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My Pal.

BY VINCENT F. FAGAN, '20.

THE campus life is not the same,
A different spirit fills the air.
I miss his face; his shouted name
Draws no response. He is somewhere
In France.

He was my pal, not long ago,
My partner through the months of school,
Who smoked my pipe, wore my chapeau;
He's followed flag and army mule
To France.

The Poetry of Lionel Johnson.*

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

OUR day is witnessing the results of the last century's revolt against literary classicism. That revolt, begun by Romanticists in an effort to free poetry from the pseudo-classic standards of the eighteenth century, has now resulted in the swinging of the pendulum to the opposite extreme. In the so-called Augustan period of English literature, poetry suffered a drought of beauty. Richness of content was forgotten and form was cultivated for its own sake. Form enslaved Pope and Dryden; it wellnigh stifled the delicate genius of Gray. But to certain of the schooled poets of today, nothing is more plebeian than form. Vers Libre, Imagism and Vorticism prevail. There is a short shrift for the older rhythm and rhyme. Even the minor poets, those fugitive writers to whom the world of literature so often has cause to be grateful, are, in many instances, deserting the traditions of English poetry, and allying themselves with these extreme literary tendencies. In reaction against an age which boasted of its

poetic formalism, we are, perhaps, nearing a period which will respect nothing but violation of form.

Now there is a type of poet—and true poet indeed—to whom form is an essential note of poetic art. He is that type of poet whose education has been highly classical. The humanities have chastened and refined his genius; his creative faculties are governed by an exquisite taste. He is a humanist, standing, as Mr. Irving Babbitt would have him stand, "between an extreme of sympathy and an extreme of discipline and selection." He calls to mind with Babbitt that "the aim, as Matthew Arnold has said in the most admirable of his critical phrases, is to see life steadily and to see it whole." This poet does not turn to the new merely because it is the new, nor to the extreme because it is the extreme: he endeavors to draw what is best from the past without in any way relinquishing his interest in the life and things of the present. This fine balance governing his life enters into his poetry, to which he gives the fulness of his being. He cultivates form as a noble medium, but still a medium, for the expression of his best thought: with him the splendor of an idea is always enhanced by the beauty of its expression, the beauty of the expression by the splendor of the idea. Such a poet was Lionel Johnson.

Both in literature and in life he was a true humanist. Inclining more, perhaps, to the classic than to the romantic ideal in art, he never found it necessary to relinquish the human, the contemporary, or the humble. Sprung from a line of English baronets, whose Protestant faith and military tastes would seem to have challenged him to a life of action, he became a literary man and a member of a religious body whose glory and weakness have always been the bane of Protestant England: prepared for life by an ultra-aesthetic training

* Prize essay for the Meehan gold medal.

in the humanities under the gracious genius of the greatest classical scholar in England, Walter Pater, he found time in his own life to ally himself with the struggle of a down-trodden people for political freedom, to produce poetry, which untouched by any of the abandonment so characteristic of his day, will, perhaps, take its place in the literature that time will treasure. In Lionel Johnson, humanism so harmonized the principles of discipline and sympathy, the ideals of romanticism and classicism, that his poetry claims attention over the prejudices of any "school." It rises above the narrowness of extremes, and unites in itself the strength and the beauty which come from standing to a middle course. In this paper it will be my purpose to show that the poetry of Lionel Johnson is worthy of such consideration, and that, transcending "schools" and movements, he is worthy to rank in the company of singers whom, after the poets of the first order, the race will revere and love.

The poet, we may say again, unites in himself such opposite virtues; that he attracts all men, even those of widely divergent tastes, to new spheres of delight. Equipped with a mind which, more quickly than the ordinary intellect, perceives and more adequately expresses the hidden relations of things, he is, in a not unreal sense, a hierophant of beauty, havening on his altars with stately music, the fugitive wings of loveliness, opening with his staff new vistas of meadowland and river; dispensing to pure souls gracious sacraments which the unholy cannot receive. We cannot read the poetry of Lionel Johnson without the deepening conviction that here is a poet of this character. We turn to his poems in one or other of the volumes that appeared during his lifetime, or in the larger collected edition which appeared two years ago; it may be some such trifles as this that we chance upon:

My windows open to the autumn night,

In vain I watched for sleep to visit me:

How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,

Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!

If without sea, and starless though it be,

For joy of that majestic beauty there,

Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

Or, "The Precept of Silence," where he speaks of a sorrow which few men, and very few poets, have felt in a like degree:

I know you: solitary griefs,

Desolate passions, aching hours!

I know you: tremulous beliefs,

Agonized hopes, and ashen flowers!

The winds are sometimes sad to me:

The starry spaces, full of fear:

Mine is the sorrow of the sea,

And mine the sigh of places drear.

Some players upon plaintive strings

Publish their wistfulness abroad:

I have not spoken of these things,

Save to one man and unto God.

Here is the meditative mood justifying itself in every syllable. But there is also another way in which these lines can be understood as an expression of his inner life. That was, almost, his entire life.

Lionel Pigot Johnson, the son of Captain William Victor Johnson of the Ninetieth Light Infantry, was born March 15, 1867, at Broadstairs, an ancient country-house on the coast of Kent. The family in all its branches, and as far back as it can be traced, had always had a predilection for army life, priding itself that its men had always held, as they are still holding, the positions of officers in the British army. Though the boy was predominantly English, there were strains of Welsh, Cornish and American in him, while one of his ancestors was governor of Ross Castle, Ireland, in 1798 and "remorselessly active in putting down the rebellion." At the age of thirteen, I have it from Mr. F. de Zulueta, New College, Oxford, he entered at Winchester college, remaining there for six years. Located in the beautiful rural district of England, surrounded on every side by meadows and orchards, Winchester had, for more than five centuries, stood peaceful and scholarly amid her walks of lime and sycamore. At that time, the remembrance of Matthew Arnold was still fresh among the boys and masters; while a little farther away stretched a line of scholars—Browne, Ottway, Collins, and many more,—in unbroken succession to pre-Reformation days. Over few men has any school exercised so permanent an influence as did Winchester over Lionel Johnson. Even in his later life, he seemed the embodiment of the Wykhamist spirit: when he went up to Oxford, his intellectual progress was but a development of the tendencies determined in Wykhamist days. At Winchester his character was formed. A love of scholarship, solitude and religion was

inspired, which in later years became "the essential vesture" of the man.

In the fall of 1887, Johnson entered New College, Oxford, where, it was whispered, he wrote Latin as easily as English, and read Plato and Aeschylus for pleasure; that he was devoted to strange religious rites which he celebrated in the privacy of his rooms, services somewhat similar, it seems, to those conducted by certain of the Eton boys in Digby Dolbin's day. But all his time was not divided between books and religious exercises. He made many friends at Oxford; he had a great love for the University; and he formed with his favorite teacher, Pater, an intimacy that is among the rarest of friendships in modern literary history. But he took no account of Oxford's rewards. It is in vain one will look for his name in the prize-lists. Education was to him something immeasurably finer and nobler than a series of contests, and he brought away from Oxford all of that better sort of discipline she had to offer. The classical ideals and the broad sympathies, in a word, the humanism of Oxford gave the young man a life inspiration, so that when in 1890, having graduated with honors, he left Oxford for the wild, turbulent London of the *fin de siècle*, he carried with him a passion for the things of the mind, and a deep loyalty to tradition.

