

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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## De Golden Chile.

BY ROBERT E. O'HARA, '20.

DEAH was a golden-headed chile,  
Out neah wheah Ah wukked a while,  
An' she jes' smiled de sweetes' way—  
She nebbah did have much to say—  
But when Ah says, "H'ah you t'day?"  
She jes' says, "N'evenin', mammy."

One day Ah passed, she wasn't roun',  
De buhds was still, de clouds hung down;  
Den some one says, "Dat pore chile died";  
An' all dat day Ah cried and cried.  
Dat night, Ah saw her glorified,  
She jes' says, "N'evenin', mammy."

Ah don' miss dat chile no more,  
Ah know she waits neah heaven's door,  
An' some day when Ah's dead an' gone,  
An' heah b'low mah pore folks mou'n,  
Den when Ah freads de golden lawn,  
She'll jes' say, "N'evenin', mammy."

## Euripides: The Scenic Philosopher.

BY MICHAEL J. EARLY, '17.

**A**N infallible mark of the genuine poet is that of leadership. He must always be ahead of his fellow-men both in time and in idealism. This has been exemplified time and again in the lives of the great poets of the past; and as a consequence the masters of the literature in every nation have been subjected to much misunderstanding and almost inexcusable undervaluation by those with whom they lived. A poet is great in so far as he pictures vividly and correctly the life of his period and moulds its activities, and not so much as he is influenced by the lives of those about him. He is essentially a prophet, and the

value of his work is estimated by the truth of his prophecy.

The Golden Age of Grecian tragedy began with the imaginative idealism of Aeschylus; passed to the harmonic artistry of Sophocles, and culminated in the philosophic realism of Euripides. Sophocles was contemporaneous with Euripides nearly a century after Aeschylus had ceased to write. Nevertheless Sophocles is much nearer to the Marathonian sage than Euripides is to Sophocles. Aeschylus is considered by some to be the greatest poet of the three, but many are of the opinion that Sophocles was by far the leader. If the creator of *Antigone* is to be considered inferior, that inferiority is one of time and not of merit. As a master of dramatic art Sophocles undoubtedly stands first, but he did not have the massive intellect and almost divine imagination that was always discernible in the poetry of Aeschylus. Great as both these poets are in their character and their work they did not wield half the influence on the drama of all time that did the cynical author of *Medea*, the philosopher Euripides. For Euripides dominates the period after death had silenced his pen. Where Sophocles and Aeschylus lived in their success, Euripides died in his.

Euripides is the enigma of the trio of tragedians. His work is not so great; his plays were not so popular as those of the other two authors. Yet there are more of his plays extant than the combined number of his rivals. Like many another genius, his style made him unpopular to the people of his day. It was left for another age and another people to truly appreciate his work, and since that time Euripides has been the most successful of the Attic Tragedians.

Vitrievius, an ancient writer, has applied to Euripides the title of the "Scenic Philosopher," and it very aptly describes the genius of the poet and the tenor of his work. Without a doubt he was the first to bring philosophy

upon the stage. Aeschylus was too much of a mystic, too firm a believer in the divinities he worshipped; he was too sublime, too imbued with the order of things, to indulge in the profane inquiries of Euripides. To Aeschylus, the mythical heroes of the past were as real as his own existence. Euripides doubted and expressed his doubt. Sophocles, we can well understand, was too consummate an artist to mar the beauty of a play by discordant questions or digressive arguments. Euripides, however, seems to have taken extreme delight in baiting the criticism of his readers. He hesitates at no bounds, no matter how sacred. He attacks with equal readiness religious as well as civil errors. As a consequence, the technical unity and verisimilitude of his work is often hindered by his philosophy. It would surely have been better for his dramatic art had he avoided, like Sophocles, the scientific and philosophic problems which were then understood by only a few. In the *Medea*, he puts into the mouth of an illiterate servant philosophic utterances of such depth and beauty as would have been an honor to Socrates himself. This philosophy, moreover, was not the philosophy of the age, but of a later time, and naturally it drew upon its author almost universal disfavor.

Iconoclastic as he was in breaking down the beloved traditions of the Athenians, he was equally inconsiderate of conventions in his daily life. The ethics of the period demanded that all young men should enter the rhetorical debates which were then common in the Grecian capital. Euripides refused this and, likewise, to belong to any of the numerous political parties that then infested Athens. He never held office under the state. He was unsound in theology, according to his detractors, and he was too wise in physical science. It is remarkable how antagonistic a community can become toward those whom it does not understand. Truly the poet lived in an age in which imagination and not reason predominated; men thought through the brains of their ancestors, and not through their own. Euripides recognizing this strove to deliver his fellow-men from the slavery to tradition and endeavored to teach them to think for themselves independently of their forefathers. But at that time, Athens did not want to be taught, nor to be delivered, and as a consequence the poet was laid open to ridicule.

Euripides while insinuating his philosophy into his plays introduced a new element into tragedy

which was to go on down through the ages of literature and art until it had become the controlling force in the modern drama. This was the introduction of realism. Euripides was a realist; a humanist. Not that he handled the ancient legends of his people with less mastery or reverence, but that to him the ideal had become the real. Some poet has well said:

Our Euripides the human  
With his droppings of warm tears  
And his touching of things common  
Till they rose to touch the spheres.

Truly, Euripides has handled his theme in a masterly style. He raises the common to the ideal and does not lower the ideal to the common. We stand in admiration before *Antigone*, but we love *Alceste*. Like Aeschylus and Sophocles, Euripides drew his matter from the historic legends of the past; but he handled them in different manner. Aeschylus dramatized his heroes as they were in the legends; Sophocles portrayed these heroes as they should have been; but Euripides threw off from them the cloak of divinity and made them human. He pictured men really and not ideally.

