

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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NO. II.

A Christmas Ballad.

BY LEO L. WARD, '20.

I WENT that night to Bethlehem,
And over the silvered snow—
The winds call out, I answer them
As heavenward they blow.

Within a stable there I found
A manger made of light,
From which there overflowed around
A flood of holy white.

There in the silence slept a Child,
The King of Heaven, He;
And over Him a Virgin smiled,
The Queen of Heaven, she.

The Diamond Jubilee.*

BY JAMES J. WALSH, M.D., PH.D.

IN June of the present year the University of Notre Dame, situated near the little city of South Bend, Indiana, some eighty-five miles from Chicago, celebrated its Diamond Jubilee—the seventy-fifth anniversary of its foundation. In 1842 the Rev. Edward Sorin with six Brothers of the Society of Holy Cross, a French teaching Order, accepted from Bishop de la Hailandière of Vincennes, Indiana, the offer of a tract of land in Northern Indiana, which had been bequeathed to the Bishop by Rev. Stephen Badin, the first priest ever ordained in the United States. Father Badin had looked forward to a great increase of Catholicity in the United States, and had felt that this property might serve for a college, so the bishop deeded the tract of land containing many hundreds of acres to the Holy Cross Society on condition that within two years the Society should build thereon a novitiate and college, and should assume the spiritual care of the Catholics, both white and Indian, in the district.

Father Sorin and the six brothers located themselves in a log cabin, and began the work which has now blossomed into one of the most important Catholic universities in the world having some twenty important buildings on its campus and more than 1,500 men occupied with educational matters. Father Sorin himself was the soul of the institution and gathered round him, as the years went on, a group of men of different nationalities—French, German, Polish, Irish, and American—all equally zealous, though probably the Irish, because of their numbers, have come to take a larger share in the work than the others. Father Sorin had literally boundless faith in the future of Notre Dame under God's help; and while at times his efforts did not meet with all the success that he would have wished, he kept right on with the work, and success has crowned his labors, if not always in his way, surely in God's way.

Father Sorin was broad enough to realize the necessity for enlarging the curriculum of the French classical school, which very naturally Notre Dame was at the beginning. Indeed it is curiously interesting to note that practically all the teaching in the Catholic colleges of America during the first half of the nineteenth century, and even a little later, was a replica of this French classical school work, and most of our teachers had themselves been trained in French schools. This was almost as true in Notre Dame, in St. Charles, Maryland, in Emmitsburg, in Fordham, in Georgetown, in Holy Cross College, Worcester, as with any of the schools of Canada. Father Sorin was wise enough to add special scientific courses and thus depart from the old educational traditions.

The same spirit of progressiveness has marked the development of Notre Dame University in more recent years, as we had a right to expect from this fine example set by its founder.

* Reprinted by permission from the September number of *Studies*, a quarterly review published in Dublin.

Nearly forty years ago a Law School was established, some of the professors being from the town of South Bend, but others coming all the way from Chicago. A School of Pharmacy was opened, and then a School of Engineering, in which eventually six courses were offered. Architecture was the next subject taken up; and then, by the aid of a liberal-minded Jewish merchant of Chicago, who had been watching Notre Dame's development for years and who recognized the social value of Catholic teaching, a school of Journalism was established. The erection of a magnificent new library at a cost of a quarter of a million dollars suggested the introduction of a course in the management of libraries, a new science and a new profession which is attracting a great deal of attention in America. The war has aroused a special interest in the problem of food-production, and Notre Dame has responded by opening a school of Agriculture, for which its broad farmlands provide excellent facilities and opportunities.

At the Diamond Jubilee celebration came the announcement that Notre Dame is now to have two years of medical studies, in which the fundamental medical sciences of anatomy, physiology, chemistry, medical biology and pathology are to be taught in preparation for the two clinical years which follow and which are to be taken in some large city where abundant clinical facilities are at hand. A number of our Catholic Universities in this country have thus taken up the preliminary teaching of medicine; and even such important institutions as Cornell and the University of Wisconsin give only the first two years, leaving the student free to select another college in a crowded centre of population in which to do his clinical work.

While the burden of the work at Notre Dame has been done by the members of the Society of Holy Cross, they could not have accomplished all of the teaching. Accordingly, they proceeded to the formation of a lay faculty, and succeeded admirably. The lay members have indeed come to be looked up to by all who know them as sterling auxiliaries in this great Catholic educational achievement. Some of the men have spent long lives in connection with Notre Dame, giving of themselves to the fullest in the work. Father Talbot Smith, writing recently with regard to them in the *Catholic World*, said: "All these men received so little money as almost to have practised the vow of poverty, and displayed a devotion to the uni-

versity unsurpassed even by the religious themselves." They are striking exemplifications of the fact that it is not money and great buildings that make institutions of learning, but men thoroughly interested in their work and finding their highest satisfaction in its accomplishment.

The spirit of Notre Dame has been of the finest, and its hold on its students after their graduation is a noteworthy testimony to the way that hearts are won as well as intellects trained in the college and university work. Athletics at Notre Dame have always attracted attention; for its many hundreds of acres afford every facility for outdoor games; and as many of the boys come to the Junior Department at the age of ten, or even less, there are long years of training in the sports to bring out all that is best in them physically. The result has been that Notre Dame's athletic teams—baseball, football, and others—have won many victories from some of the most important universities and colleges in the country, and have come to hold a valued place in popular estimation. The fine manly spirit and the open air life have attracted many students, and so it is probable that Notre Dame is better known as a Catholic college throughout the whole country than any of the other Catholic colleges and universities that we have.

Father Sorin, the first president, was succeeded by Father Walsh, to whom probably more than anyone else is due the magnificent modern development of Notre Dame. Unfortunately his career was cut off untimely, and he left a void that indeed was not easily filled. He was succeeded by Father Andrew Morrissey, whose rectorship ceased only when he became Provincial of the Congregation. The present rector, Father John Cavanaugh, is a worthy successor of the distinguished educators who held this position in former days. Indeed those who know him feel that to him more than to any other single factor is due the fine development of Notre Dame in ever so many ways in recent years, and he seems just the man to be in charge of the institution whose Diamond Jubilee fore-shadows a career of still greater usefulness than ever. Certainly there seems no doubt that Notre Dame will have within its walls in the course of the next generation three times as many students as at present, nor indeed would it be a surprise if its centenary should find 5,000 young men seeking the benefit of its teaching.

The earnest of this is to be seen in the magnificent celebration of its Diamond Jubilee at mid-

June, when the Laetare Medal was conferred *in praesentia* on Admiral William S. Benson, ranking officer of the United States Navy. On Sunday Cardinal Gibbons officiated at a solemn Pontifical Mass, at which a number of Archbishops and Bishops were present—the preacher being the Most Rev. George W. Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago. On the following day a Pontifical Mass of Requiem for deceased students of the University was celebrated by the Most Rev. John Bozano, Apostolic Delegate to the United States—the preacher being the Most Rev. Edward R. Hanna, Archbishop of San Francisco.

On Sunday afternoon the new University Library was dedicated by the Rt. Rev. Thomas J. Shahan, rector of the Catholic University of America, the orator of the occasion being Hon. W. Bourke Cockran, the distinguished American statesman and former recipient of the Laetare Medal. Besides the celebration of the opening of the magnificent library building, which cost some \$250,000, the Commencement Exercises were the occasion for the laying of the cornerstone of a new and more commodious Chemistry Hall, the orators of the occasion being the Hon. James Putnam Goodrich, Governor of Indiana—the State in which Notre Dame is situated, and the Hon. Edward J. McDermott, former Lieutenant Governor of Kentucky—the State which lies immediately south of Indiana.

