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Sorin.

BY A. W. SLAGGERT, '20.

FACING an unknown world he dared a way
And through the wildering wood he blazed a path,
Through sleet and snow of the wild winter's wrath,
His fervid mission spirit to obey.
For him no plaudits, pomp and vain display,
Nor sordid aim; the great joys that man hath
When God's directions plan the aftermath
With timeless blessings, these were his. Portray.
O world, a nobler soul, a grander deed,
Scan history's realm for works more worthy done,
Uncover heroes of a higher aim!
The world today, O Sorin, must concede.
That thou her everlasting praise hast won,
Who dreamed the dream that now is Notre Dame.

A Strong Man Armed.

THE REV. JOHN CAVANAUGH, C. S. C.

When a strong man armed keepeth his court those things are in peace which he possesseth.

—Luke xi. 21, 23.

TAKE up in fancy the map of the United States; sweep your eye over that spacious empire stretching from Portland, Maine, to Portland, Oregon, and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. It is larger than the world-wide empire of Caesar; it is rich beyond even the dreams of avarice. Upon that imperial domain great mountain ranges cleave the clouds; within their heaving, turgid bosoms lies concealed more wealth than exists perhaps in all the world beside. The body of that empire is veined and arteried with great natural water courses through which surges and beats the national life. Great cities sit secure upon her hilltops or nestle in her large and comfortable valleys, and upon her broad prairies and among her rolling hills live multitudes of happy, content and

prosperous people. Her citizenship is the most honored in the world; her power is felt wherever man exists. In manufacturing and commerce she is peerless and apart; in the gentler graces of life she has, though young, had honorable part. Her passion for education is a sublime example. Nowhere else are truth and honor held in greater veneration; nowhere else in all the world do the fires of patriotism burn so brightly on the altar of liberty. Her history is bespangled with exploits of valor in war and deeds of devotion in peace. She has made practical the dream of universal manhood suffrage; she has written in letters of light the story of her industrial genius. Like the eagle poised in incommunicable sunshine, she has a place apart through her commercial prosperity. She is the haven for the oppressed of every land; she is the one hope of uncounted millions lying still unborn in the womb of time. Nowhere else in all the world is the dignity of human life so recognized and honored; nowhere else in all the world is liberty poured out so abundantly upon the lives of men. She is the supreme republic of the world and her children cherish her with a love that is almost idolatry. The student of history might well write it upon his tablets that the people of America are indeed the heirs of all the ages in the foremost files of time.

Surely this is a picture of a strong nation, but one day over the whole people passed the shudder of a great fear that America might be destined to meet a mighty reverse. The nations of Europe like bloodhounds impassioned of gore sprang at each other's throats; civilization went mad, and America with the best good will in the world could not remain out of the war. For more than half a century our people had walked in the pleasant paths of peace. While other nations with frantic energy were pre-

* Sermon preached in the University church, Sunday, September 23, 1917, at the solemn opening of the scholastic year.

paring for the coming conflict by training, study and discipline we had grown fat with prosperity and flabby with indulgence. A cry of alarm was raised by the leaders of the land, and instantly, as soon as the danger of the situation was universally realized, America became one vast mobilization camp. The flower of our young manhood was summoned into training camps to become officers; the vigor and hardihood and courage of America was drafted into a mammoth army; there was an enormous expenditure of money for ships, for guns, and for army equipment. Munition plants were worked to the very limits of their power, and innumerable factories were converted into instruments for the supply of guns and ammunition. Patriotic societies were multiplied and strengthened; pulpits resounded with impassioned oratory; freedom of speech among the thoughtless and disaffected was restricted; the government used its extraordinary powers to control prices; commissions were formed for the conservation of food; newspapers systematically made propaganda for the cause; the railroad, the telephone, and the telegraph over the country were pre-empted for Government use; with amazing fortitude, fathers, mothers, and sisters willingly gave up their loved sons and brothers to danger and death. It was an inspiring and heroic spectacle that of a strong nation arming itself thus that the things might be in peace which it possessed.

There is a natural parallel between the experiences of nations and individuals. Both have their birth, their childhood, their youth, their maturity, and their decline. Both have their vices and their virtues, their triumphs and their humiliations, their hours of honest pride, and their moments of folly and shame. Both have to make preparation for an impending crisis, and among wise individuals as among wise nations the preparation is not sudden and spasmodic but distributed over long time, avoiding the defects of hasty and tumultuous action, securing the depth and strength and facility that come of steady and protracted thought and effort.

Now, all of you are strong men. Among you there are different grades and varieties of talent, it is true, but generally speaking the differences are slight. Not all of those who strive succeed in winning the brilliant prizes of life, but all who strive nobly have a proper measure of success. Obviously some men fail; as the sands

of the desert are strewn with the bones of camels and of men, ghastly relics of the dead or vanished caravans of the past, so the highways and byways of life are strewn with the wrecks of men who have failed, but the fact I ask you to remember is that men do not fail for lack of mental power. Natural talent may decree a greater or lesser measure of success; above all the absence of practical judgment or common sense may be an almost insuperable bar to the attainment of dazzling success, but in all the history of the world there never has been a complete failure that has not been due to moral weakness.

To develop man's natural strength, to arm it for achievement and conquest—these are the functions of the home, the church and the school. To attain this end Divine Providence has given us the love of mothers and the labor of fathers, the devotion of consecrated priests, the enthusiasm of wise and kindly teachers. In homes almost as holy as an altar, in parish churches where one almost felt the touch of innocence and virtue in the atmosphere, in schools where faith and science sat crowned as sister queens, and where learning walked hand in hand with piety, you have developed strength and armed yourselves to meet the combats of the future. It will be your whole duty during these years at college to enlarge more and more your power, to strengthen more and more your armor.

For this reason if you are wise you will at the very outset make an inventory to determine what natural qualities you have, and these you will preserve and strengthen from year to year. There is no thought more saddening than that noble qualities lovingly planted and tenderly nurtured in the heart of childhood should be lost or destroyed in the bloom of young manhood or in the maturity of later life. Again there are qualities which you admire in other men. Judge these qualities wisely and then strive by imitation, by effort and by daily practice to make them your own. Finally, there are beautiful traits of character perhaps not now appreciated by you, but which you will learn to desire during the years of your study. Pray that when the right time comes you may have the eye to see, the heart to love, and the will to desire them. Above all cherish ideals of perfection and labor upwards towards them. They will never be perfectly achieved in any human life, but to love them with constancy

is itself to succeed in some measure in attaining them. There is no more hopelessly condemned failure than the man who has lost belief in the goodness of striving for the best he can achieve. To lose faith in the possibility of human greatness and goodness, to accept commonplace or vulgar views of life and conduct and accomplishment, through indulgence or grossness, to decline upon a lower plane of thought or interest or desire or enjoyment—this is to sow the seeds whose harvest is inevitably dead to hopes and disappointed ambitions.