Unskillful and revolutionary as he may have been in his development of Attic tragedy, he, nevertheless, made up for mechanical defects in the utter humanness of his characters. He broke up the dull, orthodox arrangements of the Attic stage, as far as he was able, and placed thereon a picture of life as it really existed. The stage lost in sublime beauty, but more than made up this loss in the truth and sympathy of its realism. Naturally, then, as the people began to realize and to appreciate the true beauty of his presentation they came to love him in the same manner as we have come to love Shakespeare. But Euripides, unfortunately, did not live to see such a time, and he died away from Athens, a voluntary exile in the court of Archelaus.

Euripides utilized every artistic means which would further his aims to arouse feelings of compassion and pity. We find in almost every play women of loving character; sweet-faced children and faithful slaves: each in itself an instrument to reach the heart of an audience. Of his women characters it has been said: "He painted human beings, creatures with strong passions, yet stronger affections, with a deep sense of duty, of religion; as in the instances of *Theone* in *Helen*, of *Andromache*, and *Antigone*,—women who may be esteemed or loved,

women who walk the earth sharing heroically, sympathizing tenderly, with the sorrows and sufferings of their partners in misfortune."

Realism then was the triumphant accomplishment of the poet; he strove for humanness in character and vividness and realness in his stage presentation. In his time this was a cardinal sin, and he suffered for his temerity despite the unaccountable pleasure he seemed to derive from displeasing the nation. Underneath this cynicism, however, we can well believe there lay a solid, earnest, and insatiable desire to accomplish something for the betterment of his people. He was essentially a leader, a prophet, but he was so far ahead of the time that his ideas were visionary to all save himself. He foresaw, and clearly, that the drama of his predecessors, no matter how sublime and artistic, could not endure. "The changes in variety promoted by Euripides were all in the direction of modern variety and human power; from the confined standpoint of Attic tragedy they may represent decay, in the evolution of the universal drama they are advance and development. Euripides laid the foundation for the edifice of which the coping-stone is Shakespeare."

In the eyes of the dramaturgists of his time, then, Euripides was a calamity, for with his coming was sounded the death knell of the Attic tragedy. He brought about its destruction, but in so doing he had destroyed that which was not universally great and had brought into existence that which was to remain permanent throughout the history of not one but many nations. The world of art, then, and especially the world of dramatic art, owes to Euripides the gratitude for the massive works that are now attributed to the great dramatists of all nations and all time.

### In Praise of Law Students.

The most interesting chaps on a university campus are certainly the men in the professional schools. There are the engineers, for example,—youths who affect heavy woolen shirts, old trousers, and go unshaven,—men disdainful alike of fashion and of rhetoric, or indeed of any sentiment not reducible to a mathematic formula. There are the journalists,—men of mystery, these! A "scribe" does not run true to type if he fails to impress a sense of the enigmatic upon you, as if he knew all the inner workings of the university and half of its back-

stair gossip, as very likely he does. I pass by the architects, and their passion for bright new ties; I omit any account of the soft-footed, the subtle-mannered "medics"; it is of a far more fascinating type that, Virgil-like, I would sing. I string my lyre, in fact, to praise the "Laws."

The "Laws" are the real men of destiny on a campus. The others are contracted for the prosaic and humble callings,—setting bones, punching typewriters, making blueprints or putting up prescriptions for ailing old ladies. How different the future of a "Law"! He is that happy one destined to lounge in marble halls, amongst Elizabethan chairs and gilded cuspidors, to converse familiarly with grave judges and great statesmen, perhaps himself to mount the bench and wield the gavel in some stately chamber,—nay, in the very chambers of congress itself! Need we wonder if we detect a certain elation in the law students, a certain masterfulness and buoyancy?

Aside from his stride and general air of impressiveness, a "Law" may be known by some less exalted signs. He is eloquent; the oratorical manner sits upon him. Surely Demosthenes, or Cicero, or Edmund Burke, must be to a "Law" what the saint of Assisi is to a young Franciscan, and yet, on second thought, I suspect that it is the professor of public speaking who furnishes the "Law" with his inspiration, and not one of the ancients. Whoever he may be, he has done his work well,—so well, indeed, that no man durst contradict a "Law" or incur the full wrath of his eloquence. By their rhetoric ye may know them.

And their rhetoric swells with the progress of the sun. No miser ever hoards his gold with greater care than your real, honest-to-goodness "Law" hoards new phrases, "classy" similes, smashing epithets. Does he foresee the day, I wonder, when some eager village will assemble to hear his eulogy of the boys of '61, or the founders of democracy?

One serious charge must I bring against the disciples of Blackstone: they are inclined to be plutocratic. In college parlance, any man is a plutocrat who turns from the common, democratic pipe to bask in the aroma of rich Havana cigars. No doubt this fault is in itself a sign of their vocation, and excusable; for how can a man make himself more impressive than by puffing nonchalantly on a long, black cigar? What help could a mere pipe be to a man of destiny?

H. G. L.

## Varsity Verse.

## THE TEAM WAS THERE.

Across the snowy fields there came a shout  
Like the roaring waves, when the winds are out,  
And from me fled the last, hated doubt  
For the team was there.

Many a fierce battle that team had won  
And here was another that must be done,  
So they had crossed to fight the Hun  
For the team was there.

There was one young chap, a great halfback  
Turned up one night with a full haversack  
And said he'd bring "Willie" in, in a hack,  
For the team was there.

And a star shell flared, flickered and bared  
His way to the Boches, and him who dared  
To cross the line. We searched, for we cared,  
For the team was there.

Then a "typewriter" commenced to pound away.  
Our halfback stopped, crumpled, fell and lay  
Still; knocked out in the midst of the play  
For the team was there.