Yet he must have known unrest at Oxford. Mr. Wilfred Meynell has called attention to the influence of the Oxford of the eighties. The university of those days held much to excite but not to satisfy those gifted spirits whose love of beauty put their souls in jeopardy, a peril which some of his contemporaries did not escape. John Addington Symonds, Walter Pater and many others had contented themselves with the natural, without looking for the supernatural: as Mr. Meynell has quoted—"The love of man and beast and tree, is medicine and divinity." But this young man was too deeply imbued with the love of beauty, too deeply informed by the spirit of Plato and the classics to become a scoffing esthete. At Winchester he had once run away to the priest in charge of the Catholic mission and had demanded to be made a Catholic. The wise old pastor foreseeing interferences on the part of parents and college authorities had smiled and sent him back with the reply that he was out of bounds. During the whole four years of his residence at Oxford, his soul had kept turning

slowly and irrevocably to the Catholic Church. One is not surprised to hear that, after a year away from college, he was quietly received into the Church, at Saint Ethelreda's in London. That day Lionel Johnson entered upon his heritage. Not one of his friends will be found who will deny that his conversion crowned his education, or contend that "the fine flower of his genius could have been perfectly at home in any other society than in the Catholic Church.

In 1890 Lionel Johnson had taken lodgings in London, and now, from 1891 to 1901, devoted himself to the life of letters and became a member of a literary group which, it seems, the ages must count as truly individual and as noteworthy as any that graced the city in the days of Dick Steele or Doctor Johnson. The nineties, of which Johnson is, in one sense, a product, was an epoch remarkable in many ways. The monarchs of the Victorian tradition—Browning, Arnold and Tennyson—had left their thrones without successors: poetry languished for an instant, then as in a night, London was thronged with young men, scarcely out of their teens, who wrote poetry like poets of the first order. The time was charged with inspiration; a storm of lyric poetry such as had occurred in the days of Shelley and Keats seemed about to burst upon the land. But unfortunately many of these artists were interested only in the lower nature of man. Under the influence of writers such as Gautier, Verlaine and Baudelaire, animal sensation was exploited to the utmost. Everything was forgiven in the name of art: the poets became individualistic and then, without realizing the contradiction, declared that the end they proposed was beauty. Only a few of these young writers kept their souls pure and their work free from this corruption; among them are the two Catholics, Francis Thompson and Lionel Johnson. Thompson, the pitiable outcast in the streets of London; Johnson, the young student in the midnight silence of his lodgings—was it some inscrutable way of God that designed that these two Catholic poets, one of whom was to give us the full flowering of the romantic ideal, and the other the white flame of the classic spirit, should in such different circumstances keep their spirits pure from the world about them and consecrate to poetry the genius that was in them?

It was into one of the most gifted of the London literary circles, the Rhymers' Club,

that Lionel Johnson was admitted. A small company, dedicated to the Muse, this organization met of evenings from time to time "in an upper room of the Cheshire Cheese", a tavern in Fleet Street, read their latest verses, discussed literary problems, and communicated the gift of their friendship to one another. To that circle came every considerable young poet in London, determined to emancipate poetry from her bonds, and to blaze upon the world his interpretation of life. There were Irish poets and Welsh poets and Scottish poets; singers from the London streets, and reporters of naked sin; strange mystics and young idealists: Henry Harland, Ernest Dowson, William Butler Yeats, and Arthur Symonds were a few of them who afterwards became famous. Though entering the "Rhymers' Club" for the literary advantages it offered, Lionel Johnson had hardly anything in common with its members, except youth and genius. For him it was never necessary to turn to the ignoble or the forbidden merely to have something new to write. In the classics and in his own religious experience were all that his genius demanded. The classics were more than equal to every mood, even the most modern and the most intimate: their very expression was their justification.

His genius bore early and rare fruit. In 1895 his first volume, "Poems," was issued, and he was immediately hailed as one of the most promising of the young poets. In 1897 this was followed by a second book, "Ireland and other Poems," which, if not altogether equal to the first, contains many of his most beautiful lyrics. Prose, too, he did in good measure during these years of literary activity, early contributing to periodicals such as *The Spectator* and *The Academy*. His volume, "The Art of Thomas Hardy", a sane and scholarly book, published in 1894, placed him in the front rank of living critics.

We are not concerned with the prose of Lionel Johnson, even though discerning minds in his own day knew him, as Katherine Tynan Hinkson says, for "the heaven-born critic who should make criticism one of the arts in England." Johnson, the man of letters, is most impersonal: it is only in the poetry, we find the secret link between his external activity and his inner life. One English critic, Mr. Dixon Scott, writing in the Manchester *Guardian*, thinks there were both "disorder and defiance" in

his life, and that behind all the "rebelliousness," as "behind a twisted barrier", grew the white flowers of his austere and untroubled art. But this is not, and could not, be true. From Emerson himself we have the declaration that "the sublime vision" comes only to the pure and simple soul in a clean and chaste body. . . . For poetry is not "Devil's wine" but "God's wine". And Lionel Johnson gave to his poetry the plenitude of his being. There was no more serious moral "disorder and defiance" in Lionel Johnson's life than there is in his poetry. And in his poetry there is only harmony and peace. One is reminded of a sentence from Pater: "The perfection of culture is not rebellion, but peace: only when it has realized a deep moral stillness has it reached its end". Surely this is the peace which we notice in this poet's work. The stamp of scholarship, the broad sympathy, the classic control over deep emotion, and even over imagination, are evident on every page.

Taking his work as a whole, and considering it not so much from the viewpoint of form as from that of inspiration, we are struck with the broadness of his outlook upon life. He was a person of many passionate attachments, and to all of them he brought the service of his Muse. But for critical purposes it is perhaps best to consider his large sources of inspiration as three: Friendship, Celtic and English memories, and Catholic faith.

It is in the poems on friendship that we see the beginning of that loneliness of soul, so unmistakably clear in the religious lyrics, that tell us the story of his own spiritual suffering. Hear him when in "De Amicitia," he recounts the glories of friendship:

*Beauty of Israel! thou on its high places
Fallen, wonderful in thy love to me!*

King David! we too love like thee
Dear lover's faces,

Infinite friendships, golden graces:

Hearts passionate, as the full and stirring sea,

We, too, have come upon the shining traces

Of white souls, while we walk this darker earth,
Celestial was their birth,

August and issuing from Uranian races;

Kin to the morning stars, their choral mirth,

A matin melody.

The glory of a crown, gold tried in fire

Shadows their brows:

They know it not, but hungering desire

For the White City, in their ardent eyes,

Burns: and the pure palm boughs,

Holy and steady from their clean hands rise:

Such brightness and such bravery shall they win!

There is a great deal of the real artist in these lines, an ineffaceable remembrance of the delicate chisel, and of a faultless hand and a clear brain behind the instrument. As one reads them, one calls to mind that Lionel Johnson had a "genius for friendship." He was constantly thinking of his friends, praying for them, and dedicating his poetry to them. (Fully half the Wykhamists of his time, together with the greater number of the literary friends he afterwards made, are honored in his verses). If we be inclined to take exception to the classic austerity of the lines quoted above, let us turn to another of the poems of friendship, "The Destroyer of a Soul," which fairly throbs with passion:

Why come you now? You whom I cannot cease
With pure and perfect peace to hate? Go, ring
The death-bell with a deep, triumphant toll!
Say you, my friend sits by me still? Ah, peace!
Call you this thing my friend? this nameless thing?
This living body, hiding its dead soul?

Or the perfect classic mood, united with elevated thought and emotion as employed in "To a Friend":

All, that he came to give,
He gave, and went again:
I have seen one man live,
I have seen one man reign,
With all the graces in his train.

As one of us, he wrought
Things of the common hour:
Whence was the charmed soul brought,
That gave each act such power;
The natural beauty of a flower?

* * * * *

Like young Shakespearian kings,
He won the adoring throng:
And, as Apollo sings,
He triumphed with a song:
Triumphed, and sang, and passed along.

The poems on friendship unveil the soul of this young man, they teach his life very intimately, but friendship was only one of the things he sang. And though the revelation in them seems to be as full as that of Abt Vogler: "And there: You have heard and seen: consider and bow the head," it is in the religious lyrics that we confront the complete and final revelation of his highest genius. However, before proceeding to the religious poems we must first note the artistic expression of his passion for Ireland and for everything Celtic, together with his love for his own country expressed in his nature poems.

