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## Laetare Medal.

EMMET G. LENIHAN, '15.

ON Sunday, May 17, 1908, the University of Notre Dame observed the Silver Jubilee of the Laetare Medal. The occasion brought together a distinguished group of leaders, lay and ecclesiastical. The sermon, which was a part of the religious observance of the Jubilee, was preached by the Rev. Dr. John Talbot Smith. The text used by Dr. Smith well illustrates the purpose of the Laetare Medal and the forces that actuated the men of this University when in 1883 it was decided to grant some formal recognition to the leaders of the Catholic laity throughout the United States, "Let us now praise men of renown, and our fathers in their generation—such as have borne rule in their dominions men of great power, and imbued with their wisdom, showing forth in the prophets the dignity of prophets, rich men in virtue studying beautifulness; living at peace in their houses. Let the people show forth their wisdom and the Church declare their praise." (Eccle. xlv.)

The Laetare Medal was born of a chance discussion among several members of the faculty as to how the University could best stimulate the laity of the United States to undertake great things for religion and country, how honor the silent, almost neglected champions, the Catholic men and women who have spent themselves in patriotic and noble accomplishments. The name of the Medal, together with the ceremonies associated with it, was the result of a plan outlined by the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, Rev. Thomas Walsh, then President of the University, and Professor James Edwards.

The idea, though a new one in this country, was modelled after an ancient custom known as the confirming of the golden Rose. From time

immemorial, some say from the days of Charlemagne, it was the practice of the Popes to honor distinguished persons or places by granting them a golden Rose, blessed by the Holy Father. Pope Leo IX, in 1051, speaks of this as an ancient institution. So it was thought proper that in a school whose traditions were the traditions of the ancient Church its greatest honor should find its sanction in the hallowed way. This new distinctive, however, was to pass by the crowned heads of kings and queens. It was reserved for those who had been crowned with the honor of a righteous life; those who had won prominence among the laity; the shining lights whose lives had been lived in conformity with the principles of Christian morality and genuine citizenship; to men "studying beautifulness, living at peace in their homes." It was hoped, nevertheless, that the effect would be the same, that the prayer accompanying the bestowal of the golden Rose would likewise find itself realized in the recipient of the Laetare Medal. "Receive from our hands this rose, beloved son, who according to the world art noble, valiant, and endowed with great powers, that you may be still more ennobled by every virtue from Christ, as a rose planted near the streams of many waters."

As the practice of conferring the Laetare Medal is an adaptation of the more ancient custom of conferring the golden Rose, so too the day chosen for the announcement of the recipient is the same,—the fourth Sunday in Lent. The Introit in the Mass for that day begins with the word "Laetare," hence the name given to the decoration.

The Medal itself is of heavy gold with black enamel tracings. The bar from which the disc is suspended is lettered "Laetare Medal." On the obverse side are the words "Magna est veritas et praevalabit." "Truth is mighty and shall prevail." On the reverse side are written the names of the University and of the

recipient. In former years it was the custom to accompany the presentation of the medals with an illuminated address setting forth the purpose of the Medal and the reasons for that particular choice. This practice was discontinued after 1908 and a simple form adopted of reading a similar address at the time of the presentation.

Naturally, there was some discussion regarding the one who was to be chosen as the first of Catholic laymen. Had Orestes A. Brownson lingered but for a few years longer there is no doubt but that he would have been the favored one. Close to Brownson, stood another grand figure in the Catholic world, the chronicler of the Church in America, as saintly as he was scholarly, John Gilmary Shea, and to him fell the distinction of being the first to wear the Laetare Medal. In this, the first year of the medals' history, the presentation took place on Laetare Sunday, March 4, 1883, in New York City. The presentation was made by Maurice Francis Egan, then associate editor of the *Freeman's Journal*. The address took the form of Latin verses written by the Rev. Stanislaus Fitte, C. S. C. The document was beautifully decorated by Professor Gregori.

In many respects this first giving of the Medal had important relations to its subsequent history. John Gilmary Shea, as the first Laetare Medalist, meant undying lustre to the men and women to be favored in the future by the highest tribute the University could offer. So too the words he spoke on the day he was thus honored might well be attributed to those who have joined him in the glorious ranks of America's favored sons and daughters; "Love of the Church, love of my country, these indeed I have, and as I have labored animated by them, I receive with the deepest respect the honor you confer on me, as a tribute to them."

The next to be honored by the University was Patrick J. Keeley, the architect. When he received the Medal, in 1884, he had already erected over seven hundred churches throughout the United States. The practice of engraving on the Medal some apt phrase indicating the activities of the Medalist is well illustrated in the words found on Mr. Keeley's Medal: "Fiat pax in virtute tua, et abundantia in turribus tuis,"—"Let peace be in thy strength and abundance in thy towers."

The first woman to receive the Medal (1885) was Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who did so much to

educate the people of her day to the beauties of Christian art.

In 1886 the honor was awarded to General John Newton, a great army engineer. The man who constructed the defenses about Washington during the Civil War and later won fame by his engineering exploits at Hell Gate, New York.

Former records of the Laetare Medal have passed over in silence the year 1887. In that year the faculty acted in the customary way and awarded the Medal, but the name of their choice was never made known. For twenty-nine years his name has been withheld from the public. A great journalist and a man of unquestioned leadership, he nevertheless asked that the honor be withheld and his name kept secret. A convert to Catholicity, he had vowed never to accept any honor or distinction but to labor unnoticed for the spread of the Catholic faith. The University appreciated the delicate situation and declined to make another choice for that year. And now, his vow fulfilled, we should give him his proper place in the charmed circle, truly one of the noblest of noble men, Edward Preuss of St. Louis.

Next followed, in order of time, the names of those who have been signalled out by the University as worthy of the highest honor:

- 1888 Patrick V. Hickey, founder of the *Catholic Review*;
- 1889 Mrs. Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist;
- 1890 William J. Onahan, organizer of the first American Catholic Congress;
- 1891 Daniel Dougherty, the greatest orator of his time;
- 1892 Henry F. Brownson author and philosopher, and editor of the works of his distinguished father;
- 1893 Patrick Donahue, the founder of the *Boston Pilot*;
- 1894 Augustin Daly, theatrical manager and promoter of high ideals in the drama;
- 1895 Mrs. James Sadlier, writer of beautiful Catholic fiction;
- 1896 General William S. Rosecrans, the leader of the Army of the Cumberland;
- 1897 Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, distinguished surgeon and author of important medical studies, grand-nephew of Robert Emmett;
- 1898 Timothy E. Howard, noted jurist, member of the Supreme Court of Indiana, and counsellor of our Founders;