"Over the top" we went; blood and love in our eyes,  
Love for the boy who crumples, and falls and dies,  
Blood and death for those entrenched on the rise,  
For the team was there.

The Boches in the trench saw us, cried and ran.  
They went so fast, we couldn't get a man;  
They were running long before we began,  
For the team was there.

J. S. M.

## MY WINDOW SILL.

Before the whooping gale  
The frantic snowflakes eddy,  
In wild chaos. They seek  
Some succor for their frail  
Small selves. And see! Already  
Up to my sill they sneak.

A haven has been found!  
A myriad more flock quickly,  
Bolder than those at first.  
Embossed without a sound  
My sill is covered thickly,  
In foam-like drift immersed.

F. V. F.

## For God and Country.

BY DONALD PATRICK MACGREGOR, '19.

General Maurez, in his earlier days, had been a seminarian at the Grand Seminary in Paris. He had cherished a great desire to carry the light of the gospel to those who "sit in darkness and in the shadow of death." Like many another lad, he had begun his long course of preparation with a willing and a cheerful heart; like many another lad, too, he had gradually lost his zeal and grown lax in his duties. It is strange that intimacy with the holy things of religion makes one man more and more fervent, while it makes another cold, and even contemptuous. Fortunately, however, this young man's conduct was observed by his superiors, and his career as an ecclesiastical student was duly foreclosed. Like another Judas, he went from bad to worse, and betrayed his Master by joining the ranks of Cousin and Ernest Renan.

Very different was the career of private Petau. He also had joined the Grand Seminary about the same time that Maurez had. But unlike his companion he had persevered with ever-growing zeal, and with a thrill of holy joy had heard the bishop address to him the words, repeated so often to worthy souls through the centuries, "Go, teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." He had learned through long years of meditation and pious discipline to forgive his enemies as he himself hoped to be forgiven.

The years and the respective positions of these two former companions caused them to drift far apart. Nor was there much regret on this account, for although they had been companions, they had not been friends. As is often the case when good and bad are harbored under one roof, the bad conduct of Maurez was a scandal to the good and the good conduct of Petau a reproach to the bad. Petau in his Christian charity and religious occupations had forgotten Maurez, and Maurez in his worldly cares and revelry was unmindful of Petau.

It has been well said that misery and war make strange bedfellows. It was the sudden call on the men of France to rally round the tricolor for the defense of home and country that brought these two former companions together once more. Before the war broke out, Maurez had been in the army. Through his untiring

ambition for worldly honors, and through the vacancies made in the lines by shot and shell he was soon able to rise to the rank of general. Father Petau, in all humility, listened to the order of his bishop to obey the Law of Equality. He enlisted as a private, realizing that as a priest he could do the most good in this position, where he would be with the greater number of the living and the dying.

General Maurez hated everything religious because it reminded him of his past and of what he ought to be. Hence he was careful to make life uncomfortable for any priest who happened to come under his command. It was this feeling rather than any personal grievance that made him put Father Petau in the most dangerous positions. If it had not been for the brave priest's absolute disregard for worldly honors, together with his intense zeal to spread the kingdom of Christ among men, whilst working heroically for the preservation of his native country, the diabolical plans of General Maurez would have defeated their own purpose. In his posts of danger, the self-sacrificing priest found many well-merited opportunities for promotion; but in spite of the strong appeals of his friends to go up higher where he might be more independent, he steadfastly clung to his post of danger. It was enough for him to have such a glorious opportunity of assisting so many of his fellow soldiers on the road to salvation. If he were to leave them, who would be near them in their hour of need? Yes, he might be wounded, he might be killed, but what of that? Man was born to suffer and to die. Could he suffer for a better cause, could he die more nobly, than for these same souls for whom his Master had suffered and died?

Plans were plainly being made by the opposing forces for an attack. There had been much hum and stir behind the lines for many weeks. Trainload after trainload of ammunition had been stored up. All during the long, weary night, the final preparations were being made for the mad rush and struggle of the morrow. A few scattered shots were heard, which indicated that both lines were on the alert, and that anything like a surprise was entirely out of the question.

Slowly, and reluctantly, it seemed, the clouds of night began to disperse. The grey dawn seemed to steal in upon the two hostile camps as if it feared that its ordinarily welcome presence might reveal the horrors of the night and add more horrors to the eyes of the coming day.

Then came the command which for many would be the last. Clearly and sternly it rang out on the morning air. For many, it was as the mournful cry of the banshee, their death knell. The heavy artillery thundered against the massive embankments of the enemy. The German guns returned the "compliment" with deadly results. The pounding went on. Presently it was accompanied by the more rapid cracking of the infantry rifles. Soon the heavy tramp of horses was heard. An attack of the cavalry had been ordered. The loud clanging and ringing of sword and sabre rent the air. It was a diversion of sound from the heavy roar of the cannon, but nevertheless an unwelcome death-foreboding clang. After much devastation and slaughter of men and horses, the command was given for the infantry to fix bayonets and charge. There was more ringing of steel against steel, and, the worst of all, the noiseless cutting of steel into flesh. Thus the fearful *melée* continued for many hours. The leaders on both sides vied with one another for the mastery. All day long it was a doubtful battle. Then the forces retired, bruised, battered and sore, neither confident of victory.