Because of his deep interest in the Celtic

movement, Lionel Johnson is generally regarded as one of the poets of the Irish revival. He belonged to the Irish Literary Society of London and referred to himself as an Irishman, but we are afraid that he can be considered an Irishman only by courtesy. He unhesitatingly acknowledged the faint call of blood on his father's side, while the attraction was that of a generous and gifted nature for the wild witcheries of fire and dew in Irish legend, and more—for the nationhood of Ireland. The consideration of her sufferings forms what may perhaps be his greatest poem, the ode "Ireland":

Thy sorrow and the sorrow of the sea,
Are sisters, the sad winds are of thy race,
The heart of melancholy beats in thee,
And the lamenting spirit haunts thy face,

it begins, and gathering unnumbered streams
of melody to its breast, flows along:

Mournful, and mighty Mother! who art kin
To the ancient earth's first woe,
When holy angels wept, beholding sin.
For not in penance do thy true tears flow,
Not thine the long transgression: at thy name,
We sorrow not with shame,
But proudly: for thy soul is as the snow.

A poem of some two hundred and seventy-five lines, arranged in stanzas of eleven lines each, it recalls the whole bitter story of wrong and bloodshed. At first the song is scarcely distinguished from sorrow, but as the names of dead heroes fall from the lips, emotion is aroused, the oppressor is arraigned coldly and powerfully. Then love and tenderness overcome the bitterness, and the poem ends in an appeal to the Blessed Virgin. It is, of course, impossible to give a fair idea of so long a poem by extracts, but I make free to present one strophe from about the middle of it. From the sorrow of its beginning to its beautiful climax, the untroubled music sweeps, grief-stricken and triumphant:

Sweet Mother! in what marvelous dear ways
Close to thine heart thou keepest all thine own!
Far off, they yet can consecrate their days
To thee, and on the swift winds westward blown,
Send thee the homage of their hearts, their vow
Of one most sacred care;
To thee devote all passionate power, since thou
Vouchsafest them, O land of love! to bear
Sorrow and joy with thee. Each far son thrills
Toward thy blue dreaming hills,
And longs to kiss thy feet upon them, Fair!

Here there is surely depth and power, the classic thought wedded with the faultless expression. One does not contend that it is a

great ode, that it can for an instant be compared with such haunting revelations as Francis Thompson's "Hound of Heaven", but shall we not agree that of all the odes written in recent years which conform closely to the models of the old ones, this exhibits, as one critic has said, "the whitest heat of poetical emotion expressed in language of the most perfect classical restraint?" It has its limitations and they are obvious, but let us grant, what will become even clearer on deeper study, that there is a wonderful mingling of exaltation and loneliness in the language of loveliness.

Johnson's love of tradition led his imagination through roads in Ireland where the harsh Anglo-Saxon had never penetrated, and where the pure Gaelic was spoken:

The speech that wakes the soul in withered faces,
And wakes remembrance of great things gone by:
while it was under the influence of some Celtic
witchery that "To Morphydd" was written:

A voice on the winds,
A voice by the waters,
Wanders and cries:
Oh, what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

Western the winds are,
And western the waters,
Where the light lies:
Oh, what are the winds?
And what are the waters?
Mine are your eyes!

This poem is in itself proof of poetic genius transcending the "Schools" of his day, and any political causes to which he attached himself. In spite of Johnson's English birth and exquisite humanist cast of mind, Romanticism and the Celt never spoke with truer lips than in this most beautiful poem of the Celtic Revival. Keats and Shelley would both have been glad to claim it, while the songs in Shakespeare's plays are themselves not more ethereal.

(To be continued in next issue.)

Senior Thoughts.

To be as good as our fathers we must be better.
He is a wonderfully good student who cannot become better.

The length of a journey depends greatly upon how we look at it.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what we like but in liking what we do.

Humor.

BY DELMAR EDMONDSON, '18.

An odor which to one man seems delightfully agreeable may be to another mephitic and noisome. He who perfumes himself would likely be nauseated by the fragrance of ham and cabbage. The same, with limitations, is true of humor. It is a highly subjective matter. I might look unmoved on a spectacle that would throw my neighbor into a Thalian paroxysm.

The hapless person whose unsuspecting foot finds a wet pavement or a banana peel, and who, as a consequence, comes into emphatic contact with Mother Earth, sees nothing picturesquely amusing in the affair. Passers-by, on the other hand, are straightway convulsed in a barbaric merriment, made more hearty, no doubt, by their thankfulness at having escaped a like mishap. Mothers are properly the objects of great love and veneration. Yet one woman is at the same time a wife's mother and the husband's mother-in-law, and mothers-in-law are the subjects of a universal and mordant satire. Often critics are unanimous in condemning the humor, real or purported, of a play in which many audiences find pleasure and from which managers reap most satisfactory returns. Love letters are sacred to the writers and receivers of them, but from the point of view of outsiders they are silly and laughable.

Again, standards of humor are multifarious and inexplicable. Children and intellectually immature adults actually find pleasure in perusing the supposedly comic supplements of Sunday newspapers. It is stated on good authority that the English public thoroughly enjoys the abstruse witticisms of *Punch*. Some persons find a fund of humor in all references to boarding-house meals, apartment-house life, henpecked husbands, mosquitos, Yonkers, William Jennings Bryan, the servant problem, and bald heads (provided they are not personally so afflicted). Nothing stirs the risibility of a New Yorker quite so much as a derogatory *bon mot* aimed at any city other than his own.

Mr. Irvin S. Cobb pokes a jester's finger at the New York subways. But the pitiable unfortunates who inhabit the metropolitan inferno, having their feet stood on or standing on some-

one else's feet in self-defense, never wax hilarious over their customary mode of transit. Fond parents never tire of relating pleasing incidents illustrative of the precociousness of their children, and other fond parents are constrained to listen when they had rather be telling stories about their own offspring. Imagine the consolation that a mourning family would find in the fund of anecdotes that the purveyor of untimely wit inevitably ventilates at a wake. In small towns canes are regarded as amusing insignia of foppishness, or, at best, feebleness, of body if not of mind. Writers on sociology and race suicide refer sneeringly to women who carry dogs. In larger cities, however, it makes no difference how poorly male or female is dressed, if he carries a cane and she is accompanied by a bit of fluff on a string that answers to the name of "Fifi," both are unassailably content.

To the Epicurean, life is one transcendent Keystone comedy. Humor is his stock in trade. Only he commits an unpardonable offense who remains sober two nights in succession. The epicurean shibboleth is, "Eat, drink and be merry, and keep on eating and drinking until you are too glutted to be anything other than stupid." In contrast, the convention-ridden contingent of the Puritan sect, which still persists in existence, shuns humor as it would la grippe germs. Joe Miller's "Joke Book" is placed in a class with the dogmatic utterances of other religions, and in general with all books whose authors have dared to think as they pleased and to reveal their thoughts without palliation or apology. No rime is so heinous as enjoying one's self, and the more thorough the enjoyment the more irretrievably disgraced is the offender.

In view, therefore, of the insuperable difficulties incident to writing humor, and the certainty that what titillates one reader will as surely insult another, it behooves all men to resist the temptation. The few who have been more or less successful at this sort of thing have won the garland merely by accident. They may, moreover, count as sympathetic followers only a pitiful minority of their readers. To the others they are doubtlessly boresome, if not positively objectionable. Most of us are ludicrous enough when doing our solemn best, without waving the bells aloft to call further attention to the fool-like qualities inherent in even the most sage and sober of men.

Varsity Verse.

THAT FIGHTING SPIRIT.

The prospects for the year are glum,
The students all seem sad;
The classes certainly are bum,
The rec-day weather bad.

To work, our efforts now are bent,
We've loafed the summer long;
Forget the good old days we've spent,
And go it good and strong.