- 1899 Mary Gwendolin Caldwell, whose benefactions made possible the beginnings of the Catholic University;
- 1900 John A. Creighton, philanthropist and founder of Creighton University;
- 1901 William Bourke Cockran, the stirring orator;
- 1902 Dr. John B. Murphy, America's greatest surgeon;
- 1903 Charles J. Bonaparte, noted lawyer and attorney-general under President Roosevelt;
- 1904 Richard C. Kerens, a kindly philanthropist and former Ambassador to Austria;
- 1905 Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, prominent business man of Boston and known as the friend of the poor;
- 1906 Dr. Francis Quinlan, a medical specialist of international fame;
- 1907 Katherine E. Conway, author, the disciple of John Boyle O'Reilly and one of the makers of the *Pilot* and the *Republic*;
- 1908 James C. Monaghan, noted lecturer and leader in the consular service of the United States;
- 1909 Frances Tiernan (Christian Reid), a leader in Catholic literary circles;
- 1910 Maurice Francis Egan, noted teacher and writer, at present the American minister to Denmark;
- 1911 Agnes Repplier, distinguished essayist;
- 1912 Thomas B. Mulry, prominent charity worker, at the time of his decoration head of the St. Vincent de Paul Society;
- 1913 Charles B. Herbermann, the blind scholar, and editor-in-chief of the Catholic Encyclopedia;
- 1914 Edward Douglas White, chief-justice of the United States;
- 1915 Miss Mary V. Merrick, who though heavily burdened with bodily afflictions, founded and still supervises the work of Christ Child Society.

To-night another link is added to that chain of illustrious names; the honored ones who are thus told that a whole people thanks them and will never forget. To-day the honor of the Laetare Medal is even more great and singular than on the day of its founding. "The Church will not be judged by the men she has produced but by the men she is producing." (Bp. Davis.) That men may rise to replace the passing

giants is the purpose of the Laetare Medal; that those who do rise may be justly honored, "for it is a high and excellent thing to be able to recognize true worth." (Bp. Spalding.)

### Trust or Friendship.

E. J. MCSKER. '17.

Jack Harding arose from his bed. Though it was long past midnight, a disturbed mind caused each step of the pedestrians on the street below to sound as though it was at his very ear, and the rumble of the motors of the taxicabs carrying home the late revellers jarred his every sense.

For a long time, Jack gazed at the sleeping form of his room-mate. There was not a stir. Williams, apparently unmindful of the worries that beset his boon companion, was enjoying his rest in a way that Harding envied.

Finally, Jack sighed heavily, threw his bathrobe across his shoulders and walked slowly into the adjoining room. Mechanically he filled his pipe and struck a match to light the tobacco. He had taken one puff, when there came from the sleeping room, a long, low moan. Had anyone been near Jack, he would have seen, in the light of the match still held close to the smoker's face, a startling change. The look of worry gave way to one of intense fear; every muscle tightened and the lips trembled violently.

"Money, money, money."

From Williams' mouth came the words.

Harding dropped the match, laid his pipe on the table and walked back into the sleeping room.

"Yes, I've got it—More, you say?—What can you ask, man?—Harding? No, he won't tell—Yes, here's every cent of it."

Harding bit his lips as the sleeper continued his broken talk.

Suddenly Williams stirred. He arose from his bed and walked towards the mantelpiece.

"You don't believe it? Well, here's every cent."

Moving a vase from its position, he picked up a roll of bills and held it out toward an imaginary companion. Then, without another word, he put the money back, got into bed and resumed his disturbed slumber.

Harding had stood motionless until Williams returned to his bed. Then his anger mastered

him. With an ejaculation, he strode across the room, flashed on the electric light, picked up the roll of bills and started toward his companion's bed. But just as he was about to awaken Williams, some thought stopped him. He stood still for a full minute, then turned around slowly, replaced the bills, put out the light, walked back into the reading room and sat down to resume his smoke.

Jack Harding was a college graduate. For the past year, he had been private secretary to W. J. Brown, president of a big furniture corporation. He had started out as a salesman for the company and within three months had become auditor. Brown, however, liked Harding's business ability and picked him as his secretary at the end of a year. In this position Harding had become an invaluable aid to the president.

Russell Williams had been Harding's friend in youth. When Harding went to college, Williams began business life in New York. He had been successful and through rapid advance had become department manager for the same concern which employed Harding.

A month before the night in question the treasurer of the New York office of the company had resigned. Broken health was the cause of his resignation and his sickness necessitated his immediate departure to a suitable climate. Consequently, the affairs of the company were left quite tangled, with the appointment of a new treasurer an impossibility because of the importance and responsibility of the position.

There was considerable surprise manifested in the office when President Brown asked his young secretary to audit all of the company's books personally. Harding was surprised himself, but he went at the task willingly.

It was this task that brought one of the greatest trials of the young man's life.

He had gone through the books of every other department when he reached those of Williams. Careful figuring showed a deficit of \$5,000. Harding was thunderstruck. "Williams is as honest as could be; he wouldn't steal the money," the secretary reasoned. Feverishly he went over the books again, and repeated the act again and again, but the figures inevitably showed the same result.

Jack's feelings were further disturbed by the fact that Williams had often evaded his company at night of late, whereas, in other days, the two had been inseparable. Then, three nights

before, Harding had heard Williams rave in his sleep. But tonight's action capped the climax. Immediate action was necessary.

"A few weeks ago everything was so pleasant," Harding thought, as he puffed slowly at his pipe. "What more could a fellow ask? Here we were, two pals, both getting along nicely in the same concern. Then the two sisters came into our lives. Oh, it's hard."

Jack and Williams had met sisters. Love had followed, with the resulting engagements, and plans had been completed for a double wedding in the near future. The path of happiness had been strewn with flowers until the audit of the books.

"What can I do?" mused Jack. "If I expose Williams, what will I be, a cad? If I don't, I will be a traitor to my employer. Am I to think of the future of the girls and 'Russ', or am I to lose all happiness?"

The remainder of the night went slowly, but by morning Harding had resolved on a course of action.

Harding and Williams ate breakfast alone.

"'Russ,'" began Harding, after they had eaten in silence for several minutes, "what would you say of a fellow who discovered a friend doing crooked work and exposed him?"

Williams' face took on an expression that Harding had never before seen there.

"Why," he snarled, "he'd be a skunk, that's all."

Harding paled, but he was in the fight now and he must stay.

"What about the trust that had been placed in him?"

"Why, you fool, what are a few dollars out of a corporation's pocket when compared to real friendship?"

"Williams," asked Harding firmly, "why did you take that \$5,000?"

"What do you mean? You're insulting me."

Jack was now leaning across the table. His fists were clenched, his jaw set and his eyes narrowed.

Williams wavered under his glance.

"Why do you want to know?" he faltered.

"I won't ask you any more questions," hurled back Harding, "but if every cent of that money is not back in its proper place within two days, I'll expose you."

"You will?" Williams sneered, his composure recovered. "Well, how about my girl—your girl?"

Laughing, he turned on his heel and left the room. An angry retort arose to Harding's lips, but he checked it and watched Williams as he donned his hat and coat and went out of the house.

That night Harding followed his room-mate. He saw Williams walk boldly into the office, remove money from the safe and leave again. He followed him as he boarded a car and rode to the west end of the city. He trailed him over fields and through a boggy swamp, to an old deserted shack.

A dim light was burning in the building and two figures sat at a table.