Marvel not if the first ideal I hold up to you is bodily perfection. In this most solemn moment when we open the new school year with liturgic pomp and public prayer, here in the sanctuary of a beautiful temple consecrated to the worship of God and the highest aspirations of mankind, I do not hesitate to throw over the physical training the sacred aegis of religion. Your bodies, as St. Paul says, are the temples of the Holy Ghost. It will be a great advantage if you can come to look upon them as things sacred to Almighty God, shrines not to be desecrated by pollution nor degraded by any form of preventable disease. Health of the body is the ordinary means intended by Divine Providence for working out the supreme destinies of mankind. Physical strength is not only a necessary condition of effective labor, but it is also the natural basis of that manly courage which is the prime essential of a noble life. Hence it is a religious duty to take reasonable care of your health, to avoid exposure, and to be scrupulous about regular exercise. It would be well to take up some form of athletics because that is a natural impulse of healthy and vigorous and morally clean youth. Strength will follow upon athletics, and from strength will come that courage to face opposition, to meet an adversary, to oppose injustice, to defend your rights and the rights of others. If it is true that the bully is the most offensive type of man, it is equally true that nothing great or noble can ever be expected from physical cowardice.

Cultivate endurance so that, should occasion call, you may be able to bear pain and hunger and continuous labor without complaint. Weakness or flabbiness of fiber is poor material out of which to build a man. Cultivate cleanliness in all the details of your bodily life; cultivate neatness without fastidiousness in all the details of your dress; study refinement of man-

ners not alone on public occasions but in the intimacy of your daily intercourse with fellow students, avoiding awkwardness in the management of hands, and feet, and tongue; cultivate that well-bred poise which is as far removed from backwardness as it is from forwardness. It will be no harm but rather a great gain if you invest the physical aspect of life with something of the sacredness of religion, because it is a phase of that educational process which makes a strong man armed.

In the same manner your mental life should partake in some measure of the consecration of religion. To study energetically every day is for you a moral duty. For you to fail in this is to commit the sin of idleness. You waste your own time, you squander the money of your parents, you are an injury to the college community by your bad example, and your place in society is no better than that of the loafer and the tramp. No sophism ought ever be permitted to chloroform your conscience on this point. If you do not study faithfully you are immoral, and in examining your conscience for confession this is a primal duty of a student that must not be lost sight of. Let your work be honest and thorough, not skimming lightly over the surface of things, but mastering whatever subject you take up so far as your time and your talent will permit. Mental sloth is a fatal defect that may be fastened on you for life during these years at college; slovenliness of thought may vitiate all your future work. Accuracy in thinking lies at the foundation of all great performance. Avoid the line of least resistance in study. As easily might you expect to develop into a great athlete by swinging in a hammock as to become a great scholar or a strong mind or an educated gentleman by avoiding distasteful studies. If your mind is flighty, mathematics will make it accurate and practical. Culture has been defined as familiarity with the best that has been thought and achieved in the world; literature will give you familiarity with the one; history with the other. Philosophy will save you from vague and erroneous thinking, science will save you from superstition, the languages will give you subtlety and suppleness of expression; economics will equip you for a service of honor to your day and generation; every subject of study has its proper work to do in producing the accomplished man and the educated mind. Strive after literary appreciation. Read only books

of recognized value and avoid the abominations of sensational novels and the cheap magazines. Strive for artistic appreciation and seek to refine your taste in pictures, books and music. Education for you should mean emancipation, it should mean enfranchisement in the republic of letters. With you refinement and knowledge should become ideals of life. In you any kind of vulgarity or ignorance will be almost a vice. Every day of your school life you are mobilizing your forces, not for one crisis but for many in the future. You are preparing for the shock of battle and for innumerable conflicts, the sum of which will mean either permanent defeat or permanent victory. As Wellington said that the battle of Waterloo had been won on the playgrounds of Eton school, so will you realize if you are wise that here every day of your school life you are fixing forever your destiny in the future.

But though I would make strengthening of the body and development of the mind matters of daily piety I do not forget that the most powerful determinant of your life will be your spiritual quality. The moral power of the American people must be in the end the measure of its triumph over its enemies in war.

Great is military genius and great is influence in the councils of the world, but there are nations writhing under the lash of tyranny and fretting in the chains of bondage today that are fossil remains of great peoples once the masters of the world. Culture is exquisite, culture is noble, culture is humanizing, but there are nations that sat in majesty as the schoolmasters of the world and are now steeped in ignorance, their brilliant lights extinguished, their ancient glory departed, their men of genius lost like wandering stars, or like the waves of the sea foaming out their own confusion. Rome had her wealth, and in the corruption depicted on the walls of Pompeii you read the story of her ruin. Macedonia had power, but the sons of Macedonia today stand in admiration of the splendor of nations that were savage tribes in the forests of Europe when Philip reigned in Macedon and Alexander had made conquest of the world. Athens had culture, but the glory that was Athens has departed, or remains only to torment the schoolboy. These nations failed because "corruption like a worm fed on their damask cheek."

So it is with the individual. The ripest

fruits of culture; the fairest flowers of study; the sublimest achievements of human effort are those spiritual and moral qualities which go to make up the religious man. That devout reverence for the Creator of the universe which places the love of God and obedience to His Divine Will before all other considerations is the essence of true wisdom. That profound faith which, divinely bestowed as a gift on children, is nurtured by prayer and the sacraments through the innocence of childhood, strengthened by growing appreciation and piety in the years of youth, honored and cherished by strong manhood as the one safe guide, philosopher and friend, devoutly fostered by tottering old age as the one lamp of its footsteps and the one staff in its hand—that faith is the most priceless possession you will ever own. If all else were swept away by sickness or disaster, that faith alone would still suffice to crown your life with moral grandeur. From it will spring the personal virtue that will keep your life white and wholesome and free from corruption; from it will come the power to deny, to restrain, to control. By it will be interpreted the mystery of life and death and sin and punishment and happiness and misery and heaven and hell. To weaken that faith deliberately by an act or omission would be madness; to lose that faith would be the ultimate disaster of life. As treason is the supreme disloyalty against government so apostasy is the supreme disloyalty toward God. All other faults may be forgiven. If the roots of life strike into faith penance may be done, and the friendship of God restored, but with the death of faith comes the death of hope, comes the death of love, comes ruin complete and irrevocable. Cherish that faith, protect it by the purity of your every thought, word and action. Holy Scripture says: "Blessed are the clean of heart for they shall see God," and the experience of the Christian centuries proclaims that no man ever yet lost his faith who had not previously lost his morality. Be reverential in your religious duties, practice frequent and, if so be, daily communion; be faithful to night and morning prayer, enter earnestly into all public devotions and cultivate your own private pieties in the secrecy of your own heart. Labor for those virtues for which your daily life offers such an abundant opportunity—absolute truthfulness in speech, absolute honesty in action, a sense of honor that feels a stain

like a wound, and strive especially to achieve gratitude, unselfishness, generosity, loyalty, and fair-play, the virtues of saints and gentlemen. In the long run there is not so much difference between a saint and a gentleman.