The dead and the dying were numbered in thousands upon thousands. But there was one death caused by the battle that was not counted. It was to take place at sunrise on the following morning. While the battle raged, a man of the enemy's line lay among the dying. He saw Private Petau and recognized him as a priest. "Ego Catholicus," he called out to the priest. Father Petau looked around, and observed that the voice came from an enemy and that time for repentance was short. The priest knew his duty to his country. He had learned to "give to Caesar the things that are Caesar's," but he had also learned "to give to God the things that are God's." In a moment he was beside the fallen man. With the aid of a little French, German and Latin, the two men managed to understand each other. There was barely time to finish the confession. The dying man departed to his God with the music of "Ego te absolvo a peccatis tuis" ringing in his ear. And the good priest hurried on with his fighting, little thinking of how soon he himself would follow his penitent. From a point of vantage his general, watching the battle with anxious eye, had observed the incident. Well he might know its meaning, but he saw, in his evil heart, another chance to rid the world of

Something Catholic, and of a man that was a continual reproach to himself. He also had learned to serve his country, but that service must ever be subordinate to his own interests.

That evening private Petau was summoned to the quarters of General Maurez. Not for trial was he brought but for condemnation. The trial had already been held in the general's mind. "To be shot at sunrise as a traitor to France in having secret communication with the enemy," read the sentence. For a moment the priest's cheek paled, but he soon regained his composure. Like his Divine Master, he forgave his enemy, and now he must die at the hands of his "friend." He had learned to serve his country, but he had not learned to neglect his God. The next morning dawned clear, even as the previous one, and it seemed as if it wanted to finish the work which its predecessor had begun. The rising sun barely glimpsed at the living man when a volley of six shots pierced the calm morning, and Father Petau went to join the enemy penitent he had absolved but a few hours before.

### Home-Coming.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY, '19.

By the window of the hospital sat Corporal John Joseph Wood. Badly wounded, he had been sent, for the time being, to this large building in the heart of the city. For there had been many wounded in the last glorious "push." His mind wandered over the events of the past four years. He remembered the call to arms, the landing in France, the hard training and the loss of their captain one night,—a desertion which had brought shame to his company. It was not at all unlikely that their officer had committed suicide. To the convalescent soldier it seemed the only logical thing for a deserter to do. He thought of battles and victory and of the peace that had come at last.

He looked down on the streets below. The metropolis was gay. The guns had ceased, perhaps forever. The spirit of the victorious peace had taken possession of the city; it caught the swirling crowds and swayed them like wind on verdant branches. The corporal saw a man, whitened and bent, forcing his way through the throngs. Shuffling along and looking fearfully on every side, he appeared more

like a hunted animal than a free man. Presently he was engulfed in the mad and happy crowd.

Suddenly there was a hush. The noise fled and a silence came over the streets. In the distance the soldier heard tramping and faint strains of music. Nearer the sounds approached. The crowds waited in silent expectancy. Soon the beginning of the cavalcade swung into view, cavalry and infantry also, marching to the strains of the world's peace song. Prancing horses and many men, they filled the whole street. The masses, packed against the buildings, drew in a deep breath of suspense. They were stricken dumb with the sight of such a procession, thrilled with the meaning and the glory of it.

On they came in worn khaki stained with the red soil of alien fields, with steady step, with heads upright and gleaming eyes—survivors of St. Avold and Mainz, footsore from the glorious charge at Frankfurt; on they came, and as they went their hearts beat to the bursting point with love, redoubled love of country, and with sheer rapture at the home-coming.

And now the masses of on-lookers could stand it no longer. A mighty cheer arose, hats and canes, which frequently did not return to the owners, were thrown high into the air, and amid it all the boys in khaki marched by. For hours the soldiers passed and for hours did the crowds watch with ravenous eyes.

The sun was going down when Corporal Wood saw the last man of the procession vanish in the distance. Now the street below was quiet again, as if the people were exhausted from the grandeur of the sight. The Corporal was about to close his eyes when the sounds of commotion came up to him. Looking down he saw a man gesticulate wildly and fall to the ground, saw him lifted and borne away. It was the same man he had seen before—bent and whitened. Then Corporal Wood—he had seen so many men fall—quickly forgot it all in slumber.

He was awake next morning with the first dawn. He was carefully dressed and was allowed a walk in the grounds. He saw as he was passing a room the face of a man apparently dead. He recalled the bent and whitened figure of yesterday. He could restrain his curiosity no more than he could account for it. He walked into the room. He bent down closer and then drew back quickly with a cry of surprise.



"The Cap, for sure," he muttered; "couldn't live I suppose in these stirrin' times."

And Corporal John Joseph Wood stole quietly away, breathing a prayer for his "one-time" officer, and thinking of his own two brothers sleeping beneath the lilies of France.

### Petrova.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

They were coming on foot up the roadway, a young Bulgarian officer with two privates. From her seat by the window she saw them stop once or twice on the way to strip the dead of their belongings.

She nerved herself.

"If they dare come. . . the vultures!"

She was a Serbian girl, eighteen perhaps, with a round, full face and dark, flashing eyes. Her father, her brother, even her mother were with the army. She was alone.

Early that day a small detachment of the Serbian army had come up the valley to reconnoitre. Unfortunately they had been drawn into a trap, attacked, and all but annihilated. One of them, a cavalry officer, seeking a place of concealment, tried to reach her home. Alas! behind the sheepfold he fell, mangled, unrecognizable. All this she had seen from her lonely seat by the window.

They were turning into the sheepfold now, laughing savagely as they came. In an instant she was out of the house, running at full speed down the gravel pathway. She was breathless when she met them.

"Back, you cowards, back! He's mine."

The officer grinned as if to toy with her.

"Yours, missy . . . you don't know perhaps that he's a spy."

"What! my brother a spy. Never!"

She glanced at him in utter scorn, all the ancient hate of Serb for Bulgar gleaming in her eyes.

"Our orders are to search . . ."

She stood so defiant, so determined that he was embarrassed.

"All right, missy, you can have him."

When they were gone, Petrova prided herself for her boldness; her stratagem. It wasn't really her brother in blood.

### Junior Thoughts.

A soft life develops a soft head.

Be bluff if you like, but not a bluffer.

