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A Southern Woodland.

BY BROTHER AUSTIN, C. S. C., '18.

DOWN where the stream flows deep and dark
And still as the lonely grave,
Where the shores are swept by a noiseless tide,
As the waters black, through their channels glide,
To the distant ocean wave—

Down where the oaks hang grey and gaunt
And scarred by ancient blight;
Where the moss trails down to the rushes sere,
And willows droop in their nameless fear,
Of the spirit of the night—

There you will find the elves at play,
In their gloomy cavern's mouth;
And the vampires fly in a dreamy haze,
With long-swung beat through the misty maze
Of a woodland of the South.

The Diamond Jubilee of Notre Dame.*

BY ANNA T. SADLIER.

AMONGST the numerous events that have marked this year, there is none that stands out with more distinctness and distinction than the Diamond Jubilee of Notre Dame University. Its celebration began on June 8th and occupied several memorable days. That noble pile of buildings, standing in the midst of a region so fair that it might well be named, God's own country, is, as everyone knows, in the State of Indiana and within easy reach of the great western metropolis, Chicago. For the whole of the middle West, Notre Dame is, and has been for many years past, a luminous centre, irradiating science, citizenship, religion, and like the universities of old, it has attracted thither students from the east and from the west, from the north and from the south.

The various features of that celebration, and the attendant ceremonies, can only be described by the superlative word magnificent. And never was there a more honorable assemblage than that which flocked thither from far and near to participate in that demonstration. Hither came the Apostolic Delegate, representative of the august Benedict, the Cardinal Primate from Baltimore, the Archbishops of Chicago, San Francisco, Milwaukee, bishops from twenty-five sees, besides other prelates, the rector of the Catholic University at Washington, with priests innumerable, secular, or representing the various religious orders. There were present, governors, senators, judges, the ranking officer of the American Navy, members of the learned professions, poets, journalists, novelists, educators and missionaries.

A goodly proportion of those eminent Catholics, hailed Notre Dame as their Alma Mater, and returned to walk once more, as in the heyday of youth, in those delightful shades. For them

Sweet memory wafted by thy gentle gale,
Swift up the stream of Time had turned their sail,
To view the fairy haunts of long, lost hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

They returned to feel a thrill of pride at the honors heaped that day upon their University, and as living witnesses of the splendid work that house of education had accomplished and the eminent service it had rendered to God and country.

Notre Dame, as one of its panegyrists of those days remarked, has a setting worthy of any pageant, in the beauty of its surroundings and the charm that lingers in those scenes, hallowed of old by missionary toil and endeavor.

*The writer of this beautiful tribute is one of our most finished and forceful Catholic authors. In a pleasant note accompanying the manuscript she says: "I send you herewith my little tribute, so necessarily inadequate to the greatness of the subject. But it is from the heart. Like my late mother, I count Notre Dame as both friend and benefactor."

consecrated by the heroic faith and zeal of its Founders, in which so faithfully has followed the noble band of priests and brothers that the Congregation of Holy Cross has given to that institute. At Notre Dame are found those conditions described by Cardinal Newman "as a sort of ideal land, where the archetypes of the great and the fair are found, all departments of truth explored and all diversities of intellectual force exhibited;" where "every bright light and tender shade of the landscape is brought forth." It is brought forth over trees sun-kissed and glorified like those of the Umbrian hills, as they cluster about the shores of Our Lady's Lake, as exquisite a sheet of water in play of light and shadow as was ever the blue Ægean. Flowers and herbs fragrant as those of Hymettus, are found in the surrounding gardens and meadows, stretching away into hundreds of acres of farming country, by which the needs of the institute are supplied and instruction in agricultural knowledge given.

In the artistic and beautiful Jubilee Number of the SCHOLASTIC, with its exquisite cover designed by Mr. T. A. Shaughnessy of Chicago, with all that grace and spiritual charm which is the hall mark of Celtic art, the celebration is so exhaustively described that it needs no separate and detailed description here. To those who were present it left a host of delightful memories. To those who were obliged by distance or other causes to forego that privilege, regrets, and the pleasure of imagining how full of interest, of enthusiasm, of happy retrospection were those red-letter days.

The reading of a long, highly appreciative and personal letter from the Sovereign Pontiff, and one couched in similar strain from Cardinal Gasparri, seemed to link the University and its Diamond Jubilee with the throbbing life of the Church in its hearthstone of the Eternal City. The splendor of the Pontifical Mass, the weird solemnity of the Requiem for those departed, the blessing and raising into the air of the new flag, with a thrilling effect that brought tears to many eyes and amid a storm of cheers, the laying of the cornerstone of a new building and the dedication of the new and handsome library, the Baccalaureate Sunday, the Bachelor orations, the closing exercises marked by the presence of some forty students in khaki from Fort Benjamin Harrison, with the Valedictory and the closing poem, were as so many scenes in a noble panorama. The

orators, clerical and lay, including the foremost names in the country, each seized upon a particular thought which served as the complement of those that preceded. The very names of those speakers connoted high intellectual gifts, oratorical powers, elegant diction, forcible utterance, and the enunciation of truths terse and crystal clear. There is the temptation to study each in detail, to separate one from another, the witty and the brilliant, the scholarly and the eloquent, those that were charged with feeling or the varied emotions of the hour, those that scintillated with humor, or touched some chord of deepest feeling. Suffice it that from the Cardinal Primate and the Apostolic Delegate, down through the various episcopal or sacerdotal speakers, each discourse had its message, reminiscent or historical, religious or patriotic, for the souls and the hearts of the hearers. And with the clerical, so with the lay speakers, who touched upon democracy, upon the ideals of a nation, upon a real university or upon those universities which were the torch-bearers of the ages.

Is it not Emerson who speaks of each one giving his gift as the miner his gem? So it was during those days at Notre Dame. Such poets as T. A. Daly and Thomas Walsh gave their poems; singers like George O'Connor gave their songs, and musicians, their music, the Seminary Choir, and those marvellous choristers, whom the Paulist, Father Finn, has trained to emulate the choirs invisible. Material gifts were not wanting, too; such as generous offerings from the Hibernians and Foresters. Those days were in fact a constant succession of intellectual, musical and educational enjoyments, while the devotional nature of residents and visitors alike was stirred to its depth by the splendor of ritual and the solemn processions and the beautiful ceremonies in the church. Added to all this was the delightful companionship, the opportunity of meeting the famous and the cultured, dignitaries and men of international reputation, the reknitting of old ties, the resurrecting of old memories, the renewing of glad, confident youth itself. There were the pleasant strolls in the gardens, over the quadrangle or the campus, twilights long to be remembered, rambles in the sunshine, soft and tender, amid the airs, fragrant and balmy, of peerless June. Or there were the gatherings indoors, when old songs were sung, old reminiscences evoked. For

'Tis the past
 Contending with the present, and in turn,
 Each has the mastery.

Certain it is that when the last remarks so genial and heart-warm of the President, brought those halcyon days to a close, and the multitude, so gathered together, scattered to distant homes, there was genuine regret in those parting guests who were so gracefully sped upon their way by Father Cavanaugh's words and by a last blessing from the Bishop of Fort Wayne. No cold print can give fitting record of the swiftly succeeding emotions, impressions, that occupied the minds of those who in that pleasant summer time enjoyed the far-famed hospitality of Notre Dame. Nor can adequate description be given of all that happened there.