Let this be the hour of good resolutions, let this be the hour of renewed consecration to the highest and finest ideals of religion and learning and manhood. Let us take care each day to strengthen our will by exercise against weakness and temptation. And finally, according to the examples of our pious ancestors at Notre Dame and the promptings of our own hearts, let us lay our good resolutions at the feet of the Blessed Virgin, the mother of fair love and holy hope, under whose protection our Alma Mater has flourished, to whose honor this University is sacredly vowed, and glorified be whose name forever and ever, Amen!

Summons.

I cannot wish to die
For life is much too sweet,
The world, the day, the hour too young
And the budding of God's glories still so fair.

I cannot wish to leave
A fair young world where children's voices are
With liquid laughter running through.
Where lovers pause beneath a straying jasmine arch,
Where love to love comes wide-armed, singing,
Where heart grows close to heart.

I cannot bear
To wrench the heartstrings of my near and dear,
I am not worthy so to cause them grief.
And I would fain remain to bring them joy
Than leave and tear aside the heartstrings
That have been my cage—and like
A wilding bird go thoughtless on my way.

And yet if I am bidden I must go
Downward into the dark that frights me so.
It is as some weird dream of childhood—
A vasty void unending and unlit—
With misty terrors overhung and slimy fears
Afoot. I cannot see a light at the far end
And I go on, creeping unwilling the chasm through.

Even if the end be girt with grandeur
And ablaze with brass and gold—
I am not worthy! It is early yet—Oh let me wait;
I would not go so soon and yet—Thy will, not mine.

G. D. H.

The Story of the Wendalls.

BY JOHN U. RILEY, '17.

The University Club,
Newbury Square, London:
October 1, 1916.

Mr. Reginald Riverton,
1323 Fifth Avenue,
New York City, U. S. A.

My dearest friend:

Here I am back in London for a short rest, after a most strenuous turn on the Western Front. As all my letters to you thus far have been of nothing but war and my life with the army, I'm going to try to forget all I've seen across the Channel and tell you of an incident that took place just after I landed here from America two years ago, with your good-bye and god-speed yet fresh in my heart. I wanted to tell you all about it at once but was rushed across to France after two days, and a battlefield seemed no place from which to write you of such an experience.

Once in a lifetime, perhaps oftener for the very fortunate, plain, everyday man like myself, imbued with the sordidness of this old world of ours and wishing he might have lived ages ago, chances across some rare bit of happiness, just as one might come upon the relic of a great queen. Perhaps, then, you can understand my feelings on the night of my arrival in London two years ago.

You will remember that the night before I sailed from New York I took dinner with Lt. Col. Canavan, a retired British officer who represents his government in the purchase of supplies in New York, and an old friend of my father. He gave me several letters of introduction to influential persons here, which have been of great assistance to me. Among them was a letter to his nephew, Oliver Canavan, then an attaché at the Home Office, now at the front with his regiment.

Young Canavan was very kind to me, and that first night asked if I would go with him to call upon his nearest friend. I readily consented and went with him to a mansion near Grosvenor Square. He had declined to tell me anything further of the person I was to meet.

Everything in the great library of the house spoke of wealth and refinement, but an air of

cheerful homelikeness seemed to make it an ideal place for study and rest. I was awakened from my admiration by the entrance of a handsome gentleman of about thirty-five, whose comfortable lounging-jacket and soft slippers harmonized perfectly with the surroundings, and to my great surprise I was presented to Sir Henry Wendall. A genial smile and a firm hand clasp, and I felt I had known him all my life.

Sir Henry begged to be excused for his tardiness in receiving us on the ground that he had been in the nursery to bid good night to his little son and daughter, as he had not seen them all day. All his days were taken up with the organization of the London Relief League, in which he and Lady Wendall were keenly interested. I was about to ask him something of this work, but a glance from Oliver told me he would explain later. The conversation turned to the preparations for war, and the evening was gone before I realized it.

On the way home Oliver bought a late edition of the *Times* and folding it pointed to the headlines of the second column. Here then was at least part of the explanation, for I read: Sir Henry and Lady Wendall Lend Aid to New Relief League—First Public Appearance of Nobleman Who Lost Favor Through Marriage. I read on. It related how four years before, Sir Henry Wendall, son of one of the oldest houses in the empire, had married a poor widow of the slums of questionable reputation. Handsome and a brilliant scholar, he had been a favorite of court society, sought after by all the dowagers with marriageable daughters, and a close companion of the king. Through his marriage he had lost all this, including his rank in the Life Guards. Independently wealthy, he still kept the beautiful town house left him by his father, the late earl, devoting himself now to his beautiful wife, her child, and his own son, born a year after the marriage.

But even this account did not satisfy me, and it was only tonight that I renewed my acquaintance with Sir Henry here at the club. He is now in an important post in the War Office. I boldly asked him to tell me his story and much to my surprise was again invited to his home.

His wife is a sweet, tender woman, and plainly their home life is full of that happiness nearest to heaven. The little fatherless girl, whom he calls his own, and his own infant son are more

to him than all the court could bestow. Lady Wendall brought them into the room, the infant in her arms, the little girl skipping on ahead to kiss her foster-father good night.

When they had gone, I asked my rather personal question, and instead of being offended his eyes glowed with pride and love. I remarked that I had read the story which had appeared in the *Times* two years before and asked if it were true. He looked at me for a moment, as though to read my very thoughts, then smiled and said, "My good friend, most of that story was true. Most of it, I say, and I know that if I tell you the whole truth you will keep it for yourself, just to remember Lady Wendall and myself by in the years to come."

"Perhaps you have wondered at the interest I have taken in the New Relief League—the papers have been full of it, but God has been so good to me that I know it is my duty to help others as much as I can. You may not understand, because you don't know London with its countless poor, but you must learn it after the war. The New Relief League was originally called the New Rescue League, but the war has made it necessary to change the name and the purpose.

"There is a side of London life sadder by far than mere poverty. It is an evil which no attempt is made to combat, and yet so great an evil that its very mention is forbidden in this age of superficial morality and skin-deep propriety. When you passed through the Strand or Regent Street this evening were you not saddened by what you saw on every side? How ridiculous are our boasts of a Christian age. Here is the mighty British race, building great engines of war, fast ships, and doing everything to conserve its men, yet, when an unfortunate woman lifts up her head in search of a merciful hand to help her from her degradation and sin, Britain is indifferent or powerless. This was the purpose of the Rescue League organized by Lady Wendall. After the war we shall have work to do that would stagger the greatest philanthropist.

