their weapons; those two principles that have characterized and conditioned the greatest system of government which the world has ever known—the Catholic Church. They have guided it through the smoke and din of conflict for nearly two thousand years to resplendent victory. And today, like a being of superhuman power, it marches onward, exploring all, understanding all, leading all captive behind its triumphant chariot of progress. Unity and fixity are to the Catholic what armor is to the knight, and, like the latter, he would carry them into the storms and battles of life well pre-

pared to subvert the greatest and fiercest difficulties. Hence we see the necessity of the Catholic element in public life.

Division is always a fore-runner of ruin and destruction; consequently, we are nearing the verge of a mighty precipice. Shall we fall into the black pit of endless night? Answer this question, young Catholic men. On you depends in a superlative degree the destiny of the United States. You are needed at the helm to set a price upon honor; you are needed there to place your virtuous power against the on-sweeping pest of corrupted morals; you are needed there, that when father Time grows weary of his work of demolition, and sits down and looks out upon the wrecks and ruins of nations and governments, he may see the great temple of American liberty looming forth more prominently than do the pyramids from the sands of the desert.

Then grasp the sword extended to you, and, with unceasing, untiring energy, drive back the enemies unconsciously pushing us to destruction. It is your duty, as Catholics, to show an absorbing interest in the affairs of state and assert your influence in such a time of impending peril. Let us don the armor of honor, and, with the Crucified as our watchword, enter the noble conflict with a firm determination to leave it with victory.

Catholics should stand second to none. Their mighty influence should be felt in every city and town and village of this great land. The United States Senate and Congress chambers should ever reverberate with the voices of Catholic statesmen. From Catholic pens literature should be honey laden with the sweets of diction, and every art should find its master in the Catholic.

Why not be a credit to Church and country? Why not leave a biography on the pages of history? You can do it. There is no impediment today that bars the Catholic any more than the Protestant. The ways to success, the paths to glory, are all open, and you have but to enter and say with a decisiveness of character, I will conquer, and you shall. The Catholic Church would have her sons ascend to the very loftiest summits. She would have them become so famous that their names might be enscrolled among the stars of heaven; all she asks and reasonably demands is that they be men; that, when a person is looked up to by his fellows, when the eyes of a nation are centred upon him, by his honesty, manliness, and integrity, he will influence from centre

to circumference the whole circle in which he moves.

Then acquire education. This is the initiating step. Education is the ornament of man; it is indeed his true prerogative, his sceptre and his crown. But remember if we embark on this course we shall need stout hearts conjoined with invincible minds. We must bid adieu to sloth, to vice, to flattery and ease, and "live laborious days." Know that we may add virtue to virtue, strength to strength, knowledge to knowledge, and yet fail and soon be lost and forgotten in that mighty and soul-testing struggle, in which few come off conquerors and win an enduring and imperishable name. Assiduous and persevering labor must correct all defects, must transform weakness to power, and make a productive, fruitful garden of that soil which is by nature encumbered with stones and thistles. All home triumph and initiatory efforts are chaff unless zealously perpetuated. That which is really great, commanding and lasting, must be acquired by stubborn energy, by patient industry, by unwearied application and by indefatigable zeal.

Let every young Catholic man aspire to become a power. Let him have an elevated ideal around which the actions of his life shall be centred. Let him labor perseveringly before the public, not for praise, not for wealth, not for distinction, but to fulfil the will of his Maker. Live to leave after you a lingering incense of virtue which, when inhaled by your followers, shall instil itself into their every vein. Live to influence character. Live to reap the reward of life. Live that it may be said of you

"His words are bonds, his oaths are oracles,  
His love sincere, his thoughts immaculate,  
His tears pure messengers sent from his heart,  
His heart as far from fraud as heaven from earth."

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### Our Chances.\*

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PAUL JEROME RAGAN.

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It is a common thing for men, especially young men, to look back a decade or two and prosaically comment on the good times gone by. One would suppose that our forefathers were born at the most fortunate æon of our world's existence. Legends are told of how common laborers rose to pre-eminence, and of how success awaited anyone, no matter in what

walk of life he started. Tradition has woven a golden veil about the lives of each generation last preceding. Demosthenes eulogized the fortunes that made heroes of the early Greeks; the Romans made demi-gods of the men that lived when Romulus settled on the Capitol hill, and Anchises was thrice more blessed than Æneas. This same spirit has crept into our own times, and today we hear talk about the good chances men had to start in life after the rebellion.

Yet, it seems to me, that this is a narrow view. It is taking away from our own age the lustre that belongs to it. We have opportunities just as good as those of any other generation. The appearance of good chances in the past is like the mirage in the desert. When we look for the real chance it is not there. No man that believes in the future will be deluded by it, but will turn to the time that lies ahead of him, and in this see the making of brilliant men. There never was such a future as we are facing, and there never were so great opportunities for good men. When I speak of men here I do not mean persons that are men in name only, but real men, men of courage, of principle and firm character, of strong brain and will-power, educated men, and men that can be leaders. The world needs rulers and legislators just as much as it ever did; but the world that is to be ruled now is not the one that Alexander conquered, nor the one that bowed before the Roman sceptre. Our legislators must be men of the finest mould, for they have a wonderful work to accomplish. Might ruled in pre-historic times, but it does not rule today.

Our late struggle with Spain should show the rising jurist unlimited possibilities. People are tired of carnage. They realize that they that take the sword perish by it, and they will hail the time, distant though it may be, when the war of blood will be a thing of the past. Let reason and intellect supplant powder and ammunition. The day must come when law and arbitration will settle international difficulties. To bring about this happy state of affairs is the work of future lawyers, future jurists and future statesmen. When it comes to preserving the peace there should be no Spain and America; no England and Russia and Germany fighting over China; no Turk trampling on Greece and Armenia. The house that is divided against itself will fall, and so will the world. If nations are divided among themselves they are like individuals. In separation there is discord and weakness; in unity

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\* Oration delivered in Washington Hall.

there is all strength and harmony. Nations can not advance unless they go up hand in hand and altogether; no quarrelling, fighting countries dragging each other down, but a solid, united world, where the tri-colors of France, the red white and black of Germany, the Stars and Stripes of America, and the ensigns of all countries float from a single standard, that shadows a peaceful and God-blessed universe.

What is needed most in social and political life is a band of conscientious leaders. The confidence of the people has been shaken in them that now pose for our representatives. So many men pretending to have the interest of the community at heart have proved false, that we are growing tired of them. Doctrines as anarchical as those of Prudhon, Rousseau and Voltaire have been preached to an unsuspecting public so long that the wiser ones are now looking for something more substantial. Our politicians must soon realize the words of Lincoln that, "You can fool all the people some of the time, you can fool some of the people all the time, but you can not fool all the people all the time." A cry for better government has gone up from the multitude, and it can not be unheeded.