By way of antithesis, then, it will be of interest to turn backwards to the humble beginnings of a mighty edifice, to retrace the luminous path, marked by poverty, vicissitude, heroic endeavor, and to hold converse with

Those spirits perfect, those already chosen.

Nearly a century ago, in France, that was still trembling from the storms of the revolution and chilled by 18th century infidelity, a Canon of the Cathedral of Mans and Professor of Divinity in the Grand Seminary, Father Basil Anthony Moreau, founded his Congregation of Holy Cross, not only to preach the Gospel of Christ, but to implant it in the minds of the young by christian education. He founded the first college of his Congregation at Mans in 1830, and was shortly afterwards called upon to undertake the direction of the Brothers of St. Joseph, an association but lately orphaned by the death of its saintly founder, Father Dujarié. In the designs of God these two societies, which had practically the same aims in view, became but one, and the latter foundation, to be known as Brothers of Holy Cross, became valuable auxiliaries of the priests, in charitable, industrial, and educational work. A few years later Father Moreau, keenly alive to the needs of the time, brought into existence the Sisters of the Holy Cross for the instruction of girls. Needless to dwell here upon the success attained by those various organizations, and how colleges and convents have arisen in the most distant quarters of the globe and notably in the United States and Canada.

Amongst the earliest of disciples and co-workers, in the congregation of priests, was a young man, Edward Sorin, who gave speedy

promise of being marked out to become "a pillar in the temple of His God," and the whole bent of those inclinations was toward missionary endeavor. As early as 1841, the Bishop of Vincennes, in America, made a call for laborers in a fruitful vineyard, and as a result of that application, Father Sorin, with five of the brothers, set out for America. They arrived in that promised land on the Feast of the Holy Cross, September 14th, and the beauty of that autumnal weather caused Father Sorin to exclaim: "How beautiful is the American sky! Here is the portion of my inheritance. Here will I live all the days of my life!" He became in fact from that moment a true American.

Father Sorin was one of those "geniuses of the supernatural order," who rendered illustrious the Church in America and laid her foundations broad and deep. He was a type of that band of French ecclesiastics who brought into the Catholicity of the time the Gallic perspicacity, force, initiative, those qualities, in fine, that caused French missionaries to penetrate into the remotest recesses of the continent. They had behind them the wisdom, the stores of learning, the classic grace, which belonged to an ancient civilization, and which had been purified by the storm of the revolution. They supplemented that other virile missionary force from the sister country of Ireland, whose clergy had been finely tempered in the fires of persecution, who had suffered poverty, trials of various sorts and the ever-present menace of the penal laws. Each brought the genius of his own country to the free soil of America where it took root and flourished, merging it into the new life and redeeming that nascent civilization from the dry rot of materialism.

It was on that old trail between Detroit and Vincennes, hallowed by many memories, haunted by the shades of Marquette and Allouez, of LaSalle and Hennepin, that he was to take up his work. The holy Bishop Bruté had labored in that region, where also Father de Seille and the first priest ordained on American soil, Father Badin, had exhausted themselves in missionary endeavor. Bishop de la Hailandière having received from Father Badin the gift of a tract of land, offered it to Father Sorin on condition that besides caring for the white men and the Indians in that neighborhood, he should erect within two years a college. That

seemed a hard condition, even to that indomitable spirit. He and his brothers had come overseas in the steerage; they were sleeping on planks, enduring every sort of hardship, strangers in a strange land. And yet that college was erected. Divinely inspired and divinely assisted, Father Sorin with his companions made his way to the shores of that lake, which already in the primeval severity of climate, was covered with frost and snow, which reminded that holy pilgrim of "the stainless purity of the Immaculate Mother." For, as one of the speakers at the Jubilee remarked, "No knight of old ever surpassed Father Sorin in chivalrous devotion to Our Blessed Lady." There he fixed the scene of his labors, there he founded Notre Dame. That first edifice arose, as a monument to the Queen of his heart's love, in the exquisite region where in the many years that were to elapse till his death, and thence onwards to the Diamond Jubilee, was to be added every charm that arduous labor, strenuous cultivation, and all the resources of horticultural and agricultural art could command. There, that heart of fire, that commanding intellect, were to sow and reap a mighty harvest of souls.

Who can calculate the difficulties that were to be overcome, including a plague of cholera, which carried off many members of the infant community, and gave all an opportunity for the practice of christian heroism. Of labors accomplished, only the toilsome years can speak while that college grew. Always a luminous spot, irradiating learning, true Catholic culture and piety, in all that rapidly growing western region, Father Sorin became forever one of the most commanding figures in American Catholic history. In 1879, when the Founder was absent visiting the colleges and convents that he had established in Canada, news was brought to him that Notre Dame had been burned to the ground. He received, it is said, that disastrous intelligence with unruffled calm, starting homewards at once to begin the work of reconstruction.

A monument near the entrance gate of the University erected to his memory bears also the names of the brothers who accompanied him in the beginning, Brothers Vincent, Joachim, Francis Xavier, Lawrence, Gatién, Anselm,—immortal all of them! By their industry, talent, saintliness and laborious service they made possible that foundation. It would be a pleasant task to recall the name and fame of

the father and brothers, who continuing, during all the strenuous years down to the present, in the footsteps of their saintly Founder, have built stone by stone that splendid edifice, and fashioned as skilful craftsmen the souls committed to their care after the eternal model.

They in their glorious course, the guides of youth,
Whose language breathed the eloquence of truth,
Whose life, beyond perceptive wisdom, taught
The great in conduct and the pure in thought.

From that institute hard by Our Lady's Lake has gone forth an unending procession of pupils and alumni, with faces set towards the heavenly Jerusalem, for citizenship in which all their training had tended. For the mission of their instructors had been, like the alchemists of old, to transmute the base metal of mere human knowledge into the pure gold of supernaturalized life.

It will not be amiss here to make mention of those valuable auxiliaries in the work of education, the Sisters of the Holy Cross whose convent stands at no great distance from the University. From humble beginnings it, too, developed into that stately and beautiful St. Mary's of the Immaculate Conception, a famous house of education, delightfully situated, and unsurpassed for the excellence and thoroughness of the education given. Though it would be impossible here to mention the many eminent women who by their culture and talent, their literary and educational gifts, have given the institute its present high status, at least a word may be said of its foundress, foremost amongst the pioneer women of the United States, the many-gifted Mother Angela. She came of a virile stock, the Gillespies of Donegal, who had early emigrated to America. She was connected by marriage or consanguinity with the Ewings, the Boyles, the Shermans and others, who had served the country in field or council hall. A brilliant graduate of the Visitation Convent at Georgetown, she entered the Order of the Holy Cross soon after leaving school, made her novitiate in France and after profession returned to guide the destinies of the new foundation. She had another and difficult task presently assigned her. The Civil War broke out and virulent diseases, typhoid, enteric and pulmonary complaints were carrying off the soldiers; for in those days the sanitation, hygiene and stringent hospital regulations were unknown. A cry of distress went forth, to be answered by the Sisters of Mercy and the Daughters of St. Vincent who

had charge of the home hospitals. Mother Angela early hastened to the scene of action taking with her several of her Sisters. Their labors there form a glorious page in the annals of Notre Dame. As a mark of recognition, one commanding officer bestowed upon the Sisters some captured cannon. It stood for long upon the lawn at St. Mary's and it was the darling wish of Mother Angela to convert it into a statue of Our Lady of Peace.