Emulation is healthy: jealousy hectic.

Some men can rise only on an elevator.

When at college do as the collegians do.

He is the most modest who knows it not.

A good man wants to make others good.

Immodesty is the noxious breath of impurity.

This war has made many unbelievers believe.

A book in the hand is worth a dozen on the shelf.

An ass will bray, though he be in the guise of a man.

Don't waste a dollar's worth of time saving a penny.

Don't try to camouflage a failure with excuses.

Women are the newspapers' greatest competitors.

What we are driving at ultimately is a Kaiserless day.

Courtesy in public often becomes curtness at home.

Those who seek the better things of life must dive deep.

Count the days till June and make each day count.

There is no higher ideal under Heaven than a happy home.

A good intention is but the merest beginning of well-doing.

Better blamed and blameless, than shamed yet shameless.

A looking-glass may be as well a source of despair as of joy.

Many people can observe any number of "neatless" days.

A little patriotism, like a little learning, is a dangerous thing.

Who, pray, are you that can laugh at the faults of others?

Don't sit and soliloquize when it's time to be up and doing.

When you are cross, don't growl; leave that to the watch-dog.

Nowadays honesty is the greatest hindrance on the road to wealth.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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—To the thinking man, it is always a serious matter to stand on the threshold of a new year and wonder what it will bring, to peer into the future trying to fathom what lies before. When that year looms ominously, as the present one, pregnant with awful possibilities, fraught with tremendous consequences for mankind, it must give us solemn pause. The year 1918 promises to number itself among the most eventful ones in the history of the world. Never before has war been waged on such a world-wide scale; never before has so much ingenuity been exercised in the art of killing; never before have so many nations bent their whole energies on the business of destruction. And will this year see the end of the great struggle? Of this we may be sure: it will bring much suffering, much more of it than one cares to think about. All the miseries and horrors of the centuries are easily forgotten in the face of this modern warfare. The miseries of the last three years will be multiplied and intensified, and to these many new ones will be added. There will be more misery, more disease, more starvation. Death will swing a full scythe in countries where he has hitherto held his hand. In all likelihood, thousands more of homes will be wrecked and many more hundreds of thousands of lives will be lost. But if by happy chance, peace should come once more to this war-weary world, it will have been a most blessed year. If a period is put to the awful slaughter, if the nations cease their mad destruction of one another, and become sane, reasoning people, it will be indeed a blessed

year. No one can say what may come to pass before the twelve months are done, but we should all pray most fervently that the God of battles may withhold the rod of His anger and give us a firm and permanent peace.

## The Notre Dame Ambulance Fund.

A generous response has been made to the call for donations to the Notre Dame Ambulance Fund undertaken by the Senior Class, and it is hoped that the campaign will be a complete success. The fund is being solicited among the present students of the University, and all are urged to co-operate with the committee in the hope that the Fund will soon go "over the top." Those students who have not received an Ambulance Fund letter, can get one by notifying any member of the committee, or calling at Room 211, Sorin Hall.

This Fund is as worthy as it is patriotic, and deserves all the support Notre Dame students are capable of giving it.

The following donations have been received:

J. J. McGraw, \$100; O. F. Brady, \$100; L. P. Pasewalk, \$100; E. F. Dunn, \$50; J. H. Hayes, \$50; J. F. Peschel, \$50; the Senior Class, \$25; H. A. Vallez, \$25; M. J. Fitzgibbons, \$25; W. N. Oehm, \$25; P. L. Bryce, \$25; James Wheeler, \$25; George Marvin, \$20; George Slaine, \$10; John Birdsell, \$10; W. P. Hayes, \$10; James Donovan, \$10; Rosa C. deArles, \$10; Joseph Berra, \$10; José Gonzalez, \$10; Mrs. J. L. Rogers, \$10; Thomas Daley, \$5; C. E. Dean, \$5; Mrs. M. Balfe, \$5; G. J. Daley, \$5; B. Parker, \$5; A. K. Bott, \$2; P. J. Conway, \$2. TOTAL—\$729.00.

## Obituaries.

The public tributes paid to the late J. J. Cleary of Escanaba, Michigan, showed how high was the universal respect in which he was held. He was a prominent business man who always had time to do his full duty to his family, his friends, and his religion. The sympathy of the University goes out to the bereaved ones and especially to Lawrence and Gerald, former students of the University.

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The death of Martin O'Shaughnessy ('96-'99), on January 7, brought to an edifying close a beautiful and virtuous life. "Mart" was a popular athlete in his time at Notre Dame, and later became an efficient and successful business man. The disease which finally ended his life was a long and painful one, but he bore himself



with such resignation and patience as excited the admiration of all who saw him. We offer to the bereaved family assurance of profound sympathy and fervent prayers.

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News of the sad death of Tom Spalding on December 20, brought keen sorrow to his many friends that had remained at the University for the holidays. Tom was returning to his home in Springfield, Kentucky, in company with his cousin from St. Mary's, Miss Althea Simms, when he met his death in the awful railroad wreck that occurred at Sheperdsville, Kentucky, on the evening of December 20. He was a junior in the course of electrical engineering, a member of this year's football squad and second baseman on the basketball team of 1917. Tom was very popular among the students at the University. His cheery disposition and quiet humor won him many friends, and the expressions of sorrow and regret on the lips of students returning to the University after the holidays showed how warmly they loved him and how keenly they feel his loss. The Faculty and students extend to his bereaved family their sincere sympathies. They will remember Tom with abundant prayers.

### Local News.

—The South Bend *Tribune* has of late shown a more kindly and intelligible attitude towards Notre Dame. Twice of late it has expressed a wish and intention to use Notre Dame news as reported from the University.