Business complications have grown so intricate that the commercial world offers a serious and difficult problem. Years ago each man conducted his own little enterprise without infringing on the rights of his neighbor. Now moneyed corporations are organizing all over the world, causing a complete revolution in business and labor circles. Profits are going to the few. The rich grow richer, the poor poorer. Monopolies are trampling on the rights of individuals; trusts are clashing with the single honest shop-keeper, and the grasping capitalist pulls the last plank from the sinking laborer's hold. Who will say that there is no chance for intelligent, fair-minded men to work here? Who can look at this selfish, crunching despotism on one side and innocent suffering on the other, and feel that conditions can not be bettered? If ever there was opportunity, if ever there was need of good men, it is right here.

Bacon has said "A little philosophy inclines men's minds to atheism, but depth in philosophy brings them back to religion." To travesty this we might say "A little learning inclines men's minds to foolishness, but depth of learning brings them back to good common sense." The high-school graduate goes out to

teach the world, while the sage retires to his study to learn. A marked tendency of the age is to tear down principles as old as the eternal hills, and set up in their place doctrines born of prejudiced minds. This is the way of our vain world; of persons we have too many, of men too few. Much is to be done here. The people are only starting toward knowledge since inventions, such as the printing press, have made it possible to spread education. Give a man money, give him comfort, and, as Shakspeare said, you give him trash that can be stolen from him; give a man learning, give him enlightenment, and turn him aside from the false to the true, and you have given him something above valuation. You have given him something that he can not lose; for truth, as Father Robert puts it, will live when the stars above are faded, and the sun and moon grown dim with age.

One thing I will admit. There is, perhaps, not so much chance to make money now as there was when the country was new. Yet money is only one of many elements in success. I would not be one of those that decry money-making so long as it is honorable; but that we should make riches the sole *aim* of life, and call the acquiring of wealth success, is putting man's faculties on a plane too low. No student of Notre Dame should ever content himself with working at such a task, for we have been taught differently. Go over to the little cemetery on the hill, and there learn a lesson of ideal success. In one end of this quiet spot are three graves; no marble columns, no costly monuments are reared above them, but instead, three iron crosses. No pageant followed the coffins that were laid there, for in them were men that worked far from the madding crowd. Yet that these men were successful, brave and great, no one in this audience can gainsay. In them was the origin, life and history of our University, and to deny their success is to deny Notre Dame.

To sum up, my remarks amount to this. Although we have made rapid advancement in statesmanship, we have far to go until we reach the acme of all legislature—arbitration. Our political halls must be purified of the corruption that exists in them. Religious prejudices, that are fast waning, must be reduced until they are as harmless as the bigots that possess them. Free schools have supplanted the old system of studying by candle-light in dingy offices. The time has come when business and social complications have placed every man to

succeed on his own merits, and on these alone. Such are the conditions that we are facing.

What more chances than are presented under these circumstances do we wish, especially we Americans? With a country that affords unlimited resources and a future that holds unbounded possibilities and untold opportunities, all that is necessary for our success is that we be men of sound metal. Standing, as we do, midway between the past and the future, in us are realized the hopes of our fathers, and to us will turn the dreams of generations yet to come. Now, then, is the time for us to build. Raise up democracy, the true democracy, and establish a republic that will last. Gather together the legacies that have been left to us, and hand them to following generations, enhanced with three-fold value. Lift up the eternal principles of right and justice that have been so often trampled in the mire. Stretch a helping hand to the poor man; educate him, and let him talk through the pages of history and philosophy with his brethren of centuries ago. Help our academies to further improvements in literature, in politics and in science. Grasp the chances that are before us, and let the possibilities that are ahead of us be turned to reality. Make the twentieth century exceed all those of the past, and establish a precedent for others yet to come. Be the leading men in an age of advancement, the learned men in an age of culture, the greatest men of the greatest century, the bravest Greek in a world of Greeks, and then you have success,—the true and genuine success, one that is not measured by money, one that will not perish with the hearts, nor minds, nor history of men, but will last when that pendulum that marks the passage of time, shall have stilled on the hither side of eternity's gate.

Young men of this University, in two, three or, at best, six years, we of the present student body will take our places in the busy world. Let no one of us join the cry of men that say that we have no opportunity. The kind of opportunity that they speak of never made anything but a thief. It is the pessimist's watchword, the lazy man's cry. Ambitious persons find all too much to do. Remember what Allison said of Napoleon: that "he was not a great man because he was a great general, but he was a great general because he was a great man." So it is with us. We will never be men because we are successful; but we will be successful if we are men.

### A Slip of the Hand.

JOHN F. FENNESSEY, '99.

The band had played "The Girl I Left Behind Me" for the last time. The last button had been torn from the jackets of the boys, the last promise had been made, the last kiss exchanged. The red-faced adjutant had ceased running wildly about with orders, and was removing his wilted collar with one hand while his wife clasped the other. The soldiers straggled reluctantly into ranks, and were standing at rest when the command of the captains came sharply: "Company, attention!" A few minor orders were given, and then the command, "Forward—march!"

With a rustle of leggings and a clanging of rifles, the 39th swung down the gang-plank of the *Meenah*. A moment's hush came over the crowd until the boys filed out and gathered along the rail. There were a few parting shouts, the bell rang, and the *Meenah* backed slowly away from the pier. The crowd cheered wildly and the women waved their hands as their pet regiment sailed for Cuba. When the transport passed the light, an incoming liner saluted, and the boys gazed back along the wake of the steamer to their fast-fading homes.

The sun sank low in the western sky, and crimsoned the ocean with its last, faint rays. The crimson turned gray, a few stars twinkled in the sky, and night on the ocean had begun. A faint murmur of voices from the vessel frightened a few dolphins frolicking in the star-light.

Joe Wharton had enlisted in this particular regiment when the excitement was highest. He was fortunate, or unfortunate, enough to be sent to the front before delay could cool his spirit. Joe was like most of the men that have lived since Adam; in one respect he was like Adam,—he was interested in a woman. Before he joined his regiment he had an interview with Louise. The result was perfectly satisfactory—to him. She was at the wharf when the boys left and at the last moment, as he stooped to whisper to her, she took his face between her hands and kissed him. No one had seen it; they were only two out of a thousand enacting the same scene from the drama of life. Still he thought that it was the most remarkable act ever performed. Despite the magnitude of this thought he lit his pipe. Before he turned in, however, he looked at

her picture. Life just then seemed rosy. It always is bright if we look in the right direction; the sky behind us may be overcast with clouds of gray; but when these move life becomes dark if we do not also turn.

The regiment landed on the 12th day of June and were encamped near Siboney. The mail came when it was least expected—the men expected it all the time. Joe had not heard from Louise, but he contented himself, as his comrades did, by complaining at the rations, growling at the daily rains and the scarcity of tobacco and matches. On the morning of July 1st the mail came.