The central feature of the Diamond Jubilee celebration was a long letter of greeting from His Holiness Pope Benedict XV. to Father Cavanaugh, the President of the University, in which His Holiness, among other things, said:

Your own personal merits, and those of your congregation and university, have achieved the universal recognition of bishops, clergy and laity. It is through their co-operation that the resources of this noble home of learning have been increased, that the number of its students, drawn from all parts of the world, has steadily grown, and its educational influence become ever greater and more far-reaching. In view of all this We congratulate them and exhort them to persevere in their generous encouragement and support of this godly work.

Christmas 1917.

"Gloria in excelsis!"

The happy children chant aloud

In Norman home and Schwarzwald cot.

They know the snows their fathers shroud;

He fights no more but sings he not

"Gloria in excelsis?"

A. S.

"This Day is Born to You a Saviour."

BY LEIGH C. HUBBELL, '18.

Stretching eastward from Bethlehem in Judea is a pleasant valley. Here, on the green and lovely slopes, once stood Migdal Eder, an old crumbling tower, overgrown with wild vines, the decaying relic of happier days. By this tower the patriarch Jacob pitched his tents, and mourned there for dear Rachel. In that valley the fair Ruth went about her gleanings, and the boy David guarded his father's flocks. But now, with the dissolution of the tower, evil days had come to Judea; the might of Rome held her hills and valleys in Caesar's grasp; a shadow-king ruled by Caesar's grace.

One night the shepherds of Migdal Eder sat watching and talking, the old tower looming over them, a black mass in the starlight, leaning over, one might have fancied, the better to hear the muttering shepherds,—massive Rome listening for Judea's whispered discontent.

Michas, the oldest of the circle, was speaking. He had been in Bethlehem for Caesar's census that morning, and there was much to tell.

"And so, I say, woe to Judea, and woe to Israel! For now what are we but bondmen, sworn subjects of Caesar's? If Augustus barks, we must bend the knee. Ah, woe to God's chosen ones!" He paused.

"And yet, God is not mocked. He holds us in His hand; He hath sworn truth to David, and He will not make it void."

A stone went clattering down the slope, and Reuben, the youth of the group, stood before the old man. The fiery pride of his race leaped in his impulsive soul.

"Hear me, men of Migdal Eder! I am weary of naught but speech-making! Why sit we stricken amongst our sheep, whilst in town the Pharisees show us how to give the slip to Rome? Why do we not join these, our leaders? Then perhaps they shall show us how to revolt, how to give battle with other than scripture sayings—"

"My son, for shame!" cried old Michas. "Do I hear you condemn the word of God! For shame!"

The youth hung his head, but only for a moment.

"I do not condemn Holy Writ," he said, "but I, for one, shall place my trust in deeds, and that this very night."

So saying, Ruben, threw down his crook and walked off toward the west,—toward Bethlehem.

"Alas for youth which will not put its trust in God!"

The old man drew his cloak over his head, and sat down, bent and sorrowing. The other shepherds held their peace, for they saw that he was praying

An hour passed. The shepherds moved about at their usual tasks, then returned to the shadow of the tower. Only Michas had not moved.

Quietly, unseen, a mantled figure came out of the darkness and dropped at the old man's knee.

"Father, forgive my impious words! Forgive and bless me!"

Michas took the boy into his arms and kissed him. As he did so a great terror filled his eyes. He turned Ruben's face to the east; both of them, and the others likewise, fell prostrate, for all the sky before them shone with a brightness too dazzling for mortal eyes.

Immediately a celestial voice reassured the trembling shepherds.

"Fear not; for behold, I bring you tidings of great joy. This day is born to you a Saviour, Christ the Lord, in the city of David. And this shall be a sign unto you. You shall find an Infant, wrapped in swaddling clothes, and lying in a manger."

As the shepherds listened, bent low on that damp hillside of old Judea, their souls aglow with unspeakable joy, music from a heavenly choir smote their ears. It was a chant, the first Gloria ever heard by a human ear: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

The joyous chant grew softer, and with it receded the heavenly light into the far depths of the skies. The shepherds found themselves alone again, with only the chill stars and dark tower for company.

Michas was the first to rise.

"Let us go into Bethlehem," he said. "Let us go unto our Saviour."

A Redeemer.

HUSH! for in the womb of time there lies

A baby King, whose natal day

Shall soon draw near, whose infant cries

A war-sick world shall soon obey. M. A. C.

And Dan Cupid Smiled.

BY FRANCIS R. LOCKARD, '19

"How do you do, sir?" frigidly greeted Jack Barry.

"Tolerable; and how are you?" returned Harry Norton icily.

The scene of this exchange of formalities was the home of one Mary Wilkins, where these gentlemen, bent upon the same purpose had met. That the two young men were at odds was the result of the very evident desire of each to take the aforesaid Mary unto himself exclusively. Up to date there had not been the slightest indication by the much-courted Mary as to her preference between them. One day she was with Jack, the next she gave herself to Harry; she accepted their attentions, their flowers and candy with impartial grace. The two were running nose and nose. It was obviously anybody's race. Had either of the contestants been a deep-dyed villain, he would have promptly put the other out of the way and have appropriated the prize. But this summary solution was not practicable, since the rivals, though wealthy, were honest withal.

The situation was simply a deadlock. Clearly the only way out of it was for the two of them to wait until one or the other died. In this settlement of the case, however, besides the difficulty of the indefinite delay, was the danger that in the meantime the object of their affections might die of old age. Norton could picture Barry gallantly releasing the girl to himself; Barry could see the same solution with Norton as the hero, but neither could visualize himself in this rôle. And so the two of them paid florist's and confectioner's bills as perseveringly as the lady smiled upon them.

Months passed and both held doggedly to their courses. Barry reviewing the situation and seeking a way out of it, finally concluded that it was utterly hopeless unless one or the other would give up his claims. He decided to risk everything to a game of chance. He informed Norton of his plan in a very formal note and invited him to call for the purpose of arranging the details.

Norton called that evening at the time set and expressed his willingness to do anything in reason to end the "pickle," as he termed it.

"We're both good sports, Norton, and there is only one way to settle this difference. One

of us must go and leave the field clear to the other. It is to decide the question as to who is to be who that we are gathered together this evening. Now how about poker?"

"I don't play cards," objected Norton; "but what do you say about golf?"

"Don't know a caddy from a bunker. Still we might try checkers, chess; billiards, or something in that line," proposed Barry hopefully.

"Never cared for them and never learned. But what's the matter with tennis, rowing, or maybe croquet," returned Norton.

"It seems that we just can't get together. I don't play your games and you don't play mine. We have one way left though. We can flip a coin. Heads you leave town and tails I do. To think that the selection of her husband is to be trusted to the twirl of a coin!"—and Jack Barry almost smiled at the thought.

"You agree then, Norton? Very well; ring for Jones and let's have it over with. We'll grant him the honor of tossing the coin."

"Have you a gold piece Barry? Nothing less would be worthy of the prize at stake—do you think so?" Here the telephone clattered.

"Just a minute," Barry excused himself.

"Hello—yes."

"What?"

"You don't say—well I'll be durned."

"Yes. I'll tell him. Good-bye."