—Professor John M. Cooney, dean of the School of Journalism, read a paper on "The Influence of Journalism" at the regular meeting of the South Bend Rotary Club last week. Professor Hines acted as chairman of the meeting.

—At the request of James Melvin Lee, director of the School of Journalism of New York University, the Latin department of the University recently translated some of the papal bulls of Popes Pius V and Gregory XVI on matters relating to journalism.

—The DOME Board will greatly appreciate the service, if everyone who is corresponding with a Notre Dame man in any branch of the Army or Navy, would make an effort to secure his friend's photograph (preferably in a glossy finish) for publication in the DOME.

—Just before the holidays, the Minim Specials defeated the "Teenie Weenies" basketball team 28 to 4. The game was featured by the accurate shooting of Allan for the minimis, and the good work of McGreevy for the losers. The "Weenies" declare they will make up for their defeat when they get their "regular" suits.

—Father Cavanaugh has announced that the seniors in all courses who are drafted before the end of the year will receive their diplomas in June. The only proviso is, that they remain in the University until called to service and that their work until that time be of such quality as to justify the belief that under normal conditions they would be entitled to a degree at the regular time.

—"Under Cover" and "Seventeen" were given in Washington Hall as the concluding pictures to the movie program of the pre-Christmas class period. While both pictures were well done and up to the standard of those heretofore seen upon the Washington Hall screen, they suffered considerably in comparison with the originals in drama and novel form. The greater power of the written and spoken word in depicting character accounts for this disadvantage of the movies referred to.

—Ross Crane, in his inimitable way, gave two very instructive lectures on art to the student body the week preceding the Christmas vacation. Mr. Crane gives to an ordinary dry subject an originality and a personal touch which holds the unflagging interest of his audience. Especially was this so in his second lecture, "From the eye-brows up." The lecturer took occasion during his lecture to compliment the musical ability of our own Dillon Patterson of Glee Club fame, who traveled with him during the Chatauqua season.

—The Notre Dame Club of Chicago will hold its annual banquet, Feb. 2, at 6:30 P. M., the place to be announced later. The officers of the club are desirous that all Chicago Notre Dame men whose names are not on the club roll, communicate with Frank H. Hayes, secretary, Otis Building, Chicago, in order that the organization may reach its full strength. Plans for rendering assistance to the Notre Dame-Chicago soldier boys are now under consideration, and the earnest co-operation of all who are or ought to be members of the club is asked for by its officers.

—The energetic New England Club of the University is showing some of that pioneer spirit which characterized the celebrated Mayflower cruise. They have originated the idea of forming a greater New England Club Alumni which will be united with the Notre Dame Club of Boston. The plans call for a grand reunion banquet in Boston on the first Founder's Day after the end of the war. The committee charged with the "Mayflowering" of the plans includes: Raymond W. Murray, president of the N. E. Club; William J. Andres, Edward J. Reynolds and Donato Lepore.

—We may not all be athletes and we all can't go to war just yet perhaps, but when it comes to food conservation, which they say will win the war,—why we're "right there with the goods." Tuesdays and Fridays we turn from meat and Wednesdays we scorn wheat, whether we infest restaurant or refectory. And who ever heard of us eating bacon for breakfast? Why the very idea! We want it known that we're behind our fellow-student-soldiers. What? You say there are others besides N. D. men with the colors? Can it be true? Not judging from the lineups of the various camp teams. We recall the sage observation of the Indiana sport scribe who announced that he had already discovered two camp teams that didn't boast N. D. men.

—Before the holidays our Reverend President received a telegram from the Secretary of War stating that if technical students subject to draft wait until they are actually drafted, they may take with them, to the camp to which they are assigned, a letter from Father Cavanaugh stating their special qualifications. The purpose of this action is to "make use of each student's special training in connection with specialized occupation in the army, so as to afford technical students of draft age fully as good an opportunity through the draft as if they enlisted now." The action of the War Department came as a sort of a reply to a letter from Father Cavanaugh urging the exemption of engineering students on account of the fact of an "under-supply of engineers in the country and because engineers would be so deeply wanted for both constructive and reconstructive work after the war."

—The annual contest for the Breen Medal was held on December 12 in Washington Hall. Four orations were delivered, all of unusual

merit. Patriotism was the keynote of the speeches, each being stirring and martial in its nature. The winner was John Augustine Lemmer, senior in philosophy, with an oration on General Thomas. His scholarly oration and brilliant delivery made him an easy winner. Francis Boland's speech on the "Liquor Problem" won second place. John Sinnott Meyers spoke forcefully in his "The Enemy," and should be a winner next year. "The New Humanity" was the subject of Thomas Beacom's oration. It was carefully written, but his delivery lacked oratorical fire. The judges of manuscript were, Rev. Cornelius Hagerty, Rev. Charles O'Donnell and Rev. Matthew Walsh. The judges of delivery were Rev. William Bolger, Judge Francis J. Vurpillat and State Senator Charles Hagerty.

—On the night of December 20, the Minims were rounded up in the refectory and treated to a banquet, in reward for their creditable work on the athletic field. After the banquet the following honors were awarded: gold watch fobs to members of the first soccer team, M. Perrone, capt.; gold Notre Dame pins to the members of the first rugby team, W. Thomas, capt.; Notre Dame pins to second soccer team, J. Reardon, capt.; silver fobs to the members of the second rugby team; Notre Dame pins to the members of the Leopards and Tigers' teams. Father Carrico acted as toast-master and called on Fathers Walsh, Burke, O'Donnell, O'Hara, Bolger, Devers, Lahey, and Brothers Austin and Cajetan for speeches. Father Walsh's speech particularly was well received. All complimented Brother Cajetan on the brilliant work he has accomplished at St. Edward.