Among the few letters he received was one from Louise. He tore it open joyously, but the moment he saw the heading he turned white. A letter for another man had been placed in an envelope addressed to him. It was evidently to an acquaintance and began:

"Dear Frank:—I was much pained at what you said in regard to Mr. Wharton. You accuse me of flirting with him! Why we are almost brother and sister. I took a little more interest in him since he was enlisted in father's regiment, and—"

This much had burned itself on his brain before he realized what he was doing. A handful of crumpled paper fell at his feet.

On the 2d the regiment went to the front. It took part in the two day's battle, and shared in the fight at San Juan Hill. A newspaper despatch published in the *Star* of the 7th, ran: "One man, a private in Co. E. or F. of the 39th, attracted my special attention on account of his reckless daring. He seemed to seek death and finally was shot before the block-house."

Louise opened the *Star* on the morning of the seventh at the society notes. She scanned the column for a moment and then exclaimed: "Oh! mamma, here it is!" and read, "The engagement of Miss Louise Gilsey, the daughter of Col. and Mrs. I. Frederick Gilsey, to Mr. Francis S. Baun-Ellis of Louisville, Ky., has been announced." She smiled and handed the paper to her mother who turned anxiously to the war news. Louise was toying with a ring. Her mother at length turned to her and said: "Here is a man in our regiment killed! Wharton, private, Co. E. 39th. Shot in the head. Poor fellow! Did you know him?"

"Joe Wharton dead!—Yes," Louise sighed, "I knew him."

Looking down at her military belt, "Poor boy! He gave me so lovely a buckle too!—When did you say Francis was coming?"

### Varsity Verse.

#### SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW.



MOMENT'S joy, a lifelong strife—  
A kiss and a broken heart;  
The tears of pain that can not start  
From aching eyes. And this is life,  
A moment's joy, a lifelong strife.

A peaceful heart, a gasping breath;  
One last faint word to those we love  
And the soul has fled to One above  
Who waits for us. And this is death,—  
A peaceful heart, a gasping breath.

A. M. C.

#### TO MY DIAMOND RING.

My dear old friend, we now must part,  
Our ways lie not together;  
It is not that I have no heart,  
'Tis the biting, chilly weather.

Many's the jolly time we've had  
In the balmy days of old;  
Alas! this parting makes me sad,  
But I fear the winter's cold.

You've shone on many a finger fair  
All through the summer days.  
They thought I was a millionaire  
And loved my dashing ways.

Now in "my uncle's" safe you'll stay,  
O'er you he'll grin and gloat,  
Till I come back again next May  
And then "hang up" this overcoat.

T. J. D.

#### MEMORY.

A well-worn path that turns from broader ways  
To lead the wanderer on the steep divide,  
Where he can see the forms of bygone days  
Pass through the mists upon the other side.

E. A. D.

#### AN AUTUMN WISH.

I wish like the monkeys we could be!  
It would save much money and precious time;  
Those beasts the sunny side of the tree  
Seek when in need of a warmer climb.

T. J. D.

#### IN CHURCH.

The chorister with downcast eyes,  
The grand Te Deum sings,  
But all the while with wistful sighs  
The chorister with downcast eyes  
Looks where a window's warm light lies  
On Lou. But when the church-bell rings  
The chorister with downcast eyes  
The grand Te Deum sings.

J. F. F.

#### IN MEMORIAM.

##### TO N. A. P.

Well, friend, thy ways are walked;  
Thy days are done, and now 'tis best  
For us that walked apace with thee,  
To breathe this prayer: "God grant thee rest."

P. J. R.



## The Fall of Willie Dempsey.

JAMES F. MURPHY, '99.

Willie Dempsey was going out of the front gate on his way to school when a voice from the kitchen window called him back.

"What do you want, mamma?" asked Willie, as he alighted on the porch.

"I want you to promise me that you'll not go in swimming today, do you hear?"

"Yes'm."

Now mind, I don't want you to go near the water."

"I won't," said Willie, easily and indifferently as he ran down the walk to join some of his friends who were just passing the house.

At the morning recess the boys started off to a creek near by to take a swim. Willie, true to his promise, remained behind. Not wishing to let the boys know that he was forbidden to join them, he tried to get back of the school-house unobserved, but failed.

"Come on, Dempsey!" shouted one of the boys.

"Naw, I don't want to go," answered Willie, as he dug his heel into the cinder path.

"Come on; what'er you afraid of?" cried the crowd.

"I aint afraid; don't want to go, that's all."

"Aw! he's afraid," cried one of the boys.

"You're another, I'm not," returned Willie, as the tears came to his eyes.

"Leave him alone," exclaimed one of the boys, "he's nothing but a cry baby, anyway."

"Cry baby! cry baby!" cried half a dozen of the smallest boys, as they hurried to the creek.

Willie sauntered into the school-house, sat down in his seat, and began brooding over his misfortune. He pictured the boys down at the creek swimming, "having a good time," and himself sitting there in the corner crying, laughed at by all that saw the scene out in the yard a few minutes before—and all on account of mother. She'll suffer for this some day.

Soon the bell rang and the children were called in. The boys all smiled contumeliously, and pointed their fingers at Willie as they passed his seat; some even slapped him on the head. His pride had received a deep wound. After dinner Willie made it a point to arrive at the school-house a few minutes late so as to avoid meeting the boys in the yard. He went in and took his seat without attracting much attention, and he was congratulating

himself upon his success, when the teacher called him up and wanted his excuse for being tardy. Only a few of the boys giggled, but he didn't mind them. He was surprised that the whole school did not burst out laughing.

Shortly Johnnie Hickey, sitting a few seats ahead of him, turned around and held up his first and second fingers—the masonic symbol of all boys, meaning, "will you go in swimming?" Willie understood the sign and unthinkingly nodded assent. Then he remembered his promise. Well, he could go down to the creek and sit on the bank. There would be no harm in that. He thought it over and over, and his only conclusion was that he was an ill-treated boy.

At half-past two the boys started for the creek. Willie did not intend to go into the water. He would only sit on the bank and watch the rest. Soon they were all splashing around in the water except Willie; he was sitting on an old log. Finally he stood up and went down to the edge of the water to wash his hands. One of the boys seeing him cried: "Come on in, Dempsey."

"Naw, I don't care about swimming," answered Willie.

"Come on—what's the matter with you?" yelled three or four others.

Willie shook his head.

"His mother won't let him," said a little rascal that was wading around near the shore.

Willie started in after him, but the little fellow picked up a handful of mud and stood ready to throw it.

"I'll fix you when you come out," said Willie as he turned to climb the bank.

The crowd was laughing and jeering at him, calling him "mamma's boy," and many other equally vile names, that small boys despise.

Willie could stand it no longer. He hated to have them think that his mother would not let him do what they were allowed to do. He decided that he would go in and show them that they were wrong. He stripped and plunged into the water, but the crowd paid no more attention to him.

After school he talked and laughed with the boys as if nothing had happened. He had regained his former place in their esteem.

When he arrived home his mother was sitting by a window mending his second coat.

"Come over here, Willie, and try this coat on," said Mrs. Dempsey.