Slowly almost painfully Barry replaced the receiver. When he turned, his countenance was a study in despair. Then his sense of humor came to the rescue, and he grinned at his old rival.

"Norton," he chuckled, "we're it. She has already eloped with the chauffeur.—Let's go out and have a drink."

A Prayer.

SWEET Babe of Bethlehem,

Teach me the way

To love Thee as I ought

On Christmas Day.

Give me the grace to be, like Thee,

A lover of kind charity.

Oh Lord, mine be the right

Truly to say,

"I loved my fellow-men"

On Christmas Day.

Give me the light that I may be

A lover of kind charity.

D. C. R.

Description in "Last Days of Pompeii."

BY LEO L. WARD '20.

In "The Last Days of Pompeii" we find description of both persons and things in abundance. No fewer than ten characters figure prominently, five of whom are of major importance throughout the book. The life of Pompeian people is pictured by way of narration and of conversation; there is, here and there, an elaborate description of parts of the city, the houses, the streets, the baths, the temples, and, even in the opening pages, Vesuvius is briefly touched upon.

If we would consider the leading characters in the order of their relative importance, we must begin with Ione. In the reader's introduction to this Grecian maiden, he is immediately given a general idea of her beauty. In this, the author uses but one phrase of pure description when he refers to her as "that bright, that nymph-like beauty." Yet, by employing dialogue, Ione's beauty is impressed on the reader's mind more than several paragraphs of description could possibly have done. The scene is a dining-room in a luxuriantly furnished home where several of the main characters are banqueting. At the first mention of Ione's name, epithets descriptive of her beauty flow from every side. From one we learn that she is a "most rare beauty"; from another, that she is the "chief charm of the city;" from others, that she is "a second Helen" and that "her beauty is most dazzling." Thus we see that the author, at the very outset, insists on this quality of the maiden Ione. But beauty of form and face is not all that is claimed for her; nor are men, excited by wine, the only ones to recognize her charms. There is in her a beauty of mind and of spirit, expressing itself in her love for poetry and art and in the influence for good which she exercises over her admirers. She is young and gifted, a beauty and a genius, yet, withal, she remains "bright, pure and unsullied in the midst of the gayest and most profligate gallants of Pompeii."

The female character next in importance after Ione is the blind girl Nydia. We first meet her in the crowded streets of the gay city, and immediately our sympathy tends toward her. A poor blind orphan, "still half-child," she melts every heart with her sweet voice, and her innocence, and her natural and

ready blushes. We are told that she was young, but older-appearing than her years would warrant (doubtless from her affliction); that she was not beautiful in face or form, but decidedly so in the gentleness of expression and the patient aspect. Possibly a more detailed description is given of her than of any other character in the book; she bore "a look of resigned sorrow, of tranquil endurance,—something timid and cautious in her step, something wandering in her eyes,—she was blind, but in the orbs themselves there was no visible defect; their melancholy and subdued light was clear, cloudless and serene." And not only this vivid portrayal in words reveals the gentle Nydia, but her conversations and her occupation, and her frequent embarrassment when praised, betray her particular beauty and truly feminine characteristics.

It is difficult to determine just what male character deserves first mention. Cladius and Diomed, with whom the book begins, are certainly minor characters. The former who, according to himself, is "a noble spendthrift," is described, in the very first paragraph, as young and small, and by his dress as effeminate and a hanger-on. His companion, Diomed, is described by the author as "an ostentious, bustling, ill-bred fellow," and scorned as "the son of a freedman." Later in the narrative, Cladius is referred to as a dissolute and arrogant parasite and "the best-known idler in Pompeii." These two men do not assume any particular importance in succeeding chapters, but always measure up to the reputations first accorded them. Their purpose seems to be the introduction of the Grecian Glaucus. He is slender, and beautifully formed, of the type "from which the sculptors of Athens drew their models; his Grecian origin betrayed itself in his light but clustering locks and the perfect harmony of his features." We are told that he had "beauty, health, fortune, genius, illustrious descent, a heart of fire, a mind of poetry"; but, being born at Athens, was, therefore, a Roman subject. We read that he is imaginative, youthful, and talented, but lacking in inspiration and ambition; that his house was the rendezvous of the city's profligate sons and, at the same time, of her art-lovers. He is at first utterly devoid of any ambitions other than seeking his own satisfaction; he lives in solitude for a time only that he may enjoy dissipation later, and then follows up with a period of

riotous living that he may again seek enjoyment in seclusion by way of contrast.

The remaining male personages of particular importance in this novel, may well be grouped, because of their mystic inclinations. The most prominent of these is Arbaces, the Egyptian, a strange, gloomy character, foreboding evil. He is tall, thin and nervous, but muscular; his skin is dark and bronzed, revealing his former dwelling-place; his nose is sharp and raised slightly; his cheek-bones prominent and forbidding; his eyes, "large and black as the deepest night, shone with no varying and uncertain lustre." His smile was cold and had something of blight in it; Glaucus describes him as "that dark Egyptian, with his gloomy brow and icy smiles," who "seems to sadden the very sun." Ione, however, insists that "he is kind, and wise, and gentle," and that "his calm, his adness, are perhaps but the exhaustion of past sufferings." Intimately connected with the Egyptian is Apaecides, the brother of Ione and a priest of Isis. Although he is not clearly revealed in his actions and conversation, he is, like Nydia, brought into bold relief by a minute description. He is young, but has lost the fire of youth; his eyes and cheeks do not glow, his frame is stooped, and the veins in his unnaturally small hands are blue and swollen, due to inactivity. He resembles his sister somewhat; but, in her, there is something majestic, calm, compelling, while in him, the whole bearing is wild, feverish, and powerless. Closely connected with him are two characters of less importance, Calenus, a priest of Isis, and Olithus, a Christian. The former is well pictured; "his skull was low and narrow, the eyes, dark and small, rolled in a muddy and yellow orbit, the nose, short yet coarse, and the thick but pallid lips, the high cheek-bones, the lurid and motley hues that struggled through the parchment skin, completed a countenance which none could behold without repugnance and few without terror and distrust." Again we find such phrases as "the animal frame," "the wiry muscles," "the nervous hands and lean, gaunt arms." Olinthus, the Christian, is described at less length. He is set forth as a man of a steadier and more solemn mien than the ordinary Pompeian; as being sturdy, fervent and enthusiastic. He is taken simply as typical of the early follower of Christ, possessed by a zeal which nothing frustrates or discourages.

In his portrayal of character, the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii" does not neglect descriptions of the city and its parts. Indeed his descriptions of the houses is most painstaking. The author avows his intention of making "this description as clear and unpedantic as possible." And certainly he succeeds to a remarkable degree, the reader being led through every apartment. Nor is the exposition of the popular bath treated slightly. The tendency to monotony in continued description is avoided here by employing conversation. The author sees fit to title the chapter, devoted largely to this description, "A miniature likeness of the Roman baths." In the lengthy treatment on the temple, the common polytheistic views are revealed, the interior and exterior of the temple are described, and somewhat also of the religious rites practised. Then, finally, there is mention made of Vesuvius. Ione speaks of the mountain as "dark and tranquil in the distance," but which "once nursed the fires, forever quenched." Then as she gazed upon its heights, suddenly there appeared over its summit a cloud, "black and ominous," while "the rest of the sky was bathed in rosy and tender hues." In the descriptions, narration, and conversation there is frequently a disclosure of the life of Pompeii's people. Streets are filled with men and women teeming with life; furniture and clothes are effeminate and costly; in their chariots, their houses, their joys and ideals, everywhere and in everything there is evidence of gayety, ease, luxury. Yet interwoven with all their effeminate and dissipated life there is a love for poetry and art, which is in itself passionate.