It's only four short years we're here,
Let's show our grit and fight;
It's only nine months in the year
We're out of mother's sight.

L. S.

THE HORRORS OF WAR.

I looked into her watery eyes,
And murmured with a heave,
"Sweet Lena, dear, I'm called to war."
Then she said, "I got you, Steve."

And put her arms about my neck
And sighed below her breath,
"O Herman, I am sorry,
For the war will mean your death.

"But never mind, my 'Sammie' sweet,
I'll meet you overhead,
Though meantime, here on earth I'll find
Some other man to wed."

B. J. A.

THE RHYMERS.

Of all odd sets that ever I see,
Them poets take the cake.
They don't say things like you or me
But spread 'em, like a lake.

"Oh, birds are singin' on the bough;
Like angels up in heaven;
The dimpled damsel milks her cow
While the bells are chiming seven.

"And cow-ward skips his joyful way
The village blacksmith, Hank,
Like twinkling planets are his orbs,
And heaving is his flank."

And then there is a lot of stuff,
Bout dreamy eyes and kisses;
And when it ends, you'll allus find
The milkmaid is a Mrs.

A. J. S.

THE SLACKER.

"O marry me! Don't go to war!"

The antique maiden sighed.

The youth looked once; it was enough.

"Me for the front," he cried.

W. C. H.

OF TWO EVILS.

John had worked all summer long,

And nightly with his dad

His earnings reckoned up, for he

Great expectations had.

Now Mary had her eye on John,

And watched his earnings grow,

For Mary had it all doped out,

With Johnny for her beau.

Both Johnny's ma and Mary's too

Had winked the thing along,

For Mary was a buxom lass

And John was passing strong.

Now John's and Mary's thoughtful sires

Had evened every score,

And all except the date was fixed

When Johnny went to war.

L. V. D.

The Diamond Jubilee of the University of Notre Dame, Indiana.

(Article published in *The Republic*, Boston, May 26, '17)

The University of Notre Dame, Indiana, will devote the first half of the month of June to the celebration of its Diamond Jubilee. Seventy-five years ago, in response to the invitation of the Right Reverend de la Hailandière, D. D., first Bishop of Vincennes, Indiana, the newly founded Congregation of Holy Cross sent from France the Rev. Edward Sorin and six brothers. The site on which the little band was to settle was a tract in Northern Indiana left to the Bishop by the Rev. Stephen Badin. This became the property of the Congregation of Holy Cross on condition that within two years a novitiate and a college should be built thereon, and spiritual care for both white settlers and Indians provided. The tract, originally larger, is now about two miles square. There are two lakes on the grounds. The St. Joseph River flows by the great estate and Lake Michigan is little more than twenty miles away.

In the foundation year there was no building on the property but a log cabin, including a chapel. The pioneers sheltered themselves

as well as they could, and took such work as their hands found.

Father Sorin was, like all great founders, a man of vision. Could he have forecast the realization which we see today? We believe he nearly forecast it; for he left Notre Dame at his death substantially as it is today—the beloved "Golden Dome," the crown of his dream, dominating the land for many miles, though some buildings have been added, and the attendance of students greatly increased.

What was the secret of such development and assured success in the very neighborhood of upspringing, richly provided secular universities, and the division of the field of Catholic higher educational effort within the States of Indiana and Illinois? It must be sought in the adaptability of Father Sorin's temperament; his sure discernment of vocations and his tact in moulding them; and his instinct of opportuneness in dealing with persons of all sorts and conditions. The sublime adventure of him and his associates was like that of a Benedictine founder in the early days in those European countries which are the mother lands of most of us.

Barring the long chanting of "the hours" there is more than a slight resemblance between the life of a Benedictine Abbey and that of the great central house of the Congregation of the Holy Cross. The family spirit of the community; the progressive educational policy; the wise devotion to the manual arts and crafts; the free and happy relations among professors and students; the tenderness for domestic ties—these are as characteristic of the modern order as of the ancient institute, the beginning of Western Monasticism, with fifteen centuries of life to its credit.

Father Sorin speedily became an enthusiastic American. He sensed the big, generous character of the people of the young republic. It was his own character. He admired their gay risk-taking; their inventive and mechanical genius—with real poetry just below the surface—their passion for speed and size; their unpretentious patriotism; their chivalry and their optimism.

He quickly gathered about him a group of men of all the ancestries then represented in America; he brought to Notre Dame on his various return trips from Europe, French, Germans, Belgians, Italians. He welcomed lay co-operation in the work of the University as he could afford it, and as the development of the various faculties demanded.

When the Civil War broke out, however, he saw a higher duty than even the promotion of the higher education. He sent seven of his best aids, including the famous Father William Corby, to be chaplains at the front. He went over to St. Mary's, the Mother House of the Sisters of the Holy Cross with a school for girls (he was its co-founder), and asked for nurses; and in immediate response, sixty-seven from this and the missionary houses volunteered. Mother Angela, in the world Eliza A. Gillespie, kinswoman of famous military and administrative families in Washington, led the first band of American nursing nuns to their field of labor.

So numerous were the war chaplains and so many the vocations from the soldiers' ranks after the war that Notre Dame University has still its Grand Army Post of Fathers and Brothers of the Holy Cross.

Today the Notre Dame boys are drilling on the grounds for actual service.

Father Sorin was spared to celebrate his Golden Jubilee of priesthood, and during his long years in office, men grew up wise under his warm and large-hearted influence, fit to carry on the work of the Congregation in his spirit. Even up to the present, there are no men in high office at Notre Dame who are not of his tradition and training. They have administered office; preached on the mission; governed and divided the University work; reached out generously to all worthy agencies in their own field, just as he had reached had his life been prolonged.

The Fathers of Holy Cross were the first to found a College and House of Studies for the younger priests at the Catholic University in Washington. They have a house at Rome which affords facilities for special study. The Congregation of Holy Cross is thus far the only one of the large congregations with its general mother house in America. From Notre Dame, Indiana, are governed not only the numerous houses in the United States and Canada, but also what is left of the establishments in France, and their Missions in India.

The Father General, the Very Reverend Gilbert François, C. S. C., resides here. Here also is the residence of the Provincial and the Father General's other assistants. The present Provincial, the Very Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., is serving his second term of six years.

The present head of the University is the Very Reverend John W. Cavanaugh, C. S. C., under whose direction the University has flourished exceedingly. The attendance in all departments has grown to 1,300. The usual faculties of the University have been strengthened. The School of Journalism, the endowment of Mr. Max Pam of Chicago, has been established. The great library and other buildings commemorative of the Diamond Jubilee have been erected, bringing the total number of buildings on the grounds to more than thirty. The technical schools have been enlarged to meet demands. The character of the attendance is more than international. At a recent commencement, the present writer recalls degrees given to students hailing from all parts of the United States, from Boston to San Francisco; and from the length of the Americas, literally from Quebec to Buenos Aires, with a little side-trip to the Philippines.

Notre Dame has been for more than fifty years a real literary centre; the place of publication of that splendid magazine, the *Ave Maria*, of whom the Rev. D. E. Hudson, C. S. C., has been editor since the seventies; and of *The Notre Dame Scholastic*, one of the best of American college journals. Of the literary work of the faculty there is not space to speak at this time.

The Laetare Medalists of Notre Dame and its honorary degree men represent groups of Americans proud of their association with the University, even as the University is proud of these great and influential adopted sons. In the case of the medal, we may add daughters, for the only restriction on the American Golden Rose is that it must go exclusively to the laity.

The conferring of the Laetare Medal on Admiral Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, will be a feature of the Diamond Jubilee celebration.

A widely travelled man, leaving Notre Dame one evening in 1911, after a first visit, halted his automobile and stood up for a last glance at the little university city. The students numbered then about one thousand. Some one mentioned the number, and he counted the buildings. "Why," he exclaimed, "Harvard had no more when President Eliot took charge of it." Then noting the year of foundation: "If all this is possible in less than seventy years, where will Notre Dame be when it is as old as Harvard or Yale?"