For patriotism was a virtue always practised in the highest degree at Notre Dame. Her priests were amongst the first to reach the firing lines in those old, unhappy days, to fill the office of chaplain. Who does not know the inspiring story of Father Corby, immortalized forever, giving general absolution to the Irish Brigade at Gettysburg. With him went—to mention two of the most famous—Father Cooney and Father Neal Gillespie, C. S. C. Lay professors and students rushed thither as they are doing today, for Notre Dame already has given its full quota of men, equipment and chaplains. Love of country, a patriotism sanctified by religion, is in the very air, and around that old flag of their nation's glory are grouped as one man the Catholics of the United States.

In that apotheosis of the great University, due meed of praise must be given to the Brothers of Holy Cross. Those saintly men, those indefatigable laborers, often those highly intellectual, those scholarly religious, from the days of Father Sorin have aided in the foundation, the development, the advancement of the Congregation of Holy Cross and of Notre Dame. That is a noble and a holy vocation for those who do not aspire to the priesthood, and who yet, under the vows of religion, have presented to them so wide and varied a field of usefulness. All the mechanical arts are practised by those auxiliaries. Every trade has its representatives amongst them. They are teachers, excelling very often in the science of pedagogy, and as secretaries, pressmen, type setters, printers, they assist in sending forth those publications, which have attained so remarkable a success. Or as agents they go through the country to make those periodicals known and obtain hosts of subscribers. As farmers and agricultural teachers, they are unrivalled.

To the pupils of the institute and friends who have visited Notre Dame, the name of many a brother will readily recur, as having worthily played his part in that grand whole. Even to

those who have but a hearsay acquaintance with Notre Dame, the name of many a member, past or present, of the faculty will spontaneously occur, the widely known and highly appreciated Father Morrissey, once President, now Provincial, the present Assistant General, Father McGarry, long the much-beloved and, at his departure, deeply regretted, President of Saint Laurent College, Montreal, Father Zahm ranking as one of the foremost scientists of the day, Father Carrier who, during his sojourn in Canada was regarded as first amongst geologists, Father Champeau, astronomer and author, the brilliant and versatile Father Arthur Barry O'Neill, whose writings in prose and poetry are everywhere read with delight, Father Carroll, whose charming pictures of Irish life have appealed to every Celtic heart, Fathers Granger, Fitté, Stoffell, Regan, O'Connell, French, Scheier, Burns, Moloney—in fact the list might be endlessly extended. And, to-day, they are under the direction of a President who has already made himself a power in the land. Few are the representative assemblies where his voice is not heard, speaking with power and authority. His gift of generous appreciation and of sympathy, his geniality and whole-hearted hospitality have carried the name and fame of Father John Cavanaugh and of Notre Dame to every part of the continent.

In the many benefits which the great University, throwing wide its doors to so many aspirants for academic honors, has conferred upon the West, and upon the country at large, too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the patronage and encouragement it has extended to literature. How many foremost personages in American Catholic letters have been members of the Faculty, have found an abiding place within its walls, or under its aegis? The Laetare Medal bestowed every year, as its name implies, on the mid-Sunday of Lent, has been a mighty encouragement to literary endeavor, though it has likewise recognized eminent service in many other directions. The list of medalists is a long and representative one, a very honor roll for the Church in America. This year its bestowal was postponed, to become one of the most pleasing features of the Jubilee celebration. It was then awarded in presence of a brilliant assemblage to the highest officer of the American Navy, Admiral Benson. Needless to say with what enthusiasm that presentation was received. But Notre Dame besides sends forth THE

SCHOLASTIC, one of the most widely read, ably edited and successful of college journals, and that famous periodical, which as a herald of good tidings, is issued every week from the University. The *Ave Maria*, devoted specially to the honor of the Mother of God, was founded by Mother Angela and her brother, Father Neal Gillespie, distinguished for his scholarly writing and able editorship, no less than for his gallant and meritorious service as chaplain during the Civil War.

He was succeeded in the editorial chair by Father Hudson, whose name is a household word wherever the English language is spoken. To him and to the periodical he so admirably conducts, the following tribute was paid amongst others by Archbishop Hanna at the Jubilee: "To make you understand Father Sorin's idea of the power of the press, I could make you proud if I told you the marvellous tale of the *Ave Maria* which, week by week, goes forth from Notre Dame, made virily noble by the touch of a great, a strong, a finely fibred soul, and bears its message of faith of learning, of piety, to many that thirst for the spirit of Christ." To how many has that blue and white magazine of the Blessed Virgin brought just such messages of blending edification, instruction and amusement into a delightful whole. Always dignified and elevated in tone, it deals with the questions of the day, with the devotion to the Mother of God, with historical or literary subjects, giving masterly glimpses in its "Notes and Remarks" of the whole field of the Church. It has stories for adults and stories for children, which reach a large and widely varying class of readers, its contributors, past and present, include every name of note in the Catholic world of America and in that of Great Britain.

Who runs may read, but it is not so well known how many of those literati have been inspired, directed, encouraged, by that "finely fibred soul" who, after many years, still happily guides its destinies. Is there an author who does not thank him for generous appreciation? And thanks are due him by the Catholic body at large, that he has maintained in Catholic journalism so high a standard, that he has stood unwaveringly for the right, and with keen and true intuition perceived always what was highest and best for the interests of the Church? In controversial matters, he has dealt so courteously and delicately, that neither friend nor foe could justly take offence. And all this

while pursuing the thorny path of the Catholic editor, bristling with difficulties and discouragements.

In this Jubilee year, it is the heartfelt wish of his hosts of friends and admirers, that for the good of religion and the advancement of Catholic literature his days may be prolonged, tending ever upwards along that shining path to the perfect day, and that the necessary health and strength may be vouchsafed him for his onerous task.

Father Hudson has had efficient help in a work that might well overtax a lesser man. For amongst his assistants have been Father Cavanaugh, now President of the University, Father O'Neill and the present assistant editor, Father Charles O'Donnell, who in literary gifts and power of work bids fair to rival his predecessors. And besides, as already noted, there has been the work of the brothers, patient, conscientious, skilful.

Thus it will be seen that Notre Dame has in various ways and in addition to its educational success and the arduous missionary work of the Fathers of Holy Cross, so fruitful in results, shed abroad through the West, with its pulsating life of measureless vitality, and through the country at large, a "divine odour to the most High Prince."

It has in a very real manner made beautiful the places of the wilderness and has borne its full share in the University work of the Catholic Church in America, redeeming American life, in so far as was possible, from the sterility of sectarian or atheistic education.

The pageant of early June has faded and the hosts of distinguished men who gathered there to honor Notre Dame and make that commemorative event a real Jubilee, have scattered to their widely separated homes, bearing with them impressions that will be imperishable;—impressions of beauty, order, symmetry, of which the splendid home of the Main Building seems a symbol; of deepest devotion to duty on the part of nobly gifted men, banded together for the service of God and humanity, spending themselves daily and hourly in the greatest of causes; of the most exalted ideals perpetually kept before the minds of myriad young men, who go forth from those gates to play a noble and a christian part in the life of the great Republic.