Williams gave three raps at the door and was admitted. Throwing off his outer coat, he removed from a pocket of his inside coat a big roll of bills.

"How much have you got?" asked one of the men.

"Why, \$6,000, just what you asked for."

"Is Harding wise?"

"I guess he is, but it matters little to me. I've got him by the neck. You know what a girl means to a young fool in love."

Harding bit his lips to keep back angry words.

Williams laid the money on the table and arose as if to go.

But Jack was determined. He smashed the glass in the window through which he had been looking and covered the three men with a revolver.

"Williams, put that money, every bit of it, in your pocket," he commanded.

Hesitatingly, Russell did so.

Then Harding threw a rope into the room.

"Bind those men together and bind them tight; then tie them to the floor."

When the order was executed, Harding called to Williams to come outside. At the point of gun, he marched him to the car line. They boarded a car together and Jack put away his revolver. When they reached the business district, he took his companion by the arm and led him to the office.

"Put that money back in the safe," he said.

"No," replied Williams, revolting once more.

Harding pulled out his revolver.

"Do as I tell you or I will telephone for the police."

Harding had no more than completed the sentence when the door opened and President Brown walked in. He saw Williams with a roll of bills in his hand, Harding sitting at a

desk with one hand on a telephone receiver and the other holding a revolver leveled at his companion.

"Why, what's the meaning of this?" he asked.

Harding rose hastily and put the revolver into his pocket.

"There was a shortage in Williams' accounts and he remembered having left the missing money in another place. We went out to get it; that's all."

"But why the revolver?"

"We were afraid we might be attacked on the way in."

"But you had it pointed at Williams."

"I know," laughed Harding nervously. "I was just telling him what I would do if I saw a burglar at work here."

"By the way, Jack," continued Mr. Brown apparently believing the tale, "you're to be married soon, I believe."

"I think so, I mean, er, I, yes, sir."

"Well, for a little present, I'm going to give you a new job. How would you like to be treasurer?"

"I, sir? Why—"

"All right, you accept."

There was a moment of awkward silence, in which Harding glanced at his room-mate. The latter was smiling. Harding could not.

"And, Mr. Harding," Brown continued, "Williams here is not a bad sort, is he?"

"No, indeed not," replied Jack.

"I believe I would trust him with my entire fortune."

"Why, yes, sir, certainly," said Jack, avoiding his employer's gaze.

"That was a clever stunt he pulled on you and you thought he was dishonest."

"You mean that he didn't—"

"No, I wanted to try out your integrity and faithfulness, of which I was already pretty sure, before I promoted you, and I had Russell here plan out the whole thing. He worked the game nicely. I can't give him a new position, but I can give him a raise in salary for a wedding present."

"Then, 'Russ,' you were 'kidding' all the time?"

"Yes," laughed Williams.

"And you knew I heard your talk and followed you?"

"Yes."

"Say, weren't you really sleeping last night?"



"No."

"This is great," shouted Harding, as he leaped forward and threw his arms around his chum.

Suddenly Williams held up his hand.

"Jack looked so dead in earnest when he had that gun pointed at me in the shack that I really tied those two fellows to the floor," he said to Mr. Brown. "You'd better send someone out to untie them and give them a little 'tip' to pacify them. Gee, that was a 'boner.'"

### In Memoriam.\*

(Judge Timothy Edward Howard.)

The shadows of night had fallen on a summer day and the world was wrapped in silent slumber when Timothy Edward Howard laid his wasted body down in death and folded his white hands for the first time in rest from labor. North and South, and East and West, the news spread, and everywhere it brought grief to human hearts, for everywhere there were those who knew Judge Howard and sorrowed bitterly at his death. For days his name was often spoken by thousands of men and women; yet I believe that not one among all these thousands had aught but highest praise to speak of him. I doubt whether he had even one enemy in all the world, while his friends were as enthusiastic and devoted as they were numerous. Yet he had been a great figure in the City, and County, and State life of his day. He was a man of rich and varied accomplishment, he had been associated with large action in public life, he was utterly lacking in the arts of the politician, and in the ordinary course there ought to have been some at least to find fault with his work or his ways; but calumny itself dare not stand up in its place to assail him. There must have been rare qualities in a man who could thus placate the envy and malice of the world.

Born on a farm near Ann Arbor, Michigan, he enjoyed the great advantage of poverty and rusticity. Let philosophers speculate on the reasons why a larger proportion of the rural population obtain distinction than of the urban population. Perhaps it is because the farmer's boy breathes fresher air, eats plainer food, keeps wholesomer hours; perhaps it is because hard work is his Good Angel, even as adversity

is said to be the whip which scourges men into Vikings; perhaps it is because the farmer's boy is ambitious and courageous rather than full of conceit and assurance as is his city cousin. At any rate it is not the poor man's son who is handicapped in life but rather the idle and indulgent youth growing dull and bulky in the home of plenty; it is the lean and restless farmer type that wrestles best with life. Taught his letters in a country school, and having finished his high school work in Ypsilanti, he attended the University of Michigan for a year and a half, and then he came to Notre Dame where he was graduated two and one-half years later. He had just begun his career as a teacher at Notre Dame when the Civil War broke out and one day he disappeared mysteriously without a word of warning, and shortly afterward the University authorities heard he had enlisted as a private soldier in defense of the Union. His career in the Army was short, however, for a Southern soldier at the Battle of Shiloh sped a bullet that wounded him so seriously that he could not return to the Army during the war. Perhaps this is why he took such a pathetic and tender interest in the activities of the noble men who make up the G. A. R. Posts of South Bend; perhaps this is why at every camp fire he had his place, and in every Memorial Day parade he marched with the old comrades, enjoying almost in ghostly participation the service of patriotism which the fates had denied him in his vigorous youth.

His career as a public official was brilliant, and of a chastity that won the admiration of all who knew him. As a member of the City Council his eloquent pleading procured for South Bend the beautiful park that proudly bears his name. When shall it be graced with a statue lifted in his honor? He was at various times, City Attorney, and County Attorney, Clerk of the Circuit Court, and State Senator, and always he wore the laurels of Solon in a way that dignified and honored them. He was admitted to the bar when forty-six years of age; for the Law was not his first love, and he had had a career as farmer, and as teacher, and as soldier before taking up his Blackstone. Yet this wonderfully versatile man was lifted up to a seat on the Supreme Bench of Indiana, and his decisions were quoted with honor in every State of the Union. This modest and unpretentious jurist was himself the author of the Indiana Tax Law, a model of its kind, and he

\*Eulogy spoken by President Cavanaugh at the Round Table, South Bend.

was appointed by the Governor to codify the laws of this great commonwealth.

As a teacher his attainments were as varied as the activities which later crowded his life, and he was equally at home with Latin and Greek, and English, and History, and Mathematical classes. From every young man who sat at his feet nearly half a century ago he won the undying love which manifested itself in sweet and tender ways during all the years that followed; and I am proud to say, that when he returned to the University a few years ago bearing with him the rich treasures of ripe scholarship, and shrewd observation, and legal erudition and kindly spirit, he at once became the idol of his pupils, teaching them high and beautiful lessons in the science of life, nobler than the science of law.

