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The Passing of Brother "Leep's."*

BY ANDREW J. MOYNIHAN, '20.

NOW the restaurant allures all the youthful epicures
With a stock of tempting viands on display;
But while it's always crowded, there's another place
th. t's shrouded,
Shorn of glories of an ante-bellum day.

What was once a busy mart, now is but a place apart;
Oft the tired little merchant is asleep:
Though your lemonade's diluted (that's a fact quite
undisputed),
You've a place down in our hearts, Brother "Leep."

Some would let the curtain drop on that dingy little
shop,

Which was builded 'bout the time that Sorin came,
But, no doubt, with meditation, there will come
appreciation

Of the quaintest relic here at Notre Dame.

What was once a busy mart, now is but a place apart;
Oft the tired little merchant is asleep:
Though your lemonade's diluted (that's a fact quite
undisputed),

You've a place down in our hearts. Brother "Leep."

A Study of Words.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

WORDS are animate powers. They paint the aspirations, the struggles, the successes and failures of humanity with the hues of life; they bear the pathos, humor and vitality of one generation to the generations that follow. A study of words is a study of the history of nations, for within these "vehicles of thought" the historic lore of mankind is recorded. They bear testimony to the good and evil deeds which once concerned the hearts of men. There exists an endless charm in the study of words which

their commonplace surface too well conceals.

What wonderful inquiries can be carried on into the history of our forefathers with the aid of a good dictionary! No historical text-book is needed to tell us of a Norman Conquest, or of Celtic, Latin, French, Arabic, and Scandinavian contact with the Saxon tongue. The English vocabulary shows the influence of all of them. At one time we find the language of the Normans and of the Saxons entirely distinct. Then a partial fusion occurred, and the result of the invasion of the Normans became evident. All words of state and honor, as 'sovereign,' 'sceptre,' 'throne,' 'realm,' 'prince,' 'palace'; all articles of luxury and adornment are Norman. The words of the child, the instruments of cultivation, the products of the earth, the names of the domestic animals, all are Saxon. The reader of "Ivanhoe" will probably recall the words of Wamba, the Saxon jester, that illustrate this. "There is Alderman Ox who continues to hold his Saxon epithet, while he is under the charge of serf and bondsman such as thou, but becomes Beef, a fiery French gallant, when he arrives before the worshipful jaws that are destined to consume him. Mynheer Calf, too, becomes Monsieur de Veau in the like manner; he is Saxon when he requires 'tendance, and takes a Norman name when he becomes matter of enjoyment."

A study of words reveals, too, the nature of Arabian activities. When we see in our language such words as 'algebra,' 'alkali,' 'alcohol,' 'cipher,' 'borax,' and 'camphor,' and when we know that these words are of Arabic origin, we realize immediately that the Arabs were the mathematicians and the chemists of the Middle Ages.

Words must generally undergo three pro-

* EDITOR'S NOTE:—Perhaps the older "old boys" will not recognize the name in this form, which, we believe, is of rather recent origin; but they will recognize the personage, and with the sentiment of the verses all will find themselves in accord.

gressive stages during their development. When they are first occasioned by an act or by a thought of man, they are imbued with their natural meaning; later, however, another meaning, frequently foreign to their etymology, but bearing some other relation, steps forward and shares possession with the word; then, finally, the original possessor is thrust out by the newly introduced meaning, and it reigns alone.

Some illustrations denoting these changes are interesting. 'Gossip' was originally the name given to the sponsors in baptism. The word 'gossip' is composed of the name of 'God,' and of the word 'sib,' an old English word meaning 'akin.' Because of the belief that the sponsors of a child contracted a spiritual relationship with one another, the godfathers and godmothers were called 'gossips.' As time went on the word was applied to all who were intimate friends. Intimate friends frequently indulge in idle talk, and so came forth the present meaning of 'gossip,' the idle talk to which intimate friends yield.

The word 'boor' is another example which may be cited. Any person who cultivated the soil was a 'boor.' Because cultivators of the soil were often unpolished, the word 'boor' assumed the additional meaning of a husbandman who was rude and coarse. The last phase in change occurred when the word was made to refer to any person who was unpolished and unmannerly. So also did the word 'pagan' undergo change in its definition. To us to-day, a 'pagan' is a 'heathen.' This is the third step in the life of that word. A 'pagan' was first a 'villager'; the word was then limited so as to include only 'heathen villagers.' The word 'idiot' as employed by us has reference to a person deficient in intellect. If we were to consider the original meaning of the word as used by the Greeks, each one of us is an 'idiot,' since the word meant a private person, any man who was not connected with the management of public affairs. The Greeks believed that proper development of the intellect was the natural result of experience in public life. Consequently, he who lived a retired life was unskilled and ignorant.

It is of frequent importance that we should be familiar with the changed meaning of words lest we be led astray in reading the works of old authors. Sometimes the meaning of words is enlarged, sometimes it becomes more precise, or again, it may change entirely. It was not

until the reign of Edward I. that an 'acre' was made a definite portion of land; before his reign any field was termed an 'acre.' A 'peck' at one time was an indefinite quantity; so also were 'yard,' 'gallon,' and 'furlong.' 'Imp' was once an appellation of honor and stateliness; it was used especially when speaking of royal heirs. Our notion of it is very different.

Geographical knowledge, too, frequently finds itself recorded in words. Thus, 'artesian' wells derive their name from Artois, a province in France where they were first in use. Bayonne, probably, is the birthplace of the 'bayonet.' From the land of the Chinese or Seres we have our 'silk'; 'cambric' came to us from Cambray; 'damask' reached us from Damascus, 'cassimere' from Cashmere, and 'calico' from Calicut. The 'canary' bird received its name from the Canary Islands, 'indigo' received its name from India, and 'muslin' from Mossul, a city in Asiatic Turkey.

How many of us see in the names of things the names of their discoverers or inventors? When we gaze at a flower what does the name we call it signify to us? The 'magnolia' was named after Magnol, a French botanist, the 'fuchsia' after Fuchs, a German; a Swede, Dahl, introduced a flower from Mexico, and it was named the 'dahlia.' The tobacco-plant was first brought to the general notice of Europe by Dr. Nicot; hence we have the word 'nicotine.' The 'voltaic' battery secured its title from Volta, an Italian; Galvani, another Italian, was the first man to notice the phenomenon of animal electricity, or 'galvanism.' Dr. Guillotin was a pronounced advocate of the instrument of death which bears his name.

Occasionally, however, errors have arisen in the application of names. The greatest of these errors, the one performing the grossest injustice, lies in the name applied to this Continent. The credit of its discovery, as the name indicates, goes to Amerigo Vespucci, a naval astronomer, instead of to Columbus. The name 'gypsy' was also erroneously given, since it was believed that Egypt was the gypsy's home.

To the college student particularly is the study of words primarily important. The result of an intensive study of words is greater precision in their use because of the visualization of their meaning. For example, consider the word 'desultory.' Webster tells us that 'desultory' means the "passing from one subject to another without order or rational

connection." A study of the word gives us the picture upon which it rests. It is derived from the Latin 'desultor,' a word meaning a person who rides two or three horses at one time, never remaining on the back of one long, but leaping from one to the other. We are able now to appreciate more effectively Webster's definition. Another example is the word 'caprice.' This is of Italian derivation. A 'capra' is a goat. Just as its leaps are unaccountable and unexpected, so also are 'caprices' unaccountable and unexpected leaps of the mind. The word now stands forth vividly in our minds.