"Let me tell you how it all came about. One damp March night, just four years ago, I was coming from a dinner given to the American Ambassador at the Saddle and Cycle Club. It was long after midnight, but the cold mist felt good against my cheek after the heat and smoke of the club. I turned away from under the portico into Pall Mall, away

from a group of my brother officers, who invited me to ride in their motor. Somehow I wanted to be alone.

"I had not gone more than a block when I was addressed by a young woman, who, when she saw my uniform and my desire to pass on and take no notice of her, said in a tone of the most pleading earnestness, 'Well, if you'll not go with me, please, sir, give me a trifle to buy bread.' You can imagine my feelings at being appealed to in this way. Her voice and manner sent a shiver up my spine and something held me fast. I stopped under the gas-lamp to look at her. She was beautiful, and her eyes told me that sin had not yet set its red seal upon her soul. Such sadness and melancholy seemed to possess her.

"As I stood looking down at her the motor passed with my late companions. They hailed me, and thought it, under the flush of their wine, a good joke. I buttoned my cape, for I wore my medals, and she turned away shamedly. I asked if she were sure it was bread and not gin she wanted the money for. She clutched my arm and looked up at me with her tear-stained face and begged me to believe she wanted it for her little child, a girl of three years. I asked how she could lead such a life if she had a child growing up upon whom her example would have so much influence. She had tried, she said, to earn enough for their daily wants with her needle, but it was impossible any longer and now her choice was starvation or the street. She begged for a silver piece—it would give her child life and save her own soul.

"I wanted to go but could not. I encouraged her to tell me her story, and there, under the dripping gas-lamp, in a sweet, simple, womanly manner, she told me all. It was the old story of plighted troth, betrayed affection, and flight from her village home. She had arrived in London without money, friends or employment; without anything, save that womanly self-respect which had received such a severe shock. She had struggled and fought, but now necessity had driven her to the wall, and for her child's sake she was going down before it.

"I gave her the money she asked and took her name and address. She was sincere, I knew. I stumbled on, crossed the street in front of the church of St. Martin, that glorious soldier who with his sword divided his cloak and shared it with a beggar, but she hurried after me, and seized my hand to thank me again.

"It was almost daybreak when I reached home but I didn't attempt to sleep. Her pleading face was always before me. I tried to forget, and determined to notify the Charity Bureau. But I didn't. Instead I sent Nance, our old housekeeper, who had been my nurse, with clothes and provisions, and she came back with her eyes tearful from what she had seen, and told me of the sweet young mother and her beautiful child. A month later Nance brought her to me—she had pleaded to be allowed to come to thank me, and when I saw what my poor philanthropy had done I was dumfounded, but very happy.

"You can guess the rest. Yes, I fell in love with her. I neglected everything to sit in this very room and dream about her. When the hot months approached I sent her to live with Nance and the old lodge keeper and his wife on my father's estate at Kenmore, which we have since made into a hospital for the wounded. I travelled and Nance sent me weekly reports of her life at Kenmore. She was so happy and such a comfort to the old folks. The child, bright and round-cheeked was everyone's joy. I tried to stay away from Kenmore, but it was useless. Finally I went and told her the truth. We were married by the old chaplain, with my father's ancient household servants for our guests."

Sir Henry was about to go on with his story when the portières parted at the end of the library and Lady Wendall, like a vision, glided into the room. Happy and radiant, she had just come from putting her charges to rest. She came and stood by her husband's chair, her arm about his shoulder. He reached up and took the white fingers in his own and their eyes seemed to say, 'Could there be greater happiness?'

When Lady Wendall had gone we sat in silence for some time. I wanted you to be there and be happy with me. It was all so beautiful. I said good-bye and hurried back here to write to you. Through Regent Street and Haymarket into the Strand I hurried. Gay dresses and painted faces were on every side, even in these dark days.

Good-bye. Day after to-morrow I'm off for the front again and will write you at the first opportunity. I'm sure this letter will pass the censor all right.

Your sincere friend,

F. X. Barton.

Varsity Verse.

A SEASIDE REVERIE.

How peaceful here where the ocean sleeps,
Swayed by the breezes murmuring low,
But laden with hushed expectancy,
For waves are angry when tempests blow.

And lo, the wilding wind comes down,
Beating the tossing sea to spray,
Singing a song of the bloody battle,
Over the hinterland today.

And the dreaming waves are madly hurled
Flung in fierce, far-stretched array—
And serried ranks are marching slowly
Over the hinterland today.

And sudden quiet again and peace,
And white foam floating on the bay—
Starry glory on dead brows
Over the hinterland today.

T. F. H.

STUDY.

We grab a book whene'er we can,
Sometimes it's once a week,
When suddenly we're bothered by
An anti-study "geek."

Yes, study may be a blessed thing,
We've often heard as much,
But, as far as students are concerned,
There isn't any such.

C. W. C.

SOMEONE'S EYES.

I gazed at your eyes,
And they thrilled me with pleasure,
I could see the clear skies,
As I gazed at your eyes,
Opened wide with surprise,
My own little treasure.
I gazed at your eyes,
And they thrilled me with pleasure.

B. A.

THE END OF THE ROAD.

Let me lie at the crest of the hill
Wherever wander the winds at will,
Nearer there to the starry sky,
Freer there from the wrongs of men—
There I shall rest—be happy then.

G. D. H.

FRONT!

Standing at attention,
In his uniform, brand new—
You'd think he'd get more notice,
This stalwart youth in blue;
For people brush right past him;
And never give a stare—
But, even though he's human,
What does a bell-hop care?

E. T. O'C.

THE OTHERS.

Our year begins, now summer's done,
Old Dome our world o'ertowering;
We hope success moves with our sun
Till June again comes flowering.

While for ourselves now we implore
That fortune kind may be,
Let's not forget our lads at war—
The pick of old N. D.

R. W. M.

All for the Picture.

BY LEO J. JONES, '18.

Bill Donohue was a first-class "cow-puncher." His home was anywhere that he happened to fling his saddle, and his truest friend was the little "pinto" whose ears twitched contentedly whenever his master remarked something about "Jim". Together the two roamed happily over the rolling plains, working hard for each new boss as long as their joint rights were not violated. Far and wide were Jim and Bill known as hard workers and inseparable companions. Though generally fearless in the open life on the plains, they had one common terror, "close range to anything that wore skirts".

The pair has just agreed with Bob Dawson to exchange their services for thirty-five dollars and "fodder for two". Through the summer the affairs at the Double-Bar-O had gone on very peacefully until the second week of August, when the International Film Company decided to stage the "Perils of Patricia" in the Upper Laramie Valley. It was with many misgivings that Bill and Jim watched from a distance the activities of the invaders. And many a circuitous path did they travel to avoid proximity with the feared gentle sex. When the enemies came too close Jim betrayed his nervousness by a quickened pace and Bill carefully avoided the

challenging eyes eager to see a "real cowboy". And yet they became aware of an unaccountable fascination for the "actors", and more and more frequently did they stop on some distant shelf to watch the antics of the picture-makers.