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Some seventy-six years ago a little band of religious left their happy home in France and came here to a new and almost barbarous land with the holy intention of **Founders' Day.** founding a great Catholic school. That they succeeded in this purpose as they did, despite all the odds against them, is nothing less than marvellous. Even had they failed, those brave spirits would still be deservng of great honor. Their success may be due in part to others, but their purpose was all their own, and it was this purpose adhered to with such obstinate courage through years of discouragement that makes them so worthy of our reverence. The forming of the human mind and the right education of the human heart is the most sublime task to which a man can set himself. No other quite equals it in dignity or importance. To take the child and teach it patiently day after day, is indeed a truly God-like work. It is the nearest approach to creation that mere man can achieve. And if these heroes whose memory we honor on the Thirteenth of October have left us any legacy, it is certainly a love for this very work. They crossed the wild Atlantic and braved the dangers of a thousand miles of wilderness to bring the blessing of education to the Catholic youth of this country. Are we, under so much more favorable circumstances, nearly so ardent as they in that great cause? There is an ever greater need of more teachers, of priests, brothers, sisters, and lay teachers, who will carry on and enlarge the work of our founders to its fullest extent. From every corner of the country comes the cry, "Send us teachers!" When we answer that cry, we shall be following in the footsteps of Father Sorin and his companions.

Guests at the Diamond Jubilee.

The members of the hierarchy who honored Notre Dame with their presence at her diamond jubilee celebration in June were the following:

His Eminence, James Cardinal Gibbons, Archbishop of Baltimore;

His Excellency, Most Reverend John Bonzano, D. D., Apostolic Delegate, of Washington, D. C.;

Most Reverend John J. Keane, D. D., Archbishop of Dubuque;

Most Reverend Sebastian G. Messmer, D. D., Archbishop of Milwaukee;

Most Reverend George W. Mundelein, D. D., Archbishop of Chicago;

Most Reverend Edward J. Hanna, D. D., Archbishop of San Francisco;

Right Reverend Herman J. Alerding, D. D., Bishop of Fort Wayne;

Right Reverend Joseph Chartrand, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Indianapolis;

Right Reverend Thomas J. Shahan, D. D., Rector of the Catholic University of America;

Right Reverend John F. Cunningham, D. D., Bishop of Concordia;

Right Reverend J. J. Hennessy, D. D., Bishop of Wichita;

Right Reverend Ferdinand Brossart, D. D., Bishop of Covington;

Right Reverend Maurice F. Burke, D. D., Bishop of St. Joseph;

Right Reverend James Davis, D. D., Bishop of Davenport;

Right Reverend Edward D. Kelly, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Detroit;

Right Reverend Joseph F. Busch, D. D., Bishop of St. Cloud;

Right Reverend Michael J. Gallagher, D. D., Coadjutor Bishop of Grand Rapids;

Right Reverend Peter J. Muldoon, D. D., Bishop of Rockford;

Right Reverend Philip R. McDevitt, D. D., Bishop of Harrisburg;

Right Reverend Owen B. Corrigan, D. D., Auxiliary Bishop of Baltimore;

Right Reverend Joseph Schrembs, D. D., Bishop of Toledo;

Right Reverend Dennis J. O'Connell, D. D., Bishop of Richmond;

Right Reverend John Ward, D. D., Bishop of Leavenworth;

Right Reverend Alexander Macdonald, D. D., Bishop of Victoria, Canada;

Right Reverend John T. McNally, D. D., Bishop of Calgaria, Canada;

Right Reverend Peter Hurth, D. D., Bishop of Vigan, P. I.;

Very Reverend Monsignor John P. Chidwick, of Yonkers, New York;

Very Reverend Monsignor James J. Coan, of Brooklyn;

Right Reverend Monsignor James S. Duffy, of Brooklyn;

Right Rev. Mgr. M. J. Fitzsimmons, of Chicago;

Right Reverend Monsignor W. A. Fletcher, of Baltimore;

Very Reverend Monsignor Edward F. Hoban, of Chicago;

Right Reverend Monsignor E. A. Kelly, of Chicago;

Right Reverend Monsignor Francis C. Kelley, of Chicago;

Very Reverend Monsignor A. B. Meehan, of Rochester;

Right Reverend Monsignor Michael Meagher, of Ridgeway, Pa.

Right Reverend Monsignor E. J. McLaughlin, of Clinton, Iowa;

Right Reverend Monsignor F. A. O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, Michigan;

Right Reverend Monsignor John T. O'Connell, of Toledo, Ohio;

Right Reverend Monsignor Thomas C. O'Reilly, of Cleveland, Ohio;

Right Reverend Monsignor John B. Peterson, of Boston;

Right Reverend Monsignor F. A. Rempe, of Chicago;

Right Reverend Monsignor C. F. Thomas, of Baltimore;

Right Reverend Monsignor H. C. Wienker, of Erie City, Pa.;

Right Reverend Monsignor Francis J. O'Hara, of Brooklyn;

Right Reverend Monsignor A. J. Swchertner, of Toledo, Ohio;

Very Reverend Luke J. Evers, of New York.

The priests who registered during the jubilee days were:

Rev. M. Abraham, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. I. M. Ahmann, Covington, Ky.; Rev. George W. Brown, Providence, R. I.; Rev. F. X. Barth, Escanaba, Mich.; Rev. A. J. Burrowes, S. J., St. Louis, Mo.; Rev. F. J. Berge, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Burns, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. J. Burke, Peoria, Ill.; Rev. J. Butsch, S. S. J., Baltimore, Md.; Rev. O. J. Bosler, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. T. J. Carroll, Smiths Creek, Mich.; Rev. M. A. Condon, Oregon, Wis.; Rev. W. J. Crowley, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. P. J. Crosson, Logansport, Ind.; Rev. E. A. Caldwell, Saginaw, Mich.; Rev. E. M. Cullinan, Jackson, Mich.; Rev. E. A. Carey, Springfield, Ill.; Rev. George Clarkson, Paw Paw, Mich.; Rev. P. Condon, O. S. M., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. F. Conway, Madison, Wis.; Rev. A. Cagney, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. E. R. Dyer, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. J. N. Dinand, Worcester, Mass.; Rev. D. P. Drennan, Elburn, Ill.; Rev. J. B. Delaunay, C. S. C., Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. R. Dinnen, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. G. E. Dillon, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. F. Del Fosse, Robinson, Ill.; Rev. James G. Doherty, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. A. R. Dooling, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. T. Gavan Duffy, Pondicherry, India; Rev. J. Delaney, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. W. F. Downing, S. J., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. F. P. Dowd, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. A. M. Ellering, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. Father Fidelis, Corpus Christi, Texas; Rev. Urban Freundt, Cincinatti, Ohio; Rev. J. B. Furay, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. M. Pfeil, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. F. J. Guibla, Gary, Ind.; Rev. E. P.