One fact universally regretted is the poverty of the language of the average man. The college man possessing a limited vocabulary is not an unusual person. He abuses and misuses words, he neglects his knowledge of synonyms. There is little occasion for repetition of the same words when we consider that 'pure' has thirty-seven synonyms, 'friendly' has twenty, 'beautiful' has fifteen, and 'beginning,' twenty-one. The college man in travelling through the world of words should not resemble the traveller, unmoved in passing through Athens and Rome, unmoved because ignorant of the solemn meanings of those ancient cities. A study of words is a study of the progress of man in science and art and trade; words are progressive along with the progressiveness of mankind. In the search for the treasures secreted in words with the dictionary as his guide, the college man will find unveiled before him a world as charming as it may be new.

The Poetry of Lionel Johnson.*

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

(CONCLUSION.)

In all of Johnson's work, however, whether classical or religious, the reticence of expression betrays the humanist. He selects his imagery with exquisite care, he is tireless in the fine chiselling of effects. And when the fire of inspiration sets this classic mood aflame, then is produced poetry before which the artist who practises the larger freedom must do reverence. I must beg leave to quote just one poem of this type, the expression of a lyric feeling as beautiful as any that ever moved the soul of Wordsworth:

GLORIES.

Roses from Paestan rosaries!

More goodly red and white was she:

Her red and white were harmonies,
Not matched upon a Paeston tree.

Ivories blanched in Alban air!
She lies more purely blanched than you:
No Alban whiteness doth she wear,
But death's perfection of that hue.

Nay! now the rivalry is done,
Of red, and white, and whiter still:
She hath a glory from that sun,
Which falls not from Olympus hill.

There have been some who, because Lionel Johnson stood apart from the general spirit of the nineties, have regarded him as a prose-writer who strayed uninvited into poetry. No supposition fails more hopelessly to understand either the man or his work. For these persons his poetry lacks emotion: the classical restraint which he so assiduously cultivated eliminates from his writing the passionate element. It is true that Johnson lived in a day when poetry was for expressing emotion in its intensity, but it is also true that he was one of the few who held the citadels of idealism against literary vandals. His poetry is not cold; it flames to white heat with the highest and noblest passion as all who know "The Dark Angel," "To Passions," "De Profundis," "To Morfydd," or "Te Martyrum Candidatus" will admit. Nor does his poetry lack music. Note the effect with which the organ stops are drawn in "The Last Music":

Calmly, breathe calmly all your music, maids!
Breathe a calm music over my dead queen!

or these other lines:

Dear, are these dreams among the dead:
Or is it all a perfect slumber?
But I must dream and dream to madness.
Mine eyes are dark, now yours are fled:
Yet see they sorrows without number.

* * * * *

Still, as each twilight glimmers pale
Upon the borders of each morrow,
I near me to your sleeping city.

In "Vita Venturi Saeculi," "Sancta Silvarum," the odes to Winchester and many other pieces, the musical quality is as intense and as unmistakable as in the lines above.

The limitations of Lionel Johnson, and he is a poet of limitations rather than of defects, are unquestionably those of knowledge. Except in his religious poetry, he was, we feel, too anxious to revive something instead of singing his own loves and hates. "Julian at Eleusis," for instance, is an exquisitely worded death-

* Prize essay for the Meehan gold medal.

lament of paganism, but almost lifeless as a poem. Passing from the thrill of a driving inspiration, we often find ourselves reading lines which are indeed majestic and stately, but which, something tells us, are too deliberately wrought. We suspend judgment, turn the page, and suddenly in the midst of some classic glory he is reviving, his Muse utters an unforgettable lyric cry:

Are the spring roses round thy head,
Propertius! as they were of old?
In the gray deserts of the dead,
Glowes any wine in cups of gold?
Not all the truth dead Cynthia told.

Lionel Johnson had desired neither long life nor immortality in any literary sense. George Herbert's gift of his book of verses "to my dear brother Ferrar," and his request "to tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt God and my soul," might have been written by Johnson, for all the difference of spirit between the two poets. Both were, in a sense, over-educated in the classics, both knew the discipline of sorrow, while in their careful workmanship of their verses, one foreshadowed by a century the classic school, and the other comes two hundred years later, as an echo of it.

While Lionel Johnson desired no immortality in the literary sense of the word, he yet achieved what will be a lasting, if slender reputation. His contribution to the body of spiritual poetry of the language is as large and as durable as any single poet of sacred song has made, while the classic beauty and faultless workmanship of all his work are rare in English poetry. His poetry will never be widely read; it is too fine for that. - But to those who love poetry, his verse will be always a joy and an heritage. We can readily agree with the English critic, Mr. Arthur Waugh, when he writes: "The strange sweet visions and high ideals, which made music in Lionel Johnson's life, have left their record in English poetry, a record that will wake an echoing response, so long as noble dreams are dreamed, and the triumphing traditions of pure literature stand fast."

The end of Keats or of Shelley himself was not more tragic than that of Johnson. During the latter part of his life, ill health and nervousness made him an almost complete recluse in his lodgings. The solitude he had loved and cultivated now clung closer and closer about him. During his last serious illness his friends scarcely knew of his whereabouts. The last

year or more of his life he published nothing; he hid from all his closest associates, and left their letters unanswered. No one realized the pathos of his condition, the grave illness through which he was passing, or else all aid would have been forced upon him. But none knew, and it was more than a year before he gained sufficient strength to undertake again his literary labors. On the evening of the twenty-second of September, Lionel Johnson left his rooms for a short walk, the last he should ever take upon earth, for by a grim contradiction he met death in the sordidness of a "public house." There was a slight fall, occasioned by the tilting too far backwards of the stool upon which he was sitting, and when the unconscious form was raised from the carpet, the skull was found to be fractured. He was taken to a London hospital, where for four days he languished between life and death. On the dawn of the twenty-fourth he died.

The accident, besides being, as one who knew him said, "one of the greyest tragedies of the literary life of our generation" was a pathetic contradiction of everything for which Johnson stood. The Rev. James J. Daly, S. J., who knows fully the period of the Eighteen Nineties and the genius of Lionel Johnson tells us: "We have the word of one who knew Lionel Johnson intimately that, though he died like Poe, it was only an end like Poe's, a street end, terribly congruous in Poe's case, most tragically contradictory in Lionel's. He was unimaginably free from the 'spiritual collapse his one fault might seem to connote.'" And Katharine Tynan Hinkson, one of his closest friends and literary associates, in a tribute to his memory bears witness: "He was like one who has gone into the waste places carrying his soul in his hand and has kept it unsmirched." If longer life had been given him, what, with his high ideals, his love of tradition, his religious devotion, could not this rare genius have accomplished for literature. But Providence ordains even the ends of poets. And so, one October morning Lionel Johnson was gathered into eternity, the flower of his genius still half folded in the bud. But it is difficult for us to imagine that future generations will ever choose to forget this high and lonely genius of the Eighteen Nineties for whom life was weariness and death release; he sang:

Lonely unto the Lone I go
Divine to the Divinity.

Varsity Verse.

SAYS TONY.

O Meesta "Soj," our frand so true,
 A gooda-bye we talla you.
 For two, t'ree year' you play some game
 Dat mak' you like' at Notre Dame.
 O Meesta "Soj," so great an' gran,
 Weeth stronga "mus," lika 'Talian man,
 Weeth beega heart, an' smile da same,
 Come queeka back to Notre Dame.

T. J. H.

FALLEN LEAVES.

He came and touched the green
 , In every leaf and blade.
 We saw Him not, by His touch unseen
 They were lowly laid.

He left, and His golden trail
 Is lost when the sun goes down
 He's gone, and the stars are pale
 Like jewels, dropped from His crown.

J. T. F.

SCIENCE FACTS.

"What quadruped falls from the sky?"
 He asked the maiden near.
 She gave it up,—a bit too shy—
 And then said he, "Rain, dear!"