One morning Bill confided to Jim that he was out of "chewing tobacker" and that they were going to town. They proceeded leisurely on their way until they suddenly came into view of the river. By force of habit they stopped behind a protecting sage bush and the two watched the proceedings. Being some two hundred yards from the river with the picture party on the farther side they felt perfectly secure.

"That one on the raft," admitted Bill, "sure is good to look at. In fact, none of 'em are hard on the eyes. I got a good look yesterday, when they stampeded past us on the south side."

Jim protested with a vigorous stamp of his trim little hoof. He was not going to approve of his master's apparent weakening.

"But I don't like that fellow," continued Bill, "who's set on hornin' in. Saved her from the rustlers a day or so ago. But look how he sits in a saddle. Guess he's afraid that plug will get losoed."

With an assenting shake of the head, Jim side-stepped to a better view. By this time the raft had been pushed out into the stream by the band of "injuns" and was coming nearer.

"What are they going to do now, Jim boy? Going to let her run the rapids, hitched to those logs?"

Jim pranced about in sympathy, until he raked Bill's leg on a blackberry bush, and got a rough prod in the ribs for his pains.

"Look, now!" grunted Bill, "the smart guy is going to rescue her again. He'd better look out or his fat pelter will flounder, and they will kill the Queen for sure."

Jim clamped the bits uneasily. The hero, with a flourish of his quirt, dashed out of the bushes and over the level stretch to the water's edge. But here, his horse, unaccustomed to the rapid current, refused to take the plunge, leaving the hapless victim of the redskins to go to her fate. The quickening current had seized the raft and the hero was becoming alarmed. Again and again, he urged his mount to the rescue but all in vain; the animal remained obstinate. The excited director was shouting orders for the real rescue, when suddenly, from

the opposite bank, flashed a horse and rider. Not an instant did they hesitate at the bank. With a bound the "pinto" entered the stream, but the ever-quickening current was bearing the raft rapidly toward the rocks below. Nobly the little horse struggled, urged on by the rider, who was now swimming at his side. Anxiously, the excited watchers on the shore awaited the outcome. An audible sigh of relief broke the silence when the cowboy grasped the raft and freed the girl. But the struggle was not over. With the added burden, the horse found the current almost irresistible. Again the group on the shore held its breath, as the three fought the waters for their lives. Nearer and nearer they came to the shore, but louder and louder thundered the falls. Once the horse's head went out of sight and a gasp arose from the crowd. Without his help all would be lost. But, in that sinking, his feet touched solid ground, and powerfully he pushed on.

As the three, nearly exhausted, crawled up the bank, the eager company was warned back by the ever-active director, for the camera man had not wasted so good a chance.

"Catch me," cried the heroine as she fell gracefully into her rescuer's arms. "Don't spoil the film."

Of course, Bill could not spoil anything for which she had risked her life; so he timidly sustained her light weight.

"Put your arms around me," directed the heroine. "Don't forget the picture."

Bill complied obediently.

"Now kiss me."

For one fearful moment, Bill looked down into two laughing brown eyes and then did as he was commanded.

"Jim, boy," he declared later, "all the joys of life aren't found on the prairie."

Jim sadly shook his head.

Senior Thoughts.

In time of war prepare for peace.

Not all who make a noise in the world find an echo.

Practical jokes are usually pleasant on but one side.

It is easy to believe a lie when the mind runs that way.

Very many of those who pretend to reason begin with the conclusion instead of the premises.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

DISCE-QUASI-SEMPER-VICTURUS-VIVE-QUASI-CRAS-MORITURUS

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—The schoolyear upon which we are entering is an exceptional one. Many sons of Notre Dame instead of gathering as they would fain do within her walls for the peaceful 1917-'18. pursuit of learning are mustering at the military camps for the defense of their country and are preparing to give the best that is in them for that great cause. We who have not been called upon to make this great sacrifice should not forget to recommend often these brave brothers of ours to the protection of Providence, that He may guide their steps through the perilous ways they are to tread. They are our heroes, and are surely worthy of our best remembrance.

Again, we at Notre Dame should realize that it is a privilege to be able to return to our studies, and this realization should prompt everyone of us to make the very best of the year that is before us. Whether we be just beginning our college career or concluding it, we should work as never before. It would be little less than criminal for us to idly dream away the hours while our old comrades face the horrors and dangers of the battlefield. If the boys in camp must give long days to their hard training, we can at least use well our hours of study. In this time of war an idler is as much out of place as a clown at a funeral.

—Men of the Class of 1921, Notre Dame welcomes you. She is very happy to enroll you among her sons. In the whole-heartedness of her welcome she extends to you unlimited opportunities, and begs that you will make the best of them. In her salutation she would emphasize for you the caution of the

serious upper classman, the counsel of the experienced alumnus, the admonition of the wise professor: neglect not your freshman moments, lest your senior hours be filled with regret. From the very beginning of your college course let earnestness and thoroughness be your watchwords; then earnestness and thoroughness will characterize your life and make it worth while to yourself and to others. Notre Dame's welcome is prompted by confidence in you. Let your every day be a proof that her confidence is not undeserved.

—Pope Benedict's peace proposal to the belligerent nations has apparently failed of its purpose. President Wilson, by common consent

the premier spokesman of the Allies, after careful consideration of the plan submitted, complimented the pontiff upon his high motives and outlined the reasons why the United States cannot enter upon any peace negotiations which do not contemplate the deposal of the autocratic Prussian government. Germany, speaking for the Central Powers, has answered Rome in a much more receptive mood. She has even gone so far as to suggest possible plans of peace such as she had never hinted at before. This reply to the Pope's note had scarcely been published in this country, however, before it was characterized as another Prussian bluff, a huge "stall for time" whereby Germany hoped to delude and delay the American people to the purpose that she might have a little more leisure in which to gather her resources to withstand the terrific blow the United States is preparing to administer. Whatever may have been Germany's motive, the proposed concessions suggest strongly that she is not any longer the haughty power which has defied the civilized world for three years. While the Pope's plan has been rejected, it has not failed utterly. In the present situation any talk of peace is encouraging. The present proposal, coming from Rome, has at least commanded the genuine respect of all parties. It is to be hoped that the proposal may lead sooner or later to the establishment of a perfect and permanent peace. The end of it may come presently or it may be delayed for years; when it does come we trust that the sovereign pontiff, who, more than any other, has at heart the welfare of all parties, may have a part in the final settlement.

Why College Men Fail.

The following letter sent out by the U. S. War Department as a kind of circular to the schools of the country is printed here for the serious attention of both college and preparatory students. Anyone who observes the details of student life knows that the faults pointed in the letter are very common indeed, and that they not only disqualify the college man for leadership in the military life but make him more or less incompetent for any kind of serviceable work.

WAR DEPARTMENT,
THE ADJUTANT-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, August 28, 1917.