In the literary life of Bulwer-Lytton, the author of "The Last Days of Pompeii," if there is one characteristic preponderating all others, it is that of versatility. He imitated, at various times, authors differing so widely as Byron, Thackeray, Dickens, and Scott. The work under consideration is in imitation of the historical fiction of the last-named writer. And with truth might it be said that in "The Last Days of Pompeii" may be found traces of each of Bulwer-Lytton's literary masters. Very plain in many passages is the effect of his poetry; he plays with words of poetic harmony; and often, in description, his power as an essayist is utilized. The result is a work highly literary, and, at the same time, entertaining as fiction, and valuable historically.

Senior Thoughts.

Memory is the mirror of the past.

Be a builder, not a mere "knocker."

Virtue may work us overtime, but pays us time-and-a-half.

Has anybody the text of the Kaiser's Thanksgiving proclamation?

Victory must come sooner or later to the virtuous and valiant.

To many a man the greatest benefactor is his wide-awake rival.

Winter has its jos, among which its termination is not the least.

Some men go in for a solid education, and some for the filigree sort.

Keep yourself off dead center, and it will not be so hard to get started.

The Kaiser is the world's champion in the art of fiction, with no second.

A knowledge of values is ever so much better than a mere knowledge of prices.

The pen is mightier than the sword—if the other fellow hasn't the sword.

Waving a flag may be good exercise, but it is no sure sign of patriotism.

Things are going the Kaiser's way with a vengeance since Byng began his drive.

Some politicians are not gifted with fluency of speech, but their money talks for them.

If "Nick" Rominoff were in New York now he could sign up for a whole season of shoveling snow.

The path of life has many turns, and the successful men are the ones that can see around them.

The campus luminary is the chap who can quote all the sport statistics for the last ten years.

During the football season Notre Dame demonstrated that "beef" is not the only source of strength.

It is comforting to reflect that sooner or later we may be "Somewhere in France" and not somewhere in Siberia.

No, Wilhelm, at the final reckoning you will never get by the ethical principle, "Causa causae est, causa causati."

Beach-combers are not confined to the seashore. Every campus knows the type—the man who lives on what he can pick up.

Some Christmas Verse.

In Olden Yuletide.

THE north wind soughs beneath the eaves,
It blusters loud, then low;
On window-panes it shapes and weaves
Fantastic forms with snow.

Within, the yuletide log glows bright,
Good ale is flowing free,
And folks make merry this Christmas night
In gladsome revelry.

With tales and song and sprightly jest,
The long night soon doth pass,
Then the splendid dawn with rosy crest
Lights up the way to Mass.

W. C. H.

The Real Santa.

I used to wonder long ago
Who it was that went around,
And scattered gladness high and low,
Where little folks were found.

Down from the very richest child,
To the poorest little thing,
He looked on them, and then He smiled,
While the choirs began to sing.

Oh thanks to Him who from days of old
Has made those young hearts gay,
And kindled the firesides bare and cold
On many a Christmas Day.

T. C. D.

To The Boy.

Ah, boy! It is Christmas Day.
Though we miss your laugh and cheer,
Somehow all is not complete,
No one fills your empty seat,
From our hearts, not quite so gay,
Merry Christmas and New Year!

Ah boy! How we wish you home!
For we know your heart is here.
May you not be gone for long.
Right must triumph over wrong.
Till that day when back you'll come,
Merry Christmas and New Year!

V. F. F.

Ye Goode Olde Christmas Spirit.

LET the wind howl on Christmas Day
While snowflakes dance and the wild winds
play;
Just poke up the fire and roll on a log
And fill up the cups with stout apple grog.

A. S.

The Message.

A crystal night,
The stars full bright,
Over Bethlehem light
Of glory lies.
Heavens tremble,
Choirs assemble;
Cribs resemble
Paradise

Wherein the Saviour lies in all His state,
Fleet-winged heralds, radiant and elate
Bid the shepherds come and feast their eyes
On the pride and wealth of Paradise.

A Mother's kiss—

A world of bliss—

Sweet Mary lays upon the roseleaf cheek
Of Him who brought
What men long sought,
Joy to the poor, and peace to the meek.

J. G.

His Christmas Tree.

He had, I think, the tree of trees,
Those years when all was bright,
Eight children's eyes were candles,
And she the topmost light.

Aloft she was his guiding star,
His joy seemed limitless,
Until a tender, heavenly breath,
Blew out his happiness.

Of topmost candle then bereft,
The pride of his great tree,
To comfort him the eight were left,
So thankful still is he.

His only hope is that the ten
May have their full reward,
To be together once again,
A tree of our dear Lord.

J. W. C.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—To all the readers of *THE SCHOLASTIC*, students, alumni, and friends, to those in our printing office, and to all who have helped us in any way, the Editors extend the greetings of the Christmas and New Year season.

—To win this war is the aim of all America. Anyone who does not subscribe to that aim is disloyal. If his disloyalty reaches the proportions of treachery to

A Chance To Do Our Bit.

the Government or treason, actually or constructively, he ought to be interned or shot, with no respect of persons. What is true of our general war aims applies as well to those various subsidiary issues into which the more general matters necessarily ramify; such for example, as the Government Loans, Food Conservation, Red Cross work, etc. The latest of these measures designed to strengthen the arms of the Government and help win the war is the War-Saving Certificates, with its corollary of the Thrift Stamp. This is an arrangement whereby the very lightest investors may help by lending their small savings to the Government. Its appeal is especially to the children, from whose pennies, invested in thrift stamps, the Government expects to realize the immense sum, for immediate use, of two billion dollars. Attention is called to this matter in a general way now, and it is likely that before long, the campaign will be laid in detail before the students of this University. A strong local committee has been formed by the Government for the city of South Bend, and an important post on it has been assigned to the Rev. P. J. Carroll, C. S. C., pastor of St. Joseph's Church, and for many

years a professor at Notre Dame. Father Carroll's numberless friends among old students of a few years ago will rejoice to know that though disappointed of his hopes to serve as a chaplain he is throwing himself with zeal and intelligence into this work, as from the very beginning of the war he has shown himself by word and deed a genuine American.

—Notre Dame offers its debaters again this year a question of exceptional timeliness and interest, the city-manager plan of government.

The operation of the
The Question for Debate. American municipality, with mismanagement and corruption so prevalent, has long been lamented as the most conspicuous failure in the United States. However, American cities have progressed more in clean and efficient administration during the last decade than during the preceding half-century. The concentration of the attention of specialists in government has resulted in the improvement of business methods in the municipality and in the simplification of its governing machinery. With the introduction of the commission plan, reform in the administration of municipal affairs gained prominence, and some three hundred cities throughout the nation have abandoned the mayor-council system. The next step in the development of methods of city management was the evolution of the city-manager scheme. This plan centralizes all the powers of the city in a small elective council or commission which hires a city manager, a professional administrator to conduct the government. Approximately fifty American municipalities are now being operated under this plan, Dayton, Ohio, being the pre-eminent example of its success. The city manager is a member of a new profession, a profession that presents a novel opportunity to the college man; he must be a specialist, a keen student of government and a student of engineering as well, since the management of a city demands an intimacy with its various departments. But the city-manager plan is still in its infancy, and the result of the little experience that American municipalities have had with it leaves the desirability of the system highly debatable. A study of the forms of municipal government should attract every college man. His success in the commercial or in the professional world demands a familiarity with the

government of his community and an eagerness to aid in its amelioration. Now is the time, in trying out for the varsity debating team, to secure that familiarity and to acquire that enthusiasm, and incidentally to develop forensic ability.

