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Age.

BY ARTHUR HOPE

HE was old and bent and tattered and torn,
He walked with a jerk, and his head unshorn,
Bobbed and nodded a sad adieu
To the world of to-day,—to me and you.

He was crooked and lame, and leaned on a staff,
The breeze raised his hair as the wind does chaff,
And the scattered thoughts of his time-worn mind
Flew here and there as snow in the wind.

His voice was shaky, but sweet and soft,
Like the tremulo in the organ-loft;
His smile as soothing as the note that falls
From the throistle's throat when his nest-mate calls.

The Life and Works of Archbishop Spalding.

BY SPEER STRAHAN.

ANYONE who stood by the coffin of John Lancaster Spalding and gazed down into that silent and peaceful face, must surely have been struck with the majesty of the silent dead. There in his coffin lay that silent orator, in all the purple glory of his office, the amethyst gleaming on one blue-veined hand that in death still clasped to his breast the chalice which had been his daily strength. The pale, calm face was triumphant in death. Upon the forehead was pressed down the mitre, as if to guard in death that brain that in life had been so wondrously dedicated to God. Those lips that had been a silver clarion to higher living were now stilled forever, those eyes whose brightness had struck fire in countless hearts were closed not to open till the Judgment Day, yet here in the silence of death his spirit seemed to fill the whole place and brood with holy wings over those who passed his bier. It is now already two months since the

funeral; another public calamity will soon dim the remembrance of his death in the public mind, yet to all who love true greatness of spirit, Spalding's spirit will be immortal.

It is seldom that a country as new as America receives a genius so purely intellectual. The stirring times of his youth and early manhood would seem to have almost forced his talents into a circle of public activities. Unsettled as the period was in national affairs, it yet saw greater religious turmoil. The long struggle between North and South was just beginning. When Spalding was seven years old, Webster thundered out his Seventh of March speech: it was at Ashland, near Spalding's birthplace that the great Compromiser, Henry Clay, sought peace and rest in his attempt to solve national difficulties. The same dark years witnessed a most thorough persecution of Roman Catholics through the Know-Nothing Movement, for those of Spalding's faith, like their ancestors, had to endure despoliation, robbery, persecution. Rare, indeed, is so meditative a genius produced, when the times seem to cry only for the man who can express himself with swords or pistols. And though firmly wedded to ancient traditions, he was ready and eager, nevertheless, to make the most of what the present and the future had to offer. With him there was no mourning for past glories: all he asked was opportunity to contend for future honors. This he endeavored with all his mind and soul to imprint on the minds of his countrymen.

John Lancaster Spalding was descended from an old English family, famous in ecclesiastic annals from the Middle Ages, when Spalding Abbey was founded in Lincolnshire, England. The Spaldings in America trace their origin to the days of Lord Baltimore. For more than two hundred years, the numerous branches of the family have been conspicuous in the development of Maryland and Kentucky. Among these never to be forgotten is the name

Martin John Spalding, Archbishop of Baltimore, and uncle of John Lancaster Spalding.

John Lancaster Spalding was born in Lebanon, Kentucky, June 2, 1840. Very early he began to show signs of a priestly vocation, and accordingly was sent to St. Mary's, Kentucky, where he made his preparatory studies. Thence he passed to Mount St. Mary's, Emmitsburg, and in turn to Mount St. Mary's, Cincinnati, and to Louvain, Belgium, where he was ordained priest in 1863. The end of the next year, spent in Rome, found him fully equipped for his life work. In 1865 he took up priestly duties at the Cathedral of Louisville, but even at this time his scholarly attainments attracted such notice that he was chosen theologian to Archbishop Blanchet of Oregon at the second plenary council of Baltimore in 1866. With Father Hecker, the Paulist, and Father Ryan, later Archbishop Ryan, he was chosen for the rare honor of preaching at the council. After his return to Kentucky, he labored by his own choice in a parish of neglected negroes, which after three years he left in a flourishing state. In 1872, upon the invitation of Father Hecker, he went to New York and, taking up residence at the Paulist Scholasticate, began work on the life of his deceased uncle, the Archbishop of Baltimore. Of this period of Spalding's life

by only the usual activities of an episcopal career. But the inner light of such a life lends grace to every action, and the inner light of his life made him a shining light among men.

Though Spalding was thirty-one years bishop of Peoria, and during this time volume after volume of essays, orations and poetry came from his facile pen, still in his diocese no charitable work was ever slighted, schools, churches, and parishes flourished beneath his care; a strong priestly body was formed under his direction, and united so closely under his able leadership, that the priests of his diocese solemnly declared on the occasion of his episcopal silver jubilee that 'not once in the twenty-five years had an appeal been made against his judgment.'

Spalding's work is written large in the books of Church and State, but literature is greatest in his debt. It is of this I would particularly speak,—of his distinctive contribution to American thought and consciousness through the medium of the essay. Of all the many books he produced, four in particular, "Education and the Higher Life," "Things of the Mind," "Opportunity and Other Essays," and "Thoughts and Theories of Education," merit a high place in contemporary literature. In these slim volumes is contained his gospel, a silver call to the heights, the voice of an

highest possible living, the deepest, clearest possible thinking, was his gospel. To be, is nobler than to have, was the thought he would burn upon his countrymen's hearts. And this made him a veritable voice in the wilderness preaching to a materialistic civilization that put its faith in steam and electricity, rather than in self. Not that he would have the mind sufficient in itself, but that if the kingship of the intellect were acknowledged, mechanical inventions would sink to their true importance. "We must understand and feel," he says, "that the visible is but the shadow of the invisible, that the soul has its roots in God, whose kingdom is within us."

Culture is the universal means for the realization of the riches of the intellect. Culture, not for its own sake, he preached, but for the good it can do us. "The lovers of culture should be the first," he says, "to perceive that intellectual good is empty, illusory, unless there be added to it the good of the heart, the good of conscience." Culture must be "wedded to religious faith without which, though the intellectual view is broadened, the will is weakened in acting." "It is indeed of inestimable value to be cultured, to have this faculty of being able to see this thing on many sides, to have a wide sympathy and a power of generous

thought, who know how to appreciate all truth, all beauty, all goodness. And to this wide culture, they must join the earnestness, the confidence, the charity and purity of motive which Christian faith inspires. We need scholars who are saints and saints who are scholars."

Yet before culture can be expected in a nation, it must first be realized in the individual. St. Teresa gathered her nuns about her and urged them onward with the encouragement, "The Kingdom of God is within you": Spalding repeated the same words to all who would become cultured. The soul is indeed a spiritual castle, and the cultured intellect can as surely see the king in his glory afar off, as the higher and spiritual faculty can thrill with ecstasy at that sight. To make men realize the royal purple of the intellect was Spalding's labor.