Willie went over and put the coat on.

"Turn around until I see the back of it."

"Why, what's the matter with your hair?" she asked severely.

"I dunno," he answered with a sinking heart.

"Have you—been—swimming again?"

"No'm."

"Willie, you're telling a story! Come over here." She opened the coat.

"Why, Willie Dempsey! do you mean to tell me that you haven't been in swimming? Look at your shirt."

He glanced down at his shirt, and sure enough it was all spattered with mud. That settled it.

"Now you just climb up on that lounge, and don't let me hear another word out of you this evening."

He did as he was told and his mother continued sewing.

Willie's mind was filled with thoughts of revenge. Oh! if he were only a big boy; what wouldn't he do to his mother. Thus, he began planning some way to get even. He had about decided on running away when a better method of tormenting her presented itself. He would stay at home, but he would starve himself sick.

Supper was soon ready, and Willie was called out. He went slowly and painfully, and sat at the table, but refused to eat. Directly in front of him was a cake, just the kind that he liked. He struggled with himself for some time; but his mother paid no attention to him. Finally she got up and went out into the kitchen. Willie reached over and took a piece of the frosting. It never tasted better. He took a little more, and then he came to the conclusion that his mother didn't care whether he starved or not. In fact, he thought the best revenge he could get would be to eat the whole cake, because he knew his mother expected company the next day.

Discarding all rules of etiquette he crammed whole handfuls of the cake into his mouth in violent succession. He giggled to himself when he left the table and made ready to go to bed. His mother was somewhat chagrined when she returned and found the cake gone. Willie's revenge was practical just then, and he jumped into bed quite satisfied with his trick.

About midnight, however, the old witch whose terrible deeds are narrated in his Christmas book, came in and sat upon his little stomach, jumping up and down with eyes aflame, till he awoke in abject terror, and ran whimpering into his mother's room altogether humble.

### A Shake of the Dice.

EDMUND C. BROWN, '99.

"No, thank you, I shall pay for the cigars, but I refuse to shake dice," said Fred Moreland in response to a challenge. "I haven't given up gambling—if you wish to try a game of poker, all right—but I have not touched a dice-box for five years. I shook once too often."

George Bailey looked at his companion with a look of surprise and interest. Fred had plenty of money and was one of the worst gamblers in the club. He frequently played poker all night, only stopping when the others refused to play. Why he should be so scrupulous in regard to dice was more than George could understand.

"I have heard," said George, "that you and Frank Messer once had a game of dice that resulted very disastrously, but the report was very vague. Come in here and tell me about it."

"Well," said Fred, when they were seated in an out-of-the-way corner of the club room, "the incident you referred to took place five years ago. As you remember, Frank Messer, Ralph Woods and myself, having grown tired of the city, went North to spend the winter in hunting and trapping. An old trapper had told us of a lake in northern Minnesota, called Bear Lake, where the trapping was very good. The remoteness of this place—it was thirty miles from the nearest town—prompted us to camp there.

"Bear Lake was an ideal place. It was fully ten miles long and five miles wide. From one end flowed a small creek which connected it with the Red River. All around were pine forests which were so dense that we had difficulty in driving our wagon through them. Years before, a hunter had brought his family to this lonely place. He cleared ten acres of land and built a home; but he quarrelled with the Indians, and they murdered him and his family. Since then no one, excepting an occasional trapper had occupied the house, and as it was then vacant, we took possession of it.

"We were kept busy during the day hunting and trapping, and in the evening we were never at a loss for something to do. Ralph and I used to gamble for hours. Sometimes Frank would join us in a game of cards, but he spent most of his time in reading or singing. I did not like to hear him sing; he was a sentimental



sort of fellow with a sweet tenor voice, and the songs he sang made me homesick. After hearing him I would stay awake most of the night listening to the wind moaning through the trees and resolving to go home the next day. In the morning Frank would accuse me of being love-sick and I would soon forget my resolutions.

"The time passed pleasantly enough until the middle of November. Then we found that it would be necessary to replenish our supply of provisions. This was no easy task, for we had been driven to camp by a farmer who had taken his horse and wagon back with him, and it would be necessary to make the trip on foot. I volunteered to go, but Ralph would not listen to such a thing. He was a strong, well-built fellow whose grit had won him a place on the college football team. It was he that did all the hard work about the camp, and he scoffed at the idea of anyone else going to Alton. He was so determined that I submitted, and on the next morning he left the camp.

"I welcomed the change, for the additional work kept us both busy, and Frank had little time to sing. A week passed; but although Ralph should have made the trip in less time, we were not alarmed; for there was about a foot of snow on the ground, and the sled he had taken was very heavy. At the end of the second week, I began to be uneasy, and I resolved to go to meet him on the next day. Toward evening, however, it began to snow, and by seven o'clock, the storm was raging with all the fury of a western blizzard. I sat up late that night hoping that Ralph would come; and even when I did go to bed I could not sleep. I chided myself for not having gone in search of him before; and I waited anxiously for the morning. When it did come a strange sight met my eyes. The storm had almost ceased, but there was snow everywhere. In some places it was piled up in huge drifts, which were fully fifteen feet high. For us to reach Alton would be impossible, and it would be equally impossible for anyone to reach us. The temperature was falling, and there was little prospect of a thaw before spring. We both realized our situation, and we ate our breakfast in silence. At last Frank said:

"Well, Fred, I guess we are in for it," and then he picked up his guitar and sang some popular song. I was tempted to throw something at him; but I knew he was singing only to conceal his fear, so I merely advised him

to pray instead. After that we were both silent.

"It was two hours before either of us spoke again, and the suspense was awful. More snow fell, and the temperature dropped to zero. Each day the supply of provisions decreased and death came nearer. Several times I had my hand on my revolver, but I could not murder Frank in cold blood. I spent most of my time thinking and became more desperate. Frank appeared to be writing a letter, and in the night I frequently heard him mutter "Maude, Maude." At last he said:

"Fred, I can stand this no longer. Let us try some remedy. If one of us were out of the way, it is possible that the other might be saved. We have both shaken dice for money; let us increase the stakes and play for life."

"It was a terrible choice to make, but death was almost certain, so I agreed. Oh! the excitement of that contest. The only light we had was a small candle, but I could see that Frank was deathly pale; and my blood seemed to freeze in my veins. I tried to speak, but I could not, so I took the dice-box. On the first shake I turned an ace; on the next one I got nothing; but on the third I turned two more aces. Frank could not beat me; but the next time he won easily.

"As I took the dice-box for the last time, my past life stood before me. My brain reeled, and suddenly all was blank. When I regained consciousness, Frank was bending over me.

"I guess, old man, that you lost your grit; but come it is your turn," said he.