T. B.

SWEETHEARTS.

Girl, with eyes of the ocean's blue,
 And smile as true as the heart of you,
 Your hair a tangle of curling gold—
 I know you never could be old.

Mother, with eyes of the ocean's blue,
 And smile as true as the heart of you,
 Your hair curling, though silver white—
 To make you young could not be right.

Lovely Mother, Maiden fair,
 I love you both, your eyes, your hair,
 Your smiles that are so sweet and true,—
 Life would be bare without both of you.

R. E. O'H.

ON TIME.

"'Tis only six o'clock," she said,
 Her eyes were filled with laughter,
 "After dinner you're to come."
 Said he, "That's what I'm after."

P. S. B.

SOMME FRONT.

Among the people now at war
 The Germans bear the brunt,
 But where the French to-day line up
 There surely is some front.

S. B.

Down in Dixie.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

"Bailiff, bring in John Jackson, the negro!"
 "Yes, your honor."
 "Are you John Jackson?"
 "Yassuh! Dat's me."
 "Ascend the witness stand and take the oath
 on the Bible."

"Yassuh, boss. Ah's pow'fully pleased to
 do so. Ah ain't no beggah, but dis niggah
 don't 'fuse nothin' dat he's told ter take. But
 say, boss; you'se done gib dat thing away to
 de las' pris'ner, fo' dere ain't no oath heah."

"Mr. Jackson, put your right hand on the
 outside cover of the 'Good-Book,' and solemnly
 swear—"

"O Good Lawd, ef Yo' has any mussy, den
 don't make dis nigger swear when he's sober."

"Mr. Jackson, do you want to be arrested
 for contempt of court?"

"No suh, ah don't!"

"Then, Mr. Jackson, do as the court instructs
 you. Put your right hand on the outside cover
 of the 'Good-Book,' and solemnly swear that
 what you are about to testify is the whole
 trut, and nothing but the truth."

"Yassuh, ah's done g'wan to tell yo' nothin'
 but de truf."

"Very good, Mr. Jackson. Be seated while
 the court considers your case. Are you aware
 that the records of this court show that you are
 accused of having committed six or seven
 offenses against the law?"

"No, suh, boss. But ah'm pow'fully sorry,
 suh, 'deed ah am."

"The first charge against you claims that
 you were intoxicated on the Sabbath."

"Yassah, jedge; ah done rec'lect ah wor.
 But yo' see, boss, it wus dis way. Las' Sat'day
 night ah done sleep in a moonshine still, an'
 when ah waked up on Sunday mornin', it wor
 nearly noon, an' den ah wor daid drunk. Cross
 mah heart, 'n hope ta die, jedge, ef dat ain't
 de Lawd's truf."

"Secondly, the court charges you with the
 malicious destruction of property."

"Yassuh, jedge, dat prop'ty sho' wor licious.
 But yo' see, suh, it happened in dis wise. Ah
 wus comin' shufflin' down de street, when ah
 'spied a rest'rant. Course ah stopped, an'
 leaned 'gainst de windy pane fo' to cotch a look
 at some chicken pie, when all to wunce de

windy done smashed. Cross mah heart, jedge, 'n hope to die, ef ah done et eny of dat chicken pie on pu'pose. Mah mouf jes' natually fell into dat dish. Mah, oh, mah, but it wor licious."

"Thirdly, you are accused of vagrancy."

"Yassuh, jedge, ah, ah's guilty agin. But yo' see, boss, it wor dis way. Ah wor so drunk, yo' honor, dat ah wus daid drunk. An' jedge, when ah'm in sech cundition ah'm vague, ebery'ting's vague. But after ah done fell fruh dat windy pane, ah wor so vague dat ah ran right up ter a fat pusson in a blue suit to see fo' what did he done bust dat big windy glass, 'n make mah face fall into dat chicken pie. An', jedge, de next thing ah 'members somethin' hit me on de haid, an' 'pears ter mah min' dat vacancy den came all ober me. Cross mah heart, jedge, ef dat ain't de honest truf."

"Furthermore, you are charged with using profanity."

"Yassuh, jedge; ah done guess dat ah done dat, too. But yo' see, boss, it wor dis heah way. Ah ain't gonna let no poor white trash hit me on de haid without 'rousin' mah temper. An' jedge, yo' all know how 'tis ter git yo' temper roused. De fust thing yo' does is ter swear. Cross mah heart, jedge, ah ain't done tole yo' no lie yit."

"And, moreover, Mr. Jackson, you are accused of assault and battery."

"Yassuh, jedge; ah sho' done did bat' 'n sot on dat fat pusson in de blue suit. But yo' see, boss, it wor dis heah way. Aftah ah done got mah temper roused, ah didn't got real mad till dat fat fellah done went an' hit me on mah shins with his club. An', jedge, ah ain't goin' stan' fo' ter let no white man crack me on mah shins, 'specially when ah'm down."

"And, lastly, Mr. Jackson, you must answer to the charge of petty larceny."

"Not guilty, jedge. No suh, ah'm not guilty. What's mah ol' woman's mahne. When ah wor married ter Geo'ge Lincoln Abraham Washin'ton's widdah, she done tol' de parson dat she'd take a chance on me. She done took me fo' bettah or fo' worse, an' jedge, ah reckon dat it's her own fault ef she's got me fer de worse, an' ah done went an' lost her washin' money in a crap game. Funny, jedge, ain't it, dat ah can't roll dem bones right when ah'm drunk. Seben, an' eleben allus turns up at de wrong time."

"Mr. Jackson, I am very sorry, but I fear that the hand of justice will rest heavily on your

shoulders for these violations of the law. The evidence in your case is overwhelming, so I hereby fine you according to the gravity of your misdemeanors. You may either pay one hundred dollars and costs, or you may serve for three months at hard labor in the work-house. Which sentence do you prefer, Mr. Jackson?"

"Say, jedge, ah's don't prefer neithuh. Cain't yo' gib me seben months in jail, jedge? Yo' see it's dis heah way, boss; mah ol' lady am pow'fully strong, 'deed she am, an' if she done got de notion in her haid, jedge, her hands would rest pow'fully more heavy on mah shoulders dan de hands of justice. When she's got done with me, yo' honah, ah reckon, ah'd be jest 'bout ready fo' 'leben months in de horsepital."

The Case of the I. W. W. in Arizona.

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

Public credulousness has facetiously interpreted the title I. W. W. to mean "I Won't Work," and this little point is more or less in keeping with a general ignorance that prevails in regard to the character of the Industrial Workers of the World, their aims, ideals and practices.

Though we profess to know very little about the organization and its merits, this union of workingmen which has brought down the wrath of the United States upon its head, which has achieved the thoughtless contumely of the Bourgeoisie and the hate and fear of some capitalistic oppressors,—has, at least, the right to an impartial hearing.

In July, 1917, in Bisbee, Arizona, one thousand two hundred and sixty-four striking miners and their sympathizers were forcibly deported from the town by hired gunmen directed by the Phelps-Dodge Company, which owns most of Bisbee and of that corner of Colorado.

These strikers were not members of the I.W.W., but were directed and aided by that organization. We are not concerned here with the reasons for the strike or the merits of the strikers' cause, but surely we believe the laborers possess the general right of striking? These miners were exercising that right, and, to quote C. W. Ruth, secretary of the "Citizens' Protective League" which conducted the deportations, were doing it in an orderly and peaceable manner (which was almost Tolstoyan in its

passivity). We only beat them to it," (that is, to the use of violence) were his exact words.