"It is the imagination and not the reason," he argues, "that is overwhelmed by the idea of unending space and time. To the intellect, eternity is not more mysterious than the present moment, and the distance which separates us from the remotest stars is not more incomprehensible than a hand's breadth." The function of the mind in the noblest of all human actions, belief, is stated scarcely less strikingly. "Mind is Heaven's pioneer making way for

Priesthood," delivered at the silver jubilee of the Salesianum at Milwaukee, the Catholic body was made aware of a great educational plan that Spalding had conceived. This idea was later given expression in the Catholic University, of which he was one of the founders and an everlasting friend. In his lifetime he was ever at the call of the Catholic University; at his death, all his magnificent library went to her. She is the embodiment of his spirit, the illuminator of minds, a mother of universities.

For to John Lancaster Spalding a university was nothing if not a "nursery of the higher life." At the dedication of the Holy Cross College at the Catholic University he said, "A university, I think, is not so much a place where all that is known is taught as a place where noble and luminous minds create an atmosphere which it is impossible to breathe and not to feel the quickening of new and eager hopes and aims." Morality is the fundamental purpose of the right school, but morality is real only where the atmosphere is overshadowed by a religion that is vital. In a school where high thinking and right living are demanded, no learning can be sterile, all knowledge will fulfil itself in deeds.

It is the great teacher that makes the great school, for he who would form great men must first be great himself. Scholarship is not of so much importance. There is probably much in education which is art or science: logic or literature or mathematics may be wrongly taught, but education is not a question of mere pedagogical rules. If one believes the contrary, he will indeed fail. In the true teacher is found that "essential and pedagogical requisite,—the awakened mind, the loving heart." The true teacher must have a great heart. "He is not a machine, but a living soul obedient to the light of a cultivated intelligence, and to the impulses of a generous heart." "Character builds character." Hence, let us have the man first, and then let knowledge abound.

It is an inspired vocation, that of the teacher. "It is important to make things plain," he says in an address to the convocation of the University of Chicago, "to throw about them the revealing light of the mind, but those who set the world aglow with the warmth and magnetism of an ardent and passionate soul are the true inspirers and teachers. We little suspect what power of devotion and heroism there is in the simple people by whom we are daily

surrounded, and who often appear to us altogether commonplace. Let but the proper occasion arise, and we shall behold their souls transfigured by the light of higher worlds and clothed with almost superhuman strength. Thus there is in the humblest man or woman a divine something before which the greatest may bow with reverence. Let then, the teacher learn to recognize the God there is in every child's soul, and let him strive religiously to unwind the bonds which hold him prisoner."

The aim of the university is to produce with a considerable degree of frequency, what nature only occasionally effects, the perfect student. The saint and the genius are not explained away by their school-training, nevertheless we know no more efficient means of training men than a good school. There ordinary men become extraordinary, while extraordinary men are formed into leaders. This change is wrought by the power the university has to inspire a love of high things. The higher and holier the intellectual atmosphere the higher and holier the manhood of the teachers, the higher and holier will be the place she will hold in the affections of her students. This is the heart of Spalding's ideal. The school, and everything she stands for, must be bound to the student's heart with hoops of steel. If she be the right school, he will love her with an affection as real as any he may afterward feel for home or family. Every unexpected turn of the path, every deserted class-room, remembered in after years, will cry aloud to him: every common tree or remembered view of river, will make him less likely to live and die a commonplace man.

It is at such a school that the real student is produced,—the scholar who possesses the five attributes of a philosophic mind,—freedom, equitableness, calmness, moderation and wisdom. Spalding's description of the true student deserves comparison, I think, with Newman's definition of a gentleman. "The air the true student breathes," wrote Spalding, "is pure and serene; the thoughts with which he lives have permanent value, and they are interfused with mild and kindly sentiments. His view is large and he is tolerant of the little things which irritate the vulgar. His clearer vision of the past gives him a greater and more real view of the present. In the dim and sober light of dead empires and civilizations fallen to decay he sees how vain are most of the things which we permit to disturb our peace. He knows

that doubts and difficulties are best overcome by doing and suffering, not by arguing and faultfinding. And he understands how easily they who accustom themselves to a circle of narrow thoughts and loves come to think it profane to see God everywhere, and settle in their microcosm, believing it to be His universe. He will not disturb them, for so it is for them. He is aware also that the worst egotism is not individual, but corporate: that those who as individuals are kindly or even generous, lose conscience and grow hard and unrelenting when there is a question of their party or their clique; and thus what is called patriotism, or what is called religious zeal, has led men to commit atrocious crimes. His prayer is that of Isaias—'Only let peace and truth be in my days.' 'Let others wrangle,' says St. Augustine, 'I will wonder.'

Such is Spalding's ideal of the university, the teacher, and the student. The Catholic University is the expression of the first; and its success is proved by the type of teacher found there, and the type of student graduated from her halls. To an exceptional degree she has fulfilled the purpose of her establishment, outlined by him many years ago when he said, "That we might have one centre where our educational principles might be put to the test under the most favorable conditions this university was founded; that we might make it plain to ourselves that the patience, the self-denial, the unworldly temper, the persevering industry, which alone can mold great scholars and intellectual leaders, are still to be found among us, at least in a few; and that these few should become for us who are thrown into the cares, distractions, and businesses of the world, as beacon-lights to the storm-tossed sailor, as well-springs to thirsty travellers through arid plains, as the voices of valiant captains to their soldiers amid the clash of arms and the roar of battle; that when men tell us that our religion deprives us of mental freedom and of the power to pursue science in a disinterested spirit, we might, instead of having recourse to speculative arguments which are ineffectual, or of going back to past ages, which is not to the point, simply say, "Behold our great school and the clear, searching light that is there turned on whatever most interests the human mind. That we too, we, the children of centuries of oppression and poverty, might now stand forth in the front ranks of thinkers and lovers of their

fellows, to help illumine this great turbulent democracy and guide it along the uncertain ways, to fairer, wider, purer life; and that we might thus show that there is in our Catholic faith a power of self-renovation,—that its vital principle has not been exhausted by the struggles of ages, but that it is destined some day to become the inner and organizing force of society, and will then reveal itself to the whole world in all the depth of its truth and in all the wealth of its blessings—for all this and much more the Catholic University of America was founded."

To us at Notre Dame, the loss of Archbishop Spalding is nothing, if not personal. For more than thirty years, an address by him was the opening number of the lecture course of each year, while many more times special occasions brought him to Notre Dame as preacher or orator. And during that long period who shall say what devotion to duty he inspired, what enthusiasm he instilled, what hopes he fired, what souls he saved. He came to Washington Hall in a day when fewer distinguished visitors spoke there than now. In one of the halls they remember how once his talk was interrupted by an insistent cuckoo-clock; the old students tell how his burning words sent them back to room, study-hall or library, full of enthusiasm, impatient to make themselves truly educated men. At the death of Father Thomas Walsh, the President of the University, Spalding was chosen to preach the funeral sermon, and there speaking of his affection for Notre Dame and her priests remarked, "I often thought it was worth two hundred miles to see his smile and receive his greeting." In 1899 at the dedication of Holy Cross College, which is affiliated with the Catholic University, and founded as a theological institute for the seminarians of Holy Cross from Notre Dame, he delivered one of his most brilliant discourses, "The University: A Nursery of the Higher Life." Spalding ever had a deep love for Notre Dame and the things for which Notre Dame stands. "If I had twenty years more to live,"—he told a priest from Notre Dame who visited him last spring,—"if I had twenty years more to live, I cannot imagine a place I would rather live than at Notre Dame." And in a letter requesting the presence of the President of the University at some function in Peoria, "I know this is an exceptional favor to ask, but I do ask it in the name of my great love for Notre Dame."