Wishes for the advancement and the prosperity of Notre Dame have been formulated

in many hearts and by many lips during this Jubilee year. May those wishes be transformed into deeds, wherever possible, so that new and splendid projects may be realized and that stately pile of buildings be ever increased by new and valuable additions, keeping pace with the ever-growing modern requirements, and a fuller and fuller equipment. May that University, so broad in the best sense of the word, so vitally alive to the many needs of the day, reach a still wider and higher degree of achievement, ever extending its share of useful knowledge. And so in the future, as in the past and present, shall "a crown be given thee," great University of Our Lady, "from generation to generation."

Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

A kind word often calms an angry mood.

Love is idealism; marriage the real thing.

Time is but a faint and passing echo of God's eternity.

If you are a man, be not deaf to your country's call for men.

War is for those who wage it a kind of short-cut to eternity.

After the war France will surely excel in her subway system.

Beware of going up like a rocket lest you come down like the stick.

A real friend is one who regards not the fluctuations of your fortunes.

Remember the boys "Over there": they don't give up till they are dead.

In his famous definition of war General Sherman spoke better than he knew.

The chorus girl is spurned by not a few who play a much lighter rôle in the drama of life.

War profits make millionaires and paupers, thus widening and deepening the gulf between the classes.

Discretion is also the better part of patriotism. He who madly waves a flag and shouts for war usually joins the Home Defence League. He who thinks and does holds the first line.

A soldier of our day must be able not only to tote a gun but also to use the spade and the pickaxe. All the implements of agriculture are being used in the struggle. Into what shall we turn our spades after the war?

Varsity Verse.

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING.

November's chill is in the air;

November's winds are moaning round;

And falling from the heavens fair,

White snowflakes shroud the frozen ground.

And in this cheerless month, a day

Was chosen to give thanks to God

By those grim men who blazed their way

To freedom from a tyrant's rod.

To these God-fearing men, how well

That day was suited! Sturdy folk

Whose courage nature could not quell

Nor shake their faith, as firm as oak.

Upon their labors heaven smiled;

The rich earth opened up her sward,

And when their faith had tamed the wild,

They chose this day to thank their Lord.

J. H. S.

HIS REASON WHY.

A freshman went to college

'Twas said that he was wise,

And that his stock of knowledge

Would be a big surprise

To all.

His high school principal had said,

(Advice he with the sheepskins gave)

"I hope you'll do us honor, Fred,

We know in study you won't save

Yourself."

At parting time the girls were shy,

But then, he knew they wished him luck.

For from his many a maiden's eye

Was dropped, to scan upon the truck

His trunk.

When two weeks later he came back,

He evidently was in pain.

He took the nearest station hack,

And when they forced him to explain,

He said:

CHORUS.

"I didn't know you had to take

Exams and all that other fake;

I didn't know that college profs

Gave freshmen work too hard for sophs;

I didn't know diplomas meant

Long theses to be in by Lent.

But now I know, and those who try,

May work themselves to death, but I

Will not.

L. V. D.

The Spiritists.

BY GEORGE DEWEY HALLER, '19.

Eddie B. had come up for a visit of a few days. This particular night, after some hours of desultory dancing, intermingled with selections on the graphonola, and snatches of conversation, the girls and older people had gone to their rooms for the night. I had early slipped away and occupied myself in pacing the long wharf near the cottage.

It was a gloriously beautiful night. Though well on to twelve, the moon was at its full and high overhead, and the sky banked with white clouds which reflected the moon's beams, making the night still more brilliant. Only a breath of wind stole across the waters. After a time, a whistle sounded shrilly through the woods and Eddie came stalking rapidly through the shadows. Together we walked the wharf for a time. Then out of the darkness that hung over the water, the patrol boat, "Vigilant," throbbed in and silently slid up to the wharf.

A uniformed man jumped off and made fast, then disappeared aboard. Feeling the night colder, we went back to the cottage and donned sweaters and heavy coats. Over the water we could still see the lights of the boat.

"How about a walk through the woods?" Eddie suggested. I agreed readily and we started out. After some time, the dark hulk of a house jutted out on our right.

"Mrs. Purdy's home," I remarked.

"Oh, is that the place?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, that is where her husband died and she lives there all alone. She has taken up spiritism and communes with her deceased husband regularly. She claims to have an army of spirits in the house and without their assent she will not so much as stir, not even to carry a loaf of her latest baking to a neighbor. She says she is not lonesome since she can have the company of the spirits. The strain of her activities with the spirits, however, is telling on the widow, for though her manner is normal, yet her pallor is deepening daily and a strange look is showing in her eyes."

"How do the spirits manifest themselves?" Eddie inquired.

"I don't know if they are visible; I doubt she claims that; she has said that the messages are delivered by a series of taps on her ear."

"Well, that's a rum go,—I've heard of table-

tapping, but raps on the ear!—believe me, if a ghost was to signal me, he'd never finish!"

"Let's go in," I suggested, "and sit on the lawn there by the house a while and see if anything develops. There's a nice place and no dew to-night."

"All right, I'm game," replied my chum. So we went in and sat down at the magic hour when spirits walk abroad, beside a house where an army of them was supposed to congregate. We talked on in very low tones, fearing that the old lady might have material artillery as well as a spiritual army.

We felt some degree of security, since we were in the open. But all the same there was a certain tension in our feelings and our ears were cocked for the spirit tap, little stock as we took in the genuineness of ghost stories.

We must have waited for a good hour, during which our experience was just what I had rather thought it would be. We were beginning to relax, to notice the cold air and the chill of the ground, when all at once, from somewhere, a great rolling, roaring voice "was round us like a bursting sea." It seemed to come from all sides, from the ground beneath us, from above. The trees rustled and groaned with the fury of it as it seethed and thundered by; the grass bent under its weight, the very stars seemed to shiver in the heavens. As for us, we were simply petrified.

"It's the army gathering!" Eddie gasped.

Both of us were fain to leave, but we could not stir a limb. Then the voice stopped. The silence was more fearful than the noise had been.

"Let's go," whispered Eddie.

Then we were possessed by an eerie feeling that we were not alone. We gazed around on all sides, but could see nothing. Yet in some strange manner, we could see plainly the grass blades bent and flattened by invisible feet. Whisperers hedged us all about; we knew we were being watched, surrounded and discussed by things we could not see.

"This is no place for a minister's son," shivered Eddie, his teeth like castenets.

* * * * *

Well, how we got home we never remembered. We leave it to the Society of Psychical Research to explain our experience. We never told the story, as we had a healthy fear of ridicule. Even now I'm having it written down by the only person to whom I could confide it,—but don't suspect him of being a participant.

Local Limericks.

An old fellow named "Pepper Hughie"
Was noted for being quite stewy;

After three months in jail
He came out with this wail,
"My pepper has all gone kerfluey."

R. D.

* * *

I know a young man in the choir,
Whose voice causes me to retire.

He will constantly bray
As if calling for hay,
'Twere a blessing if he should expire.

A. S.

* * *

Another young man of renown,
And one whom we'd all like to "crown"—

When you're "campused" up tight
He's the guy who'll invite
You to come and eat supper in town.