"I took the box again. I trembled so violently that Frank remarked that it was not necessary for me to shake it. I first turned a pair of trays; another tray, and lastly two fours. Then Frank tried; in the first two shakes he got three fours. A cold sweat stood out on my brow as he shook the dice for the last time. He paused a minute, and then rolled them out on the table. He had turned a five and a six, and I had won. Throwing aside his cigarette, Frank gave me a letter and drew a revolver. In vain I begged him not to shoot himself. He had made a promise and would keep it. I tried to take the revolver away from him, but he threatened to shoot me; and then he placed the muzzle in his mouth and pulled the trigger.

It was much worse for me to be here alone with the corpse than to have him alive and face starvation. However, I made up my mind to wait for the best. A week later there came a thaw; and, as a crust of ice was formed on the snow, I easily escaped to Alton."

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

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—Football players and all athletes, remember this: whenever a player has a limb, a finger or an arm injured do not pull it. This is extremely dangerous and may result in serious consequences. It has been noticed that as quick as a man is in any way hurt about the arm or leg, a couple of his companions will get around him, take hold of his arm or leg, as the case may be, and pull it. Whatever the intention of so doing may be, we do not know; but be it what it may, the practice should be stopped. As we said above, it is very dangerous, and for these reasons: If a man has a bone broken it requires a skilled physician to pull it into its proper place. Even experienced doctors have made great mistakes in this operation. An ordinary person, and one that knows nothing about setting a bone, will only aggravate the case by pulling the injured member. Moreover, this may lead to a compound fracture of the bone, and result in the loss of a limb or arm if not in death, as has often been the case. At any rate it is harmful, and should be stopped. If a member of the body is twisted or, as we say about the gridiron, if it is "knocked out," you may completely dislocate it by pulling on it. The only thing that can be

done is to rub the person that is hurt, and if more services be required, we can easily secure a doctor. Give your attention to this, fellows; we were instructed by an able physician to insert this notice, and have a dangerous and nonsensical custom abolished.

## An Hour of Fun and Music.

It is seldom that we can lay aside our books for so pleasant an hour as was spent in Washington Hall last Tuesday evening. The Imperial Quartet of Chicago, all good singers, assisted by Mr. Frank Winters, violinist, and Mr. C. A. Grant-Shaefer, pianist, took their places on our stage, and for awhile the students lost themselves in laughing at their funny songs or applauding their musical selections. The voices in the quartet blended nicely together and their songs, a medley of old favorites, mother goose, stories neatly arranged, and one or two very good numbers, were just the kind to find favor with a young audience. Classical music is beyond the appreciation of many but humor reaches all.

Mr. Swift's fine tenor won the house, and Mr. Winter's violin solos gained him much favor. He puts his whole soul into his playing, and the tones he produces from his instrument are very clear and sweet. Mr. Grant-Shaefer proved himself an excellent accompanist, his work in this line being better than his solo playing. Aside from their clever singing, Mr. Rice and the basso have a fine appearance and a good-natured look that pleases the audience.

The "Invocation" and encore that followed were the best received of Mr. Winter's selections. After the first number, the "Vocal March," the quartet was called back by prolonged applause, and the house roared while they told about the wondrous wise man that jumped into the bramble bush. "Lily Dale" and "Sweet Belle Mahone" carried us back to the olden days, when the first minstrels that we remember, came to our town and sang love songs that made our young hearts feel for the fellows that had lost their sweethearts. The "Lover's Lament" is a very humorous selection, and Mr. Rice was not the only man to give his "customary smile" when the song was rendered.

On the whole, the entertainment was splendid. Should the gentlemen of the Imperial Quartet and their two able assistants visit us again, they may be sure of a pleasant reception.

### The Death of Professor Preston.

Early Wednesday morning the sad news reached the University that Prof. Preston had passed away. For years he had been a constant sufferer from a complication of disorders, but it was hard for those who witnessed his fidelity to daily duty and met his cheerful morning greeting to realize that his life hung by so slight a thread. All that medical skill could do for him availed not to stem the tide of disease, and it became apparent to his friends during the past summer vacation that he would not be able to meet his classes in September.

At his own request he was removed to St. Joseph's Hospital, South Bend, and for a time there were hopes that he might still enjoy at least a partial recovery. He was within ten minutes' walk of the University gates, and the visits of Professors, students and friends cheered and brightened him. But new complications arose, and reluctantly physicians and friends were convinced that Prof. Preston's death was merely a matter of weeks or even days. His weakness increased, breathing became labored, until early Wednesday morning when he peacefully and painlessly breathed forth his soul.

Newton A. Preston was born in Norwich, England, about forty-two years ago, and his natural love for music was nurtured and strengthened by the sweet melody for which his native town

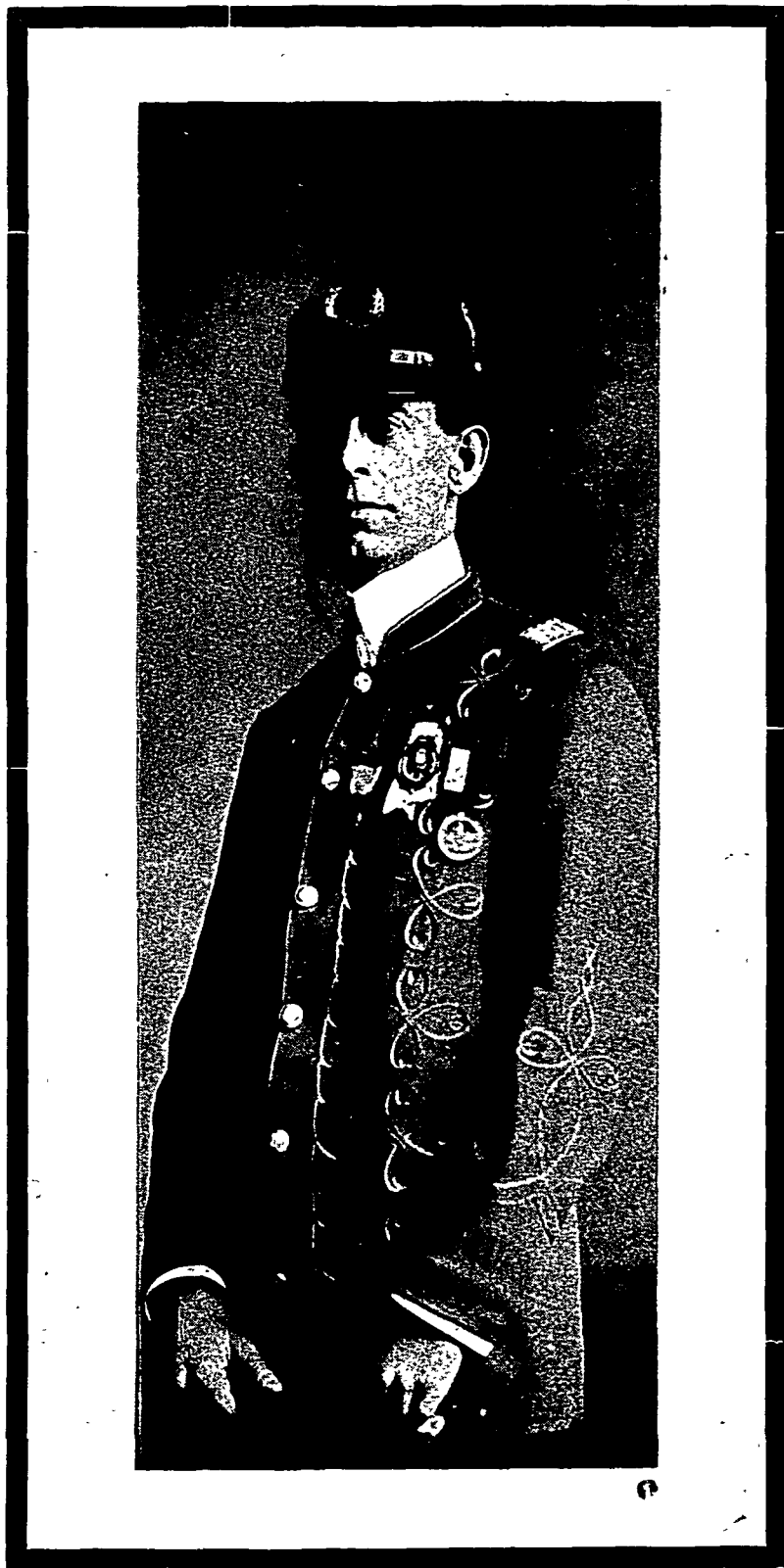
is famous. Norwich is the only city in the world where church bells are really rung, and till the day of his death, Prof. Preston grew lonesome and homesick whenever the chimes of Norwich were recalled. He received a good education and enjoyed the advantages of travel. It was while knocking about Europe that he paid a casual visit to Lourdes, the wonder-spot