And during the long years of his sickness, it is only fair to say that Notre Dame repaid the affection he reposed in her.

The place John Lancaster Spalding occupied in the hearts of those who knew him is not easily filled. Desire for personal honor or gratification he never had, but when occasion demanded, he was never weary of championing the rights of others. Of his more intimate virtues I forbear to speak, yet in 1902 the Chief Executive of the country, President Roosevelt, thought so highly of his ability that he appointed him a member of the anthracite coal-commission during the famous strike of that year. No less to be noticed is his disinterested refusal of the See of San Francisco, and his effecting the happy choice of his Louvain class-mate, Archbishop Riordan.

His episcopal crosier and cross have passed to a worthy successor. His burning words remain, yet the brain that sired them, and the tongue that gave them birth have both been returned to the earth. We know this separation is only for a time. The body dissolves, but the soul is triumphant and outlives the body of this death; the spirit, that part of man the cultivation of which Spalding so urged during his lifetime, can never decay, or grow old. And until that body which gave his noble soul such a majestic house, until that glorified body and soul are again reunited, John Lancaster Spalding has left the world the memory of a strong and tender hero, a man who wore the episcopal purple of Christ's Church with the ease and dignity of a Basil or a Gregory Nazianzen. His nation acknowledged him the intellectual leader of his day; God's Church recognized his great talents and chose him as one of her great shepherds, a prince of Christ's Kingdom upon earth. Are not these reasons, and the homelier one, that by choice and affection he was always one of us, are these not reasons enough, to make his memory immortal at Notre Dame?

Plunder.

Now dreams the year, and elm trees
Go clothed in loveliest light,
And the oaks drip gold in every breeze
On woodland path and height.

And to-day I saw where the road runs by
Three maples clad in red,
They had plundered the sunset from the sky
And put it on instead.

Speer Strahan.

Mr. Fuller's Ego.

BY CHARLES MOONEY.

George Fuller was a travelling salesman for the American Cigar Company of New York, and like most knights of the grip who have been on the road a few years, he took great pride in his knowledge of the world. Moreover, George was very provincial, and was prone to look down upon anyone who lived outside of New York State.

When Fuller walked out of the office of the American Cigar Company on one particular morning, he felt a profound disgust for the world at large. The district sales manager had transferred him to the western route, with headquarters at Chicago. Now George did not relish the idea of selling Pittsburgh-made cigars to the credulous and unsophisticated people of a city which had no subway or polo grounds. So he looked upon his sojourn in the metropolis of the west as one long Lent. The next day he left for Chicago.

A week later Mr. Fuller was persuading cigar dealers that they should patronize American industries by adding the products of Pittsburgh and Wheeling to their stock. He was "getting away" with it, too. This alone was sufficient proof for George F. that the New Yorker was wiser than the Westerner. As his sales increased, his respect for that good people was diminished. If his manager would only give him time, he would have the whole Loop smoking his cigars.

The main problem that troubled George was how to spend his spare time. He visited the Art Institute, White City, and the tower of the Montgomery ward, old tower-building, but found no thrill in anyone of these places. He had a haunting fear that he would soon be a victim of ennui, if something did not happen. To him Chicago was nothing more than an overgrown village, and its people were country folk who had affected an urbanity that was not genuine.

One morning as George was standing on Michigan Boulevard, feeling deeply the lack of excitement, he noticed a man, well on in years, who appeared to be a prosperous farmer. The stranger in dress and in action seemed everything that the conventional rural citizen should be. He was the type immortalized by one Ring W. Lardner. Mr. Fuller discovered himself wondering how long this stranger could

hold onto his bank roll, if he were in Gotham instead of Chicago.

A gentleman, rather flashily dressed, whom George immediately "indexed" as a poker-player, class A, approached the farmer and began to talk excitedly with him. At first the countrified one began to move away, but paused again and took in, word for word what the other had to say. George then moved nearer to get an "earful." He was already sure that somebody would be minus several dollars, before this conversation was over.

Mr. Poker-Player was giving the stranger a tale of woe, and a pretty good one too,—at any rate, a better one than George of Gotham had ever heard. The speaker was in hard luck. His wife was near the point of death in Peoria, and it was necessary that he should be at her bedside. He was unable to reach her, as all the money he had was a check for a hundred dollars, and being unknown in Chicago he could not cash it. If the gentleman would cash it for him he would allow him a commission of twenty-five dollars. He hated to put a stranger to this trouble, but conventions could not be considered in such an emergency.

The former thereupon produced a wallet from his pocket and counted out five twenty dollar bills. Check and money were exchanged to the amazement of George Fuller, who watched the transaction with his jaw and upper teeth separated by a good two inches. With a look up and down the street, he of the "hard-luck" story passed on.

Mr. Fuller approached the farmer:

"Pardon me, sir, but what was your idea in cashing that 'hard-boiled egg's check?' Why he is without doubt, the smoothest looking article that ever entered my bright young life."

"Well, neighbor, I'll tell you," said the farmer, "that fellow's story touched my heart. The check may be bad, but I'll take a chance on it. There ain't no fellow what's goin' to lie about a dyin' wife. Besides, I'm a pretty good judge of faces, and I swear, sir, he certainly had a true one."

"Say, let me tip you off, my man, you better go back to the lil ol' town wherever you came from before some one runs off with the gold in your teeth. Chicago faces can't be judged. Lemme take a look at that check, if you don't mind."

The check was an order for one hundred and twenty-five dollars signed by John Brown.

Mr. Fuller again spoke:

"John Brown, well that fellow certainly was original in his selection of names. *John Brown*—why *that* proves the check is bad. I'll bet a hundred to one that check is a valentine."

The farmer looked thoughtful for a few seconds and then said: "Well, I don't know; 'pears to me that I might as well be out a hundred and five dollars as one hundred dollars. Say, neighbor, I believe that stranger's story so well that I believe I'll risk five dollars on it. What do you say?"

"What do I say! Come on, let's go put the money up with the clerk down at the Congress."

Having established the mountain and the mole hill on the desk before the obliging hotel clerk, both men, one from Gotham, the other from Hoosierdom, hurried to the State Bank.

The farmer and Fuller walked up to the Cashier's window together and the check was presented. The cashier looked at the check and handed back one hundred dollars in the coin of the realm. I think I mentioned something about Fuller's jaw dropping, say, you should have seen it drop this time.

The farmer took the bills, pocketed them, and said "Well, I guess I was right about that fellow's looks, eh, young man? I guess I can use that five hundred dollars of your money all right. By the way, I want to thank you for it."

"S'all right," said Fuller from New York, "S'all right. Get out of here—quick."