H. N.

* * *

There was a young student in Sorin,
Who had the bad habit of snorin';

He sawed ail the wood,
Or at least all he could,
And at last he went down through the floorin'.

R. D.

* * *

A Walshite showed up in a suit,
Whose color was much too acute.

It tinted his wake
As he sank in the lake—
Now his suit might be called quite "dilute."

J. P. D.

* * *

There is a young man in our hall
Stepping out to the sophomore ball.

Will he come back disgusted
And thoroughly busted?
Not at all, my dear friend, not at all.

D. C. R.

* * *

There was a young knight in our hall,
Who skived to the K. of C. ball;

But no more will he strive,
To pull off a knight-skive,
For, said he, "I've been canned, and that's all!"

T. F. F.

* * *

There once was a lad at N. D.
Who aspired to gain an A. B.

He boned and he crammed,
And cribbed and flimflammed,
And finally got the—T. B.

P. S.

The Last.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

It was very quiet in the hospital. The tramp of the stretcher-bearers as they came and went only made the silence more ominous, for Verdun was in the balance and France was the stake. The doctor muttered and paused in his hurried work as the last case was brought in. He watched it on the bed in the corner where the bearers had lain it. Presently he went closer and pulled away the wet canvas that covered the body. He placed his hand in his professional way on the heart of the patient and shook his head.

"Still beats, but!—"

The doctor then stepped back and looked with the air of one hardened to such sights, but yet in a meditative way. The man was legless; the left arm, almost severed at the elbow, hung limp towards the floor. The face, disfigured by a splutter of ragged gashes, was bleeding and was clotted with mud, showing that the soldier had fallen face downwards. A convulsive twist of the features was the only sign of life.

The physician bent over the body once more. "A strange case this, indeed—shell-shock and shrapnel. He has done all he will ever do for France, poor fellow," he said as he looked at the identification tag.

"Humph!" he muttered, turning to one of his attendants. "Call Miss Berger—ward number seven."

Soon a nurse approached the bedside. The doctor reached for the identification tag. As he did so the nurse threw herself upon the patient in a hysteria of sobs. When she arose her face was deathly pale. There was blood upon her lips where they had pressed the cold forehead beside her. Her voice was trembling and sad, but not without a note of pride as she spoke.

"He is the last. Only I—I am left. René, Michael, Denis and Paul are dead; and now Roland, the youngest of—"

There was a crash and a rumble of falling walls—and death.

The papers had it next day, "a military hospital bombed by enemy airplanes." But no one knows, and no one ever will know, why there are only four graves in a quiet corner of the cemetery behind St. Eloi.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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Thanksgiving Proclamation of the President.

"By the President of the United States of America: A Proclamation:

"It has long been the honored custom of our people to turn in the fruitful autumn of the year in praise and thanksgiving to Almighty God for His many blessings and mercies to us as a nation. That custom we can follow now, even in the midst of the tragedy of a world shaken by war and immeasurable disaster; in the midst of sorrow and great peril; because even amidst the darkness that has gathered about us, we can see the great blessings God has bestowed upon us—blessings that are better than mere peace of mind and prosperity of enterprise.

"We have been given the opportunity to serve mankind, as we once served ourselves in the great day of our Declaration of Independence, by taking up arms against a tyranny that threatens to master and debase everywhere, and joining with other free peoples in demanding for all the nations of the world what we then demanded and obtained for ourselves. In this day of the revelation of our duty not only to defend our own rights as a nation but to defend also the rights of free men throughout the world, there has been vouchsafed us in full and inspiring measure the resolution and spirit of united action. We have been brought to one mind and purpose. A new vigor of common counsel and common action has been revealed in us. We should especially thank God that in such circumstances, in the midst of the greatest enterprises the spirits of men have ever entered upon, we have, if we but observe a reasonable and

practicable economy, abundance with which to supply the needs of those associated with us as well as our own. A new light shines above us. The great duties of a new day awaken a new and greater national spirit in us. We shall never again be divided or wonder what stuff we are made of.

"And while we render thanks for these things, let us pray Almighty God that in all humbleness of spirit we may look always to Him for guidance; that we may be kept constant in the spirit and purpose of service; that by His grace our minds may be directed and our hands strengthened; and that in His good time liberty, and security, and peace, and the comradeship of a common justice, may be vouchsafed all the nations of the earth.

"Wherefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby designate Thursday, the twenty-ninth day of November next, as a day of Thanksgiving and prayer, and invite the people throughout the land to cease upon that day from their ordinary occupations and in their several homes and places of worship to render thanks to God, the great Ruler of nations.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

"Done in the District of Columbia this seventh day of November of our Lord one thousand nine hundred and seventeen and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and forty-second.

WOODROW WILSON,

"By the President: Robert Lansing, Secretary of State."

—To the ordinary student, Thanksgiving means nothing more than a big turkey dinner and a good football game in the afternoon.

Grant him these, and the **Forgetting the Why.** day is all that he could wish; deny him these indulgences, and the day is merely a hyphen between two periods of existence. This day should be much more than that. It should be more of a holy-day than a holiday. It is the day on which we, as the American people, offer our thanks to the great God of nations. Surely it is proper that we should. The nation, however numerous and powerful it be, is absolutely dependent upon the favor and providence of the Almighty, no less than the individual

person. A people bowed down in reverent homage is inspiring in these days when nations, as nations, give so little attention to their duties towards God. Let us enter into the religious spirit of next Thursday by making our act of thanksgiving, in accordance with the idea expressed in the proclamation of the President, the main feature of our observance.

—A new book by Doctor James J. Walsh is always a delight, but there is something particularly appetizing in the title "Catholic Churchmen in Science." Two volumes of this series have already appeared and the third is forthcoming from the press of the *American Ecclesiastical Review*, 1305 Arch Street, Philadelphia. The series is made up of "sketches of the lives of Catholic ecclesiastics who were among the great founders in Science." University men everywhere ought to be interested, but there are local reasons why anything offered by Doctor Walsh should be popular with Notre Dame men.

—A gentleman is readily recognized by his equable and courteous demeanor toward all with whom he comes in contact. An essential part of his disposition is due
The Open Mind. deference to the views and opinions of others. To maintain that condition of mind, it is necessary, not that the mind be without convictions, for we think that the Lord loves an honest hater, but that it be open. Such a mind understands that there are two sides to every question that is a question, and it makes an earnest effort to apprehend both and to judge them on their merits. It does not form snap-judgments, is not prejudiced. If in the wrong, it is not slow in changing when the error is perceived. It is not hide-bound, nor convention-cramped. In the failings of others it takes account of circumstances and condones accordingly. It reads causes, it is peculiarly slow to accept as truth what were better not true, as the evil which is heard of people. It is eager to believe what should be. Whatever its convictions, be they ever so strong, it is always ready to admit modifications and even diametric changes in them. It is never guilty of the narrow-minded and vulgar obstinacy which replies—"Well, that's my opinion; nothing can make me change it."

Local News.

—The Poetry Society will meet to-morrow evening.

—Found—A small gold penknife and a fountain pen. Apply to the rector of Sorin.

—Found—Between the Gym and Cartier Field, a purse containing money. See the Carroll rector.