—That last year's military company of athletes was no mere impulse is evident from the large numbers now in the service. Now comes the news that "Pete" Noonan, "Swede" Edgren, Lloyd "Casey" Sullivan have followed their companions and joined some one or other branch of "Uncle Sam's" "teams." "Pete" has lined up with the naval aviation service and is now at Pensacola, Fla. He came to Notre Dame in 1915, and was the main stay of the track team the following year. At Lansing last spring against the "Aggies" he ran the half mile and two mile in one afternoon, garnering eleven points for N. D. In 1911 "Pete" established the Illinois interscholastic mile time of 4.36, which still stands. He is the last of our famous two-mile relay team to join

the colors, Meehan, Miller and Kasper becoming Lieutenants last spring, and McDonough joining the aviation in June. "Swede" Edgren is the smiling blond who pitched the South Bend high team to the championship of the state in 1912 and for two years was one of Harper's mainstays in the box, though not disdaining to occasionally win a few points in the pole vault for the track team. "Casey" Sullivan is thought to be the greatest all-around athlete ever turned out by the S. B. High School. He was all-state end three years and held a position on the mythical all-state basket-ball team two years during his high school years, and was a dependable man in the dashes. After coming to N. D. he devoted his time to the study of law and was active in athletics as a baseball player. Edgren and Sullivan are in the aviation corps.

—The following item regarding the insurance of soldiers and sailors has been received from the United States Civil Service Commission through its president, John A. McIlhenny. It is printed as being of possible interest to Notre Dame men who have already entered the service or intend to do so:

Washington, D. C., Nov. —, 1917.—The act which provides for Government life insurance for soldiers and sailors has now been in operation a little more than a month. The Secretary of the Treasury announced on Nov. 17th that up to that date 64,168 applications under the new law had been received, representing insurance in the sum of \$552,093,000. From four to six thousand applications are received each day at the Treasury Department, the amount of insurance applied for sometimes reaching a total of fifty million dollars in a single day.

The law provides that soldiers, sailors, marines and nurses in active service may obtain from the Government life insurance in amounts not exceeding \$10,000 at premium rates ranging from 65 cents a month at the age of 21 years to \$1.20 a month at the age of 51 years, for each \$1,000 of insurance.

One of the primary objects of this law is to lessen the tremendous burden of pensions which has followed as a consequence of all American wars.

It is evident that the administration of this new branch of Government work is big business in itself. But this is only one of many governmental activities incident to the war which are adding great numbers of clerks, stenographers, and other servants to Uncle Sam's payroll. Literally thousands of stenographers and typewriters have been appointed in Washington during the past few months and thousands more are to be appointed as soon as they are available. The United States Civil Service Commission is holding examinations for these positions weekly throughout the country. Secretaries of local boards of civil service examiners at the post offices in all cities are furnishing detailed information.

### Letters from Old Students and Friends.

We are glad to reprint for our readers, by permission of the President of the University, the following beautiful letter from His Eminence, Cardinal Gasquet, who has been for many years an ardent friend of Notre Dame:

PALAZZO SAN CALISTO  
(Trastevere) ROMA

November 22d, 1917.

Rev. and dear Fr. Cavanaugh,

I thank you for sending me the two numbers of THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC, which contain the account of the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the University. I was greatly interested in reading about the festivities and in following the many addresses given on the occasion.

The memories of my very delightful visit to Notre Dame have remained vivid, though many years have passed since then and many things have happened to me personally in these years. I have, and may add, always will, take a personal interest in the flourishing establishment. Certainly what has been accomplished in the years since your venerable Father Sorin, in the fulness of his Faith and trust in Providence, laid the foundation of the work, is simply marvellous. Only in America—the land of quick and great enterprises—could the building up of a University like yours have been accomplished in so short a time.

I remember well, how much I was struck on my visit with the magnitude of everything I saw, and the institution has been growing obviously ever since I was there, not only in its material aspect, but in what is vastly more important for a university, the cultivation of its subjects and the serious care of the devoted priests who conduct the enterprise.

I well remember every detail of my visit from the talks I gave to the students and scholastics to the stimulating conversations with Father Hudson, when he gave me the chance. I brought away with me a high impression of Notre Dame—of this you may be sure—and have often talked about it since, so its progress and prosperity is no wonder to me. I rejoice at it and feel sure it will continue to develop and render even greater services to the Church of America in the future. This is my sincere wish for the University of Notre Dame. Believe me,

Sincerely yours,

A. CARD. GASQUET.

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The Right Reverend Bishop MacDonald, of Victoria, Canada, one of our guests at the jubilee celebration in June, writes this brief but hearty impression of Notre Dame:

BISHOP'S RESIDENCE.

Victoria, B. C., Nov. 25th, 1917.

Dear Father Cavanaugh,

What shall I say of Notre Dame but that it is one of the most wonderful places I have ever seen? I have been about the world quite a bit, and have visited many places and many institutions of learning. But no place and no institution impressed me as did Notre

Dame. It was not so much the extent and loveliness of the grounds, nor yet the stateliness of the buildings, which served to produce that impression. It was the sweet restfulness of the place, and the atmosphere of religious repose which surrounded it, as if ten "thousand liveried angels" lackeyed Our Lady in her chosen home,

Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt.

*In majus usque floreat atque accrescat!*

Alexander MacDonald,  
Bishop of Victoria.

\* \* \*

From "Over There" came a few days ago this characteristic spurt from Stewart H. Carroll, graduate in journalism last year:

Dec. 17, 1917.

U.S.A. Post Office 702.

A. E. F., France.

Rev. John J. Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

University of Notre Dame;

Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A.,

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

With the help of Him who exercises a special watch over reporters, college students and military persons, and the assistance of a convoy whose guns appeared as formidable as does the carpet pattern in the office of a certain university president when certain erring lads are sent thereto for justice, I have arrived in the land of Jeanne d'Arc. And, as one of the boys wrote home: "this somewhere in France is a great place."