The President,
University of Notre Dame,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Sir:

Believing it might be interesting and helpful to schools and colleges in the present emergency, your attention is invited to the following observations of a candidate at one of the Reserve Officers' Training Camps as to the probable causes of the considerable number of rejections of candidates for reserve officers at the training camps.

Perhaps the most glaring fault noted in aspirants to the Officers' Reserve Corps and one that might be corrected by proper attention in our high schools, preparatory schools and colleges, might be characterized by the general word "Slouchiness." I refer to what might be termed a mental and physical indifference. I have observed at camp many otherwise excellent men who have failed because in our school system sufficient emphasis is not placed upon the avoidance of this mental and physical handicap. In the work of the better Government Military schools of the world this slackness in thought, presentation and bearing is not tolerated because the aim of all military training is accuracy. At military camps throughout the country mental alertness, accuracy in thinking and acting, clearness in enunciation, sureness and ease of carriage and bearing must be insisted upon for two reasons: that success may be assured as nearly as human effort can guarantee it with the material and means at hand, and that priceless human lives may not be criminally sacrificed. Only by the possession of the qualities referred to does one become a natural leader.

A great number of men have failed at camp because of inability to articulate clearly: A man who cannot impart his idea to his command in clear, distinct language, and with sufficient volume of voice to be heard reasonably far, is not qualified to give commands upon which human life will depend. Many men disqualified by this handicap might have become officers under their country's flag had they been properly trained in school and college. It is to be hoped therefore that more emphasis will be placed upon the basic principles of elocution in the training of our youth. Even without prescribed training in elocution

a great improvement could be wrought by the instructors in our schools and colleges, regardless of the subject, insisting that all answers be given in a loud, clear, well-rounded voice; which, of course, necessitates the opening of the mouth and free movement of the lips. It is remarkable how many excellent men suffer from this handicap, and how almost impossible it is to correct this after the formative years of life.

In addition to this physical disability and slouchiness is what might be termed the slouchiness of mental attitude. Many men fail to measure up to the requirements set for our Officers' Reserve because they have not been trained to appreciate the importance of accuracy in thinking. Too many schools are satisfied with an approximate answer to a question. Little or no incentive is given increased mental effort to coordinate one's ideas and present them clearly and unequivocally. Insistence upon decision in thought and expression must never be lost sight of. This requires eternal vigilance on the part of every teacher. It is next to impossible for military instructors to do much to counteract the negligence of schools in this regard. This again has cost many men their commissions at camp. Three months is too short a time in which to teach an incorrigible "beater-about-the-bush" that there is but one way to answer a question oral or written and that is positively, clearly and accurately. The form of the oral answer in our schools should be made an important consideration of instruction.

I have further noted at camp that even some of our better military schools have turned out products that while many of them may have the bearing of a soldier in ranks, yet their carriage is totally different as soon as they "fall out." Schools, military and non-military, should place more insistence upon the bearing of pupils all the time. It should become a second nature with them to walk and carry themselves with the bearing of an officer and a gentleman. This again is a characteristic that cannot be acquired in a short time and, when coupled with other disqualifying elements, has militated against the success of men in training camps.

As a last important element that seems to me has been lacking in the moral and mental make-up of some of our students here is the characteristic of grit. Not that they would have proven cowardly in battle, necessarily, but some have exhibited a tendency to throw up the sponge upon the administration of a severe rebuke or criticism. Their "feelings have been hurt" and they resign. They have never been taught the true spirit of subordination. They are not ready for the rough edges of life. The true training school should endeavor to inculcate that indomitable spirit that enables one to get out of self, to keep one's eyes fixed upon the goal rather than upon the roughness of the path, to realize that one unable to rise above the hard knocks of discipline cannot hope to face with equanimity the tremendous responsibilities of the officer under modern conditions of warfare. This ideal of grit belongs in the school room as well as upon the campus.

Very respectfully,

H. P. McCain

The Adjutant-General.

Local News.

—Articles LOST or FOUND can be advertised on the Brownson Hall Bulletin Board.

—The new seats installed in our "theatre" balcony have added greatly to the seating capacity of Washington Hall.

—Alexander A. Szczypanik, Junior journalist, was the first student to eat a meal in the new Cafeteria. Alec is always there when it comes to "scooping" the crowd.

—The Reverend John O'Hara, C. S. C., prefect in Walsh Hall and Dean of the Foreign Trade Commerce Department, was elected secretary of the Faculty for the year 1917-1918.

—Two of the minor but noticeable improvements which greeted the returning students are the new floor in the Carroll Hall "rec" room and the Carroll Hall pump. The latter bids fair to rival the Minim pump in popularity.

—At a meeting of the Architectural Club held last week the following officers were elected: honorary president, Prof. F. W. Kervick; president, Norbert Monning; vice-president, E. A. Blackman; secretary-treasurer, V. F. Fagan; sergeant-at-arms, Wm. Coats.

—At the recent meeting of the Junior law class, Edward Doran of South Bend was chosen president. The other officers are: Edward Madigan, vice-president; Joseph McGinnis, secretary-treasurer; Louis Harmon, sergeant-at-arms. The meeting was held in the Sorin law room.

—The State Conference of Charities and Corrections was held last Saturday in La Porte. Father John McGinn was named a member of the executive committee of the state board. Father Cavanaugh spoke on "The Vacant Throne," a discussion of the decay of parental authority in the modern home.

—The Banjo-Mandolin Club met and organized Sunday. John J. Sullivan of New York will act as director the forthcoming season, when the string artists will again co-operate with the Glee Club. The membership includes Dudley Pearson, John J. Sullivan, J. Suttner, Paul Toohey, Paul Blum, Joseph Ess, Thomas Kelley, Leo B. Ward, Raymond Luken, and James B. Sanford.

—On last Sunday evening the installment of officers took place in the Holy Cross Literary Society. The following are the officers for the ensuing half year: President, Francis J. Boland;

vice-president, George Holderith; secretary, William Havey; critic, Thomas F. Healy; treasurer, Francis O'Hara; reporter, Thomas C. Duffy; executive committee, Arthur Hope, Matthew Coyle, and Leo Ward.

X —ATTENTION, STUDENTS!—Big Movie Tuesday! Students are asked to bear in mind that on Tuesday, Oct. 9, the spectacular film "20,000 Leagues Under the Sea" will be given in Washington Hall at 8 o'clock in the morning. This is the "only submarine photo-drama ever filmed" and comes to us with a reputation. See Captain Nemo in his fight with the giant octopus and other equally thrilling spectacles! Don't miss this treat!

—The new Cafeteria opened informally Wednesday morning and was well patronized. The Cafeteria is a model of cleanliness and is built to accommodate two hundred guests comfortably. The management employs fifteen men and every modern culinary convenience insures efficient "a la carte" service. A sanitary soda dispensary and a well-equipped confectionary and cigar stand are added features. The Cafeteria will have completed all arrangements by next Monday, the date of the formal opening.