—The prayers of the students are requested for Brother Alphonsus who has been rather seriously sick during the past week.

—Brother Anthony, C. S. C., instructor in chemistry and mathematics at the Catholic Central High School, Fort Wayne, visited the University this week.

—The Minims celebrated St. Gertrude's feastday last week with a half-holiday and plenty of good things to eat. The little fellows were quite voluble in their praise of Sister Gertrude, their kind superior.

—A dual debate has been arranged with Drake University of Des Moines, Iowa. The questions is: "Resolved, That the city-manager form of government should be adopted by all American cities having a population of less than 500,000."

—Through the efforts of the Notre Dame Club of Western Pennsylvania, with headquarters at Pittsburgh, a special train carried the N. D. rooters to the W. and J. game to-day. And it's a safe bet that the team knew they were in the vicinity.

—A dinner and entertainment will be provided for the students of the short course in the commerce department, a branch of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce, on November 24. Bernard R. Devine and Charles Baine are preparing a program for the evening.

—The Brownson football team was unable to defeat the South Bend High School team in the game scheduled for last Saturday. The reason lies not in the prowess of the much-heralded warriors from South Bend but in their elusiveness. They could not be located.

—The Latin-American Association, an active society of the University, has been organized for the coming year with the following officers in charge: Enrique Rosellot, president; Augustin Otero, vice-president; Andres Castillo, treasurer, and Alfonso Anaya, secretary.

—Prof. Johns, dean of the agricultural department, announces that the short course

in agriculture, which began on Thursday morning, will continue for eighteen weeks. The course is open to all students who care to familiarize themselves with the new methods in scientific farming.

—The name of Professor John Cooney, dean of the department of Journalism, has been added to the list of special lecturers at the New York University school of Journalism. Professor Cooney, it will be remembered, lectured at the summer school of that institution during the months of July and August.

—The Iowa boys held an enthusiastic meeting on Sunday and elected their rag-time pianist, "Hank" Godes of Preston, president of the Iowa State Club. "Dick" Leslie of Waverly was chosen vice-president, Paul Barry of Muscatine, secretary-treasurer, and Arthur Weinrich of Ottumwa was made sergeant-at-arms.

—A banquet in honor of the Varsity football team was given by the Cafeteria management on Tuesday evening. During the course of the supper, "Dud" Pearson, Joe Ess, Don Kennedy and Leo B. Ward, of the Banjo-Mandolin Club, entertained with music. Button-hole bouquets and smiling faces were very much in evidence about seven o'clock.

—The organization of the Notre Dame freshmen journalists, the "Kub Klub," is arranging for a luncheon to be held in the near future. An interesting program is also being prepared by Edward Doyle, John Wallace, and L. Johnson, the committee in charge. The members of the "Kub Klub" are devoting some time at each meeting to the making of a "morgue."

—Examination were interrupted sufficiently long Wednesday morning to enable the students to listen to a lecture on the war atrocities by the celebrated Brooklyn pastor, Dr. Newell Dwight Hillis. Dr. Hillis spent several months in the war zone, and his narration of German atrocities is sufficient to arouse the most cold-blooded. We regret that the time of his address was so limited.

—The prizes awarded the winners in the recent cross-country race were donated by South Bend merchants. Dr. Lucas supplied the first prize as is his annual custom; Sam'l Spiro & Co. donated a silk shirt; the Notre Dame restaurant contributed a meal ticket for third place; J. C. Harper offered a sweater for the runner finishing fourth; and Hull & Calnon put up a box of candy for fifth place.

—Last Sunday was a "big" day for the Carroll football fans. While the "Teenie Weenies" were trimming the heavier Woodlawn Tigers 39-6 on the Carroll campus, the first team was piling up seven touchdowns against the Butcher Boys of South Bend on Cartier Field. Superior team work and tackling marked the playing of both Carroll elevens. Future varsity stars are running wild in Carroll this year.

—On Wednesday night, Madame Brosius, a distinguished harpist of Washington, D. C., gave a most interesting recital in Washington Hall. The student body was there in large numbers and responded enthusiastically to the excellent handling of this most difficult instrument. Madame Brosius' selections were extremely well chosen and rendered in a way that bespeaks true art. We hope to be again favored with her presence at Notre Dame in the future.

—The Notre Dame Press Club, composed of newspaper correspondents, boasts of being the only student organization on the campus all the members of which have purchased Liberty Loan Bonds. The proceeds of their reportorial activities will be expended this year in this patriotic way instead of going to meet the expenses of the usual smokers and suppers. The members of "The Hard Pressed Club," as they are sometimes called, surely have the Notre Dame spirit. What are other clubs going to do?

—The senior lawyers suspended the pursuance of their studies on the evening of November 21 while they dined at the Farmers Trust Inn. Senator Charles Hagerty was the guest of the blossoming lawyers and delivered a most interesting address. Charles McCauley sang as only Charlie knows how, and Raymond Murray read one of his poems dedicated to the N. D. men in service. The success of the dinner is due to the work of Daniel McGlynn, toastmaster, and of the committee, Thomas Kelly, John Raab, and Albert O'Sullivan.

—A letter has been received from Otto A. Rothert (B. S., '92) of Louisville, Ky., telling of a smoker given last Saturday evening by the college graduates of that city to the college graduates of Camp Taylor, which is situated nearby. Mr. Rothert, who very generously incurred the entire expense of the Notre Dame contingent, was assisted in his work by the

Notre Dame alumni of Louisville. Mr. Frank Fehr, another public-spirited citizen of Louisville, although not a graduate, generously furnished soft drinks for the entire crowd.

—It is not generally known among our students that more birds remain here during the winter season than we generally find in other districts of the neighborhood. Brother Alphonsus, after almost a quarter of a century spent in the study and observation of birds, has reached this interesting conclusion. He states that it is lack of food rather than fear of the cold which makes the birds go south, and the kindness with which they are treated here makes Notre Dame a favorite stopping-off place for the feathered songsters during the winter.

—Notre Dame Council of the Knights of Columbus entertained fifty-five couples at a dancing party in the Rotary Room of the Oliver Hotel on November 16. Messick's Orchestra furnished excellent music, and the dancers enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The patrons and patronesses were Prof. and Mrs. J. F. Hines, Judge and Mrs. F. J. Vurpillat, Prof. and Mrs. W. E. Farrell, Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Dr. and Mrs. F. J. Powers. The success of the dance was largely the result of the work of Martin Lammers, Frank Goodall, Thomas Kelly, Charles McCauley, and James Logan.

—The first public debate of the year, held by the Brownson Literary Society on November 15, proved to be exceptionally interesting. The forensic orators of Brother Alphonsus discussed the question: "Resolved, That Robert La Follette should be expelled from the United States Senate." Messrs. Leo L. Ward, Francis J. Murphy, and Thomas Sheehan supported the affirmative side of the proposition, while Messrs. Paul R. Conaghan, John Kenney, and August Schinden presented the negative. The judges, F. J. Hurley, J. T. Riley, and J. A. Lemmer, were unanimous in their decision for the negative. Brother Alphonsus, has debaters of Varsity ability in his society, and it is hoped that public debates will be conducted frequently. Genial "Dave" Philbin, vice-president of the Brownson Literary Society, acted as chairman of the evening.