Graham, Sandusky, Ohio; Rev. J. E. Gefell, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. M. F. Griffin, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. P. B. Gordon, Washington, D. C.; Rev. M. W. Griffy, Gilman, Ill.; Rev. G. E. Gormley, Hales Corners, Wis.; Rev. D. A. Hayes, Coldwater, Mich.; Rev. M. V. Haller, Elyria, Ohio; Rev. F. W. Hewlett, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. P. Haney, Baltimore, Md.; Rev. M. A. Hehir, C. S. Sp., Pittsburgh, Pa.; Rev. G. P. Hensey, Beardstown, Ill.; Rev. Elias Hickey, Dayton, Ohio; Rev. E. P. Hickey, Middletown, Ohio; Rev. J. F. Hickey, Cincinatti, Ohio; Rev. W. D. Hickey, Cincinatti, Ohio; Rev. A. Hyland, Saginaw, Mich.; Rev. G. F. Hickey, Urbana, Ohio; Rev. F. W. Howard, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. G. P. Jennings, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. T. B. Johnson, Madison, Wis.; Rev. M. Jaglowicz, C. R., Saint Mary, Ky.; Rev. M. D. Leahy, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. J. M. Lonergan, Cary, Ill.; Rev. J. C. Keller, Hartford City, Ind.; Rev. J. R. Kenny, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. T. T. Kelly, Mendon, Mich.; Rev. L. M. Keenan, Elgin, Ohio; Rev. M. Kruszas, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. M. E. Keily, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. Kleinsorg, Cabery, Ill.; Rev. D. J. Kennedy, O. P., Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. S. Kelly, Moline, Ill.; Rev. D. Lehane, Batavia, Ill.; Rev. J. Mayerhoefer, Hamilton, Ohio; Rev. T. J. McCaffrey, Covington, Ky.; Rev. F. X. McCabe, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. L. V. McCabe, Overbrook, Pa.; Rev. C. D. McEneny, Oconomowac, Wis.; Rev. J. A. MacFadden, Elyria, Ohio; Rev. J. B. McGrath, New York City, N. Y.; Rev. M. J. McEvoy, McHenry, Ill.; Rev. C. Matz, Lafayette, Ind.; Rev. E. J. Mungovan, Valparaiso, Ind.; Rev. P. F. MacAran, New York; Rev. W. F. Murphy, Marine City, Mich.; Rev. C. A. Martan, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. D. D. Miller, Huntley, Ill.; Very Rev. M. Mayou, Pittsburgh Pa.; Rev. M. L. Moriarty, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. J. E. Mullen, Boston, Mass.; Rev. E. A. Mooney, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. J. W. Moore, C. M., Brooklyn, N. Y.; Rev. W. C. Miller, Whiting, Ind.; Rev. P. Mullens, Omaha, Neb.; Very Rev. A. B. Meehan, Rochester, N. Y.; Rev. A. H. Nacy, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. F. Noll, Huntington, Ind.; Rev. R. R. Noll, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. H. A. Norman, Ashton, R. I.; Rev. P. O'Ryan, San Francisco, Cal.; Rev. T. O'Brien, Genoa, Ill.; Rev. C. J. O'Connell, Bardstown, Ky.; Rev. J. J. O'Callaghan, S. J., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. C. A. Martin, Youngstown, Ohio; Rev. J. P. O'Mahoney, C. S. B., Kankakee, Ill.; Rev. E. V. O'Hara, Portland, Ore.; Rev. M. D. O'Neil, Parkhill, Ontario; Rev. M. O'Connell, Oil City, Pa.; Rev. M. Priori, Indianapolis, Ind.; Rev. R. J. Pratt, Kokomo, Ind.; Rev. J. R. Quinlan, Fort Wayne, Ind.; Rev. J. A. Ryan, Washington, D. C.; Rev. J. H. Ryan, St. Mary-of-the-Woods, Ind.; Rev. E. Reilley, Janesville, Wis.; Very Rev. E. L. Rivard, C. S. V., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. S. J. Ryder, Michigan City, Ind.; Rev. J. S. Ryder, Gary, Ind.; Rev. E. Ritter, New Albany, Ind.; Rev. J. S. Schopp, Cincinatti, Ohio; Rev. P. J. Slane, Owosso, Mich.; Rev. W. M. Sullivan, Columbus, Ohio; Rev. J. H. Steinbrunner, Cleveland, Ohio; Rev. W. D. Sullivan, Wabash, Ind.; Rev. A. V. Simoni, C. R., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. C. Sztuczko, C. S. C., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. M. Schmitz, Union City, Ind.; Rev. A. Schlimm, O. S. B., Chicago, Ill.; Rev. T. W. Smith, O. M. I., Lowell, Mass.; Rev.

A. E. Smith, Baltimore, Maryland; Rev. J. B. Surprenant, Saginaw, Mich.; Rev. A. Schockaert, Mishawaka, Ind.; Rev. T. R. Shewbridge, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. A. Troy, Lenox, Iowa; Rev. W. Turner, Washington, D. C.; Rev. C. H. Thiele, Fort Wayne, Indiana; Rev. J. C. Vismara, Kalamazoo, Mich.; Rev. S. Van der Gulik, Annawan, Ill.; Rev. J. F. Van Anwerp, Detroit, Mich.; Rev. J. J. Vogel, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Rev. J. C. Wakefer, Indiana Harbor, Ind.; Rev. W. P. White, Cullom, Ill.; Rev. P. A. Welsh, Arcola, Ind.; Rev. J. P. Welsh, Three Oaks, Mich.; Rev. A. C. Van Rie, North Judson, Ind.; Rev. W. P. Burke, Chenoa, Ill.

Verne's Masterpiece Pictured.

Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock Jules Verne's masterpiece, "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," was pictured for the students in Washington Hall. Although extensive liberties were taken with the narrative as originally written by Verne, especially in the emphasis given to the two collateral plots, the general effect was interesting and on occasions exciting.

The scientist's daughter and her romance with the harpooner begins in a promising way, but is shaded in the final stage by the love affair of Captain Nemo's new-found daughter and the army Lieutenant. Poetic justice is meted out rather summarily in the picture, and concupiscence meets a fiery consummation when the two villains, Denver and the army scout, perish in the burning yacht. Outside of the fact that Captain Nemo's makeup is distracting, the photography is excellent and at times sensational. Especially are the views of the ocean gardens, with their marine and vegetable life, unusually educative. The hunting scenes are also effective even though no game is bagged. Truly, the romance of science makes a very telling story.

On Thursday afternoon of last week the Washington Hall movies featured Fannie Ward in "A School for Husbands." After a protracted introduction the play progressed interestingly. Saturday evening George Beban was presented in "A Roadside Impressario." Beban's forte is Italian characterizations, and while his gestures are typical of the part he plays, they are perhaps a trifle exaggerated. This, however, is probably necessary for "getting across" to all audiences. Beban in the movies, like Tom Daly in verse, is endearing the Italian immigrant to all America.

Local News.

—The Corby football team plays St. Joseph College, Rensselaer, Ind., tomorrow.

—A combination Columbus-Founder's Day Program was given in Washington Hall last evening. A full report of the celebration will be given in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

—"Rupe" Mills wore the regalia of the far West during his recent visit here and was handed the usual information about the low price of demerits, etc., by some of the "wise" boys. "Rupe" was having a fine time when—but "some one is always taking the joy out of life."

—The new cafeteria opened formally on Monday evening of this week. Fifty gallons of ice-cream were given away by the management, while John J. Sullivan, Dudley Pearson and Leo Ward, members of the Mandolin-Banjo Club, played popular airs for the entertainment of the diners.

—The soda dispensary, the candy stand, and the cigar counter of the new cafeteria, will probably take some custom from the little store on the Carroll campus. But there is one thing, the sale of which even the competitive powers of a John D. could not shake,—the old "lemonade and fours."

—The first regular meeting of the Holy Cross Literary Society occurred last Sunday evening. A poem was read by D. MacGregor, a dialogue rendered by J. Foley and T. Conaty, a Scottish impersonation by E. Kelly, and a song by F. Masterson. Mr. Gray entertained the society by a short recitation.

—Father Cavanaugh addressed the drafted men selected for Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., last week at a banquet given in their honor by the South Bend Rotary Club. He dwelt upon the futility of victory if won at the cost of our country's youth, and urged the soldiers-to-be not to undertake their work in the spirit of hatred.

—At a meeting held Monday noon, the Day Students completed arrangements for a dance to be given on October 24 in the Oliver Hotel, ballroom. The Ragpickers' orchestra will furnish the music. Edwin Hunter was chosen chairman of the dance committee and will be assisted in his work by Walter Sweeney, Timothy Quinlan and R. E. Hubert.