He was a patriot and not a politician. It is true he gave to his party a loyalty which ennobled and dignified it in the eyes of the community, and almost the only reward he received was an occasional invitation to deliver an address at the dedication of a little street fountain or to preside over a public meeting, or be present at the session of a historical society. It seemed right that the low-brows should wear the laurels and the ward heelers wear the diamonds while the gentle, modest scholar should, as Sidney Smith said, "cultivate literature on a little oatmeal" and go his quiet way of plain living and high thinking.

He was a poet whose most beautiful poem was himself, and yet his written verses also scattered golden thought in showers of silvery speech.

He was a jurist in whom the judicial temper was a gift, and in whose soul the passion for fairness was a divine perennial flame. He was a true high priest of that noblest and most Godlike virtue of which it has been said "For justice every place a temple, and every season summer."

He was a historian whose knowledge of local chronicles was as minute as his grasp of universal history was broad and scholarly.

God made him a big man. He was a large and dignified figure in body; he was great, and serene, and well poised in mind; he was generous, placid, and heroic of soul; he was such a one as the noblest of his race would like to address as "Your Honor."

He was a true philosopher in the art of living; he was temperate in eating; he was

temperate in drinking; he was temperate in speech; he was temperate in professions of friendship; he was temperate in patriotism; he was temperate in religion; he was temperate in money-making—he often told me he had no desire for more money than was sufficient to procure the necessities of life.

He was a man of profound charity. Did anyone ever hear him speak ill of another?

He was a man of lowly modesty. Did anyone ever hear him speak boastfully of himself?

He was a slow worker, but he always had time for the Church, for civic ceremonies, and for such intellectual reunions as this Round Table.

He was a profoundly spiritual man, beautifully tolerant of the inner life of other men,—his own radiant mind lit up with the lights of faith, his own generous heart warmed by the fires of hope, his noble spirit mellowed by the rich liquor of charity. He was a reverent man with an enlightened sense of the presence, and the power, and the beauty of God; he was a lovable Christian brother with a fine appreciation of the confidence and friendship of men. His word was wisdom, his spirit joy, his friendship almost a sacrament. The elements were so mixed in him that nature might stand up and say, "Here was a man."

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### Antigone.

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BY SPEER STRAHAN.

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Of all the dramatic creations of antiquity, the sweet personality has alone retained universal and unfailing popularity. Even a hasty reading of the play moves the dullest of us to admiration. When the action opens, it is morning. The light of peace is still young upon the city, the dew still wet upon the bloody walls. And there in the midst of her judges stands Antigone, the simple girl, yet the embodiment of the most sublime ideas of virtue and heroism. She suffers death because she appeals to a higher court than that of men. In this, she is to poetry what the grave majestic figure of Socrates is to prose. Admit that there is in the play much of what has been termed the "effect of situation," as well as the spell of great poetry, yet the personality of this frail young woman dominates them all.

Next to Antigone, one's interest centers on Haemon. His tragic death fulfils his unselfish

character. It is interesting to note in the play the exclusion of a love interest. Had the unhappy pair been Roméo and Juliet, what passionate farewells would have been exchanged, what burning words, what dying embraces? The boy, strong in his love for her, crying to heaven against the tyranny of his father, plunges the sword into his breast and dies on the corpse of his beloved.

The culmination of the horror when the humbled king, bearing in his arms the dead body of his son, hears the news of the queen's death, is simply perfect. If anything in ancient Greece ever convinced that wonderful people of the consequences of crime, it was such a story as that of Antigone in the hands of Sophocles. The only climax to that scene where Creon, crushed and humbled to the dust stands listening to the final chant of the chorus, while afar through the March evening the purple sunset deepens over Mount Hymettus, and the thousands before are silent for very awe,—the only climax to that scene could be when four hundred years later one who called himself not worthy of the name of apostle stood in the classic streets of Athens beneath the overshadowing presence of the Acropolis, and with the Galilean dust upon his sandals, appealed to them in the name of the "Unknown God" they worshipped.

Antigone reminds one most of Cordelia. But one should recall that while the Grecian maiden is the central figure of a number of plays, Cordelia is but one of Shakespeare's great crowd of personages. Says one critic of note: "According to the classical ideas of virtue and heroism, the character (Antigone) is sublime, and in the delineation there is a severe simplicity mingled with its Grecian grace, a unity, a grandeur, an elegance which appeal to our taste and our understanding, while they fill and exalt the imagination." Yet, withal, one feels with the same author as she concludes: "To Antigone we give our admiration, to Cordelia our tears."

Such is the person of Antigone. Yet I think it not all wrong that, even considering the inferior position of woman in the Greek state, the poet should have chosen to show forth this truth, not some exultant Athenian youth with brows bound with laurel and eyes full of pagan loveliness, but a weak Theban maiden, yet a maiden about whom the glory of Greece has ever since clung. Sophocles felt in some faint

way that the weak things confound the strong. What scales would have fallen from his eyes could he have seen the little maid of Nazareth go up to the hill country of Judea, with the Word Made Flesh within her breast.

### Varsity Verse.

#### TO A MUSICIAN.

If I but had the pow'rs of song,  
The gifts that you possess,  
Think you I'd stay and idle long,  
Or seek for "Gold's" caress?  
Ah no! I'd play upon my lyre  
The unsung songs of men,  
Their hope and love and wild desire,  
Their thought that ne'er reached pen.  
I'd sing again the secret strife,  
That raged within each breast,  
I'd sing the tale of harried life  
And then of welcome rest.  
If I but had the pow'rs of song,  
The gifts that you possess  
Think you I'd stay and idle long  
When hearts seek for redress?  
Then let the free breeze sweep thy lyre  
And bring to birth thy song;  
Leap, hearts of men, with high desire,  
And die, discordant wrong!

James A. Welsh.

#### THE CHILDREN.

A darkling dawn on the Yang-ho,  
Where the flood spits high and murk  
And infants' blood will spilling go  
In an evil temple by that flow,  
Where the yellow-devils lurk  
A moon-bright sun on city street  
And the children sicken and faint,  
And Death stalks free and laughs to see  
How gold the god has come to be,  
With his baneful yellow taint.

George D. Haller.

#### THE STORM CALL.

A beat of rain on the window pane,  
In the trees the wilding breeze,  
The tinkling drops, with sudden pops,  
And blustering helter and skelter.  
Oh, up and away and scatter the spray  
Of the misting, twisting rain,  
Out into the dark as wild as the lark  
And as free as the thund'ring main.

G. H.



## ENOUGH.

If I have stopped one soul from aching,  
Or soothed one throbbing pain;  
If I have stopped one heart from breaking,  
I have not lived in vain.

*Joseph C. McGinnis.*

## BY WAY OF MATRIMONIAL BUREAUS.

Wrote a plain man to a girl,  
"I ain't in the social whirl  
Of this town.  
There's no hair to top my pate,  
Neither foot can claim a mate.  
I'm a clown.