The farmer went off to get his five hundred and five dollars from the hotel clerk. Then Fuller approached the cashier and said:

"Say, who the heck is John Brown, anyway?"

"Why he was the gentleman who came in with you, and cashed the hundred dollar check. He has a rather large account in this bank."

Varsity Verse.

THE EUROPEAN WAR.

The baneful cannon shrieking loud,
And guns of man's creation,
Demand their toll in human dead,
And Europe's desolation.

The toil of years and treasured art,
Are sacrificed for Vict'ry.

Ah, frenzied king of selfish heart

The Devil's hand hath tricked thee.

THE GREAT AMERICAN WAR.

No field runs red with battle's blood
Columbia's peace to shatter,
But stranger war by stranger kings
Compose a grievous matter.

To-day we stand amidst a fray,
While round us wages battle:
Politie war, and party strife,
And grafters' hollow prattle.

The nation's fate is poised aloft
On hands of politicians,
Who labor not for good of state,
But lucrative positions.

Finance is King, Deceit the Queen,
And Truth is but a vassal;
While party playthings strive to gain
The presidential castle.

Now Wilson seeks to hold his throne,
But Hughes would claim the power;
And fiercer grows the verbal fight,
As nearer draws the hour.

"Protection is our only hope,"
Republicans keep shrieking.
Free Trade, the Democratic god,
The radicals are speaking.

"In time of peace prepare for war,
Preserve the nation's glory;
Subdue rebelling Mexico,
And vote for Hughes, the Tory!"

"Discard the sword and arbitrate,
And heed no stump fanatic;—
We obviated fiscal bane,
So vote straight Democratic."

What one upholds, the other flays,
And Truth grows far remoter;
The candidates play well their hand
To catch the careless voter.

So deeply think before you vote,
And then be not too speedy—
Hypocrisy is well concealed
By politicians greedy.

John Reuss.

ANOTHER SAMPLE.

"I must admit I'm quite a guy,"
Said Walter William Jones.
"I stand with dad about ace high,
And smile on all he owns.

"I drive my auto pretty fast,
That's true, as you may know,

But then, it doesn't have to last,
It only has to go.

"See here!" I heard a shrill voice say,
"You poor, benighted fish,
If you don't get some meat to-day
I'll hit you with a dish!"

And Walter William, blushing red,
Said, "Yes, my dear, all right!"
He backed away with nodding head
And disappeared from sight.

N. Whalen.

JUST WIND.

He says he lived in Jersey
And owned a touring car,
And left a life of luxury
To go to school afar.
I listened to his stories
About the swell young dame
He left in dear old Broadway
When he entered Notre Dame.

But hark! one night I saw him
Hike to a "Three Cent Lunch"
To buy a "dog" and coffee
Unseen by all the bunch.
And then he bought a "stogie"
With three cents which were "loaned"
And hurried back to Brownson
To tell us all he owned.

M. A.

SOUTHERN GRAVES.

O wildering wind!
Thou shepherd behind
These flocks of Autumnal things;
Go, gather them all,
Sweep woodland and wall
Where only the grapevine clings.
O loitering stream
Where withered leaves teem
A-dance on thy dappled waves;
Go, ward each along,
Low crooning a song
Of Southland and Southern graves.

Francis Butler.

EVENING.

In the distant West, I saw the sun
And knew the day was nearly done;
The twilight shadows fell
O'er all the world did they expand,
And soon in darkness' mystic land
All earthly things did dwell.
Like the close of day, life's end will be,
From out the realms of eternity

Shall clouds of darkness roll
Enshrouding me in blackest night,
Till breaks the dawn of heav'nly light
To free my frightened soul.

MY PIPE AND I.

Oft in the evening twilight,
When the campus lay asleep
And the spires on the belfry
Cast shadows dim and deep,
We looked from out our window
Through a mist of mem'ries fond
And saw faces in the smoke-wreaths,
And thought of friendship's bond.

My pipe and I. J. P. Fogarty.

War Poetry.

BY T. F. HEALY.

All wars change for good or for bad the souls of nations engaged in fighting. The present European struggle is not an exception. Already it has changed the soul of Europe to such a degree that it will take a long time for the nations to return to the state they were in before the conflict. What kind of a change is it—good or bad? For answer turn to the poetry written since the war started:

Before the present war, literature was in a sad state. On the whole, the poetry was filled with corrupt and materialistic ideas. Then came the war and with it the change in the poetry and literature of the different nations. A thousand themes presented themselves and the poet had very many sources of inspiration.

First of all, the poets sang in a passionate outburst of hate. One nation *hated* all its foes with intense *hatred*. The poem best fitted to show this is the famous "Hymn of Hate" which was written by a German poet to express the national feeling of his people toward England. The enlisting songs too were all typical of the spirit of the times. Take the last verse of "Fall In" by Harold Begbie

Why do they call, sonny, why do they call
For men who are brave and strong?
Is it naught to you if your country fall,
And Right is smashed by Wrong?
Is it football still and the picture-show,
The pub and the betting odds,
When your country stands to the tyrant's blow
And England's call is God's?

When the nations received a good taste of the war they had brought upon themselves,

they began to pause and ponder upon their own folly. The weight of poverty and suffering told upon Europe; she was being scourged for her sins. Her soul was being chastened and purified only at such a cost. In such distress men's thoughts turned to Christ and His religion. Poetry, the great reflection of the nation's soul, turns to Christ also and sings of the glories of peace.

The last stanza of "New Heaven" by Katharine Tynan shows the spiritual trend of men's thoughts:

Paradise now is the soldier's land,
Their own country its shining sod,
Comrades all in a merry land;
And the young knights' laughter pleaseth God.

And again in another poem,

Your son and my son, clean as new swords;
Your man and my man and now the Lords!
Your son and my son for the great Crusade,
With the banner of Christ over them—our knights
new-made.

As time goes on the spiritual glory of war is becoming more important in the minds of men. Now a soldier's death is a splendid theme for a long, stirring war song.

The fighting men go charging past
With the battle in their eyes;
The fighting men go reeling past
Like gods in poor disguise:
The glorious men whom none will see,
No wife or mother more,
Winged with the wings of victory
And helmeted by Thor!
Above the cloud what lights are gleaming?
God's batteries are those,
Or souls of soldiers homeward streaming
To banquet with their foes?

The war sonnets of Rupert Brook reveal the true effect of the war on poetry. Here are the last six lines of his sonnet called "The Dead."

Blow bugles blow! They brought us for our dearth
Holiness lacked so long and Love and Pain.
Honor has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage.

And so, the war, begun in hate, has in its progress chastened the hearts of men. By snuffing out the lives of strong men like the flickering candle-light it has made the survivors realize that the life of the soul is the true life—strong, steady, undying,—and this realization has been woven into the songs the soldiers sing in their hearts and poets write in their books.

THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC

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—A fundamental tenet in the creed of the American voter is the belief that much electing results in responsible, representative government. The Indiana ballot is Our Long Ballot. but typical of the general acceptance of this principle.