The deportations themselves were a violation of the State law, a felony punishable by from one to ten years of imprisonment. The men deported were peaceable and law-abiding, thinking that in that fact lay their safety. From among these one thousand, two hundred and sixty-four strikers a total armament of one-half dozen rifles and revolvers was collected. For weeks previous, on the other hand, shipments of arms and ammunition were arriving for the Citizens' Protective League.

The Constitution of the United States was abrogated in Bisbee by the power of the Phelps-Dodge corporation, which owns all the chief mines, most of the city real estate, most of the general stores in Bisbee, and the El Paso and Southwestern Railroad, and who knows what else, just as it was in Calumet, in Cabin Creek, in Ludlow, in other days by other capitalist organizations.

Another point in favor of the victims—these thousand deported miners, were left in the desert thirty-six hours without food, and they refrained from any depredations upon railroad property near by, though a carload of food lay temptingly before them. Such was the character of the men who had to be driven out of town with automobiles armed by machine guns, and thousands of organized and prepared gunmen, because it was feared that the miners intended violence.

Details such as these might be multiplied, but the few we have cited are sufficient to show that the miners have a just grievance and that the "kangaroo courts" of the "C. P. L." put all fair play and justice out of consideration in their actions.

The moral of this is not to justify the activities or the aims of the I. W. W., especially at this time, but simply to suggest that we keep an open mind upon matters of this sort and refrain from forming judgments until both sides have been heard. Even well-deserved prejudice against an organization may sometimes, as in this instance, be the cause of very unfair judgment.

This open-mindedness is a very necessary quality in the scholar and gentleman, this desire to know both sides before judging, to weigh and to balance impartially, even in the case of the I. W. W.

Junior Thoughts.

The newest excuses are old.

Docility is the virtue of the scholar.

Who says he is not vain is vain indeed.

Education is a first mortgage on success.

Style is always the man: never the other man.

A married man's chief club should be his family.

Many think that education is mere book learning.

The egotist, like the scorpion, stings himself to death.

Youth and age both dream, but in a different direction.

The sweetest song of some singers is their swan song.

You have a perfect right to study: Why not exercise it?

The law of inertia holds in morals as well as in physics.

Love may be blind, but it opens the eyes of many a man.

It is often the smallest man that blows the biggest bubble.

Wealth is all right, but it won't purchase a page in history.

Don't waste your time dreaming: dreams seldom come true.

Knowledge is not contagious: you have to catch it on purpose.

The most striking aspect of the present world is its incompleteness.

Tell your troubles to the undertaker—if you can't bury them yourself.

If General Sherman was right, "Old Nick" has evidently moved up.

Let us remember that we are making our own eternity day by day.

The most insidious pride is that of pluming ourselves on our humility.

Autobiographies, to be bearable at all, must be impersonally personal.

The true friend is the one who is with us when we are down and out.

Don't take correction as if it were an interference with the Divine plan.

College is a short-cut to whatever you want to make it—success or failure.

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CHARLES W. CALL, '18 JOHN L. REUSS, '18
THOMAS F. HEALY, '19 GEORGE D. HALLER, '19
BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18

—The annual retreat, which begins to-morrow evening, is anticipated with pleasure by the right-minded student. He regards it a privilege to participate in this spir-

Spiritual Retreat. itual treat. Our college career is analogous to the climbing of a steep hill: on our way up are numerous stepping-stones and stumbling-blocks, the former helping, the latter hindering our progress. As we climb we should be careful to take advantage of all the aids which may make the ascent less difficult and less dangerous. As a part of the religious exercises so inseparably woven into our scholastic years, the retreat is the first and firmest of the stepping-stones. And who of us is so sure of himself that he can afford to disregard the advantages it offers. Let us, therefore, make the best of this opportunity of fortifying our souls unto the great purpose of life, and participate in all the exercises of the mission, not because they are compulsory, but because they are just what we need first and most. Let us show our appreciation of the labor expended by those conducting the retreat by making it the most sincere and the most successful one ever held at Notre Dame.

—Notre Dame's war-ridden football team was still farther depleted this week by the departure of Captain James Phalen for Camp Taylor at Louisville. A large number of Notre Dame men have preceded him to make ready for the great clash with the Kaiser, but the prominence

of this football leader and the exceptional value of his presence on a squad of unsophisticated new men make the loss of him doubly felt. Phalen has been this year the one saving man behind the line who could be relied upon in time of stress. Crafty, steady, and powerful, he has at all times directed the offense in such a way that the men carrying the ball might gain the most yards for Notre Dame. It is common knowledge that he drove his team splendidly. And now he is gone. He will be sadly missed in the hard games still to be played. He will be missed on the campus and in the class room by the faculty and by all his fellow-students. And still we give him up gladly, as he himself was glad to go, in response to his country's call. Much as he will be missed, Notre Dame passes him on to our Uncle Samuel, confident that he will sustain the record of her representatives that have gone before him, confident that this re of her "Fightin' Irish," who has directed so many telling charges on the football field, will not be found wanting on the big field of the world war.

—The cheer leader's task is not the easiest. It is his business to evoke from the student body vociferous enthusiasm at the psychological moments of the fray.

With the Cheer Leader. His success not infrequently wins a game. Sometimes, however, the support he receives is only half-hearted, and that sort of cheering does more harm than good. The success of the leader's efforts depends primarily upon the responsiveness of the crowd. The Notre Dame spirit on which we have always prided ourselves will be tested this afternoon in the hard game with South Dakota. The team, owing to the conduct of the German Kaiser, counts only one veteran; the other members are new and more or less inexperienced. Still we may be sure that they will, in keeping with the unbroken tradition of the Notre Dame teams, give a good account of themselves. Let us who look on do likewise. Go to the game with all the enthusiasm you can muster. Inhale it and exhale it. Give a healthy response to all the cheer leader's demands. It will help the team—we can't say beforehand just how much—and if you are a bit hoarse to-night there will be plenty of time to get over it before the next game. At any rate, do not let the cheer leader feel lonesome when he calls for the "Raahs."

—Below we print in full a letter recently received from Dr. Timothy Crowley, C. S. C., of Dacca, India, gratefully acknowledging his

**A Letter
from Bengal.**

receipt of the offering sent to the Bengal Mission last spring by the students of Notre Dame. We hope that every student of the University will carefully read this truly inspiring and apostolic letter. We call particular attention to Dr. Crowley's words, "It would be one of those griefs that lie too deep for tears should interest not grow in the holy enterprise so happily inaugurated among the students." The Mite Boxes are still in their customary places, and we hope that this year's offering to the needy mission of Bengal will surpass that of last year. During Advent and Lent, the penitential seasons, a special appeal will be made on behalf of "Poor Beu."

Dacca, May 13, 1917.

Dear Father French:

Before your latest letter arrived I had seen in the SCHOLASTIC an editorial commenting on Father Cavanaugh's very just observation relative to the spirit of the pioneer religious of Holy Cross. The quality of the editorial pleased me so much that I made a clipping of it and sent it on to Colombo to await our way-worn Bishop, who arrived at that port on Sunday last, after a voyage of 78 days from Barcelona. The reading of the editorial would indeed have afforded any of us, at any time, much satisfaction, but fancy what a bracing tonic those earnest words from far-away Indiana must have provided our new Bishop and His Excellency, the Holy Father's representative, whom Mgr. Legrand accompanied from Rome. When the Bishop reaches Dacca I shall make over to him your cheque (Rs. 138), representing the total from the first clearance of the Bengal Mission Boxes. His Lordship will value greatly this substantial co-operation of the students, and particularly the spirit that inspired the offering. We are very proud of this new army of co-workers on behalf of the Bengal Mission.