of the world. The miracles which he himself witnessed at the famous shrine made a deep impression on his soul, and shortly afterward he visited a priest and asked to be received into the Catholic Church. His steadfast faith and his loyalty to the duties which it imposed upon him were a constant source of edification.

Professor Preston taught music in England for many years with great success. In 1881 he came to America, however, and accepted a position as Professor of music in St. Francis' College, Quincy, Ill. When Prof. Liscome was compelled to give up his music classes in our University on account of failing health, Prof. Preston was chosen to succeed him, and no one who has observed his fidelity to duty and his singular success as teacher and musi-

cal conductor need be told how fortunate was our *Alma Mater* in her choice.

Of an even, placid temperament, Prof. Preston won the affection and regard of all whom he met. There were no quirks or complexities in his character, none of the "queernesses" with which the popular mind associates the musi-



cian. Frank, helpful, companionable and patient he speedily attached to himself the pupils who attended his classes, and much—his pupils would say *all*—of the success of our bands and orchestras was due to the cordial understanding and intimate relationship which existed between the Professor and his students. His memory will always be to them the memory of a good friend as well as of a skilled instructor, and the lessons of his uncomplaining, conscientious life will be not the least valuable lessons which they learned from him.

#### THE FUNERAL.

The last rites over the remains of Professor Preston were held in the church at ten o'clock, Thursday morning. All the students and several friends from South Bend were assembled there, and the solemn ceremonies began at the appointed hour. Rev. President Morrissey, celebrant of the occasion, met the casket at the vestibule where the corpse was blessed, and then the pall-bearers—Professors Ewing, McCue, Edwards, Ackerman, O'Malley and Hoynes—carried it to the catafalque. After Mass, Father Cavanaugh preached a very touching and beautiful sermon, taking for his text the words "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he be dead, shall live." When this was finished and the last blessing of the Church had been administered, the students and friends filed around the church to take a last look at their departed friend. A few minutes later the University band headed the long procession of students toward the avenue, playing the Funeral March of its own beloved leader. On the casket lay a beautiful wreath of roses, carnations and ferns, a token from the band. At half-past eleven, while the students and professors stood on either side of the avenue, with bared and bowed heads, the funeral cortege passed through the gates, and he that had been the central figure in all our musical circles for the past six years, was gone from Notre Dame forever. The body was taken to New Orleans for burial.

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#### Resolutions of the Faculty.

After an illness of years, borne manfully, with no petty complaint, no impatience, Mr. Preston has been released from his suffering. He never shirked work; he would not take rest legitimately due him, but until his final illness he fulfilled every duty scrupulously. He was an amiable gentleman, lacking enemies, although

strong and just, never lacking friends; a conscientious Christian man, kind, true, modest, simple-hearted.

He has been freed from the pain of ill health, but we most heartily regret that we have lost a friend we held in no ordinary esteem. He went fortified by the sacraments of the Church, and with faith and confidence we humbly beg God to grant him eternal rest.

In the name of the Faculty.

JAMES F. EDWARDS,  
WILLIAM HOYNES,  
AUSTIN O'MALLEY.

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#### One too Many.

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While the students were all comfortably resting in their cots last Friday night, a small party of husky young men from the southern part of the State quietly made their way into our grounds and brought with them a big surprise for Notre Dame. Their coming was no surprise, for that was expected; what occurred before they left was what took us off our feet. Indiana had played only one hard game this season and that resulted in a tie. Hence our men that had gone through battles with Illinois, Michigan and DePauw had expected to secure a victory from the Bloomington players. Saturday afternoon our team, minus its captain, went out of their training quarters and made ready to meet their rivals. At 2:30 the Indiana players filed out of Sorin Hall, all clad for the game, and wended their way toward the gridiron. When the heavy linemen and stocky little backs appeared, the crowd pressing against the side lines felt a shudder passing along their spinal columns, and it was evident that our men were up against a hard game. Captain Mullen was sadly missed, though we would not say that his presence might win the game. One or two fumbles and a blocked kick proved very disastrous to our side, and to this and the superior weight of the opposing team, is due the defeat that we sustained. The Indiana line averages up in weight better and more evenly than any line we faced this year. Murray retired in the second half in favor of Winter; Hayes filled Mullen's place at right end. Few end plays were tried, the visitors preferring to get their heavy guards back and hurl them at our line.

The ball was kicked off at three o'clock, going through Hayes and Eggeman's hands on our twenty-five yard line where I. U. secured

it on a fumble. In three minutes it was carried to our five-yard line and there lost on downs. On the first play Macdonald punted fifty-five yards to Hunt who had returned eight yards when Bennett brought him down. Youtzler, Hunt and Halley kept pounding away at our line assisted by Hubbard and Neizer until the ball was only three yards from our line. Hunt took it over in two downs, and Hubbard kicked goal. Score, 6-0.

On the kick-off, Macdonald sent the ball over the goal line. From the twenty-yard line Hubbard kicked thirty to Hayes who made ten. Lins made three through Hubbard, Monahan four through centre, Farley six around left end, and Monahan two at right guard. Notre Dame got ten for off-side, and on the next play Farley went around left end for a touchdown. Macdonald missed a difficult goal. Score, I. U., 6; N. D., 5. I. U. kicked twenty-five yards to Hayes, and our men worked the ball to the centre of the field when time was called.