When the voter of St. Joseph County enters the polls on Tuesday he will be confronted with a "jungle" ballot bearing two hundred and eleven names. It will be his duty to select approximately thirty state and county officials. In other words, he will participate in almost thirty elections on the one day. The Notre Dame student voter is certainly a man of average intelligence. He is interested in politics; yet, despite his familiarity with the issues of the campaign, he is incapable of casting a really intelligent ballot. The reason for this is simple. The men of Indiana are asked to vote too much. Indiana's long ballot containing names of unknown candidates for obscure offices makes critical discrimination by the voter impossible. Does the average voter know which candidate will serve his state best as treasurer? Does he know which aspirant to the superintendency of public instruction is best qualified to further educational interests in Indiana? Such questions must be decided when casting his ballot.

The task of the citizen on election day is complex and impracticable. The short ballot is a means of its simplification. Why should the coroner, the surveyor, the reporter of the supreme court, the chief of the bureau of

statistics, be elective officials? There is no Republican or Democratic way of conducting these positions. They should be removed from the ballot. Instead, direct the voter's attention to the most important offices only, those of governor and lieutenant-governor in the state. Make the rest of the positions appointive. Give the governor the power the President of the United States exercises in appointing his cabinet. Permit him to name the attorney-general, the auditor, the secretary of state, and the treasurer, and hold him responsible for the proper administration of these offices. Concentration of power in a conspicuous elective official underlies the short Ballot principle, a principle that has worked successfully in our national government from the day the Federal Constitution was adopted to the present time. We must abandon the notion that much electing means democracy in order to realize (with Mr. Wilson and with Mr. Hughes) that only through the short ballot is the voter's effectiveness increased and the boss's opportunities diminished and a responsible government best secured.

Two Local Books, as Others See Them.

Local praise of local books, be it ever so just and discriminating, is apt to be considered by the non-local world at large partial and flattering rather than unbiassed and merited. An extension of the adage that blood is thicker than water is brought into requisition to bolster up the contention that a reviewer will naturally, quite as a matter of course, favor an author who is a friend or a fellow-townsmen, a citizen of the same State or a member of the same religious family. It is assumed that, in dealing with such an author's literary output, the reviewer will

'Be to his virtues very kind,
And to his faults a little blind.'

As a rule, the assumption is perhaps correct; but, if so, the rule undoubtedly suffers frequent exceptions. In some cases, indeed, a course directly opposite to that assumed is followed; and the reviewer, far from favoring an author whom he might be supposed to treat at least fairly, indulges either his petty envy or else his distorted sense of humor by injecting into a perfunctory notice a slighting reference or a phrase of double meaning which he finds it difficult to explain away when critics of greater prestige than he can lay claim to give unqualified approval where he has damned with faint praise "and without sneering taught the rest to sneer."

The foregoing general remarks are merely preliminary to the statement that, having recently received copies of new editions of two local books,* we purpose proving, by the citation of non-local appreciations thereof, that our own notices of the first editions, favorable as they certainly were, did not err on the side of fulsome flattery. Through the courtesy of the publishers we have before us a collection of about a hundred reviews, notices, and congratulatory letters giving the opinions, relative to the books in question, of the most authoritative periodicals and some of the

*PRIESTLY PRACTICE, by Arthur Barry O'Neill, C. S. C. Third Edition.
CLERICAL COLLOQUIES, by the same author. Second Edition.

most eminent ecclesiastical dignitaries in the English-speaking Catholic world. Even a casual glance at the more important of these tributes to the works of our local author is sufficient to impress one with the exceptional favor with which they have been received by those best qualified to pronounce on their merit, and to explain the somewhat unusual rapidity with which the books have gone, respectively, into their second and third editions.

To begin with the professedly theological periodicals that are accepted as standard authorities by priests on both sides of the Atlantic,—the *Ecclesiastical Review* says of "Priestly Practice": "The cordial greetings which Father O'Neill's familiar essays on clerical topics received when they originally appeared in the present *Review*, and which was so widely repeated when they made their first appearance in book form attests their merit and their value. They are thoughtful, inspiring, genial, above all priestly and yet human things." And of "Clerical Colloquies" the same monthly declares: "Our readers know the author, whose genial comments on various phases of clerical life, material, intellectual, and spiritual, are attractive alike by reason of their directness of address, patent sincerity, and undoubted utility. They have, moreover, a flavor of the poetic which always argues for valuable intuitions. . . . It is a helpful volume which should profit the most exalted as well as the humblest of our clerical brethren." The *Irish Ecclesiastical Record* is not less complimentary. The scholarly organ of the justly celebrated College of Maynooth does not hesitate to say: " . . . Though we have read many more pretentious volumes by, for, and about priests, we do not remember any that has carried us along from chapter to chapter with greater zest and more genuine pleasure. . . . The collection makes a very readable book, and one the perusal of which will, we believe, be helpful to the matured missionary as well as to the young priest and seminarian."

Passing to the other extreme of the pendulum's swing—from theological monthlies to secular dailies—the *New York Sun* said of our author's first work: " . . . In the selection of topics and in their treatment the author makes good his aim of being helpfully interesting; and this scholarly book of practice in ghostly counsel and common sense may well find place among the working tools of any pastor of souls, Catholic or non-Catholic." An equally laudatory notice of "Clerical Colloquies" in the *New York Times* says, among other things: "For the laity the book's chief appeal is to be found in such vivacious and entertaining dialogues as 'At the Clerical Club' and 'Father Tom Says the Dry Mass'—in which the informal conversations of the clergy on subjects special and general are set forth with genuine realism and delightful humor. Special mention must also be made of the essay on 'Clerical Wit and Humor,' in which even the unsympathetic reader must find food for mirth. The author's touch is so light and sure, his knowledge so comprehensive, and his style so charming that it is to be hoped that he will further develop some of the themes in this book and put his cross-sections of clerical life into the form of short stories and novels. He may become the Canon Sheehan of America." It is interesting to learn, in connection with this notice in the *N. Y. Times*, that it was reprinted verbatim, and without credit, in the *China Press*, published in Shanghai.

Quarterly reviews enjoy, from the very infrequency of their publication, a reputation for solidity and weight which is not always upheld by their actual contents; but the Irish quarterly, *Studies*, dealing with letters, philosophy, and science, has not yet outlived the prestige it acquired in its early issues of some five years ago. Of Father O'Neill's latest work it says: "This attractive volume will enhance the author's reputation, already well established, as a genial and sympathetic mentor of the Catholic clergy. In substance, as in style and appearance, it leaves nothing to be desired in its own line. . . . The author knows

priests well; knows their faults without being blind to their genuine goodness. He has gathered his knowledge from what, when prudently consulted, is the safest interpreter of the secrets of human conduct and motives—his own heart. He is an experienced priest writing for priests, and so he writes with understanding and sympathy. His observation is shrewd and accurate, his advice is uniformly sound and practical, and even where he finds it necessary to call attention to faults he does so with such evident sincerity and complete absence of superior pretensions that resentment is impossible."