X —Saturday evening the theatrical season at Notre Dame opened with Wm. S. Hart, in a five reel picture "The Devil's Double," and Fay Tincher, in a two reel Keystone Comedy, as the attractions. The comedy was rather ineffective, being based upon an absurd exaggeration of a country girl gone vampire mad, and being rather childish in plot. The feature picture was the usual Hart drama; the "bad man" reformed by the sweet innocence of the heroine and living happily ever after.

—The lecture season opened at Notre Dame last Saturday, with an address by Stuart Walker of the Booth Tarkington Theatrical Company. Mr. Walker talked upon audiences old and young, showing from experience that the latter are often more capable of true interpretation because they are free from the conventionalities. He made a strong plea for a more imaginative outlook upon problems generally considered lacking in interest. Outside of a rather abrupt ending, Mr. Walker's address was a good one.

—Professor James Hines, State Deputy of the Knights of Columbus, presided at the first meeting of the Notre Dame council on Tuesday evening, October 2. The following officers were

elected: Grand Knight, Martin Lammers; Deputy Grand Knight, Walter Miller; recording secretary, Thomas Tobin; financial secretary, Frank Goodall; treasurer, James P. Logan; chancellor, Charles McCauley; advocate, Harry Godes; warden, John Mangin; inner guard, Leon Mayer; outer guard, James J. Ryan; trustees, Judge F. Vurpillat and Prof. J. Farrell. Installation of the newly elected officers will take place on the evening of October 9 in Walsh Hall.

—With fewer members than any Senior class in many years on account of the war drain upon upper classmen, members of the Class of 1918 met in Sorin Law room last week and elected the following officers: John Lemmer, Escanaba, Mich., president; Charles W. Call, Jackson, Mich., vice-pres.; James A. Logan, Denver, Colo., secretary; W. J. Noonan, Decatur, Illinois, treasurer; Delmar Edmondson, sergeant-at-arms. The newly elected officers promised to help the class make up in "pep" what it lacked in numbers. Every member present declared he would do his utmost to have "something doing every minute clear through to the biggest ball of the year."

—On Sunday, September 30, the second year men met to organize for the ensuing school year. It is the intention of the class to promote closer fellowship among its members and thus create a feeling of class pride and harmony. The Sophomores themselves are somewhat reticent and mysterious about their plans for the year, but hint that a smoker and banquet will likely precede their "big dance" to be given after the holidays. Election of officers occupied the attention of the meeting Sunday and resulted in the following selections: Tom J. Tobin of Cannonsburg, La., president; Paul Barry of Muscatine, Ia., vice-president; Thos. H. Beacom of El Reno, Okla., secretary; Dudley Pearson of Chippewa Falls, Wis., treasurer.

—The 1918 Glee Club is expected to achieve a notable season. Thursday, sixty men registered and by Sunday ninety had come in. The regular rehearsals began Tuesday with more than one hundred members in attendance. Sunday, elections and appointments took place. President, Charles McCauley, '18, of Memphis, Tenn.; vice-president, Richard T. Dunn, '18, Ottawa, Ill.; secretary-treasurer, Delmar Edmondson, '18, Marion, Ohio; were the officers chosen.

Professor John T. Becker, head of the Musical Department, is director and with Medill Patterson, will arrange, as program committee, the club's schedule for the year. The governing board is composed of Charles McCauley, Peter Noonan, Richard Dunn, Delmar Edmondson, Paul Loosen, Joseph McGinnis, and Walter O'Keefe.

—Our Kentucky students are always among the first when it comes to a demonstration of the "get together" spirit. This year the representatives of the "old tobacco state" kept up the traditions by organizing early. They met Wednesday night, Sept. 26, in Sorin Hall, where with doors closed to all except those of "you all" and "heah" extraction, they elected the following officers: E. J. O'Connor, Louisville, Colonel; J. Williams Dant, Louisville, Lieut-Colonel; J. Sinnott Myers, Paducah, secretary; Thomas W. Spalding, Springfield, treasurer; Leonard F. Bahan, Wenchester, sergeant-at-arms. The new members who reported are, J. P. Leonard Sower, Frankfort; Philip S. Dant, Louisville, Philip J. Campbell, Louis A. Klapheke, James McGrath, Edward McGrath, Louisville; Charles McCollough, Owen McGrath, Louisville; Charles McCollough, Owensboro, and Menefee Clements, Owensboro. The old "Colonels" expect to inject into their fellow club-members the same spirit that has made the Kentucky Club one of the successful organizations at Notre Dame.

Obituary.

It is with deep regret that the Scholastic chronicles the death of Walter Marr (C. E. '95) which took place in Chicago on the morning of October 3. Mr. Marr is remembered by the older members of the Faculty as a student of high ideals and charming personality whose collegiate career clearly mirrored his later successful life. After leaving the University he early became connected with the Engineering department of the city of Chicago where his word became authoritative in all matters pertaining to his chosen field. He was retained in that capacity until a few years ago when he was made Highway Commissioner of the state of Illinois, which position he held until his death. He was buried on Friday morning. The University has lost a well beloved son and an alumnus of great ability. She mourns her loss.

Personals.

—"Don" Smith, former student, visited his friends at the University last week.

—"Rupe" Mills, varsity first-sacker a few years ago, made his annual trip to Notre Dame during the week.

—Lieutenant Joseph Gargan of the '17 Law class is stationed at Winthrop, Maryland, awaiting orders. He is in the U. S. Marine Corps.

—"Ed" Huber, of Marion, Ohio, a recent student, stopped off to visit his Alma Mater a few days ago. He expects to enter the Engineer Corps.

—"Tim" Galvin, well known alumnus, was here Sunday. He was on his way to South Carolina, where he will act as Secretary in the Knights of Columbus camp.

—We are pleased to announce the marriage of Miss Regina Maria Baer, of Indianapolis, to Lt. Twomey M. Clifford (LL. B., '14) on August 18 at Indianapolis.

—It is our pleasure to announce the marriage of Miss Genevieve White of Niles, Mich., to Lt. John Urban Riley (Ph. B. in Jour., '17) on August 16 at Niles, Michigan.

—The marriage is announced of Miss Grace Edsall Dalrymple to Frank Ward O'Malley (Old Student). The ceremony took place on September 1st in New York City.

—The marriage of Miss Florence Ellen Wackerly to James Clement Sexton (Ph. B., '11) took place on Tuesday, July 10th, at Canton, Ohio. The SCHOLASTIC extends congratulations.

—Mr. Paul R. Martin (Old Student), Associate Editor of the *Indiana Catholic*, has been placed in charge of the publicity bureau of the Knights of Columbus' work in connection with our army cantonments. Success is assured.

—We are happy to announce the marriage of Miss Mary Agnes Mahoney of Rawlins, Wyo., to James A. Curry (LL. B., '14), at Rawlins, Wyo., on June 17th. Mr. and Mrs. Curry will be at home after September 1st, at Hartford, Conn.