Notre Dame Army Chaplains.

The laudable patriotic spirit which characterized Notre Dame during the Civil War has been reproduced in the student-body and the clergy in response to the country's call for men. Five hundred students of the University are already serving under the national colors, and now six of her most noted professors have been selected to act as chaplains in the present conflict, from the twenty-five priests who had volunteered their services to the Government. The list of those chosen is headed by Rev. Matthew J. Walsh, C. S. C., professor of history, and for the past six years vice-president of the University; the others are Rev. John J. McGinn, C. S. C., professor of philosophy and sociology; Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., poet, professor of English, and associate-editor of *The Ave Maria*; Rev. Edward Finnegan, C. S. C., professor of history; Rev. Ernest Davis, C. S. C., professor of chemistry; and Rev. George Finnigan, C. S. C., of the Holy Cross Mission band.

The names of these men have been sent to Washington, and the call is momentarily expected. While, no doubt, another group of names adequate for army service might have been selected, a more representative list could hardly be drawn, for the loss is distributed over the executive, professorial, journalistic, and missionary departments of the University activities.

The loss of these men will be most keenly felt because of their prominence in the vitality of Notre Dame and the high regard in which they are held by both the clergy and the students, and their absence from the campus will be lamented by an immense number of friends.

Notre Dame is proud of the fact that the present generation of faculty and students has not lost any of the military spirit that has brought fame and honor to the University, and has symbolized Catholic patriotism. Though this is the first increment of the religious to go, further response to national need will be most enthusiastically made by those of the clergy who have already volunteered their services.

Book Reviews.

THE QUEST OF EL DORADO. By the Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C., Ph. D. (H. J. Mozans). D. Appleton & Co.

The fascinating story of the Conquistadores in South America contains no more thrilling episodes than the search for the Fountain of Perpetual Youth and the quest of the wealth and civilization of the Gilded Man. They are "such stuff as dreams are made of"; and while there is mirage and myth in plenty enveloping all the exploits of the Conquerors, there is something peculiarly romantic in the fateful and persistent beguilement of these two visions.

Love of gold and love of youth allure as much as poverty and old age repel even the common mind, and the hardy adventurers of South America were in no sense common. How one after another sought this pot of gold at the end of the rainbow of El Dorado is the subject of this charming volume; how they discovered that it always lay just beyond the horizon makes up the tragedy of the theme. And yet though it were a dream, it was a dream so beautiful that the men of that time were dignified by the dreaming, and the sordid life of the pioneer in a strange land was illumined and glorified by the touch of it. All empire-builders have been dreamers of dreams because in the long run a dream is the most practical and fruitful of labors.

Dr. Zahm's treatment of this dazzling theme is, as a matter of course, charming. There is not the same opportunity for the display of his remarkable versatility, his power of literary and historical allusion and his linguistic quotation, but the touch of the master is unmistakably upon it, and it has the hallmark of excellence that distinguishes all the work of Father Zahm. His admirers—their name is legion!—and especially his "old boys" at Notre Dame and elsewhere, will hail this opportunity of procuring another Zahm book for themselves and as a holiday gift for their friends.

May we not express the hope that an author so skilful and a scholar so well prepared may give us a companion volume dealing with the search for the Fount of Perpetual Youth?

CATHOLIC CHURCHMEN IN SCIENCE. Third Series. By James J. Walsh, M. D., Sc. D. The Dolphin Press. Philadelphia, Pa. \$1.

Dr. James J. Walsh has found time, in spite of his many activities, to get out another volume of his "Catholic Churchmen." The purpose of the book is to give a brief account of the activities of noted ecclesiastics in science. A sarcastic remark of Huxley, that "the popes or cardinals never distinguished themselves either in physiology or in physics" furnishes the provocation for the first lecture. The author takes vigorous exception to the statement and proceeds to prove most conclusively that the cardinals and popes were the greatest friends of these sciences, when the sciences were most in need of friends. Two lectures, one on Roger Bacon, the brilliant but eccentric monk-scientist, the other on Father

Obermaier's study of the cave man, are of exceptional interest. The first of these is a careful study, interspersed with some dry humor, of this great scientist's work. The second considers a Catholic priest in the rather new field of Paleolithic art. The style is unusually lucid, and lends itself admirably to exposition. The whole book is of valuable information, and should run into many editions.—B. A.

THE RHYTHM OF PROSE. By William Morrison Patterson. Columbia University Press.

We were reading Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's "On the Art of Writing" when this American work came along. The Oxford scholar, discussing "The Difference between Verse and Prose," thought it wise to remark that "literature is an art and treats scientific definitions as J. K. Stephen recommended. From them

It finds out what it cannot do,
And then it goes and does it." (Page 65)

More particularly, with regard to prose rhythm, the professor observes that until recently no real attempt has been made to reduce it to rule, and adds, "I doubt, for my part, if they (prose rhythms) can ever be reduced to rule." Now comes the scientist of letters who "finds out" what science can not do, or what the artist doubts that science can do, and proceeds to do it. At least, for the scientist in this case happens to be a modest scholar, tries to demonstrate how it may be done.

In "The Rhythm of Prose" Dr. Patterson advances, with a detailed account of methods, the theories that underlay and the results that followed on a series of experiments designed to solve the problem of prose rhythm. This work though published in the Columbia Series of Studies in English and Comparative Literature, is really a study in experimental psychology applied in the field of letters. The author claims for it that it is only a beginning. It is a most interesting beginning, breaking new ground as it does and opening up avenues of escape from a certain kind of professorial superstition. Into details we can not enter in this review, though we hope to see this volume made the subject of intensive study on the part of some aspirant for a literary degree; but we must note in passing that not only old theories but also new, fall before Dr. Patterson's level stroke. He finds *vers libre* no new kind of rhythm, but a mixture of prose and verse movements. Oddly enough, Quiller-Couch regards Walt Whitman a poet. (op. cit., 65).

AT THE FOOT OF THE SAND-HILLS. By the Reverend H. S. Spalding, S. J. Benziger Brothers, New York. Price, \$1.

The scene of this latest story of Father Splading is laid in the breezy uplands of Nebraska. The series of hunting trips in the heart of these western wilds, which this successful author of Catholic juveniles presents so vividly, will surely appeal to the Indian romanticism of all his young readers. Boys will peruse the account of the "duck blind," the capture of the marauding wolf, the stories of the hunt for wild geese, the search for the prairie chickens, the shooting of the coyotes, and of the adventures of the red-whiskered outlaw, with breathless suspense. The

hunting experiences of the chief character, a Walter Blackstone of Chicago, on vacation in the Sand-Hill country, engage the climacteric interest of the reader to the end of the story. It seems to us, however, that the author is not quite so much at home in this story as in some of his former ones, laid in his native Blue-grass country. Still "At the Foot of the Sand-Hills," with its persistent novelty of the hunt, with its healthy spirit and its freshness, is the kind of story that the real, red-blooded American boy is sure to like, and is at the same time another of the kind so much needed,—stories that will satisfy the juvenile taste without doing harm.