—The officers elected to the Notre Dame council of the Knights of Columbus last week, were installed on Tuesday evening in Walsh Hall. The installation was followed by a short program, consisting of songs by Walter O'Keefe and Charles McCauley and an address by Rev. Michael Quinlan. Luncheon was served, and the meeting adjourned after singing the Star Spangled Banner.

—The *News-Times* last week was responsible for the surprising information that our Day Students would hold the first dance of the scholastic year "in the Oliver Hotel barroom." The irate Day Students took immediate action and found that a printer's error was the cause of the misinformation. The local correspondent was in imminent danger before investigation located the source of the error.

—Now that we are celebrating the month of the Holy Rosary, it might be suggested that some of our students make a little more use of this beautiful and ancient Catholic devotion. Students will do well, in addition to the beautiful sermon they heard last Sunday, to read the article in the Catholic encyclopedia under that subject, with a view to understanding more thoroughly the efficacy of this devotion. Rosaries may be obtained from Brother Columba at the shoe store and the indulgences placed thereon by the Missionary Fathers.

—The following communication was received during the week. In accordance with the SCHOLASTIC's policy of "fair play," we publish it. "Last week's SCHOLASTIC gave Alexander Szczepanik the honor of being the first diner at the new cafeteria. In view of the fact that there is more or less distinction connected with being the first to eat in 'John's Place,' I wish to state that there were a number of students eating as early as 5:30 the day of the opening and 'Alec' was not among them. You might care to make this correction." "Alec," did you or did you not?

—The World's Series is over—in Carroll. The Giants, under the leadership of Johnnie Ambrose, went down to defeat in an indoor-baseball series between Father Heiser's White Sox. The series stood 4-3 in games when the last available umpire around the University threw up the sponge and the two organizations promptly split into 18 separate factions. The series will resume whenever an unsuspecting umpire happens about the Carroll campus.

—Macimilian G. Kazus, Senior in law, and Alexander Szczepanik, Junior journalist, have been asked by the Polish citizens of LaPorte to address them on Sunday, October 21, at a meeting commemorating the one-hundredth anniversary of the death of Kosciusko, the Polish hero who fought under Washington.

—Brother Alphonsus, C. S. C., was chosen honorary president of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society at the first meeting of the school year, held last Sunday night. Other officers elected were as follows: Leo Ward, president; David Philbin, vice-president; Alfred W. Slaggert, secretary; A. VanWorteghan, treasurer; Paul R. Conaghan, reporter; Francis J. Murphy, sergeant-at-arms.

The society was founded thirteen years ago by Brother Alphonsus, who, since that time, has been its chief adviser. The object of the society is to aid students in the art of debating and public speaking and to increase their tastes for select literary works. The program planned for the first half of the year is to have several four minute orations on some timely subject at each meeting, and to give a public debate once a month. The Brownson team will also debate the team from Holy Cross Hall the latter part of the year upon some subject yet to be decided.

Brother Alphonsus addressed the members of the society Sunday night, giving a brief resume of the work of the organization and pointing out how "earnestness" is the keynote to success of any debating society. Joseph T. Riley, president of the society last year, also gave a short talk, as did each of the newly elected officers.

The society is open to membership of college students from all halls and anyone desiring to join should hand their name to any member of the society. Meetings are held each Thursday night at 7:30 o'clock, room 217 Main Building.

Obituary.

The sympathy and prayers of many friends will go out to the Rev. George Horwarth, C. S. C., of Columbia University, Portland, Oregon, for the death of his devoted mother, who passed away at her home in South Bend on the 3rd inst. The Horwarths are said to have been the first Hungarian family to arrive in South Bend.

Personals.

—"Buddy" Bruce, well-remembered old student, stopped off at the University for a short visit recently.

—"Pat" Gallagher, former Notre Dame man, is in the Second Regiment, Co. 2, at Camp Paul Jones, Great Lakes, Ill. He is looking for an assignment aboard ship in the near future.

—"Al" Krug, famous Carroll football player of '00, visited the old haunts recently, and was surprised to find one of his schoolmates rector of the hall in which they were students together.

—Jacob V. Birder, LL. B., '13, was married to Miss Edret Schump of Columbus, Ohio, on Wednesday, September 20. They will be at home after October seventeenth at Park River, North Dakota. Congratulations!

—It is our pleasure to announce the marriage of Miss Isabel Sullivan and "Fred" Mills, former student of Walsh Hall, last week at Oak Park, Ill. The marriage is the culmination of a playmate friendship.

—Joseph E. Merrion, freshman journalist of last year, has accepted a position on the reportorial staff of the Chicago *Herald*. Mention of "Joe's" success is recorded in the September number of "The Editor and Publisher."

—On August 28, the marriage of Miss Anna May Mahoney and Vincent John Eck, an old Notre Dame man, occurred at St. Stephen's Church, New York City. The Scholastic offers the newly married couple congratulations and best wishes.

—Sergeant Geo. A. Campbell is now Lieutenant Campbell, having passed the examinations for a second lieutenancy. He is now engaged in drilling the "rookies" at Fort Slocum, N. Y., and well drilled they will be, as we know from experience.

—Mr. George Moxley, who was a student in the Minims and in Carroll nearly twenty years ago, visited his two nephews, Francis Moody and brother of Carroll and St. Edward's halls respectively, a few days ago. Old acquaintances were pleasantly surprised to see him again.

—News has reached us of the marriage of James D. Nolan, LL. B. '12, of Indianapolis and Miss Genevieve Hanley of Buffalo, New York. The ceremony took place on Thursday, September 20. Mr. Nolan will be remembered

as the popular manager of Corby athletics for several years. His many friends wish him every happiness.

—It will be a pleasant surprise to the readers of the SCHOLASTIC to hear of the marriage of Miss Anna Mae Nienhaus to James Bernard Sherlock (Student '09-'13) on July 3rd. The ceremony was performed by Bishop Lenihan at St. Ann's Cathedral, Great Falls, Mont. Mr. and Mrs. Sherlock will be at home after August 1st at Park Hotel, Great Falls, Mont.

—We gladly announce the marriage of Miss Marie Agnes Mathis, of South Bend, to Mr. William H. Ahern (S. M. E., '16) on August 21. The ceremony was performed at St. Patrick's Church by the brother of the bride, the Rev. Michael A. Mathis, C. S. C., of Washington, D. C. Mr. and Mrs. Ahern will be at home after September 15 at 749 Harrison Ave., South Bend, Ind.

—"Stu" Carroll, member of the '17 journalism class, and "Charlie" Grimes, Sophomore journalist of last year, are trying for commissions in the aviation corps. Both have been in the Quartermaster's Dep't at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, for the last four months. If they haven't lost the energy which characterized them at Notre Dame, "Charlie" and "Stu" ought to give a good account of themselves.

—Charles W. Bachman, better known as "Bach," and member of the '17 class of Law, is now assistant coach at De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana. During the summer he taught in the physical culture department at De Pauw. Mention need hardly be made that Charlie was one of the greatest athletes in the history of Notre Dame. Bachman visited his Alma Mater shortly after football practice started this year.

—George Philbrook, famous for his football and track activities at Notre Dame a few years ago, watched the scrimmage from the side lines recently. George directs the state activities of a large insurance company in Oregon and has been asked to take charge of the famous Multnomah Athletic Club of Portland. His attendance at an Insurance Convention in New Orleans was the occasion of his visit here. Howard Edwards of South Bend, former Notre Dame football captain, accompanied him to the University.

—John C. Shea, City Attorney of Dayton, was one of the distinguished group of laymen

honored with the LL. D. degree at the Notre Dame Commencement and Diamond Jubilee. Mr. Shea was a student for a few years at Notre Dame, but was compelled to leave before getting his degree. Attorney Shea is District Deputy of the Knights of Columbus and Supreme Counsel of the Knights of St. John. He is a successful member of the Montgomery County bar, a polished orator and a zealous Catholic layman. He is a credit to his alma mater—honored and respected by his fellow citizens of the Gem City.—*Catholic Columbian, Columbus, Ohio, June 22.*

Athletic Notes.