"I'm untutored, I'm corn-fed,  
Hand's is rough and face is red;  
Nose doth shine.  
But I've got great gobs of wealth."  
Answer: "Love you for your health.  
I am thine."

*D. C. Grant.*

## AL FRESCO.

A seven-mile tramp to the river-bank spring,  
A camp-fire lit 'neath an iron grill,  
A porter-house steak slow-broiled with skill,—  
Ye gods! What a meal for a super-king!

*S. A. Vory.*

## IN CHURCH.

The little bench below the seat,  
Is there to put your knees on;  
Your friend in front would wish your feet  
Were off the one that he's on.

*Don MacGregor.*

**"The Boob."**

BY T. C. D.

"Hello there general!" cried Bill Murry, the football coach for Bentley College, as he sat in his machine, watching a young farmer of about two hundred pounds weight diligently hoeing potatoes.

"How are the crops this year?"

"O the darn potatoes are eaten up with these pesky bugs," returned Jehu Downes as he rested on the handle of his hoe.

A conversation then took place between the coach and the burly farmer. Bill had been diligently hunting during the past week for just such a man as Jehu, but had met with little encouragement until this happy meeting. The fact was Bentley College was suffering from the loss of their powerful fullback Ed. Jenks, and the game with Hedley College was only three weeks away.

"So you never played football, eh?" asked Bill.

"No, and I don't care to either! I've enough to do right here on the farm, tending to the cows and horses, and taking care of my crops."

"Well, don't be too hasty, Downes; here's my offer: a first-class education and twenty dollars a month to boot, if you prove efficient in three week's time. How does that sound?"

Downes struck by the extraordinary offer of the coach, soon withdrew his former statement, and accepted the offer. He was very happy at the prospects of going to college and of quitting the life on the farm. After a short conversation, he retreated to a small cottage across the fields, and after packing his carpet bag, was soon on his way to Bentley College. As he drove with the coach through the college entrance, a crowd of students laughed in scorn at the "hayseed" sitting beside the spruce coach. Jehu was given a room and told to report daily for practice at three o'clock.

"Come on there, you lopsided freak of nature, get that ball and carry it. Don't stand there holding it like a picce of limburger cheese. Now go, hit 'em hard; plunge, fall on the ball." These were some of the imperatives hurled at Jehu, as he played like a demon in quest of victory. The students were greatly surprised at the progress being made by the "human steam-roller" as they now called him, instead of the "boob." Murry kept him working hard, and on the day of the big game he was quite confident of a victory, with Downes as full-back.

The day of the game had come at last, and at three o'clock Bentley marched on the field amid the shouts of the spectators and the music of the Varsity Band. The whistle blew and the anxious players were off. No score was made until the third quarter when Hedley made a touchdown. This was quickly followed by a touchdown by Bentley. The score was now seven to seven, with six more minutes to play.

"Get that ball, Downes; smash the line; kill 'em!" cried the frantic coach to Jehu.

In the next play the ball was given to Downes and he tore through the opposing line like a runaway locomotive, making a touchdown after a terrific plunge of twelve yards. The whistle blew and Downes was carried from the field on the shoulders of two enthusiastic students, in the midst of a cheering mob.

Jehu smiled quietly. He had "hit the line," and more than all, he had earned an "education with a salary to boot."

## THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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## BOARD OF EDITORS

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—The besetting sin of God's chosen people was idolatry. Against this the prophets thundered denunciation; because of this the wrath of God was kindled like fire before  
Retreat. stubble to destroy the evil doers.

For men in those days grew careless of their duty to God, made to themselves gods of stone and wood and worshipped with rites and ceremonies that pandered to their sensuality or their ambitious pride. Men have not greatly changed since then. Stone or wood cannot in an enlightened age win their adoration; but idolatry is not dead. Men build in their hearts shrines to idols, not of wood and stone, but idols withal. Here is vain ambition, king-crowned, claiming the sacrifice of time and energy and the lawful service of true worship; there is sensuality, soft, attractive, enticing, fattening upon the finer instincts of our nature thrown as incense on the glowing brazier; here is mere learning drawing votaries to its shrine to the neglect of the worship of the God of knowledge. There is need yet of the prophet-call, the warning, the direction. A retreat is such a call. The student living in a world crowded with false ideals, needs to pause, to listen to the warning, to break to powder what is merely a fetish, to come out from the darkness of the groves and worship in the temple of God. In a retreat he is brought face to face with the great realities of life—God, death, judgment, heaven and hell, and in the light of these truths he readjusts his perspectives, grasps new and right ideals and

goes on his way rejoicing. This opportunity—though it be brief—for pausing and giving one's best thought to these big facts that touch so nearly one's whole life, ought to be thoroughly appreciated by men whose vision reaches beyond the horizon of this material world.

On the part of the student, there is need in a retreat, of good-will, a spirit of self-sacrifice and a desire to lay hold of all the good that may be had from these religious exercises. This good-will has been abundantly manifested in the past and has borne fruit in an increased number of serious, devoted Catholic young men. The preacher can guide, counsel, suggest; but he cannot make the retreat. This is the work of the student himself, and the harvest of grace and spiritual profit which he will gather from this annual exercise will depend largely upon his sowing—good-will, earnest seriousness and regular attendance at all the exercises.

—Anyone who is a friend of Mr. T. A. Daly and Mr. Joyce Kilmer is sure of a warm welcome at Notre Dame. But Mr. Thomas Walsh, who lectures this week on "Cervantes," besides being a friend to these two brilliant young men and a working partner with them, is himself a poet of note and the foremost American authority on "Cervantes." His is a distinct claim for notice in American letters. Despite living in such a city as Brooklyn, Thomas Walsh has wrought the glories of ancient Spain into exquisite poetry, woven delicate Elizabethan love songs and tender Irish lyrics, that are authentic song. He has discovered and transmuted into our English language the glories and beauties of Catholic Spain, the Spain of the days that saw the treasures of the Indies unloaded on the wharfs of Cadiz, the days that beheld Goya rule Madrid with brush and palette, and the young Jesuit, Suarez, yet unknown to fame, refute the lords of Thomistic opinion. Two volumes of verse, "Prison Ships" and "The Pilgrim Kings," both issued by leading American publishing houses, bear witness to the recognition of his poetic genius. A great love of Spanish literature, and a knowledge of Spain, gained through living there for a certain period, ought to make the lecture one of the best of the year. Mr. Walsh comes to us to-night, one of the foremost American poets and a Catholic, to speak on the chief literary glory of almost the oldest Catholic country.

## The Laetare Medal.

On Sunday evening, October 22, the Laetare Medal was conferred upon Doctor James J. Walsh in Washington Hall. The ceremony, simple in itself, had an impressive grandeur about it that will long be felt by those who were present. The program had two parts. The first a musicale, given by Miss Myrna Sharlow, soprano, and Mr. Dolesji, violinist, both assisted by Mr. Charles Lurney, accompanist. The music was of a superior grade and rendered with fine artistry. "Come Back to Erin" was sung with true feeling, and Gonoud's "Ave Maria" with violin obbligato drew hearty applause from an appreciative audience. Mr. Dolesji's selections were well played and were heartily appreciated. Miss Sharlow's encores were especially delightful, particularly "Jamie, Jamie Dear." Both artists were ably accompanied by Mr. Lurney at the piano.