This is an excellent beginning. It would be the pity of pities should such fine promise die young. I have no reason for thinking so. If we invoke the spirit of the early men of Holy Cross to be born again in us, most certainly we shall not be satisfied with small things. They were not. Least of all shall early difficulties so terrify us that we shall leave off persevering effort. Mission work is the essential work of the Church, and the familiar picture, showing Father Sorin and his companions planning with the Indians an outpost of the Faith, has set the Holy Cross man, for all time, in true perspective. I like that picture immensely; it tells us so much. There standing in the snow with an unbroken wilderness on all sides, those men, without thought of personal interest or comfort, are shaping plans for the extension of the Church. Surely it is here, if anywhere, one breathes the native air of Notre Dame—the spirit we deservedly make so much of.

Dear Father; the *laudator temporis acti* is usually engaged in effecting a contrast. He sees a glorious past and a decadent present. Happily in our case there is no room for contrast; it is the continuity of the old-time distinctive spirit one notices. The very purpose of these lines is to thank you for an offering made by the students of Notre Dame toward a cause essentially one with that which inspired the very founders of Notre Dame itself.

This suggests to me an observation that you will allow me to make. It is not easy for people at home fully to realize how nearly mission conditions in Bengal today resemble those met with by Father Sorin and his companions seventy-five years ago. Remove the snow and set a sky of bronze above, and the picture of a Holy Cross man and Indians planning a mission outpost of the faith becomes perfectly true to life in Bengal. Unfortunately in very many parts of the Dacca Mission a further modification of the picture is called for; in the modified picture one finds large, very large groups of Indians, but without a Holy Cross man! This regrettable condition of affairs Notre Dame has already done much to remedy. She must not feel discouraged; the task is a large one. The Diocese of Dacca measures exactly twice the size of Ireland, and counted four times the population of Ireland when that island numbered four and one-half millions. Eighteen millions of men, living in an area reaching over 60,000 square miles, and professing every variety of error that ignorance and sin can create—this is in outline in the Diocese of Dacca. Besides the purely spiritual interests of religion in this vast region, the educational and charitable works of the Church is exclusively entrusted to us. If the work is not done by the missionary, infallibly it will remain undone. There is no Catholic agency in these parts to share with Holy Cross the manifold interest of the Catholic Church. We have no member of the Ancient Order, no Knight of Columbus, no Holy Name Society. All these creations of inspired zeal that bear spontaneous witness to the divinity of our Holy Faith, are sadly wanting in this land of the Hindu and Mussulman. We have no Catholic hospital, no sufficient asylum for the aged, no adequate orphanage for the young. Christ went about doing good. This epitomizes all. Similarly the missionary in Bengal has for program the whole range of the corporal and spiritual works of mercy. Ours is a privileged life here. Dacca looks like a native land of Father Sorin and his pioneer associates.

Again, permit me to thank you for your very opportune gift. As I said at the beginning, it would be one of those griefs that lie too deep for tears should interest not grow in the holy enterprise inaugurated so happily among the students. The young man will not feel the sacrifice involved, and as you see, the amount in the aggregate is very great. Men do not become bankrupt because of their generosity to the propagation of the Faith. If experience confirms one thing it is this, that he will early feel he has not lost his reward who contributes to the Mission of his wealth, time, talents, influence, or gives his life after the manner of the missionary founders of Notre Dame.

I remain, dear Father,

Very gratefully yours,

T. Crowley, C. S. C.

Local News.

—Clarence Wilhelmi of Corby left this week for his home in Joliet to be the best man at the wedding of his brother who has been drafted to the army.

—"Pete" Noonan, Charles McCauley, Delmar Edmondson, Joseph McGinnis, and J. Reuss, sang before the Realtors, Thursday evening in the Oliver Rotary Room.

—The Press Club organized Wednesday and chose the following officers for the present year: Charles W. Call, president; Alexander Szecepanik, secretary; George Haller, secretary-treasurer.

—The Journalists listened to a short talk yesterday by Mr. Joseph P. O'Mahoney, Editor of the *Indiana Catholic*. A report of the same will be given in next week's SCHOLASTIC.

—Rev. Edward Finnigan, C. S. C., is acting as Master of Novices during the absence of Father Connor. The novices look, if possible, even more sanctimonious than ever under the reign of their new superior.

—A new literary light has appeared upon the horizon—this time with a contribution to the Corby rules. We have seen the light, but its source is still hidden. The VALVE Editors might endeavor to lasso this untamed scribe—he's valuable.

—The Knights of Columbus held their regular monthly meeting Tuesday. Consideration of ways and means to pay the dues of members absent in the service of the U. S. A. was the chief business of the evening. It was decided to have a dance before Christmas. A smoker followed.

—William H. Kelly, who read Miller's masterpiece "Columbus" at the recent Columbus-Founder Day program in Washington Hall, has joined the Notre Dame Liberty Loan Flying Squadron under the leadership of Prof. Farrell. He addressed the patrons of the Orpheum last evening.

—The Kentucky Club held its regular meeting on Wednesday night, October 17, in Walsh Hall. It was voted to give the Louisville *Courier-Journal* to the library for the ensuing year. The Kentuckians plan to give several

banquets this year and have arranged to furnish refreshments at the next meeting.

—Vincent F. Fagan, one of our local verse writers, broke into the limelight last Saturday when "B. L. T." carried his verses, "My Pal," in the "Line O' Type or Two" column. The modest voice of the SCHOLASTIC can, it seems, occasionally be heard even amid the roar of the modern metropolitan newspaper office.

—The gym was not as crowded last Saturday as it might have been, considering the fact that the assembly was a sort of loyalty meeting for the team that went away to battle for the honor of the school against overwhelming odds. A little more of the old Notre Dame spirit would not be out of place on such occasions.

—The newspapers, heretofore kept in the private files of the department of Journalism, have been removed to the library where they will be open to public use. Through the co-operation of the instructors in Journalism and the Reverend Librarian, the list will be increased to an extent consonant with present war conditions.

—A good heart-interest play, "The Clodhopper," featuring Charles Ray and Margery Wilson, was shown Wednesday evening. The two leaders showed real histrionic ability and the play presents some moments of true homely emotion. Especially did the action reach the high art of drama in the simple scene where the mother sacrifices her heart's desire for that of her boy. The comedy was of the usual farcical type.

—Tuesday evening, October 23, in the Publicity Room of the library, the Kub Klub met and elected the following officers: Professor J. M. Cooney, South Bend, Indiana, honorary president; Norton Sullivan, Des Moines, Iowa, acting president; and Thomas Walsh, Canton, Ohio, secretary. Although few in numbers, the Klub is strong in enthusiasm, and elaborate plans have been made for social and scholastic success.

—It seems that an epidemic of throat paralysis is stalking abroad and in peculiar places. Students whose vocal apparatus is ordinarily such as to rattle the timbers of their halls have been known to suffer these attacks periodically during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament. Last Saturday morning we were treated to a

quartet or sextet by the prefects. Where are the melodious voices that we hear so often at other times and in other places?

—Brother Alphonsus will be glad to give anyone interested the details of the money prizes offered by the Indiana State Board of Forestry to all students of the seventh, eighth, and high school classes for the best essay on the "Relation of Birds to Indiana Forests." Students here, who decide to enter, will be particularly favored in having the assistance of Brother Alphonsus, one of the foremost ornithologists of this part of the country.

—Last Sunday evening Brother Alphonsus addressed the boys of St. Edward Hall on the advantages of good reading. A library association was formed to cultivate a taste for wholesome Catholic literature. George Becker and Louis Watson, who were chosen as promoters of the club, will keep a record of all the books that are read. The excellent library established for the minims by Brother Cajetan is but one of the numerous advantages enjoyed by these favored little fellows.