—The Department of Latin-American History takes special pleasure in adding to its list of patrons the name of Dr. Edwin R. Heath,

F. R. G. S., of Kansas City, Kansas. Dr. Heath spent many years in South America, and is the foremost American explorer of that continent. The River Heath was named for him by the Bolivian government after he had discovered it during his exploration of the Beni and Madre de Dios Rivers. During his explorations he crossed the Andes mountains twenty-two times, and the South American continent three times. Although quite advanced in age, Dr. Heath is still in active medical practice in Kansas City and promises a visit to Notre Dame. He has recently sent to the University five rare volumes—all early nineteenth century travelogues. The works have added value in the dated comments which Dr. Heath has written on the margins.

—Fifteen new members were admitted to the Eucharistic Society at its meeting last Tuesday evening, making a total membership of 220. The reports of those who canvassed the halls showed that over 3295 communions a month have been promised for the intention of our soldiers. Of the halls actively associated with the Eucharistic Union, Walsh leads with a total of 233, Brownson is second with 196, Corby has promised 134 and Sorin 82. Holy Cross Seminary, St. Edward and Carroll Hall have contributed the generous difference that makes up the grand total.

A novena of communions for the soldiers was also decided upon at the meeting and will be begun December 3rd under the auspices of the Eucharistic Union, and the communion Mass in each of the hall chapels will be said for that intention during the nine days. Students are strongly urged to receive daily at these Masses, in order to give men in arms, especially the Notre Dame men, the advantage of this great spiritual favor.

About six hundred magazines, which have been collected for the soldiers, will be shipped to different cantonments at once. Camps Shelby, Taylor, Custer, Sherman and Grant will naturally receive the first consignments, since they have the largest number of Notre Dame men. In order to furnish the SCHOLASTIC to the old students in arms, a system of "adopting" soldiers has been introduced. Any student who is willing to forward his copy of the SCHOLASTIC to a soldier can receive a name and address on application to the Students' Office.

Obituary.

We extend our sympathy together with our prayers to Father William Lennartz, C. S. C., assistant superior of Holy Cross Seminary, on the death of his father, Mr. Robert Lennartz of Fort Recovery, Ohio. Mr. Lennartz passed away after a prolonged illness at the age of seventy-two. He was a pioneer resident of western Ohio and of his parish—the last survivor of a large family that emigrated from Germany to America in the early thirties. His death was as holy and peaceful as his life was worthy and exemplary. The funeral services were conducted by his son on Thursday of last week.

Personals.

—Marion Sullivan (student '12-'14) is engaged in the practice of dentistry at Indiana Harbor, Indiana.

—Rev. James O'Toole, a student at the University in '09 and '10, is now an army chaplain at Camp Sherman, Chillicothe, Ohio.

—Clarence McCabe, a resident of Walsh Hall in '16 and '17, has enlisted with a signal corps unit, and is now located "somewhere in the west."

—Charles Bachman (LL. B., '17), besides teaching football to the athletes of DePauw, is also playing upon the Pine Village team, an aggregation of collegiate stars.

—Two ex-Notre Dame grid stars, Ellwood and Callahan, are playing with the Second District Naval Reserve which recently walloped the famous Brown team 35 to 0.

—Our aviation corps has been enriched with the services of another N. D. man. Sergeant Dick Kinsella recently completed the ground course at the Aviation School at Rantoul, Ill.

—A letter from Lieutenant Emmett G. Lenihan, graduate of Philosophy, and former Elocution professor at the University, states that he has been transferred to the 37th Infantry at Laredo, Texas.

—Notre Dame men are found in every branch of the service. This time it is Pat Gallagher, old student, who is found in the Quartermaster's Division of the U. S. Army. Pat is stationed at Great Lakes, Illinois.

—Chester D. Freeze, old student, is district manager of the Massachusetts Mutual Life

Insurance Company at Chattanooga, Tenn. After December 1st he will have charge of the Chicago office of his Company.

—Fred L. Steers (LL. B., '11), who for three years was the Mercury of the Varsity track team, is also in the U. S. District Attorney's office. He is doing co-operative work with the representative from Aurora.

—Father Farley is the recipient of a letter from George Wittereid, former Walshite, which states that he is with the Engineers in France. George claims that tobacco is mighty scarce over there, and requests that all confiscated smokes be sent to him immediately.

—In a letter to Father Dorémus, Harry M. Newning writes that he is now in France attending a school of instruction in the Field Artillery. He has met Fred Countiss and big Arnold McInerny of South Bend there. Harry's address is F. A., U. S. R.; Field Artillery School of Instruction, France.

—Chas. P. Neill (A. M., '93) of Washington, D. C., has the honor of serving on the Committee appointed by Secretary of War, Newton Baker, which is to have charge of Training Camp activities. He is also a member of a similar Commission appointed by Secretary Daniels to superintend Naval Training Camp activities.

—From Aurora, Illinois, comes the news that State Representative Robert A. Milroy (LL. B., '12) is doing special work for the United States District Attorney in Chicago. Bob's prestige as an orator and debater is still remembered at N. D. Some of the old boys still claim that Demosthenes was only the precursor of our illustrious Milroy.

—We have recently been informed of the exemplary spirit of allied patriotism shown by Tom Shaughnessy. After endeavoring to enlist in every branch of service known in the United States, and having been rejected on account of his eye-sight, Tom applied for service in the Canadian Army, was accepted, and is now awaiting his call. The "ole fightin'" spirit imbibed at Notre Dame, hey, Tom?

—Since the declaration of war was announced in America, the study of medicine has become popular among Notre Dame graduates. As a means of rendering service both to country and to fellow-men, study in this profession is especially commendable. Two of our recent "grads," John Delph (B. S., '15) and "Jerry" McCarthy (B. S., '15) are pursuing their avocation at Northwestern University, Chicago.

Athletic Notes.

ANOTHER COSTLY VICTORY.

Notre Dame won a hollow victory over M. A. C. on Cartier Field last Saturday afternoon. The score was 23 to 0, but Notre Dame looked scarcely that much better.

The Gold and Blue started off miserably. Forward passes were muddled badly, fumbles occurred frequently, penalties were invoked thick and fast by holding and offside playing. Then, to add to the bad showing, the team lost the services of Stanley and Allison for the rest of the season. The former broke a bone in his right leg and the latter strained a vertebra.

Just one forward pass was completed by Notre Dame during the game and that was a beauty. Allison and Hayes were the executors, and the latter was not downed until he had gained 30 yards. Smith, playing fullback for the first time, plunged through from the ten-yard line for the first touchdown. The fleetness of Bahan and Barry accounted for the two succeeding touchdowns. Each sprinted fifty yards before crossing the M. A. C. goal, Bahan getting away with his run in the third quarter and Barry in the fourth.

M. A. C. certainly fought well for a team that has experienced nothing but defeat in seven straight games this season. Defensively they played exceptionally well, and for a time had Notre Dame nonplussed, but offensively the Farmers were weak—their backs gaining but one first down in the contest.

It was the last home game for Rydzewski, Philbin, King, men who have given everything they possessed for Notre Dame during the last three years. Rydzewski was honored by his Polish admirers before the game. A twenty-four inch silver loving cup was presented to him by prominent South Bend men of his nationality. The pretentious trophy bore the inscription: "Frank, We Are Proud of You. From Your South Bend Polish Friends."