The second part of the evening's program was opened by a paper on the history of the Laetare Medal by Mr. Emmet Lenihan. The text of this paper is published in the first part of the SCHOLASTIC. Doctor Schumacher then read a number of telegrams of greeting received by Doctor Walsh and President Cavanaugh, some of which follow:

Baltimore, Md., Oct. 21, 1916.

Dr. J. J. WALSH:

I beg to offer you my most sincere congratulations on the well-deserved honor you have received by the conferring of the Laetare Medal.

JAMES CARDINAL GIBBONS.

New York, Oct. 20, 1916.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH:

Permit me, at exercises during which the Laetare Medal will be formally conferred on Dr. J. J. Walsh, to repeat my congratulations to the distinguished medalist. The University, always careful in its choice, could scarcely have selected a more worthy subject for this splendid honor.

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY.

Boston, Mass., Oct. 19, 1916.

Dr. JAMES J. WALSH:

Heartly congratulations on well deserved honors. May the merit and the honors still go on increasing.

WILLIAM CARDINAL O'CONNELL.

Bishop's House, Dubuque, Iowa.

The University will honor itself by honoring so distinguished a Catholic scholar.

I regret that it will be impossible for me to be present.

JOHN J. KEANE, ARCHBISHOP OF DUBUQUE.

Saint Paul, Minn., Oct. 20, 1916.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH:

I congratulate Dr. J. J. Walsh and Notre Dame

University. Doctor Walsh is honored by a great University. Notre Dame proves its enlightened judgment by choosing as recipient of this medal the first of our present-day defenders of Catholic faith.

JOHN IRELAND, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. PAUL.

Milwaukee, Wisconsin, Oct. 19, 1916.

MY DEAR DR. CAVANAUGH:

With thanks for your kind invitation beg to say that it is quite impossible for me to attend the conferring of the Laetare Medal on Dr. Walsh. But I wish to congratulate you on the selection that you made. Of all the Catholic laymen of our country, Dr. Walsh is, in my opinion, the most worthy one to receive such an honor.

May I ask you to kindly express to him my most cordial congratulations?

Very sincerely yours,

S. G. MESSMER, ARCHBISHOP OF MILWAUKEE.

St. Louis, Mo., Oct. 19, 1916.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Present the Laetare Medal to Dr. Walsh and try if you can to get into the record my heartiest greetings. Dr. Walsh is a prodigy—in learning—in activity. He ought to have that life formula of his,—how, namely, he thinks, talks and acts,—patented,—and then he ought to invite the rest of us to at once violate the patent. Yours

JOHN J. GLENNON, ARCHBISHOP OF ST. LOUIS.

Fort Wayne, Ind., Oct. 18, 1916.

THE REV. J. CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.:

Be sure to present to Doctor James J. Walsh, of New York, my most cordial congratulations, when that coveted honor, the Laetare Medal for the year 1916, is conferred on him next Sunday evening at your University.

At the same time kindly explain to him that I can hardly be present on the occasion much to my own regret. With sincere regards, I remain

Devotedly yours in Domino,

H. J. ALERDING, BISHOP OF FORT WAYNE.

Rockford, Ill., Oct. 18, 1916.

MY DEAR DR. CAVANAUGH:

I am sorry that I cannot attend on Sunday evening next, but I am out in the corn-fields at present and can not change the dates. I am happy to know you have honored Dr. Walsh. None more worthy. Please remember me to him and tell him I hope the electric lights will not go out.

P. J. MULDOON, BISHOP OF ROCKFORD.

Helena, Montana.

DEAR DOCTOR WALSH:

On my return home this morning I learn of the distinguished honor Notre Dame has conferred upon you in awarding you the Laetare Medal. Accept my most hearty congratulations and the assurance of my conviction that the honor could not have been more worthily bestowed. Very sincerely yours,

JOHN P. CARROLL, BISHOP OF HELENA.

Covington, Ky., Oct. 19, 1916.

MY DEAR FATHER CAVANAUGH:

Your dear invitation just came. Nothing would give me greater pleasure than to witness the honor bestowed so meritoriously upon Dr. Walsh, whom I

regard the facile princeps et primus among the best equipped Catholic laymen of our country.

The University of Notre Dame honors itself in honoring him. Vivant, Floreant et Crescant Honorans et Honoratus.—

I sincerely regret that I cannot be with you and him.

Yours affectionately,

FERDINAND BROSSART, BISHOP OF COVINGTON.

Washington, D. C., Oct. 22, 1916.

REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH:

It would be a joy if it were within my power to be with you. My sincerest felicitations to Dr. Walsh, and my earnest congratulations to you, and wishes for the continued development of the great and beneficent work of the University.

EDWARD D. WHITE, Chief Justice of the U. S.,  
Lætare Medalist, 1914.

After the reading of these greetings, which were warmly applauded by those present, President Cavanaugh read the following formal address of presentation:

THE UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME

TO

JAMES JOSEPH WALSH

GREETING

Sir:

It is many years since our forefathers in the University established the custom of conferring the Lætare Medal on some member of the Catholic laity distinguished for eminent service to humanity in some field of public effort. The purpose of the University is not only to honor those who have labored for the common good but also to set before the young men of America models of lay zeal and activity so that they may be inspired to work in the same spirit. Historians, poets, philosophers, scientists, authors, philanthropists, orators, journalists, jurists, and warriors have been thus singled out for recognition and approval, and the illustrious recipients of the Lætare Medal have added distinction to it.

For many years your untiring efforts in behalf of religion, science, and letters have marked you, sir, as one worthy to be added to the noble company of those who have received this mark of approval. Your great talents have been ungrudgingly given to the alleviation of the sufferings of men through the science of medicine. You have been that good physician whom we are bidden to honor for the need we have of him. You have labored with high motive and distinguished success in the field of Catholic education. On many occasions you have been the spokesman and defender of religious faith when it was misunderstood or attacked and your luminous exposition of the spirit and achievement of the old Catholic centuries and the old Catholic personages have made men within and without the Church your debtors. With a single-mindedness which cannot be too much admired you have undergone great labors for small rewards, and the whole spirit of your notable career has been one of generous service as well as high achievement. Your private life has been an example to Catholic youth.

Because of these distinguished services to religion and scholarship, and humanity; because of the noble

and disinterested spirit that has marked all the work of your life; and because in high aspiration and noble achievement you have been a model to the young men of America, the University of Notre Dame, also dedicated to their service, confers on you the Lætare Medal for the year of Our Lord Nineteen Hundred and Sixteen, and prays for you length of days and strength of purpose to continue your labors for God and humanity.

The President then pinned the Medal on Dr. Walsh who responded briefly and with the characteristic modesty and humility of greatness. Those who were used to hearing Doctor Walsh discourse for hours with wonderful fluency were deeply touched by the few brief words and read in his whole manner the feeling his words labored to express.