M. E. C.

Stanley Benefit Success.

The "good old days" were bettered Wednesday evening by the Stanley Benefit Vaudeville, originated by Ass't Coach Knute Rockne and put over by the athletes and other performers of the school. Something more than four hundred dollars was realized for the fund which is to be an expression of the athletes' and students' regard for Basil Stanley, who was injured fighting for "ole N. D." The performance was a scream from first to last and to pass the palm to the cleverest would be a task to shame Paris. Miller and Powers as acrobats and Kelly as a comedian opened the bill with a first-rate exhibition. Eddie Mann proved that his nimble toes had lost none of their cunning in delineating the Highland Fling and clog dances. The "Varsity Quartette," Madigan, Powers, Andrews and Spalding, interjected an ultra-harmonious farce. "Combat de Ferme Yeux" proved one of the brilliant ideas of the evening, Dave Hayes being rather gentle with "Calcium" McEllen, considering some of the blows he received. Lawrence Ott gave a pleasing rendition of "Little Gray Home of the West" which allowed him to show the effective scope of his voice, and "The Sunshine of Your Smile" was wistfully beautiful. Local color ran riot in the sketch "Boys Will Be Boys" featuring King, Andrews, Dickson and Rockne. Though a trifle indecorous, it very evidently "got by." Pearson gave a good imitation of a side-show barker introducing his "Mandolin Boys" and the string artists performed in a very capable and finished manner. Ward, Ess, Hogan and Pearson pleased with individual or trio numbers. One of the stagiest and most attractive numbers was the "Neapolitan Duo." Pete Ronchetti, as the Italian laborer, showed himself a skilful musician, while Zoia, his wayward college son, held the closest attention

of the audience. Charles McCauley, "King of Ragtime," rendered some new songs in the inimitable manner that our gifted gleeist has made his own. Perhaps the biggest hit of the evening was the "New England Club Minstrels." Granfield certainly did have them "all going wild over him," his eccentric antics as a dancing colored lady being the climax of the act. O'Keefe sang well as usual, and Murphy and Donovan as end-men were clever, while Dooley and Ambrose exhibited real voice quality. But we must not neglect those other end-men, Holton and Spalding whose Southern dialect was not touched with any bleak New England provincialism and whose stage presence was catchy. Nor can we omit a mention of the orchestra and its leader, Patterson, who did most of the accompanying. Abe Lockard acted the theatre manager to a T. We might suggest that performances like this would get across very often in the future, and with a variety of acts could be put on every month until Stanley no longer needed the kindness of the actors and audience.

Obituaries.

The first Notre Dame man, to die in his country's service during the present war, was Joseph Archer Smith (student '09-'10). He was killed in an automobile accident while on duty at Camp Dodge, Iowa. As is usual with Notre Dame men, Sargeant Smith had advanced rapidly in the service, and was shortly expecting a commission as second lieutenant. Faculty and students unite in extending their sincere sympathy to the parents of the young soldier whose untimely death cut short a promising career.

Another one of Notre Dame's graduates has been summoned to his reward. This time it is Eugene A. Delaney, '99, who died at Windber Hospital, December 1st. Mr. Delaney was chief engineer of the Berwind-White Coal Mining Company, and was one of the most prominent residents of Windber. As a student and later as a graduate, Mr. Delaney displayed qualities which marked him as one of Notre Dame's most distinguished sons. The local press writes of him: "The quiet, efficient, energetic man had friends in quarters which he probably little realized and news of his death brought expressions of sincere regret in hundreds of Windber homes." The University mourns the loss of a noble son. May his soul rest in peace!

.Local News.

—This will be the last number of the SCHOLASTIC before the Christmas holidays begin. The editors take this occasion to wish all friends, subscribers and advertisers, a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

—As a result of the preliminaries in the Breen Oratorical contest, eleven men were eliminated, and the following were retained for the final competition: John A. Lemmer, Thomas H. Beacom, Francis J. Boland, and J. Sinnott Meyers.

—Word has reached us recently, that Brothers Kevin and Albeus have arrived at Australia after a three months' journey. The monotony of the trip was broken by stops at Honolulu and Auckland, New Zealand. The Brothers are making their extensive trip in the interests of the *Ave Maria*.

—The sophomore lawyers convened recently and elected the following executives: Leo Dubois, Sapulpa, Okla., president; Norman Barry, Chicago, vice-president; J. J. Sullivan, Hartford, Conn., treasurer; R. Flaherty, Du-buque, Ia., secretary; Dominic Slupski, Detroit, sargeant at arms; entertainment committee—Frank Sweeny and Paul Swift.

—Father Finner and Brother Peter left Friday for Vancouver, the first lap on their long journey to India. There they will meet two more Holy Cross religious from Canada, and will sail on the "Empress of Russia" for Japan, after which they will proceed to India by way of Hong Kong. They expect to complete their journey about the middle of March.

—According to custom several special cars have been arranged to carry home the Christmas crowd of Notre Dame students living in the East. Four such cars will leave South Bend Dec. 19 and they will make stops at Buffalo, Rochester, Syracuse, and New York City. Maximilian G. Kazus and Frank P. Monighan are in charge of the arrangements.

—The new prefects of our latest residence hall, are Rev. Frank McGarry, C. S. C., Rector; Reverend Fathers James McManus and Frank Wenninger, prefects. Sixty rooms, ten of them double, are open and nearly all occupied. The restaurant habitues who have moved are the winners by the change, but the "old guard" of the refectories has quite a journey to its commissariat.

—"Activities of the Cincinnati Chamber of Commerce for 1915" was the topic of a short talk delivered by Bernard Devine Wednesday afternoon before the students of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce. Carl Eigelsbach of Rensselaer, Ind., spoke on "England's Commercial policy during the war" at Thursday's meeting and William Rice told what the Rochester, N. Y., Chamber of Commerce accomplished last year.

—Saturday evening was a blustery one. Outside a frigid blizzard—on the Washington hall screen that little zephyr Douglas Fairbanks. But all forgot was the blizzard outside as we watched "the shrinking violet of the movies" jump from the frying-pan into the fire, as he skidded between the devil and the deep sea (all in a manner of speaking). But the movie-maniac in the "Matrimaniac" was an evening's enjoyable entertainment.

—Wednesday evening Frank McIntyre in "The Travelling Salesman" was the feature in Washington hall's screen repertoire. The picture was a comedy well acted throughout and with some instances of artistic photography, but was marred, as a whole, by the insertion of an unnecessary and illogical bit of action, the violence scene near the end. We hope that such episodes will disappear with other relics of cave man period and stone age methods in the movies.

—At a reception given to Mother M. Pauline at St. Mary's on her return from a western trip, Reverend Andrew Morrissey, C. S. C., Provincial of the Holy Cross Congregation in the United States, addressed those assembled for the occasion. A handsome flag was presented to Mother Pauline after a delightful musical program and Father Morrissey took occasion to say a few words on patriotism, which he called the distinguishing characteristic of Notre Dame and St. Marys.