In the second half Macdonald kicked off, sending the ball over the goal line against a

in the middle of the field. Farley made four at left end, Hayes and Lins each one, MacDonald four through right tackle and Farley three more at end. I. U. braced up and held for downs. Youtzler made three, and then the ball went to Notre Dame on a fumble. Our men went through the line for seventeen yards in six plays, and then MacDonald's try for place kick from the forty-five yard line was blocked, and I. U. secured the ball. Notre Dame got it on downs a second later, and after one play time was called. I. U. won by good clean playing, and can count it a hard but well-earned victory.

THE LINE-UP:

NOTRE DAME		INDIANA
Farley	Left End	McGooney
McNulty	Left Tackle	Neizer
Bennet	Left Guard	Sparks
Eggeman	Centre	Hurley
Winter		
Murray	Right Guard	Pike
Fortin	Right Tackle	Hubbard
Hayes	Right End	Dodge
McDonald (Capt.)	Quarter Back	Foster
Kuppler	Left Half-Back	Youtzler (C.)
Lins	Right Half-Back	Hunt
Monahan	Full Back	Halley
Umpire, Moore, C. A. C.; Referee, Wagner, C. A. C.		
25 min. halves.		



ONE YARD FROM THE LINE.

stiff wind. Sparks took the ball at the twenty-yard line and kicked forty-five to Kuppler who regained thirteen. We were forced to punt, an Macdonald sent the ball thirty yards. Hubbard, Neizer, Youtzler and Hunt, aided by and offside play by Murray moved twenty-eight yards toward our line, and then Youtzler made the star play of the game, going 65-yards for a touchdown. No goal. Score, 11-5.

On a kick off of fifty yards, Captain Youtzler came back fifteen before he was tackled by Eggeman. Halley got a yard through Fortin; McGovney passed Hayes for four, and Halley went through the line for thirteen. Notre Dame got the ball on a forward pass by Foster. I. U.'s line was too firm for our backs to gain much and a punt was resorted to. I. U. was thrown back on her second down so that she was forced to kick. Notre Dame had the ball

Personal.

—Mrs. M. Naughton, of Chicago, spent several days at Notre Dame the guest of her sons.

—Dr. Flynn, a former Notre Dame student spent a day or two of this week at the University and renewed his acquaintances among the Faculty.

—The Rev. John Kearns of Chicago, a former student of the University, was a welcome visitor at Notre Dame last week. Father Kearns was but recently ordained, and the best wishes of his friends here go with him on his career.

—The Rev. J. F. Mullaney, of Syracuse, N. Y., was a recent caller upon the President. Father Mullaney lectured here before the students several years ago, and like his brother, the late Brother Azarias, he is an accomplished scholar.

## Exchanges.

Several of our exchanges copy in whole or in part the letter written to the *Freeman's Journal* by Dr. O'Malley in reply to certain communications upon the subject of Catholic colleges published in that paper.

\* \* \*

The *Acta Victoriana* from Victoria University, Toronto, remarks that the "NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC is a highly literary production from St. Mary's Academy." Were this not such a busy time of the year we should certainly encase our chivalric self in armor, go to Toronto and like dear old Don Quixote avenge this affront thus carelessly offered our Dulcineas over the way. Of course, the *Acta's* ex-man has never been favored with a copy of the *Chimes* or he would not have made the blunder. Consequently, the young ladies themselves partly are to blame, and we leave it to them whether or not the Canadian shall be forgiven.

\* \* \*

Several of the technical schools publish very excellent papers.

The Troy *Polytechnic* contains an article on bridges that a layman can enjoy and that is thoroughly interesting and instructive to an engineer. The writer does not believe in pin-connected bridges, and, judging from the article, I wonder that anybody believes in them, for their sole accomplishment seems to be to fall to pieces with but little provocation.

The papers from the Case School at Cleveland and the Polytechnic Institute at Brooklyn contain no article on bridges, but they do contain some very good literary matter. "A Disciple of Constantine" in the *Brooklyn Polytechnic* is especially worthy of mention.

\* \* \*

The Harvard *Lampoon* materially aids in lending variety to the exchanges. For the most part college papers take life seriously, but the *Lampoon* does not, and many of its trifles, though light as air, are apt and clever. The paper in the first number on the "Snob at Harvard" is filled with touches of delicate humor. The writer, though, should have dropped the joke long enough to have given the genuine snob a serious poke. But, of course, the *Lampoon* does not believe in being serious. The verse and drawing on the cover is good, and doubtless will have more effect upon the Freshman than all the editorial advice that could be written.

## Local Items.

—FOUND.—A sum of money. The owner may have it by applying to Brother Albeus, Carroll Hall.

—Do not be seen on the "Pike" after 10 p. m. or you may have an opportunity of taking an early vacation.

—The baseball men are to be congratulated on the selection of Angus McDonald as captain of next year's Varsity.

—Capt. Kelly and his men were defeated by the Anti-Specials of Carroll Hall in an interesting football game, Nov. 6, by a score of 16-0.

—Davis says Mr. Heller charged him 75 cents for a shave, that is 50 cents for finding something to shave and 25 cents to shave it off.

—The Anti-Specials defeated Captain Kelly's team Thursday in a well-played game. Score, 17-0. Moxley, Kelly and Davis were the stars.

—In the opinion of the cultured few, it is not the very best form to extend an urgent invitation to members of visiting vocal clubs to sing "Get your money's worth."

—Mr. Daniel Mahoney has just completed his new song, "How Teddy saved the Day." Those who wish to get a copy should apply to him at once, as the number is limited.

—"Ah me," sighed Reed as he rubbed a snowball over his whiskers, "how this reminds me of my boyhood days! Just the kind of Johnnie and I used to like for coasting down hill."

—Captain Weidmann's eleven defeated a Minim team in an interesting contest. Score, 16-0. Captain Weidmann's goal from the field was a feature, and Clark, Kasper and Cunea played nicely.

—We take this means of informing the billiard enthusiasts that they should not use that whittled broom stick of Paul's without his permission. There are other cues which are not estimated so extremely valuable.

—"Viateurs" is shaken to the very core. Imagine common election officers doubting the advisability of allowing "his honor" to execute that privilege of which every citizen of the United States is so truly proud.

—Tom Medley arrived at the conclusion that he had a right to vote in a manner strikingly his own. He says: "If Jim Maginnis's conscience will allow him to cast a ballot, I certainly have a lucid privilege before me."

—In Moot-Court this afternoon the trial of Mrs. Charlotte Brooks, who is charged with murder, is on. She is prosecuted by Prosecuting-attorney Ragan and his assistant, Mr. R. O'Malley. The defense is represented by Messrs. Weadock and Hoban.