—An old student whose absence was noted at the Jubilee exercises at Commencement, was Frank A. Kaul of Philadelphia, student '95-98. Serious illness alone prevented his coming. Masses and prayers were said in the University chapel for the recovery of our former student.

—We have pleasure in announcing the marriage of Miss Loreta Hartzler to Llewellyn D. James (LL. B., '17) on June 18, at St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, Ind. The Rev. Edward J. Finnegan, C. S. C., performed the ceremony.

—We record with special pleasure the marriage of Miss Helen Louise Vanderhof to Harry W. Cullen (LL. B., '12) at Windsor, Ont., Can., June 16th. Mr. and Mrs. Cullen will be at home after September 1st, 512 Taylor Ave., Detroit.

—Guy Marshall, a well remembered student of a few years ago, writes to his people in Rock Island from "a training camp somewhere in England." He gives a good account of conditions on the other side and is glad to be in the midst of things.

—The bulletin of the National City Bank of New York (September Number) makes a most complimentary reference to Robert M. Anderson (B. S., '83). Professor Anderson is a member of the remarkably strong faculty of engineering in Stevens Institute of Technology.

—The Carrollites may be small but they are patriotic. Last year they won the cup for efficiency in drill and now comes the news that a former member of the hall, "Bill" Towle, sailed for France on the twenty-third of June. He is a member of the American Field Service. Good for Carroll!

—Old friends and students of Brownson Hall will be delighted to hear of the marriage of Miss Leonora Pflum to Dennis T. McCarthy, (S. M. E., '15) at St. Joseph's Church, Indianapolis, June 26th. Mr. and Mrs. McCarthy will be at home after July 21st at the Catharine Apts., 1113 E. Market Street.

—Immediately following the Commencement came the marriage of Miss Anna Detzler, of South Bend, to T. Frank McGuire (Chem. E. '14), on June 12. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Joseph Maguire, C. S. C., in Sacred Heart Church, Notre Dame, Ind.

—From *La Epoca* published in Cartagena, Republic of Colombia, South America, we learn that Don Antonio Lequerica, Jr., is the superintendent of the Gran Fabrica de Mantequilla y Lactina which has become one of the large enterprises of that great city. Don Antonio is pleasantly remembered by his college friends who rejoice in his success.

Athletic Notes.

This war-time, material-depleted football season, about which so much has been written and so much more said, has at last arrived. Before you have read these lines Notre Dame will have won or lost the first game of a long, hard schedule—a list of games that was arranged more than a year ago by Athletic Director Harper when there was not the slightest thought of war in his mind.

Army commissions and the inexorable draft had wrecked what might have been the greatest team in all the brilliant football history of Notre Dame long before practice commenced on the 15th of last month. Determined to do their best with the men Uncle Sam left them, Coaches Harper and Rockne set to work on the hardest task of their careers, without a complaining word, a gloomy look, or a single alibi.

Games won or games lost this year mean less than they would other years; intercollegiate sports are being continued in this country at the request of President Wilson, Secretary of War Baker, and other officials, that the American youth may be prepared to take the place of the men that are now nearing the battle front of the world's most stupendous war.

To date the line has shown more promise than the backfield. More veterans are in the forward works than in the offensive department. "Big Frank" Rydzewski is rounding out a brilliant career as the best center that ever passed a ball to a backfield man at Notre Dame. His 207 pounds in the middle of the line are going to be a big stumbling block to many a team before the season is over. DeGree and Andrews are the experienced guards available, though Harper has been playing DeGree at end and Andrews at tackle during pre-season experiments. Zoia, Walsh, Madigan, Dixon, Halton, Kelly, and Stanley are staging a nice fight for recognition alongside of "Big Frank". Stine and McGuire, with the veteran Philbin, look good enough for tackles on any team. Tom King, momentarily anticipating a cantonment summons, Dave Hayes, Powers, Spalding, Andres, and Smith are the best of the end men on hand.

Capt. Phalen will be the quarterback as long as he is permitted to be a civilian, and Allison and Bahan are being groomed to take the leader's place should he be called to a site

where they salute officers and "tote" guns. Walter Miller is the only other veteran in the backfield, and he and Pierson have been holding down the halves regularly for a fortnight. Pete Ronchetti, never till this season a fullback, gives all the surface indications of becoming a battering ram from the rear position. Brandy, Barry, Ryan, Dubois, Lockard are trying hard to bring their ability up to varsity requirements as the season advances.

With games ahead with Wisconsin, Nebraska, M. A. C., South Dakota, and W. and J., the squad has its work cut out. Every man is giving all that is in him. The green men are trying hard to overcome their awkwardness and the old men never were quite so sympathetic and eager to assist them. Spirit of the right sort is prevalent on the team, and the student body could well take notice.

The Varsity-Freshman scrimmage last Saturday resulted in a 12-0 score against the yearlings. The contest was a real battle, and from the practice point of view proved just the thing the regulars needed. It brought out the Freshman power of defense and demonstrated to the coaches the particular weaknesses of the team on which Notre Dame places its hopes this year. The first touchdown came a few minutes after the opening of play with a pass from Captain Phalen to Miller. The Freshmen then got their bearings, and gave their more experienced opponents a taste of real battle until the varsity scrubs tripped them up on a forward pass which resulted in the second touchdown. It was a real scrimmage.

Two weeks' practice have almost put the punch in the varsity, and by present indications they should have it when the first real test comes.

Wisconsin will have a stronger team in the field this year than was first anticipated. At least seven of last year's regulars are back in addition to a wealth of former Freshman material.

The return of "Big Frank" Rydzewski has furnished a real key-stone around which to build the team. Frank never looked better to the rooters.

Zoia, Stine, Spalding and Holton, who have

been nursing injuries during the week, are in their togs again.

Ronchetti seems to be one of the season's "finds." The lack of backfield men necessitated much shifting of positions and Pete has evidently stumbled into the place cut out for him. He has been emulating a pile driver at full and his vicious charges ought to make many a badly needed "first down" this year.

It looks as though Miller and DeGree will do the punting this year. The latter's ability is well known and Walter is booting 'em better each day.

Interest in inter-hall football circles is growing daily, the coaches reporting excellent progress

with their respective squads. Corby Hall, last year's champions, has a speedy squad out daily and is determined to take the cup for the second consecutive time. Walsh, Sorin, and Brownson, all represented by classy material, are confident of making a strong bid for the season's honors.

VARSITY FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 6—Kalamazoo at Notre Dame.
Oct. 13—Wisconsin at Madison.
Oct. 20—Nebraska at Lincoln.
Oct. 27—University of South Dakota at N. D.
Nov. 3—Army at West Point.
Nov. 10—Morningside College at Sioux City.
Nov. 17—Mich. Agricultural College at N. D.
Nov. 24—W. & J. at Washington, Pa.



PROFITEERING ON THE CAMPUS