—The Nebraska papers commented highly upon Notre Dame's action in guaranteeing 10 per cent of their proceeds from the Notre Dame-Nebraska football game. Several of the Cornhuskers' opponents refused to take this action, and one paper in particular in writing of Notre Dame's attitude, printed the following: "Win or lose, here's to Notre Dame." However complimentary all that may be, Notre Dame's greatest sacrifice has been in the young lives she has given to the colors.

—"The spirit of youth is the love of romance." Jack Pickford and Louise Huff, both clever juveniles, quite carried away the audience Saturday evening in "What Money Can't Buy." The interest shown was genuine, for the story, although introducing the omniscient American of true "movie" heroism and catering to that illogical admiration of birth which is a part of everyone of us, was a tale of love—and "love is a story that never grows old." The Bray cartoons and the educational picture were well-selected and interesting.

—Tobacco, books, and magazines will be sent from Notre Dame to our soldiers in camp and also to those already in France, according to plans formulated by the Eucharistic Union, recently held at a meeting in Walsh Hall. The Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., was chosen

director of the union to succeed the Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., who has resigned. To arrange plans for collecting the tobacco and literature the following executive committee was appointed: Frank Patrick Monighan, Sherwood Dixon, John Connerton and Joseph Wood.

—It is a unique fact, probably without a precedent in American college history, that every officer of the Senior class this year is working his way through school in some capacity or another. Notre Dame is proud of the peculiar record she has made in helping deserving boys obtain an education, and equally proud not only of the boys so helped but also of their wealthier classmates who are not above choosing them for positions of honor when they are deserving. Little wonder that strangers invariably remark the thoroughly democratic spirit of Notre Dame.

—Mr. John Barrett, director-general of the Pan-American Union and for eleven years connected with that service, addressed the students of commerce in the new library last Saturday morning. His talk dealt with the importance attaching to the relation of the South American republics and the United States during the present world war. Mr. Barrett stated that one of the greatest effects of the war will be in the realization, on the part of our South American neighbors, of the necessity of a union with the United States for common defence and with a view to furthering such general development as will place all concerned in a more influential position with the rest of the world. This, he showed, is the real meaning of the term Pan-Americanism. Mr. Barrett also emphasized the closeness of the ties already existing between us and the republics to the South, citing as one indication of the same, the similarity existing between their constitutions and that of the United States. In conclusion he made a plea for the support of Pan-Americanism on the part of the youth of the land, who will later determine the destinies of our American republics.

—For the benefit of new students we wish to announce that Brother Alphonsus of Brownson Hall, after several years of labor, has succeeded in building up a library of the best Catholic literature for the use of the student body. He is willing that the students of all halls enjoy the privileges of the library, and has arranged

with the several prefects to see that those desiring books may obtain them. Our students do not appreciate the beauty and the interest of Catholic fiction, chiefly because, as a rule, they have not read it. Yet there is all the interest in it that one finds in magazine stories minus the harmful influence. Read a few books and be convinced!

—The first social function of the scholastic year was opened last Wednesday evening, Oct. 24, by a pretty dance in the Hotel Oliver, given by the Day "Dodgers" of the University. Several novelties featured the occasion, such as the presentation of a Killarney rose to each girl entering the ballroom for the grand march, and the introduction of a finale, in which red, white and blue serpentine floated above the heads of the dancers as the Ragpickers' Orchestra played, with Mr. Roy Witner of South Bend singing the patriotic song, "Liberty Forever in the U. S. A." Mr. Witner also sang several songs during the intermissions.

Father Thomas Burke, Honorary president of the Day "Dodgers," Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Prof. and Mrs. J. Tiernan, Prof. and Mrs. J. M. Cooney, and Prof. and Mrs. R. L. Greene, were the patrons and patronesses of the dance.

The committee responsible for making the dance one of the prettiest affairs ever given by the Day Students of the University are: Edwin Hunter, Walter A. Sweeney, Mark G. Eilers, Timothy E. Quinlan, Edward Doran, Robert E. Huber, Vincent F. Fagan, and P. T. Pappas.

Book Review.

CATHOLIC HOME ANNUAL: 1918. Benziger Brothers, New York, pp. 85. 25 cents.

The thirty-fifth publication of the *Catholic Home Annual* has just been issued. This number with its attractive cover and useful content is worthy of a place in every Catholic home. Its value cannot be realized until once introduced into the home circle when it becomes indispensable as a family friend of cheery sunshine and advice. The calendar filling the first thirteen pages is elaborate, and contains much useful information about the coming year. Then follow a number of articles by well-known Catholic writers, and some stories that can be read with relish by young and old. The full-page illustrations and smaller ones are numerous and of good quality. Thus with its calendar and its choice assortment of poetry and prose the *Annual* should be welcomed at any Catholic fireside.

T. F. H.

Obituaries.

Old students will read with regret the news of the death of Brother Theodotius, C. S. C. The good Brother was one of those quaint Irish characters whose nimbleness of mind and goodness of heart have made the race famous. Students will remember with pleasure the story-telling ability of Brother Theodotius, and the wonderful memory which remained with him through all the vicissitudes of old age. He was born in County Kilkenny, Ireland, and was eighty years old at the time of his death. Brother Theodotius died as he had lived—a simple and good and God-fearing religious. Many a prayer will go up to God for the soul of the good Brother from his student friends of former years.

News has been received of the death of Father Robert McNamara (Passionist), who passed away at Newark, New Jersey, while doing missionary work in that city. Father Robert, as he was familiarly called, will be remembered as having given the students' retreat a few years ago. The wonderful work of this man of God in the cause of religion will be seen from the fact that the retreat referred to marked his five-hundredth mission. We offer the heartfelt sympathy of the faculty and students to his Order in its loss of an ideal religious and a faithful worker in God's vineyard.

Personals.

—John Friedman (M. E., '17) has been called to Springfield, Mass., as 1st Lieutenant of the Ordinance Department.

—Lieut. "Bill" Galvin (Ph. B., '14) is serving under the colors at Camp Travis, Texas. "Bill" writes that he hopes as well as expects to be in France soon.

—"Steve" Stephan watched the football practice from the side lines a few days ago. In his own day Steve's work on first base drew many a cheer from the Notre Dame baseball fans.

—John W. Desmond, ex-Carrollite, is with Co. K, 128th Inf., Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas. His brother James, also an ex-Carrollite, was with the marines in the occupation of Hayti. The Desmond family goes after the Kaiser in the right way—by land and by sea.

—Sherman May (LL. B., '17) of Superior, Wisconsin, and member of last year's Varsity basket-ball squad, was at the University recently shaking the hands of his old friends.

—Word has been received that Bryan Sylvester Odem (LL.B., '17) has passed the Texas state bar examination with a very high average. Bryan is at present taking post-graduate work at the University of Texas, his home state.

—"Stu" Carrol (Ph. B. in Journ., '17), is now on his way to France. Recently he tried for a commission in the aviation corps, but was rejected because of his youth. "Stu" *did* want to meet the Germans, however—hence his present journey.

—"Eich" Eichenlaub, Notre Dame's all-American and all-Western fullback a few years ago, is now playing with the Camp Sherman team. The "Shermanites" will play Ohio State, the Big Nine "Champs" of last year, on Thanksgiving Day.

—"Cy" Haberer (Ph.G., '17), who is now a "Sammy" at Camp Taylor, Louisville, Ky., visited his old room-mate "Bill" Kelly of Sorin last Sunday. "Cy" was glad to get back to the old haunts for a few hours and gave an interesting account of army life.

—Frank King, popular Brownsonite of last year, has been promoted to the position of corporal in the Mounted Police at Camp Dodge, Des Moines, Iowa. He has participated in several raids upon gambling dens in labor camps. Frank has also been selected to organize a football team in his department.