After the meeting in Washington Hall an informal reception was held in the University parlor.

Secretary McAdoo.

Extremely cordial was the reception accorded to Secretary of State McAdoo and the members of his party, who held forth in Washington Hall Saturday morning, the 21st. Senator Taggart of Indiana, the first speaker, won the students completely by inviting them to call on him any time they happened to visit the Capital. Doctor Axston, brother-in-law to the President, formerly a professor at Princeton, and now affiliated with Rice Institute in Texas, was fully at home before a college audience. His address was clever and amusing and brief. In conclusion, Secretary McAdoo explained carefully and simply the workings of the Federal Reserve Act and its beneficial effects upon the country.

The Book of Varsity Verse.

"The Book of Varsity Verse" to be issued shortly from the University Press, commands the interest not only of students now in residence at Notre Dame, but also all who have ever attended the University. The suggestion has often been made that the best of the poetry from the old volumes of the SCHOLASTIC be collected and put in permanent book form. It has been thought fitting that an anthology of this kind be issued this year as part commemoration of the golden jubilee of the SCHOLASTIC and the diamond jubilee of the University. Among the bards whose work is being reprinted are Arthur J. Stace, Daniel Vincent Casey, Charles Warren Stoddard, Austin O'Malley,

Francis Earle Hering, Jerome Murphy, Eliot Ryder, and Patrick McDonough. The collection is being edited by Speer Strahan and will have an introduction by Charles L. O'Donnell C. S. C.

### Obituary.

#### MR. JOHN KRAMER.

John Kramer, father of Edward Kramer of Brownson Hall, died suddenly at his home in Wayland, N. Y., on Wednesday evening, Oct., 25. Edward is a freshman in the University and a member of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society. He has the sincere sympathy of his many friends.

### Moving Pictures.

Because it was deemed that "The Chimes" would fail to find favor, a miscellaneous program was shown last Saturday night. Of the various one-reelers a "Ham and Bud" comedy was laughable and the rest were passable. "Colonel Carter of Cartersville," founded on the novel by the late F. Hopkinson Smith, is fairly interesting, but the production as a whole is unworthy of its star, Burr Macintosh.

### Personals.

—James Robbins (LL. B., '14) is practicing law in El Paso, Texas, with offices in the Mills Building.

—Francis Canning (LL. B., '14), formerly of Perris, California, has located in El Paso, selling real estate.

—Hon. James E. Watson (LL. D., '15), candidate for U. S. Senator, speaks at South Bend this evening.

—Harry Morrison, who was a student in Carroll Hall a few years ago, is doing border duty with the 32d Michigan Infantry.

—Our old friend Dr. T. J. Swantz (B. S., Biol., '04) of South Bend, is Democratic candidate this year for Coroner of St. Joseph County.

—Mr. Samuel Gompers, president of the American Federation of Labor, addressed the student body at three o'clock on Thursday afternoon.

—Rev. Julius Henze, O. F. M., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, Escanaba, Mich., visited

the Escanaba students at the University. There are now nine from Escanaba enrolled at Notre Dame.

—Juan Creel, who was a student in the University for several years, is now at the head of the Pioneer Motor Company, handling Briscoe automobiles.

—Friends of Robert E. Daly (M. E., '16) will be sorry to learn of an accident with which he met recently while engaged in work at Youngstown, Ohio. "Bob" is confined to the City Hospital, Youngstown.

### Local News.

—The library has been put under roof by the contractors.

—A large number of students enjoyed the performance of "Experience" at the Oliver last evening.

—The new rooms in the Sorin Subway have been painted and will soon be ready for use. They are situated on the northeastern end of the building.

—Dances to which the public is invited indiscriminately are to be tabooed to Notre Dame students, according to a ruling published last Tuesday.

—The football team will be entertained on the evening of the Nebraska-Notre Dame game at a banquet given by the Catholic Student Club of Nebraska University.

—It is probable that an excursion will be run to Lansing on Nov. 18 to enable Notre Dame fans to see the game with the Michigan Aggies. The Grand Trunk railroad, which goes directly to Lansing, has been asked for a round trip rate.

—The Glee Club is booked for St. Joseph, Michigan, on the evening of Wednesday, Nov. 15. Father M. G. Esper, who staged the Club's concert there last year, was so enthusiastic that he was the first to write for a date this season.

—The fifteen Texans at the University reorganized on Monday by choosing Harry R. Burt of Moran, Texas, as their president for the coming year. Others to be honored by the Lone Star fraternity are Bryan Odem, who hails from Sinton and is to be vice-president; Odin E. Clay of Houston, secretary and treasurer; Walter Schumucker, Dallas, sergeant-at-arms; "Tex" Allison, Georgetown, chaplain.



—The first social event of the school calendar will be the informal dance given by the Day-Students of the University at Place Hall on Wednesday evening, November eighth. The annual dance of the "Dodgers" last fall was the best attended of the year, and the Day Students hope to duplicate their performance next month. Tickets are now printed and in the hands of the committee.

—The second session of the Moot Court case of Stephen McGonigle, charged with illegal voting last March 9, was held in Sorin Law Room Monday evening. It is hoped to get the case to the jury by next Monday. Vernon Helmen and Sam Feiwell, both day students, are prosecuting. Emmett Lenihan and Arthur Hayes of Walsh Hall, are counsel for McGonigle. Among the witnesses already examined are Charles Reeve, Joe Flynn, Hugh O'Neil, John Doyle, and Thomas McManus. The case has attracted campus-wide attention.

—This was decidedly Walsh week at Notre Dame. Sunday night in Washington Hall the Laetare Medal was presented to Dr. James J. Walsh, of New York. Tuesday, ex-Governor Walsh of Massachusetts, called at the University. Friday Senator Walsh of Montana was slated to appear in our midst. To-night we are to have a lecture by Thomas Walsh, the poet. Also, we might add, that in the absence of Father Cavanaugh, Father Walsh has been acting president, and that Walsh Hall played Brownson to a standstill last Sunday, and the Walsh smoker was held Wednesday night.

—Walsh Hall opened its social program for the scholastic year last Wednesday night with a very pleasing program and a fine lunch. The smoker was one of the many good times contemplated by the committee in charge. The program on the whole had a touch of professionalism and it would be a difficult matter to pick out a "best." Charles McCauley assisted by Harry Scott dispensed Southern syncopation and was one of the many "hits" on the bill. Mr. Soraco and Mr. Ong dressed in their native garbs rendered three Chinese songs and are to be congratulated on their number. "School Days," written by L. Cook, was the best vaudeville act we have ever seen at Notre Dame. After the amusement a short talk was given by Father Farley, congratulating the boys on the spirit shown this year. The committee wishes to thank Mr. O. A. Clark, manager of

Kables restaurant and "Jimmie and Goats" for their aid in making the Smoker the success it was.