—Corby, with its characteristic initiative, has taken the first steps toward honoring the patriots of its last year's roster. A service flag of 32 stars now adorns the bulletin board of that hall and the Corbyites are justly proud of having taken the initiative in this laudable work. The men who are remembered here by a star while they take their place under the Stars and Stripes, are: Charles Bachman, Frank Coughlin, James Crane, Mark Cullen, Eldon Daley, Thomas Dollard, Edward Donahue, Edward Malley, Frank Doyle, Archibald

Duncan, Arthur Farwick, Leo Fitzgerald, James Huxford, Thomas Cyril Casper, Francis J. Keenan, Michael King, Thomas King, Frank Kirkland, Clarence Cline, Grover Malone, Edward Meehan, Andrew Moleski, Gus Mommensen, Henry Lloyd Morency, Leo Mulqueen, James Murphy, Jerry Murphy, James Phelan, Albert Ramacciotti, James H. Ryan, Leonard Speers, Harold Sheteney.

—The junior lawyers "hopped" into the social spotlight on Wednesday evening, Dec. 5, with a dance at the Oliver Hotel. The dance was attended by sixty couples and was a social and financial success. The music was furnished by Messick's Orchestra. Judge and Mrs. F. J. Vurpillat, Prof. and Mrs. J. Tiernan, Judge and Mrs. G. A. Farabaugh and Prof. and Mrs. W. E. Farrell were the patrons and patronesses. The success of the affair was due to the efforts of the committee composed of Humphrey Leslie, chairman, Edward Donnolly, Paul Fenton, Thomas Lavery, Walter Miller and Joseph Suttner.

—The members of the Oklahoma Club of Notre Dame staged a banquet at the Farmers' Trust Inn, South Bend, Tuesday evening Dec. 11. Toasts were responded to by Messrs. Dubois, Daley, McGraw, Black, Strong and Soldani. A musical program, exhibiting considerable ability and talent, closed the evening. Those present were Messrs. Delaney, Dubois, Beacom, E. L. Donahoe, D. J. Donahoe, McGraw, Daley, Creegan, Black, Strong and Soldani. The Oklahoma Club is the first State organization at Notre Dame to raise a subscription to the Ambulance unit which will be sent from here.

—The Pam Club, the organization of senior journalists, held its first smoker of the year, Thursday, Dec. 6. The four journalism classes and a few invited guests were present. The feature of the evening was the reading by Father Arthur Barry O'Neill of a chapter from a book which he is soon to have published. His subject, the correct use of our language, was especially interesting to the scribes, all of whom responded with "a few words." Mr. Sczepanik, during the course of his talk, claimed the distinction of having worked for three papers in one week,—but, of course, Alec explained. The evening was thoroughly enjoyed and requests were numerous for the frequent repetition of such meetings.

—The local council of the Knights of Columbus held a regular meeting at eight o'clock in the club rooms in Walsh Hall on Tuesday evening, Dec. 4. After the usual routine business, candidates were initiated in the first degree. Following the degree work, district deputy J. F. Hines gave the candidates a short instruction regarding the second and third degrees. The first degree was given by the local degree team, composed of Martin Lammers, grand knight; Walter Miller, deputy grand knight; C. J. McCauley, chancellor; Frank Goodall, financial secretary; and Thomas Kelly, lecturer. On Sunday, Dec. 9, the candidates received the second and third degree at the American hall in South Bend. The initiation began at one o'clock and lasted until seven in the evening. At eight o'clock the candidates were tendered a banquet at the Oliver Hotel by the local council. About two hundred knights were present, including a number of candidates from Michigan City, Mishawaka, Niles and Elkhart, who were "put through," along with the Notre Dame men, by the degree team of the Michigan City council, No. 837, and Jack Loftus and staff of Chicago. Although the candidates were run through "the mill" of two degrees there was no noticeable "diminution" in their appetites. Father John O'Hara, C. S. C., acted as toastmaster of the banquet, and the invocation was given by Father William Lennartz, C. S. C. Following the banquet, district attorney James C. O'Brien of Chicago, addressed the knights, after which K. C. members of the Glee Club and the Orchestra rendered some appropriate selections.

Personals.

—"Jerry" Murphy, who played the center position on last year's basket ball team, is now a lieutenant in the 58th Infantry at Gettysburg.

—Mr. and Mrs. George Emmet Attley, 5903 Midway Park, Chicago, were blessed with a son, Robert Emmet Attley, on October 31st, 1917. George received his "C. E." from Notre Dame in 1910. When will "Bobby" get his? In '38?

—Alfred A. Burger, St. Joe Haller '11-'14, writes that he is an embryo soldier at Camp Sherman, Ohio. "Al" is in the 34th Company, 9th Training Battalion, 158th Depot Brigade.

He praises very highly the work of the Knights of Columbus at Camp Sherman.

—From Newport, Rhode Island, comes the news that "Mel" Elward has joined the Naval Reserve. "Mel" will be remembered as one of the best ends Notre Dame has produced in recent years. For the past year he has been football coach at St. John's, Danvers, Mass.

—Wedding bells were rung in Rushville, Indiana, on Saturday, November 17, for Miss Erema Wilk and Miller Hamilton (student '06-'07). The ceremony was performed at the home of the bride's parents. After December 15th Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton will make their home in Washington, D. C.

—Lieutenant Edward J. Meehan is with Headquarters Company 137, Field Artillery, Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Mississippi. "Eddie's" cheerful smile is missed at the University this year, but the rub will come hardest when the track season opens. "Eddy" was fourth runner on our last year's champion two-mile relay team. The three remaining men of the famous quartet, "Cy" Kasper, "Pete" Noonan, and Andy McDonough are also in the service.

—Camp Shelby has been especially fortunate in securing some of our best athletes. Among them, William Vaughan, former football star, has finished a successful season as Coach of the 38th Division team. He was ably assisted by John Miller, Captain of last year's track team, and the fullback of our all-Western football team. On Liberty Loan Day at the camp, Miller ran the 220 yard dash in 21 4-5 seconds. John is also assistant track coach at the camp.

—When President John P. Finley of the University of the State of New York, went to Europe last Spring he bore with him messages from the leading universities of America to the chief universities of France. From President Cavanaugh he obtained a letter which, with others, was read in the following universities: Paris, Nancy, Dijon, Lyons, Grenoble, Montpellier, Toulouse, Caen, Rennes, Poitiers, and Bordeaux. The French Government is using these brief messages for distribution throughout France. In a letter received here, President Finley says, "I made special mention of Notre Dame, the only sight of which I had years ago as I was paddling or poling a boat down the "St. Joe," in the wake of the invisible French explorers."

Athletic Notes.

ALL-WESTERN TEAMS

BY G. W. ALEXSON.
Of the Chicago Herald.

Laun, Iowa.....	End
Hauser, Minnesota.....	Tackle
Higgins, Chicago.....	Guard
Rydzewski, Notre Dame.....	Center
Ecklund, Minnesota.....	Guard
Philbin, Notre Dame.....	Tackle
Kelly, Wisconsin.....	End
Yerges, Ohio.....	Quarterback
Simpson, Wisconsin.....	Halfback
Harley, Ohio.....	Halfback
Koehler, Northwestern.....	Fullback

The one team which played an almost consistent game throughout the year was Notre Dame, but even the Hoosiers suffered an upset when they were defeated by Nebraska by one touchdown. Outside of this blow Notre Dame showed exceptional strength, defeating West Point and Washington and Jefferson in the East. These were noted as the top-notchers of Eastern elevens. . . . Here is a man (Philbin) of exceptional ability as a lineman, strong on offense and defense. His 195 pounds has not slowed him up and with his experience he must be ranked as one of the best tackles in the country. His work against the Army at West Point contributed largely to Notre Dame's victory. He opened up holes wide as a barn door for the back-field men, was down on punts and played a generally aggressive game throughout. . . . At center we find a real football player for the pivot position in Rydzewski of Notre Dame. This player was by all odds the class of the center rushers of the West. Not only that, but he held his own with the strongest in the East. He weighs 205 pounds, just about right for the place. For such a heavy man he is extremely active, especially on defense. During the season he played all over the field and has to his credit two touchdowns after long runs. He is a star in intercepting forward passes, while his own snap back work is on a par with the best.