—Louis Struhall, freshman lawyer of last year, is "Sammying" it in the Casualty Detachment at Fort Sam Houston, Texas. Louis began the scholastic year at Texas University, but finding the college life there, as he says, not as much to his taste as that of Notre Dame, he entered the army. When he comes back from France, Louis promises finishing his law course at Notre Dame.

—Students of last year will be grieved to hear that Louis Kelb, formerly of Walsh Hall but now residing at his home in Paducah, Ky., was seriously injured recently when the automobile of the city fire-chief collided with one of his father's trucks in which the young man happened to be riding at the time. An immediate operation was performed when it was found that the injuries were internal, but their exact nature is not yet known. Louis was well liked by the

boys here and there is many a prayer being said for his recovery.

—It must have been the enthusiasm evoked by the great fight against superior odds made by our Varsity the day before—but whatever the cause, J. P. McEvoy, former student and now of "Psalms of Life" fame in Chicago newspaper circles, could not refrain from injecting a little "Three Cheers for Notre Dame" into his "When Commy Cops—A Rhapsody," as published in the Chicago *Tribune* Sunday.

—"Gus" Jones (M. E. '17) of the Varsity squad of last year, spent a few days here last week visiting friends. "Gus" has been hunting in the West during the summer and is about to start for Canada with the purpose of joining an aviation corps there if possible, every effort in that regard having been blocked in the United States on account of his eyes. If "Gus" doesn't get to France it will not be his fault.

—"Deak" Jones, "Al" Feeny, "Joe" Pliska, and our little quarterback whom the Army will never forget, Joe Dorais, were a big element in the 21-6 victory of the Fort Wayne Friars over their opponents, the Celts of Cincinnati, last Sunday. The Friars won the championship of their section last year and, with the aid of the Notre Dame contingent mentioned, should have no difficulty duplicating the feat again this season.

—The following communication has been received from James E. Sanford student here in 1915: "It might be of interest to the N. D. boys to know that Howard J. Ellis, N. D. student 14-15-16, who applied for commission as First Lieutenant in the aviation corps while in Detroit and who is now here with the National Army, has passed his final examination and is now awaiting orders to report at Ohio State University for a special course in this work. Will be pleased to give you any information available concerning our N. D. men here."

That's the spirit, Jim! We can see now why the Knights of Columbus picked out a certain individual as their general secretary at Camp Custer, Michigan. Come again with any news you may have.

—"Jerry" Noonan, Walsh "Haller" of last year, recently suffered a broken collar bone and a severely bruised leg in an aeroplane accident at a Canadian camp. After a meteoric

fall of almost four thousand feet, an intervening tree prevented what appeared to be a certain fatality and "Jerry" came through, badly shaken but smiling. It is rumored that our young N. D. aviator may soon stop and tell us all about it.

—The *Morning World* of Tulsa, Oklahoma, prints the following about Thos. D. Lyons, SCHOLASTIC Editor-in-chief and Notre Dame's representative in oratory during his school days here:

LYONS INTRODUCED OWENS.

Thomas Lyons was introduced to introduce Senator Owen. He delivered an epigram himself, covering a dozen phases of the war in as many minutes, and his remarks were interspersed with applause. He referred to the great men that had been given to the United States by Virginia, including President Wilson, the mere mention of whose name unloosed a great demonstration.

"Our guest to-night is," he said, "capable of wearing the presidential toga, and I feel that I speak the sentiment of this audience when I say that we want him to attain that goal."

"Tom" writes us, enclosing \$20.00 for SCHOLASTIC and *Ave Maria* subscriptions, and has this to say of his introduction of Senator Owen on the occasion referred to by the newspaper:

I beg to say that I was not guilty of referring to a "presidential toga," as I do not understand they are the thing, or were even in Rome, for presidents. I did suggest that my distinguished friend, Senator Owen, would be a worthy President of the United States if destiny called him to that high position. You will note that in his speech he sets forth the fact that he is an Irishman and all right.

"Tom" is one of the loyal ones of Notre Dame as is seen from the fact that in spite of his being entitled to a SCHOLASTIC by reason of his former position on our weekly, he nevertheless contributes to its up-keep in so substantial a way. "Tom" was a leader in college activities and has evidently lost none of his old powers since taking up activities in the world.

—The October *Columbiad* gives an account of the activities of the Knights of Columbus in connection with the army. In the general organization we notice two "old boys" figuring prominently. We quote:

Francis W. Durbin, an attorney of Lima, Ohio, is Director of Operations. Mr. Durbin is an alumnus of the University of Notre Dame, and although he has practically forsaken a splendid law practice to devote himself to this work, he is just young enough to set a pace for enthusiasm in the Committee's headquarters.

A very recent appointee, but one who will figure largely in the future work of the committee, is Paul

R. Martin, of Indianapolis, who has been placed in charge of the bureau of publicity. Mr. Martin, like Mr. Durbin, is an alumnus of the University of Notre Dame, and during the past twelve years has been actively engaged in newspaper work. He is well-known as a feature and editorial writer, and as a literary, dramatic and music critic. For several years he has been connected with the editorial staff of the *Indianapolis Star* and is also one of the publishers of the *Indiana Catholic and Record*.

An important work which Dr. Durbin has accomplished is the appointment of field secretaries who will have charge of the recreation halls at the camps and who will be responsible for the execution of that work which is the *raison d'être* of the war-camp movement.

Athletic Notes.

NEBRASKA GAME REAL BATTLE.

Even the elastic language of the sport page fails ignobly when detailing the brilliant battle Notre Dame staged against the Nebraska Cornhuskers at Lincoln last Saturday. Anything that could be said here would be but a peurile portrayal of the pugnacious spirit which the gold and blue displayed on the western battleground one week ago.

After everyone had thought the zenith in fighting spirit had been reached at Wisconsin the week before, the Notre Dame warriors paused just long enough to get a good breath before curbing that spirit and hurling it at Nebraska. The story of the game with the Cornhuskers is an unabridged story of Notre Dame fight, the story of undiluted gameness that is even greater in defeat than in victory. Let mathematics show that Nebraska was the victor; many things often stick out between the lines of statistics.

When the heaviest team Nebraska has had in the last three years trotted on the field a few minutes before the game, the eye confirmed the lie of Lincoln papers that Notre Dame would not be outweighed. No judge of livestock was necessary to fathom the fact that the Cornhuskers outweighed the Hoosiers not less than fifteen pounds to the man. Eight regulars who faced Notre Dame the year before were in the Nebraska line up; two regulars of the 1916 game were on the side of Notre Dame. Everything pointed to an overwhelming defeat of the gold and blue.

It was not until the middle of the second quarter that Nebraska could puncture the wonderful Notre Dame defense for the lone score of the game. Quarterback Cook's 45 yard return of a punt, and Dobson's smash

through the line for twelve yards, were important advances that brought the ball close to the Notre Dame goal and made it comparatively easy for the veteran Otoupalik to push it over. Notre Dame had her inning in the third quarter but lacked the offensive punch, once she was inside Nebraska's ten-yard line. After play upon play against the Cornhusker line failed of any material gain, a forward pass across the goal line fell into the hands of the tall Otoupalik, and Notre Dame's first and only real chance to score had gone awry.

Captain Jim Phelan, unmindful of his forced departure for an army camp an hour after the contest, played probably the best game of his career. It was Phelan who maintained the morale of the backfield after the light backs had been battered literally almost to a pulp. Bahan and Gipp, Pearson and Smith, along with Walter Miller backed up their captain as only fighting Notre Dame men can, and not till the struggle was over did they allow their tired bodies to feel the pain of battle overpower them.