NOTRE DAME		M. A. C.	
Hayes.....	L F.....	Ramsey	
Andrew.....	L T.....	Capt. Coryell	
Zoia.....	L G.....	Miller	
Rydzewski.....	C.....	Archer	
Madigan.....	R G.....	Bailey	
Philbin.....	R T.....	Laffer	
King.....	R E.....	Bassett	
Allison.....	Q.....	Kellog	
Brandy.....	R H.....	McCool	
Bahan.....	L H.....	Snyder	
Smith.....	F.....	Hammus	

Substitutions for Notre Dame: Stanley for Madigan; Ronchetti for Stanley; Lockard for Allison; Barry for Bahan; Pearson for Brandy; Ryan for Smith; Spalding for King; Powers for Hayes; Stine for Philbin; McGuire for Andrews. Substitutions for M. A. C.—Thompson for Bassett; Lord for Bailey. Touchdowns for Notre Dame: Smith, Bahan, Barry. Goals from touchdowns: Rydzewski 3. Time of quarters 15 minutes. Score by quarters: Notre Dame, 7, 0, 7, 9—23. Officials: Referee, Holderness, Lehigh; Umpire, Gardner, Yale; Head linesman, Lipske, Chicago.

MICHIGAN FRESHMEN, 19; N. D. FRESHMEN, 3.

While Pennsylvania was piling up a decisive score against Yost's warriors, the Michigan yearlings battled Jake Kline's proteges on Ferry Field in Ann Arbor, the game ending 19 to 3 in favor of the Wolverines. Hogan was responsible for Notre Dame's part of the spoils, kicking a pretty drop from the thirty-yard line. The Freshmen were considerably handicapped by injuries to Capt. Doran and Dooley, but, eliminating the first quarter, they out-played the Michiganders in every department. Wrape and Miles performed in their usual clever way at end, while the line held Michigan's crack backfield to meagre gains. A few wide end runs and a lucky forward pass brought 19 points to the up-Staters, their scoring ability lying principally in the stellar efforts of a remarkable yearling backfield. Coach Kline was completely satisfied with the scrappy showing of his men.

WALSH 2; BENTON HARBOR 0.

In a game replete with thrills the Walsh Hall eleven gave one of the classiest football exhibitions ever witnessed in Benton Harbor last Sunday. Fighting against the heavy Benton Harbor semi-pro team, with a sprinkling of all-Western players in its backfield, Walsh showed 'em how it was done at Notre Dame. The first period of the game was a little slow, but the second chapter was a different story. Opening up with everything Coach Ryan taught them, the Walshers put Benton Harbor on a ticklish defensive during the entire second half, big Flaherty breaking up play after play with clocklike precision. Beautiful forwards, by Bielleaud and Kirk brought the ball forty yards at a lunge to within striking distance of the Benton Harbor goal, but Walsh was held for downs on the three inch line. A poor pass by the Harbor center, however, enabled the Walshites to nail their man back of the line and the victory was theirs—2 to 0.

Safety Valve.

Said a minim: "We may not be stars
In football, or smoke big cigars,
But when we get 'per'
To go down town, dear sir,
We don't act like boobs on the cars."

There once was a fellow in Sorin
Whose favorite book was the Koran.
He followed Mohammed
And should have been dammed,
But the Binet test proved him a moron.

A Corbyite son of Nevada
Said, "Ah me, life grows sadder and sadder."
It did, for that night,
Coming in by moonlight,
He broke his neck falling down the fire ladder.

Once there was a little boy whose mother was a wash woman (sometimes the little boy used to wash too) and his mother said to him "Johnny don't you dare play 'duck-on-rock' with that flat iron." She called him Johnny because his name was Walter. Nearly every mother calls her son Johnny. Johnny didn't want to play "duck-on-rock," he wanted jam and ham and eggs and cake and watermelon but his mother wouldn't give him anything but mush. Eating mush makes a boy drive nails in the piano and this is what Johnny was doing when his mother threw the cleaver at him. Johnny cleaved to his father. Johnny was an honest boy. He scratched the paint off the front door and told his father about it. He carved his initials in the sofa, closed his knife, went directly to his mother and said "I done it." "Johnny! John-n-y! Joh-h-n-n-n-y," his mother called, but Johnny was gone. The flat iron was in the bread pudding and the cat was strangling in the milk pitcher. And now, dear reader, see the dreadful effects of mush upon a young untainted mind which has ambitions for jam and sugar and which was cruelly warped so that it needed codliver oil to cure it.

As far as we could notice at the last vaudeville show, this war has had no effect upon trained seals except to make them more so.

MY DIARY.

Nov. 18—To-day I was desperate—I took a bath. I took a night "per" too and was took to task for it. I have decided not to eat parsnips to do my bit in conserving food—I hate the darn things.

Nov. 19—I went to examination to-day and flunked. I was afraid I might get proud if I passed and besides I didn't know nothing about the questions. I expect to pass in demerits as I have a good average.

Nov. 20—Got new shoes to-day. Walked to town to try my new shoes. Met a prefect who frowned at me. I guess he didn't like my new shoes. Said to myself whenever a girl passed me "She must be looking at

my swell new shoes." Went into Hulle's and stood with one foot on a box so that they'd notice my new shoes. They did—somebody spat on them.

Nov. 21—Went to bed early. Turned from my right side to my left. Turned from my left side to my right. Rolled over on my back. Wondered if the folks at home were going to send me money. Composed some nice sentences to put in my letter to the girl. Wondered if she was thinking of me. Started to enumerate my good qualities. Was sure that the girl must be crazy about me. Thought I was falling out of bed and nearly jerked my neck off in trying to catch myself. Got up to get a drink, stepped on a thumb tack and said!!! Started back to bed and stubbed my toe on the cuspidor. Got in bed and found the bed clothes had pulled out from the bottom of the bed. Was too cold to get up again, so I pulled my feet up as far as I could. Then my alarm clock went off.

INTERHALL TRAINING.

I had three smokes this morning,
Four drags this afternoon;
To-night I'll sit in my window
And blow rings at the moon.

I'll have a pipe when lights are out,
A cigarette in bed,
And when I go out on the field
Just watch me knock 'em dead.

LATER

The whistle blew, the game was on,
He tried to make a tackle,
But was out of gas when he reached his man
And croaked without a cackle.

ECHOES FROM EXAMINATIONS,

OR

Why Professors Never Grow Old.

"Solon was a great city."

"Solon went to visit another king and took his wife away from her and when this king found out this fowl play he mobilized a vast army and they went to the walls of Solon and had a war which lasted it is said ten years."

"The battle of Thermopylae was fought in the early part of the year (?) and lasted five years some of the fighting was on land and some on sea there was a great loss of ships and men on both sides."

"Pericles was a great King of Greece and waged war with the Spartans."

"Pericles was one of the great orators. He made great orations to the people."

"Kufu was the King of the Assyrians. He built houses and temples and a great Phynx."

"The King which I am to tell about was a great fighter and was not liked by his people so much, because he wanted too much for himself. I cannot at present recall his name but I will leave a space and put it in later. His name was He did much fighting."

"Acropolis was the capital of Arcopagus."

"The Pyramids were a hard-working people."