BY PADDY DRISCOLL.

Of the Chicago Examiner.

Bolen, Ohio State.....	End
Hauser, Minnesota.....	Tackle
Ecklund, Minnesota.....	Guard
Rydzewski, Notre Dame.....	Center
Higgins, Chicago.....	Guard
H. J. Courtney, Ohio State.....	Tackle
Kelly, Wisconsin.....	End
Simpson, Wisconsin (Capt.).....	Quarterback
Harley, Ohio State.....	Halfback
Ellingwood, Northwestern.....	Halfback
Koehler, Northwestern.....	Fullback

Rydzewski of Notre Dame is placed at center. He is a tall rangy fellow with plenty of weight and speed, ideally built for a center. He is a great defensive player, is all over the field and in every play. In passing no one is his equal in accuracy, and offensively he could always be counted upon to make an opening for the backs.

ALL-AMERICAN TEAM

BY JACK VEIOCK

Sporting Editor, International News Service

Miller, Pennsylvania.....	End
Carlson, Pittsburgh.....	End
Cobb, Syracuse.....	Tackle
Hauser, Minnesota.....	Tackle
Neeley, Dartmouth.....	Guard
Sutherland, Pittsburgh.....	Guard
Rydzewski, Notre Dame.....	Center
Boynton, Williams.....	Quarterback
Harley, Ohio State.....	Halfback
Oliphant, Army.....	Halfback
McLaren, Pittsburgh.....	Fullback

The center position on the first eleven is given to Rydzewski of Notre Dame. Coach Harper uncovered a diamond in the rough several years ago when he found Rydzewski, and his playing for the last two years has placed him in a class with the great Peck of Pittsburgh's 1916 eleven and McEwan of last year's Army team. Rydzewski is a shark in his place in the line. On offense he can more than hold his own against the most powerful opponent, and his accuracy in passing the ball was marvelled at in Notre Dame's victorious attack against the Army this year. On defense the big center is equally efficient.

BASKETBALL AND TRACK.

To-night at Purdue University, Notre Dame will open the winter season of athletics with a game of basketball. Shorn of nearly all the brilliant players that composed the quintet a year ago, Coach Harper has been hard put the last two weeks endeavoring to whip together some sort of a combination that will make a creditable showing against the Boilermakers. With Captian Tom King holding a "be ready in twenty-four hours" notice from his local conscription board, it has not been possible to count on his services for to-night's game. "Pete" Ronchetti is the only other veteran who is trying for the team. There will be but one game before the holidays and Coach Harper has intimated that the team will play only a short list of games compared with other years.

Coach Rockne has had informal workouts for his track men in the apparatus room of the gymnasium since the close of the football season. He has only four monogram men from a year ago—Captain Mulligan, Call, McGinnis, and Rademacher. These men, together with Harbert, Sweeney, Van Worterghen, Gilfillan, and others, have been loosening up prior to the strenuous work that will commence on the resumption of school in January. The schedule for the track men is not available as yet, but it is understood that Michigan will be dropped and Purdue may be substituted. Illinois will undoubtedly come to the local gymnasium sometime in February.

Safety Valve.

Eddie was a poor little boy who had no shoes. It was Christmas day when everyone was joyous and happy, but Eddie had no shoes. The Lawyers and Merchants in New York drove their big machines down Broadway carrying Christmas gifts to their family, but poor little Eddie had no shoes. The children of Boston were all dressed up in shining new suits and with spotless white collars and they played with their Christmas toys in heavy carpeted rooms. But poor Eddie had no shoes. He did not complain, however, as he lived in Africa where they do not wear shoes. He wore only a smile. No mother lay awake nights wondering how she could scrape together enough money to buy Eddie a fur coat for Christmas; no father was saving money to buy Eddie a seal skin hat, because Eddie wore only a smile. And think of it, most ferocious reader, in these times when people are living in luxury and eating ice-cream cones and cracker-jack, poor little Eddie had no shoes under his feet and only the blue sky over him. Think of poor little Eddie when you are doing your Christmas shopping—thoughts don't cost anything.

No, a moron is not a man who has several wives, neither is a man with two wives a pugilist.

And last Monday when the thermometer was ten below zero Doc. Evans had an article in the W. G. N. on screening against mosquitoes.

CHRISTMAS POMES.

Christmas comes but once a year
What in ell do we care.
Poor Bo Peep lost all his sheep
Couldn't find them nowhere
Mary had a little lamb;
Lambs are always bleary-eyed.
Notwithstanding, none the less
Wish you merry Yule-tide.

The war is on! the war is on!
But you dear friend are off.
I never said that castor oil
Would cure the whooping cough,
Prunes may be good for rattle snakes,
But mush is good for you, dear,
I wish you Merry Christmas and
A mighty happy New Year.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

Once there was a poor little drummer boy who was all alone on Christmas day and who was hungry. He met a man driving a provision wagon and turning his little white face up to the man he asked that he might have something to eat. The man looked down into the large blue eyes of the youngster and his heart was moved. He hit the little fellow on the head with an axe. Wishing you many happy returns, etc., etc.

Once there was a man who said to another man: "I wish you a Merry Christmas." The other man said, "I wish you the same." This naturally started a fight. Now I can't fight and I ain't going to wish nobody nothing.

ECHOES FROM EXAMS

On entering the room you can see several paintings on the walls of great men.

One end of the room is quite irregular in shape, having three Gothic arches in place of the flat wall.

He was attentive to the ladies, as may be judged from the fact that almost every evening he took one of his fiancées to some picture show.

Once there was an old man whose face was covered with a frowsy beard and whose hands were black. He dearly loved soap. He would take a cake of soap and wrap it in tinfoil or cotton and put it away for years. It hurt him to see anyone mistreating soap by wearing it out in water. He would call dear names to soap and guard it tenderly, but he would never anger it so that it frothed and he never worked it hard enough to get it into a lather. This dear man also loved work. He would stand at a great distance and admire it. He did not believe himself worthy to come any nearer. He was sure work was very sacred, and he believed himself very profane. It must have been his unworthiness that kept him from sawing wood or carrying out ashes. He was so humble that he distrusted his own ability to earn money and always got it from someone else. He didn't believe either that he was worthy to cook and always visited other people at meal time. This dear man died, and that's all.

Johnny was a cross-eyed youth
With freckles on his nose,
And hardly he did work each day
At writing verse and prose:
But somehow Johnny's feet were not
What haltless feet should be,
And like his nose his labored prose
Had freckles plain to see.

Johnny went to class, oh strange!
That he should do so much,
Johnny handed in his themes
Composed in verse and such
And to the teacher he did say:
"This, here verse that I writ
Is just about as perfectly
As any you will git."

Teacher didn't like the things
That Johnny's pen had wrote,
And with pencils red and blue
His paragraphs she smote.
"Spelling's rank," she wrote to him
Your paragraphing's worse,
But Johnny, Johnny, Johnny, Oh!
You write the hella verse."