Who of the Notre Dame line to extol first, is a conundrum. The ends, the tackles, the guards, and the center, deserve the greatest praise that can be given them. They played like superhumans, and to say that one did better than another would be unfair. "Bodie" Andrews was hurt unfortunately early in the game and had to retire. Umpire Anderson thought Rydzewski and Philbin all-American calibre. Even the Cornhuskers were astounded at the fighting spirit of Notre Dame, and they were not backward in their compliments.

The summary:

NEBRASKA (7)		NOTRE DAME (C)
Rhodes.....	L E.....	Hayes
Duteau.....	L T.....	Andrews
Kositzky.....	L G.....	Zoia
Day.....	C.....	Rydzewski
Wilder.....	R G.....	Madigan
Shaw.....	R T.....	Philbin
Riddell.....	R F.....	King
Shellenberg.....	Q.....	Phelan
Cook.....	L H.....	Gipp
Dobson.....	R H.....	Bahan
Otoupalik.....	F.....	Miller

Substitutions by Nebraska—Munn for Duteau; Huba for Riddell; substitutions for Notre Dame—McGuire for Andrews, Stanley for Zoia, Smith for Gipp, Pearson for Bahan. Touchdown, Otoupalik. Goal from touchdown, Shaw. Time of periods 15 minutes. Officials: Masker, Northwestern, referee; Griffith, Drake, umpire; Anderson, Missouri, field judge; Wyatt, K. C. A. A., head linesman.

INTERHALL SCHEDULE.

Oct. 28.....	Corby vs. Walsh
Oct. 28.....	Brownson vs. Sorin
Nov. 4.....	Corby vs. Brownson
Nov. 4.....	Walsh vs. Sorin
Nov. 11.....	Brownson vs. Walsh
Nov. 11.....	Corby vs. Sorin

Sunday will witness the debut of interhall football activities when Corby chases the pigskin with Sorin. The real issue of the fight seems to center in the Corby and Walsh camps, and unless a dark horse steps in, the cup will probably rest with one or the other of the two teams. "Muggs" Ryan is drilling his proteges daily, and the down-campus men see anything but a murky outlook. At the same time Corby, under the tutelage of Philbin and Hayes, is clearing decks for one of the scrappiest seasons she has ever encountered. Bro. Casimir has the lightest squad in the history of Brownson, but with men like Moon, Scanlon and Murray carrying the ball, her opponents will know that she has a team on the field. Madigan is attempting to put fighting spirit into Sorin, and with material hibernating in Founder's hall, a considerable rampage on the gridiron could be started. It looks like a great race.

Coach Ryan's Walshers, using Oliphant's forward pass tactics, won a great victory over Culver Military Academy Saturday afternoon. The Beeland brothers figured in the first touch down after W. Beeland caught the oval and dashed over the goal with twenty yards between him and the Culver tackler. Kirk, star end, later received the pigskin from Scofield on a perfect throw, and got away for a 40-yard run which gave Walsh an additional 6 points. He also kicked goal. Although the entire team played in inter-collegiate fashion, Gallagher, Scofield, Flaherty, Beeland and Wheeler were the 42 centimetres. Maxwell scored the soldiers' lone touchdown.

Outweighed ten pounds to the man, Corby fell under the tactics of the plunging Kendalville squad last week and lost a fighting game 19-0. Brennan, the Kendalville star, got away with two forward passes and only in this department of the game was Corby outclassed by her heavier opponents. Babcock, McAffrey, Kennedy and Sheehan starred for the Corbyites and were backed by a consistent, well-balanced support. Kendalville treated the Corby men royally and their action is appreciated.

Safety Valve.

They have the cutest little boys in Walsh Hall this year. When they were registered it was distinctly understood that they were to be kissed not punished.

We are not a co-ed institution despite the fact that we have Maag and Jenny.

EVENING DRESS.

The account of the Columbus Day celebration in Washington Hall contains this picturesque sentence: "The Knights of Columbus marched to the hall in a body wearing their Knight gowns and long purple badges."

And it's a joke to see a student rush madly over to the cafeteria in the morning and order cornflakes.

No, Helen, you've misunderstood me. That *Money and Banking* that I talked about is one of my classes. I've only two bits in my pocket and nothing in the bank.

"Where were you shot," the maiden cried.

He looked at her askance,

"Let's see—the bullet entered me—

Well, yes—Somewhere in France."

He—"When I marry you I want it distinctly understood that I am to be the boss in my house and that you must obey me in all things however insignificant."

She—"Why quite naturally! The man is always the head of the family in every household."

He—"I want it further understood that you are to rise early and have my coffee ready for me when I am going to work."

She—"It is only a pleasure for a woman to rise in the morning and get breakfast for the man she loves. It really isn't even an inconvenience."

He—"Moreover, I don't propose to be extravagant in the prices I pay for your hats and clothes. You will have to be economical and do your own sewing to keep down expenses."

She—"I think every woman should be economical both in the running of the house and in the purchasing of her clothes."

He—"I have an utter dislike for cabbage, potatoes, parsnips and tomatoes, and under no consideration must they ever appear on the table."

She—"It ought to be quite an easy matter to secure other vegetables that you would like, especially during the summer time."

He—"I also wish it clearly understood that I have no intention of going to theatres, dances, or places of amusement of any kind, and that I will fly into a passion if asked to go to such places."

She—"Surely with a real home and a warm fireside no one would want to be racing around the streets to find comfort and amusement."

He—"Is there anything, now, that you desire to say to me before we settle things?"

She—"Oh, yes, I have one little thing. When I

marry you I wish you would get my folks to put me in an insane asylum for I must certainly have lost my mind."

A FRESHMAN DICTIONARY.

Alarm Clock.—An ingenious invention affected with insomnia and jealousy; it can't sleep itself and is bound no one else will. Often called "Big Ben," but more frequently called other things deleted by the censor. Obsolete in Walsh Hall.

Delinquent.—A charter member of the fraternal order "I should worry!"

Delinquent List.—A public proclamation to show how little you and your friends know.

Freshman.—The last word in fashions.

Prefect.—One of the few remaining autocrats in the world's greatest democracy. A philanthropist with demerits.

Scholastic.—A weekly magazine printed at Notre Dame for the use of those who "push lines."

Skive.—(Origin uncertain. Span. *esquivar*, to shy, to slip away; Pol. *ski* + Lat. *via*, "the way of the window"; Ice. *skifa*, to skin or pare away—said of the shins).

1. A senior permission used by a Freshman.

2. "A little bit of Heaven."

Walsh Haller.—An infant wearing long trousers (usually violet or pink) who has an infinite capacity for turning up his nose when he is talked to.

Sorin Haller.—A fellow who knows he is a man, and who tries to prove it to the universe by doing kid tricks.

Carroll Haller.—"A fellow with an instinct for doing the wrong thing."

CAN THIS BE LOVE.

And many a fellow who stays away from class and doesn't study because he's in love, finds no trouble in wading through a big dinner of corned beef and cabbage.

The cafeteria has done away with the pest who ate quail for lunch every day at home and who was accustomed to have nightingale's tongues for dinner.

'TIS BETTER TO HAVE FOUGHT AND LOST.

1st Patriot—"Yes, indeed, two of my sons are fighting for their country."

2nd Patriot—"Why your sons haven't joined the army, have they?"

1st Patriot—"No, of course they haven't. They're booze fighters."

PEST 7683.

The fellow who asks you if you ever heard the story of the Jew.

"A speaker of British birth recently predicted that within ten years the Fourth of July would be an anachronism as a national holiday in the United States."—*Exchange*.

There's many a man has said that about two o'clock in the morning.