Among the Catholic monthlies represented in the collection of clippings before us, the *Catholic World* has this to say: "We have found these Colloquies full of kindly humor, common sense, and sound advice to clergy young and clergy old, to wearers of the black and wearers of the purple. Even when Father O'Neill denounces some striking clerical faults, he does so in so genial a manner as to win over the offender. As he well says, these talks are 'practical and helpful, without being dull, prosy, heavy, or ultra-ascetic.'" The *Homiletic Monthly* concludes an appreciative notice with this paragraph: " . . . The subjects are all priestly, and they are discussed in a practical and attractive manner. One feels in reading the volume that the author has had great experience of clerical life and knows what he is writing about. It is a volume that will be heartily appreciated by all priests." From the *Lamp* we have: "To have written 'Priestly Practice,' the clerical best seller of 1914, is happily not distinction enough for Father Barry O'Neill, for it has induced him to favor his audience with an encore in 'Clerical Colloquies,' a book for which we wish a measure of success equal to that accorded to his former volume, of which it is a worthy companion. To literary gifts of a high order Father O'Neill brings the grace of putting things admonitory in a pleasing way. Nor does he pose as a superior person, but frankly states that he has himself continually in view as occupying a not insignificant place amongst those to whom his felicitously phrased and suggestive admonitions apply. . . . He has given us a second most excellent book, the reading of which we have thoroughly enjoyed."

The organ of the Dominican Fathers, the *Rosary Magazine*, said of the first of these two books, "It is no small compliment to Fr. O'Neill to say that, while he has written on the same general topic as the distinguished writers, Manning, Gibbons, Hedley, Keatinge, Stang, Hogan, O'Donnell, and Scannell, he has given us no mere paraphrase of their utterances, but a new book with a new view, which must challenge the attention and study of the earnest Levite seeking to increase his efficiency in his divinely appointed task—the care of souls." Of the companion volume the same magazine has recently declared: " . . . Not a single priest should miss the opportunity of procuring it for himself. In the special literature of its kind it holds a unique place. First of all, the style is such as to fascinate us from beginning to end—live, crisp sentences that stick to the memory for months. Next, it is ensouled with the common sense spirit that makes the attainment of the ideals which it outlines possible and practical. . . . And, last of all, the book touches upon precisely those points of the priestly life which, as a rule, are skimmed over or treated lightly in the literature destined for clerics. In this point precisely the work is unique. We can do nothing better than urge every priest to procure this work for himself and make the lessons it contains his own."

Coming to the notices contained in the scores of Catholic weeklies published in English, we have 'an embarrassment of riches,' and must necessarily confine our quotations to the more representative papers. The *London Tablet* enjoys a distinction unquestioned on either side of the Atlantic; and, of "Priestly Practice," it speaks in this downright fashion: "A thoroughly satisfactory work. Priests in search of a really good book on priestly life and duties, full of sound advice conveyed in an attractive form, should lose no time in

procuring a copy of this publication. The counsels here set forth are evidently drawn from a ripe experience, and a deep knowledge of the spiritual life. . . The topics are treated with great originality of thought showing that the ideas are not borrowed from other books. . . Altogether the work is what it professes to be—eminently practical and helpful." The London weekly's cis-Atlantic counterpart in scholarship and prestige, *America*, greeted "Clerical Colloquies" thus cordially: "Father O'Neill is already well-known to the clergy through his charming and helpful work called 'Priestly Practice,' favorably reviewed in the columns of *America* nearly two years ago. In his choice of a title for this companion volume to the other, the author is very happy. Writing with the view of furnishing the ordinary work-a-day priest with reading material that is practical and helpful without being dull, heavy, or ultra-ascetic, he has realized his purpose admirably. . . 'Colloquies' they assuredly are, and the graceful combination of high ideals, broad experience, moderate views and cordial sympathy not only precludes ennui, but infuses interest and pleasure into each moment we spend in the company of the genial author."

It is claimed for the London *Catholic Times* that it is the most widely quoted Catholic newspaper in the world, a partial guarantee at least of its influence and worth. Its well-known reviewer, "Papyrus," honored the first of our author's books, two years ago, with his leading article; and of the second book writes as follows: "This work, intended for the priesthood, is one of the most delightful books of its class that have come to our table for many a year. It is a gathering of essays and dialogues, varying considerably one from another, and of such keen interest for pastors of souls that when the fifteen chapters have all been carefully perused we rise from the literary banquet with an appetite for more! . . . Since our perusal of Cicero's piece of special pleading for Old Age, known to students as 'De Senectute,' we have read nothing so eloquent as the chapter on 'The Longevity of Priests' wherein the author encourages the priest to take care of his health, and to ward off such ailments as may prevent him from being 'long-lived on the earth' and reaping a glorious harvest of good works." The American weekly which most closely approximates the London paper just quoted is perhaps the *Catholic Standard and Times*. Its summarized verdicts on our local books are: "The essays are models of literary grace and simple elegance. . . A very charmingly written book."

Our allotted space, however, is already filled, so we must make an end of these quotations. The following, from the discriminating reviewer of the Brooklyn *Tablet*, nevertheless demands an entry because of its explaining the popularity which admittedly attaches to these clerical works of our Notre Dame author: "The American priest has an intensely human side. Books written for his edification and instruction, generally by foreigners, have as a rule omitted this important consideration. It has been left to an American clerical writer to supply the want. The present volume of Colloquies comes from the pen of one whose name is not an unfamiliar one to the American clergy. Readers of the *Ecclesiastical Review* look with interest for his occasional papers and find in them food for thought and consolation in abundance. Many of them have read his volume 'Priestly Practice,' with genuine enthusiasm not once but many times, for it is always suggestive and entertaining. That the same reception will be accorded this companion volume is our firm conviction. Reading Father O'Neill's books is almost as good as a pleasant visit from a wise old padre who has been through all one's own experiences and knows how to draw therefrom a wealth of sound conclusions. . . Of course we congratulate the reverend author. His work is a godsend, and will amuse, interest, and instruct untold numbers of his clerical admirers."

Human nature, among priests as with other people, is much the same all over the world, and the distinguish-

ing note of our author's works impresses the European not less than the American. Thus *Rome*, the English weekly published in the Eternal City, emphasizes in a four-column notice the very point made by the *Tablet*, the humanness of these exceptional books; and this must be our ultimate quotation: "Have you yet read Father Arthur Barry O'Neill's 'Clerical Colloquies', which has just been published by the University Press of Notre Dame, Indiana? If not, you have a treat in store for you, and if, being a priest, you have not come across his other volume, 'Priestly Practice' which was printed two years ago, you will find it very profitable to add both books to your collection. For both are admirable, they are written by a priest for priests, and they treat of many of those subjects which interest priests. They are too short, each volume containing only about 250 pages in large clear type; but the author has now got into his stride, and it is to be hoped that he will yet give us more than one other bright, edifying, *human* book of the same kind, for there is a great dearth of them in the English language. Our author has now touched on a large variety of topics. . . Obviously there is plenty of scope for other essays on kindred topics, and those who have read these first two volumes will eagerly look forward to any others that Father Barry O'Neill may give us. . . They are delightful books. We have the habit of reading novels at night. (Right here you strike your breast and shed a tear). For the last few nights we have been reading 'Priestly Practice' and 'Clerical Colloquies', and we have found them more interesting, more amusing, more touching (to say nothing at all of their being more profitable and more edifying) than any novel we have read for a long time; and we belong (alas!) to the large multitude who only too often take their spiritual reading as people take medicine: not because it is pleasant to the taste, but because it is good for the inside."