—Rt. Rev. P. J. Hurth, D. D., Bishop of Dacca,



India, has given to our Historical Museum several objects of interest brought from Bengal. Among them are two antique lances used by Ka Chin soldiers; two primitive looking swords of strange shape used by Ka Chin chiefs; an artistic short sword with ivory handle and scabbard of ebony and exquisite chased silver, used by Boh Hhoon, one of two Shan leaders who held the Ruby Mines in Burmah against the English, killing many of the latter; a stiletto; several shell bracelets; specimens of curiously woven garments worn by the natives of Bengal and several Burmese horoscopes traced on palm leaves and bamboo.

—The eighth regular meeting of the Philopatrians held last Wednesday, Nov. 9, was a very interesting one. The debate, "Resolved that the United States should annex the Philippine Islands" was very well contested. The judges decided in favor of the affirmative side. Mr. Swan and Mr. Weber spoke for the affirmative, and Mr. Groogan and Mr. Stewart spoke for the negative. Mr. Higgins recited a choice recitation. Mr. Mahoney sang a song which he composed. Messrs. Miksak, McDonald, Miller and Askansas were admitted to the society. Before the meeting adjourned a very interesting program was arranged.

—An important meeting of the Athletic Committee, managers and captains of the different teams was held last Thursday afternoon. The monogram question was decided and agreed upon by all. It was decided that none but the athletes who have taken part in championship college games, or won a point in an intercollegiate track meet shall be allowed to wear a monogram on his sweater or cap. It is to be hoped that all students will realize the importance of this rule, and help to take a step that will give our athletes the same recognition allowed to those in other big colleges and universities. The monogram on cap or sweater should be worn only by the men that work to defend our colors, and it is the only recompense and recognition they receive. At present there are many students wearing the N. D. on their caps that never had an athletic uniform on. This is unjust to the members of the teams. We hope the students so wearing the monogram will join in the ranks and do away with them at once. If they do not do so of their own accord, steps will be taken to enforce them to obey the rule. The men thus far entitled to wear the monogram are as follows: Of the track team, J. F. Powers, J. Eggeman, Foley, T. Corcoran, Farley and B. Maloy; of the baseball team, Gibson, M. Powers, Follen, McDonald, Donahoe and Fleming; of the football team: Mullen, Lins, Schillo, Kegler, Monahan, Fennessey, Murray, Bauwens, McDonald, Farley, Bennett, Eggeman, Fortin, McNulty, Fleming, Kuppler, Hayes and M. Powers. Our boat crews do not row against other colleges, and therefore are barred. Basket

ball is yet to be considered. If it be an intercollegiate game, why then basket-ball players may wear the monogram; if not, they are excluded from this privilege. There will be a meeting of the men above named as entitled to monograms in the commercial room on Sunday evening after supper. Other students wishing to wear the N. D. should secure pins.

—The new parliamentary organization for all students who have arrived at their freshman year is a decided step in advance, and must be considered as an invaluable assistance to every student. Under the efficient and pleasing guidance of Prof. F. X. Carmody, who will make the society a success or fill an early grave in the attempt, there is not the least doubt but that Notre Dame will have a parliamentary club which shall be the pride of every member and an honor to this institution. The intention of the society is to extend to every student that knowledge of parliamentary law, debating and extemporaneous speaking that is almost indispensable in after years. The society holds out to every student equal advantages, and in the end almost equal gains. Remember that those who are now the leaders had the same embarrassing trials to undergo which you may have; but bear in mind that true success is the appreciated product of indefatigable zeal. *Omnia vincit labor*. Then let every student enter the society with that determination and good will, characteristic of the sons of Notre Dame, and let them know that they are preparing a foundation there which is to support the tempest-tossed structure in after years.

—The fiercest and toughest inter-hall game to be played this year was that between the eleven of Sorin and Brownson Halls last Sunday. Brownson Hall had the better of it in weight and experience and the Sorin Hall men went on the gridiron expecting defeat. The playing on both sides was full of grit and ginger. By stubborn defense and hard rushes Sorin Hall kept her opponents from scoring and had the game lasted two minutes longer would have won.

THE LINE-UP:

SORIN HALL		BROWNSON HALL
Holland	Left End	Glynn
Davila	Left Tackle	Stephan
Ragan	Left Guard	McCarthy
Meyers	Centre	Burke
Diskin	Right Guard	Snyder
Brown	Right Tackle	O'Shaughnessy
Neville	Right End	O'Neill
Geoghegan	Quarter-Back	McNichols
Cornell	Left Half-Back	Becker
Rahe	Right Half-Back	Dillon
Fox	Full Back	McCallen

—Poor little "Runt!" Is it your fault that nature has been stingy to you and held you down; that multitudes bend their necks and say: "There goes little Cupid;" that the untiring Minim delights in swinging on your prolific head, and then wants you to walk under his huge legs to see how tall you really are? It is certainly not your fault that Providence has

stationed you near that little Errins boy. We take your part, Runt and meaningly declare that that Errins boy should be refused the privilege of begging any tobacco for a whole day as a reparation for his mischief.

The other day, while Runt was on the gridiron vainly endeavoring to make the public believe that Sorin Hall was not an absolute nonentity, athletically considered, which, by the way, has much of the impossible in it, this ingenious child by a process unknown was favored with a thought. So joyful was he at this occurrence that he fairly roared his idea at his friend, and together they concocted the following plan of action. They gained access to Runt's room, and straightway began to remove the rich brocaded silk coverlet from his trundle bed. Now Runt being a lover of famous men has his room decorated with the busts of notables from Judas Iscariot down to Steve Brody. The beautiful mould of Steve stood in a conspicuous position on his study table, and this the children used to form the head of this ghostly production. The rest of the make up was comparatively easy, and when they completed this child-like undertaking it must be admitted that their work produced the required effect. There it lay clothed in a solemn black garb, a moistened white fragment of linen thrown over the face and presenting the cold appearance of withered stiff. The pretty playmates arranged a table near the awful figure and placed lighted candles thereon. Then pulling down the curtains they awaited the appearance of Runt. It was early and they grew impatient for the fun. After leaving the room they met "Shag" and told him Runt wanted him in his room immediately. "Shag" thinking there was a feed in it, relaxed his countenance until it resembled the expression on a hungry urchin's face who is about to be feasted. Foaming with delight he burst open the door of Runt's room, and—and—and—when he recovered he was measuring his length on the corridor floor. It took some time for his hair to come "down off its perch" and his eyes to assume normal proportions. The children danced around like demons and laughed and roared alternately, while "Shag" declared in the most emphatic terms that it never plagued him, that he slipped and that was how it all happened. Many others received unexpected shocks and among this number was "Spikes" who betook himself to the Infirmary shortly afterwards.

At last the unmelodious whistle of Runt was the signal for the fellows concealed in the room across the way. Silence for once was at par. The firm, decided step of the victim fell more heavily on the ears of the impatient waiters as he neared the top. Quickly he opened the door, grew white, gazed frantically, threw up his arms, and "Big John" saved him from the extra trouble of picking himself up or brushing his clothes. (Curtain).

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