—St. Joseph Hall students have reorganized their literary and debating society and are planning to hold regular meetings during the winter. Nearly the entire hall enrollment has joined the society. The men who will direct the affairs of the organization are Stephen McGonigle, of Belvidere, Ill., who will brandish the gavel at meetings and hold down the chair during debates; Raymond W. Murray of Bridgeport, Conn., who will preside when the revered executive is pressed for time through duties in the law library; John H. Doyle, of Sparta, Wis., who will record the doings of the society and take down the speeches of the president; Frank J. Carey, of Rochester, N. Y., upon whom will fall the task of collecting and hoarding the club revenues.

### Football.

That the Varsity is going to meet some tough opposition before the season is over was evidenced from last Saturday's scores. The Army smothered Trinity by the score of 58 to 0, the great Oliphant making twenty-eight of the points himself; Nebraska beat the Oregon Aggies by two touchdowns; while the Michigan Aggies got all the bad breaks in the game and were nosed out by Michigan to the tune of 9 to 0. It is evident that these three teams are exceptionally strong this year. Assistant Coach Rockne, who watched the Army-Trinity game, says the West Pointers have one of the best teams he had ever seen, and "Rock" played on the famous Notre Dame team of 1913. If the team gets down to business, we should take not only the Army game but all the rest on the schedule.

The team has been working on their three-times-a-day schedule all week, which consists of blackboard practice at twelve thirty, a work-out on Cartier Field each afternoon, and signal drill in the gym each evening after supper. As a result of this hard work, the squad is showing a world of improvement. Thanks to the good work of trainer Gilmstedt, all the injured on the squad have been coming along nicely and not a substitute will start the game to-day against Wabash. Rydzweski's infected arm has completely healed; John Miller's hand has mended and Whipple's ankle is strong

enough so that he can, at least, start the game at his old position at right end.

The Freshmen have been giving the Varsity stubborn resistance in each evening's scrimmage, and the regulars have been called upon to extend themselves in order to hold their own. Using Wabash plays, the Yearlings proved a puzzle to the Varsity at first, but when the old fighting spirit was aroused, the story was somewhat different. This is just what the team needed, stubborn resistance and somebody that would make them fight; and this is just what the Freshmen have given them.

The work of one man has stood out prominently in the scrimmages of the past week. Meagher, sophomore substitute end, has been showing such rapid development that he is expected to prove a real find before the season is over.

Although the Varsity should take Wabash down the line this afternoon, the contest will be a real battle, for the teams are old enemies on the gridiron; and, too, the Little Giants are a much better team than the score of the Wabash-Purdue game would indicate. The Boilermakers defeated Wabash, 26 to 7, but two of their touchdowns came as freaks of luck and the Little Giants have improved greatly since that game. Three touchdowns to the good will be aplenty!

### Interhall Football.

The interhall season football schedule opened on last Sunday like the battle of the Marne. Walsh Hall sturdies lined up, tiger-eyed quick, determined; Brownson opposed with a little more weight but less skill. After the rush of the kick-off was over Joe Lodesky was found on the field with a badly injured leg. After the second play, time was called while McKenny of Walsh was led from the field trying to keep his head on his shoulders; play number three came to an end and Clarence Bader stepped it off to the side lines hoping that his teeth were still firm in the jaw he was sure must be dislocated; after the fourth play—but we must stop somewhere.

Every inch of ground was stubbornly fought for. Walsh Hall seemed to have the advantage through most of the game, though a long forward pass by Brownson near the close of the battle sent a tremble through Coach Bachman's warriors.

For Walsh the stars were Noonan, Harry McNickols, Haberer and McFeeley, while Zoia, Riley and Hackett for Brownson made the fur fly. The score was 0-0.

\*\*

The Corby Chicks defeated Walsh Chicks on Thursday by the score of 14 to 0. The game was well played by both teams. Mulligan's long runs were the feature of the game.

### Safety Valve.

Brownsonite:—"I just came over from Walsh Asylum where I visited some of the inmates and I want to tell you, pal, that I feel sorry for some of those fellows. Why they talk as sensible most of the time as you and I do and some of them honestly believe they are attending school and studying lessons. One fellow told me that he stayed up till eleven o'clock burning a candle to study his geometry and the poor fellow was as earnest and sincere about it as though he had lucid intervals and could think. The only time they really become violent is when you mention Hully & Mike's or say something about night permissions. They think they should have 30 night permissions a week and they swear by their double-decker beds that they only get nine. They are usually put in between the iron fire doors in the corridor when in this condition and they get the idea that they are pins in the bowling alley and that Father Farley is bowling 300. But I'm of the opinion that some of them could be cured if they'd clean their teeth with Sapolio."

\*\*

No, there are no private rooms vacant now but if you're an unconditioned sophomore or nut or something like that I'll give you a bill for tent space in the late Chemistry Hall.

\*\*

Corby Haller:—"At the school my sister attends, and it's not a thousand miles from here, the younger girls make dates to go walking with the older girls and so keenly do they enjoy and appreciate this privilege that they send these older girls flowers when they happen to go to town. I think it would be an exceedingly nice thing if we would do the same thing. I shall start it to-night if possible."

(One hour later.)

Corbyite:—"May I have a date to go walking with you to-night, Mr. Cofall?"

Cofall:—"To go walking! If I walk four feet to-night I hope to be shot. Do you think I have nothing else to do after playing football for two hours but to spend the evening walking? If you want exercise go to work. If you want to see me you'll find me in a Morris chair and for the love of Mike bring your own tobacco because I haven't any to spare—"

(A week later.)

Messenger:—"I have some flowers here for Mr. Cofall."

Cofall:—"Flowers! There's no one dead here. What on earth are you thinking of? This is not a wake."

Messenger:—"No. Mr. Cofall these flowers, as I understand it, are for your own personal enjoyment."

Cofall:—"Enjoyment! You can't eat flowers. Take them out and give them to the janitor and have them put in my mattress—there's a hole in the middle of it."

Messenger:—"But you wouldn't put rosy blooms like these in a mattress would you?"

Cofall:—"No. I might catch hay fever from them. Take them out and bury them. They carry germs of all kinds. It might be well to pour coal oil on them to be sure they are harmless—"

### Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to October 28, 1916

The following subscriptions for Old Students' Hall were received by Warren A. Cartier, Ludington, Michigan, treasurer of the building committee:

Rev. Bernard P. Murray,

\$100.00

The amounts which follow were published in an earlier issue of the SCHOLASTIC.

\$2000.00  
Samuel T. Murdock, '86  
\$1000.00  
P. T. O'Sullivan, '68  
Rev. E. J. McLaughlin, '75  
M. F. Healy, '82  
John C. Shea, '98  
Clement C. Mitchell, '02  
Byron V. Kanaley, '04  
Daniel P. Murphy, '95  
John P. Lauth, '68  
\$500.00  
Rev. John Dinnen, '65  
Warren A. Cartier, '87  
Stephen B. Fleming, '90  
Thomas Hoban, '99  
Angus D. McDonald, '00  
William A. McInerney, '01  
Joseph M. Byrne, '14  
Cassius McDonald, '04  
William P. Breen, '77  
Student from Far West  
Rev. I. E. McNamee, '09  
C. C. Craig, '85  
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