And now we flatter ourself that we have conclusively shown the absence of any extravagant or undeserved praise in the SCHOLASTIC's own notices of Father O'Neill's volumes; and accordingly we expect our readers to accept at face value our appreciation of the next book he gives us. It is to appear, we understand, early in 1918.

Entertainment.

Samuel Gomper's address to the students Thursday afternoon, October 26th, was noteworthy principally because of the speaker's evident sincerity and unwavering belief in the principles he enunciated as his own. Mr. Gompers contrasted the union worker with the non-union man, and showed how the latter is the more subject to the dictates of his employer. He decried the fact that it is the capitalist side of the labor question that is presented to the world at large, because the newspapers and other mediums for detailing information are under the surveillance of the employers.

Hon. James Watson, Republican candidate for United States Senator from Indiana, demonstrated on Saturday morning the difficulty that a campaign speaker experiences in eschewing political subjects before an audience of young men supposedly too young or too sensible to

be interested in political affairs. Notwithstanding this failing, Mr. Watson spoke eloquently and entertainingly, and was enthusiastically approved by the students. His wit is equalled only by the strength of character of which his words and their forceful delivery gave evidence.

Mr. Watson was followed by Mr. Joseph Ralph who described in detail the workings of the wonderfully efficient branch of governmental undertaking of which he is the head, the Bureau of Printing and Engraving at Washington.

On Monday morning Mr. Thomas Walsh lectured on Cervantes and his works, giving particular attention to the masterpiece, "Don Quixote."

A picturized life of Napoleon was presented Wednesday night in which all the French characters were depicted by actors unmistakably Italian in appearance and deportment. The man who assumed the leading rôle looked less like the Little Corporal than his impersonators usually do.

Personals.

—Announcement is made of the marriage of Miss Margaret Johnson, of Kansas City, Missouri, to Mr. Joseph P. Morley, of South Bend, on October 25th. The bride is a daughter of Mr. William T. Johnson (A. B., '68; A. M., '70) who is generally regarded as the ablest lawyer in Missouri.

—On the occasion of the investiture of the Right Rev. E. J. McLaughlin (A. B., '75; A. M., '95) with the purple, and with the title of Prothonotary Apostolic, the Senior Class on behalf of the University sent a message of congratulation. To this Monsignor replied as follows:

Most inspiring and grateful to my heart were the cherished greetings and heartfelt congratulations from twelve hundred valiant sons of Alma Mater. I wish for all highest honors in this world and when your work is done, highest places in the mansions above.

—Rev. J. E. Scullen (Litt. B., '09) of Austin, Minnesota, writing to Mr. Howard Parker, has this to say of our college weekly:

I am writing to you to learn who is the editor of the SAFETY VALVE. He is a literary genius and wit "of the purest ray serene." Aside from the locals and the sport notices it is all that I read in the SCHOLASTIC.

I wish you would convey to him my sincerest thanks for the pleasure he affords me in reading his effusions. He is, perhaps, a modest violet and does not care to sign his patronymic to his contributions, it may be he is trying to escape the consequences of his temerity. Since the SCHOLASTIC has been inoculated with a culture of wit, it has begun to appear like a twentieth century production.

I see where Father O'Donnell is publishing "The Book of Varsity Verse." That is very good. I wish some of you men down there would start a campaign for a real good Notre Dame song. I do not know of a one that is worth much more than a tinker's curse. It may be I lack literary appreciation. It may be the music has not the proper merit. I would like to see something that such warblers as Byron Kanaley and Warren Cartier could sing, so that you would know they were at least carrying an air.

Obituaries.

Grief over the death of his only son, Hugh, who attended Notre Dame until June, 1915, hastened the death last Wednesday morning of John F. Burns of Michigan City. He leaves a widow, who is prostrated over the double bereavement that has visited her within four months. Mr. Burns is the brother of the Reverend James Burns, C. S. C., President of Holy Cross College, Washington, D. C. He shall be remembered in the prayers of the Faculty and students of the University. The funeral was held Saturday morning.

The Rev. Frederick McKeon, C. S. C., professor of Spanish at the University, was called home by the death of his mother on Tuesday last in her home at New Haven, Conn. The Faculty and students will remember her in prayer.

Local News.

—Found—A signet ring. The owner may apply for same to Brother Alphonsus.

—The director of the Apostolate Library desires to thank a benefactor for a copy of the excellent biography of Mgr. Robert Hugh Benson, by Father Martindale, S. J.

—On Wednesday evening, the Holy Cross Total Abstinence Society held a special meeting. After the installation of the officers for the coming year, the Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, C. S. C., addressed the students.

—"Under Cover," the New York success of a year and a half ago, will be presented by University students under the direction of

Prof. Lenihan some time before Christmas. The selection of the cast was made yesterday, and practice will be begun immediately.

—A letter just received from Father Manuel Fernandez, O. P., brings the information that he left San Francisco July 9th and arrived at Manila August 4th. He is teaching at the Dominican College, San Juan de Letran, in Manila. The institution is of ancient date, having been founded in the year 1640. Father Manuel will always have the prayers and affection and good wishes of his friends at Notre Dame.

Cross Country.

Oh you blackhorse! Oh you man with a handicap! It looks as though you were going to come into your own next Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock when Coach Rockne assembles his trackmen for the Second Annual Intra-Varsity cross country run. The five mile jaunt will start in front of the Church, along the cinder path to St. Mary's gate, thence north on Niles road to Haney's Corners, thence east to Eddy Street Road, thence to Cartier Field and one lap on the quartermile track. Rockne has arranged the time allowances as follows: Herman Cook, Moleski, Kenny, Carey, Galloway, Starrett, Donahue, Giblin, Kelley, Kennedy, Murray, O'Neil, Farrington, McKenna, McDermott, and Susan, 5 minutes; Cooke, Kasar, Suttner, Hackett, and Sorenson, 4 minutes; Coyle and Harbert 2 minutes; Kasper, 1 minute, and Captain McDonough, Noonan, and Meehan will start from scratch. The following prizes will go to the victors:

1st—South Bend Watch donated by Dr. Lucas; 2nd—Shirt by Adler Bros.; 3rd—Meal Ticket by Mike Calnon; 4th—Cigars by Hulfie and Mikes; 5th—Sweater by Coach Harper; 6th—Sweater by Coach Rockne.

Interhall Football.

The second game of the interhall series was played on Sunday, Oct. 29, when Corby Hall romped away with a 20 to 0 victory. The Sorin eleven, though undrilled, showed plucky fighting and held the Corbyites scoreless for the first quarter, but Kasper's team bagged a score in each of the remaining quarters. Forward passes were used by both sides with good effect. For Corby, Kasper and Mulligan starred and

Vogel did the big work for Sorin. Stafford was injured in the first half and had to leave the game.