Much like any other year, Notre Dame walked over her first football opponent of the 1917 season last Saturday, and rolled up a total of 55 points. Kalamazoo played stubbornly but Notre Dame gained at will, and after the first two minutes of the game there was no doubt but that the margin of victory would be large.

In nearly every department Notre Dame exhibited much more strength than ever seemed possible with the remnants of last year's team that were available at the commencement of the practice season. The dashing, smashing play of the backfield men, brought joy to the heart of every student. Trusty "Jim" Phalen directed the assault with all his old-time vigor, and he had phenomenal assistance in Bahan and Brandy, two Sophomores playing their first intercollegiate games. Miller, until he was injured, and Ronchetti, also rallied well each time Phalen called the signals.

Just enough time for Kalamazoo to kick off and to have the two teams line up elapsed before the first thrill of the year was staged. Bahan was the actor. On the first down he tucked the ball under his arm and skirted left end—a la Bergman—for seventy-five yards, from where Walter Miller advanced it a short distance before Captain Phalen took it across the last chalk line for the first touchdown of the year.

Seven times more did Notre Dame register touchdowns. Seven out of eight times "Big Frank" Rydzewski kicked goals after touchdowns. Had there been anything to gain the score might have been easily doubled. As it was, Harper chose to replace his first-string men with reserves at the beginning of the final quarter, and that procedure tended to curtail the score.

There was nothing to find fault about with the Notre Dame play. The backfield moved with alacrity, the line charged well, Kalamazoo was held for downs repeatedly,—nothing seemed wanting. Every man played his part, and played it well; it was a brilliant beginning of what gives more promise day by day of being a successful season. The summary:

NOTRE DAME, 55		KALAMAZOO, 0
Hayes.....	I E.....	Brackett
McGuire.....	L T.....	Emerson
Andrew.....	L G.....	Comer
Rydzewski.....	C.....	Read
DeGree.....	R G.....	Woodard
Philbin.....	R T.....	Fausch
King.....	R E.....	Wattles
Phalen.....	Q.....	Staake
W. Miller.....	L H.....	Strome
Bahan.....	R H.....	Baldwin
Ronchetti.....	F.....	Mishica

Substitutions for Notre Dame: Brandy for W. Miller; Stanley for Andrews; Fierson for Bahan; Madigan for Philbin; Spalding for Hayes; Ryan for Ronchetti; Zoia for DeGree; Dixon for Rydzewski.

Substitutions for Kalamazoo: Walker for Comer; Ferguson for Baldwin; Topley for Wattles.

Touchdowns for Notre Dame—Phalen 3, Bahan 2, Miller, Andrews, Brandy. Goals from touchdowns for Notre Dame—Rydzewski 7.

Officials—Van Riper, Wisconsin, referee; Huntington, Chicago, Umpire; Cooper, Springfield Training School, head linesman.

Score by quarters 14—6—28—7.

The football squad left yesterday for Madison where they will battle today with the Wisconsin warriors. It is impossible to predict the outcome. Notre Dame seems to have been harder hit by war conditions than their opponents, but our teams have always been capable of a rally under any conditions. Here's hoping!

FRESHMEN FOOTBALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 13.....	Culver at Culver
Oct. 20.....	Western State Normal at Kalamazoo
Nov. 3.....	Michigan Aggies (Freshmen) at Lansing
Nov. 17.....	Michigan (Freshmen) at Ann Arbor

Signal practice and occasional scrimmages are the daily programs of the various interhall squads, and the season promises to present a real battle for the all-campus classic. Walsh has thirty men out daily, among them being many veterans; reports from the Corby, Sorin, and Brownson camps, also indicate that the new players are staging hot fights for recognition. The general determination to bag the cup fore-shadows a stellar era in the annals of interhall football history.

Safety Valve

And it's a sure bet that when a Freshy stretches out upon the green sward he needs no camouflage.

We have still with us the college *student* who knew the Joints would win the world series.

SYNONYMES.

When knighthood was in Gold Medal
" " " " Pillsburys.

The student who ate a big meal at the cafeteria and handed the waiter his laboratory coupon book, should be careful not to hand in his athletic ticket at the Orpheum.

IS THIS AFFECTION.

And in the quiet hours of the evening when the lights burn low and silence falls like a shadow over Sorin Hall, many a student takes down from his desk the photograph of the sweetest little girl in all the world and slobbers on it like a cow.

THE BELLHOP'S LAMENT.

"The saying that all the girls fall in love with a uniform is all wrong, and I can prove it."

The bean bag season is now on. Can't some one start a tournament? Rolling hoops on the campus would also be a pleasant diversion and it's such a clean sport, too.

No, Harold, a vulgarism is not a man who lives on vegetables, neither is a spinster a short-distance track man.

"And do you love me?" she said, in a shy, timid voice that sounded like a hush.

"Of course I do. Haven't I told you so fifty times in the last two minutes?"

"But you have never shown it in any way," she remarked, as she bit the end of her pencil as though she were really hungry.

"No, and I never showed you my watch nor my pocket book, but I'm sure I have them now."

"But a true lover can never keep anything from the one he loves."

"Usually he doesn't, but it can be done if he puts it in the bank. She'll go through his pockets and search his wardrobe and ferret out most anything a fellow has, unless he puts it in the bank."

"But I'm not talking about these sordid material things, they are beneath me. I'm talking of the affections."

"Didn't I bring you candy from an affectionary store."

"Yes, you brought me candy, but that's material too. You never petted me nor!"

"I hate petty things."

"I didn't say anything about petty things. You don't even understand words."

"Didn't I understand the ticket seller in the theatre last night when he said 'two bones a piece'?"

"I don't know what you understood except that

you hurried me by the place and into a nickle show. But you've never been kind to me in a human way, and even when I cried you never soothed me—"

"Boy, call a yellow taxi—soothing syrup is five dollars a quart and I can't stay here any longer."

Columbus discovered the automobile,
Geo Washington first used a phone;
Our own William Penn was the first one on earth
To have an airship of his own.
Old Socrates read by electrical lights
By line 'o types Milton was bored,
But the hero supreme in humanity's stream
Is the guy who discovered the Ford.

P. O. D.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following letter, postage prepaid, was dropped into the mail box without any indication of a consignee. If the writer will call at the VALVE office, he can have his letter back. He would save money, though, by steaming the two-cent stamp off the envelope and sending her his copy of the SCHOLASTIC for one cent.]

Thursday.

"Dear Lil

I cant emagine what maid-me right you that crazy letter about the girls in south bend was the swellest lookin jains I ever seem, cant you tell when a felles kiddin? honest I aint been down to but one show sinse I got here an one nite skive an 2 day pers and thats all the 4 times I been in south b no kiddin, and I aint seen a girl yet didnt make me wish I was back with you and the twin six, and anyway I got caught that night skive father farley seen me just as I was goin into hullys and I wont get down again for six moneths so right soon and call it square kid x x x x x you know who."

OVER THE TOP—IN CORBY.

Stine
Sherry
Brandy

—
Waters

Someone is always taking the joy out of life.

May we not express the hope that the director of the jazz-band who has been giving everyone else a long ear-full is getting his long-ear full.

BATTING A THOUSAND.

Pew Rent.
Snipe Hunting.
Delinquent List.
"The bell didn't ring over in our hall."
Amador Amador Amador.
Kidding Rupe Mills.
"Was there a duty for to-day?"

The Freshman who wanted to know when the cheering squad reports for practice should see the secretary of the Big-Brothers Society in the Brownson Red Room. Some fine high school yells have been offered, and the society is waiting for a genius to make them rhyme with Notre Dame.