On Wednesday, the Corby and Walsh Chicks fluttered on to the gridiron for a sizzling game. It was a fine game to watch—plenty of running and bucking and fumbling and penalizing. In the second half Brownson, by a succession of line bucks and end runs in which Reilly starred, brought the ball to the five-yard line, and a neatly executed forward pass scored the only touchdown of the game. Brandy starred for Corby with long runs and clever passing, while Reilly, Walters and White were prominent among the Brownsonites. Mulligan was injured in the scrimmage, and Coach Rockne has advised the little sprinter to remain out of football for the rest of the season.

Football.

Last Saturday's 60 to 0 victory over Wabash brought the Varsity's seasonal score up to 182 against an aggregate of four ciphers to the credit of their opponents, and placed the Notre Dame fans in high hopes for to-day's game at Army, the result of which will have been learned before these lines are read.

Straight football was almost entirely responsible for Notre Dame's nine touchdowns. Scintillating end runs and off tackle smashes crumbled the visiting defense and dashed the hopes of those who had hoped that Wabash would give the Varsity a real contest. Even after Coach Harper had removed every one of his regulars, toward the end of the first half, Notre Dame had little difficulty in putting through long gains. In the second half, with the score 39 to 0, Harper sent back his first team, with the exception of McInerny, but removed them in the fourth period. Wabash failed to make a single first down during the game.

Cofall made the longest run of the day, although Grant and Bergman both peeled off long runs through broken fields. Cofall's flashy sprint was made at the start of the second quarter. Bacon kicked over the Notre Dame goal line and the ball was brought out to the 20-yard line. Cofall took the ball, and following up well-placed interference, squirmed his way for ninety yards to a touchdown. Grant later eluded the Wabash tacklers for the same distance and placed the ball under

the goal posts, but he was called back by the referee, who had discovered a home player offside. Notre Dame suffered many penalties during the game.

John Miller started the two halves with the regulars, after a layoff caused by his broken hand, and he picked his way through the pack repeatedly for substantial yardage. Slackford followed Miller at the fullback position and pierced the Wabash line seemingly at will. Malone and Fitzpatrick proved able substitutes for Bergman and Cofall. Capt. Caldwell at left guard and Thompson at left tackle were the losers' best performers. Wabash had for its ends a pair of sure tacklers who broke up many a promising run of their opponents.

Between halves a trio of former N. D. football heroes were driven around the field for the edification of the spectators. The men were Gus Dorais, Art Bergman, and Joe Pliska. Royal Bosshard, president of the senior class, was the chauffeur. The crowd was the largest of the season, and a typical "big game" atmosphere surrounded the campus during the day.

The lineup and summary, with the numerous substitutions, are as follows.

NOTRE DAME, 60.

| | |
|-------|--|
| R. E. | King, Meagher, King, Meagher |
| R. T. | McInerny, Philbin |
| R. G. | Degree, Ward, Degree, Ward |
| C. | Rydzewski, Jones, Rydzewski, Madigan |
| L. G. | Bachman, Franz, Ronchetti, Bachman |
| L. T. | Coughlan, Andrews, Coughlan, Andrews |
| L. E. | Baujan, Berkey, Baujan, Berkey |
| Q. | Phelan, Grant, Dorais, Pehlan, Grant |
| R. H. | Bergman, Malone, Fitzpatrick, Bergman, Fitzpatrick |
| L. H. | Cofall (Capt.), Fitzpatrick, W. Miller, Cofall, W. Miller |
| F. B. | J. Miller, Slackford, J. Miller, Slackford |

WABASH, 0.

| | |
|-------|----------------------|
| L. E. | O. G. Thomson, Heald |
| L. T. | Woodward, Thompson |
| L. G. | Caldwell (Capt.) |
| C. | Stonebreaker |
| R. G. | Michaels, Meal |
| R. T. | Hanicker |
| R. E. | Moses, Paulsen |
| Q. | Lindsey, Green |
| L. H. | Walker, Vermillion |
| R. H. | Coffing |
| F. B. | Bacon |

Touchdowns—Cofall (2), Bergman (2), Fitzpatrick, Phelan, J. Miller, Dorais, Slackford. Goals from touchdowns—Miller (3), Philbin (2), Cofall. Referee—Van Ripper, Wisconsin. Umpire—Hoffman, Chicago. Head linesman, —Coffins, Cornell.

Safety Valve.

Student:—"No professor I haven't my theme. You certainly can't expect me to be writing themes every day with the price of paper way up in the sky. It's not that I can't write a fine theme and that I'm not willing to do it but I'll have to get permission from home just as I have to do when I want a bill for clothes from Father Moloney."

We notice from the personals that an old student wishes a song written that men like Warren Cartier and Byron Kanaley can sing. We offer a thousand dollars to anyone that will write a song that Cartier and Kanaley can sing.

"No, George, I haven't come to bring back the dollar I borrowed but I thought if your razor wasn't working to-night I'd shave myself."

Tommy Glynn came back to demand the rest of his education. Won't someone please give it to him.

You know me, Al. I'm the fellow who pats you affectionately on the head after I've had my hand around a greasy hamburger sandwich.

"Where should a fellow pay his tuition around here, anyway? Is it at Hullie & Mikes or at Bro Leopold's?"

You certainly are there in the pinches—just like the bath tubs in Rockefeller Hall.

No Geraldine they don't press football suits—at least not till after the game starts.

Yes, we'll offer five thousand dollars to anyone who can write such a song.

John Boyle hasn't made the VALVE this year so he came down Saturday to see about it. He promises to come to the Military Ball and wear that dress suit again—Then!!!

DEAR MOTHER:—

I am at school now for two months and I write to say that the people here are much funnier than the people in Dunning. I go to one class called Geometry and we spend the hour every day drawing lines in different directions and saying a equals b , and b equals c , and angle or ankle—I can't tell which it is—is a right ankle. The professor never smiles and seems to be really serious about the thing and the rest of the class don't seem to see the humor of the thing. They are apparently serious and seem to think it matters something whether a is equal to b and whether lines run in the same or different direction. Of course I have to agree with them and appear interested as people in their condition often become violent when opposed. If I could only laugh right out I'd feel better but I have to restrain myself. This would be an excellent place for Dr. Lase who is making a special study of feeble mindedness to experiment. I also have a class called Algebra where we spend hours saying $a + b + c = y^2$ therefore a equals 96. When

I get into bed at night I just split my sides laughing at the thought of that class. And the teacher seems to be such a nice fellow otherwise and the boys seem to be sane enough when talking baseball or football. I haven't been to the Orpheum once this year—these classes have the vaudeville shows skinned. I'd pay a dollar an hour to attend but the secretary doesn't know it or he'd charge me. Send Will to school here Don't let him miss this. With love

GLENOLD.

Old Students' Hall—Subscriptions to November, 4, 1916

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

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