Things are probably quite different now than when you were here. One thing, at least, we may see every day that I'm sure you couldn't have seen. It is the Sammies trying to learn French and the feminine portion of France endeavoring to do the same stunt to English. Most of the boys carry about with them little books in which are all of the sentences usually needed in daily conversation. Many of the Frenchmen—and not a few of the ladies—also carry these books and it is a common sight to see a native gentleman pointing out in the book to a Sammy that he is indeed welcome here, and to see the stranger pointing to another line which informs his hostess that he's doggone glad to be here and that when America gets through with the Kaiser, the Huns will be as helpless as a Notre Dame lad with a cousin—who isn't quite a cousin—at St. Mary's.

I haven't met any N. D. boys yet, but heard that Jimmie Devlin was with a regiment of engineers not far from my station. Am trying to get in touch with him.

May the New Year be a happy one to you and to Notre Dame.

Loyally,

Stuart H. Carroll.  
Camp Zachary Taylor.

\* \* \*

December 22nd, 1917.

My dear Father Moloney:

Yours of the 15th inst. just reached me. I will get busy at once in obtaining names, etc., of Notre Dame men at the Camp. I have met a large number of these men, and found all fine fellows. The university may

well be proud of her graduates in the service of Uncle Sam.

Wishing you a merry Christmas, I am,

Sincerely,

Raphael Grashoff, O. P.

Post Chaplain.

\* \* \*

CAMP GRANT.

Company B,

Motor Supply Train.

Dec. 2nd, 1917.

Rev. James J. French,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father French:—

I have just read Father Crowley's letter in the SCHOLASTIC about the Holy Cross Mission in India. I wish the mission God's blessing and I hope all Notre Dame's mite boxes are stuffed full. I am enclosing a check for five dollars which kindly cash and put in one of the boxes. (This check I cashed for Lieut. Cleary in the Nelson Hotel in Rockford to-day. Don't hold it too long because we move suddenly and without notice in the Army, and if this fellow happened to move to "somewhere in France," he likely would move his bank account too, and we might have a hard time finding him.)

I was drafted first crack out of the box, and have been here ten weeks. Uncle Sam is trying to make a soldier out of me. I wish him good luck in his endeavors, but he has a big job on his hands.

Do you know Father Tom Maguire? He was my classmate at Notre Dame. He is a curate at St. Mary's Church in Rockford. He is my Father Confessor now.

With kind regards, I am, Very respectfully,

Gerald A. Fitzgibbon.

### Personals.

—Lieut. L. Keifer is with Company A, Second West Virginia Regiment.

—Ed. D. Watters is a 2nd Lieut. in the Quartermaster Corps at Camp Taylor, Ky.

—The Honorable Timothy S. Hogan, formerly Attorney General of Ohio, has been named by Governor Cox, Trustee of the State University.

—George W. Byrider, former room-mate of Lieut. John U. Riley, has joined the Quartermaster Corps in Washington, D. C. He expects to leave for France soon.

—Ulric Ruell, who won a football and baseball monogram during his student days '07-'09, is a member of the Cavalry Regiment on duty at Camp Ethan Allen, in Vermont.

—Word has been received at the University that the Hoosier educational system has been enriched with the services of William F. Wall '13. "Bill" is principal of the Dyer Public Schools, Dyer, Indiana.

—Our old friend William Carroll (LL. B.,

'15) has given up the practice of law indefinitely. Just now he is at Camp Grant, Illinois, preparing to become a defender of the law.

—Ira Hurley (LL. B., '12) is in Company 47, Barracks 939, Camp Farragut, Great Lakes, Illinois. Ira is getting ready to beat the Kaiser at his own game—under the sea.

—Camp Taylor has claimed two more Notre Dame men as her own. They are Corp. Edward Lindemann, of Company G, 335th Infantry, and Private Melvin J. Phelan at Headquarters Department, 159th Depot Brigade.

—Lieut. Hardy Bush and Sergt. Joseph Byrne are located at Camp McAllen, Anniston, Alabama. They are in the division which is known as the "Blue and Gray" and are prepared to leave for France at any time.

—If there is an organ at Camp Grant, Illinois, William M. Hanley will certainly be playing it. "Bill" while in Walsh Hall was the students' organist, but now he is a member of the Military Police, Barracks 1806, Camp Grant.

—At the November elections in Zanesville, Ohio, Marcellus M. Oshe (LL. B., '12) was elected Municipal Judge with a plurality of 1024 votes over his nearest competitor. The SCHOLASTIC offers congratulations.

—Robert E. Hannon, '17, is now putting into practice the military theories he imbibed at N. D. "Bob" is attached as a private to Headquarters Company F, Hospital Society, 310 Sanitary Train, Camp Custer, Battle Creek, Michigan.

—Camp Taylor, from its long list of Notre Dame names, seems to be the favorite camping ground of our boys. The last we heard of Sergt. William Mooney, he was in the 309th Headquarters Troop at that camp.

—Friends of George W. Shanahan, '17, will be glad to hear that he is making good as business man in Lima, Ohio, as manager of the Consumers' Fuel and Building Supply Co. His classmate and "cronie" while in Sorin, Walter McCourt, has joined the Naval Reserves.

—Bryan Odem (LL. B., '17) writes from Austin, Texas, "I am now attending the State University here, trying to get a touch of Texas law. I can't say that I care much for the place. I miss the democratic spirit and all that goes to make Notre Dame what it is,—the only school in the land."

—Mr. Robert J. Fox (old student) has

announced that he and Mr. Royal H. Weller, until recently assistant District Attorney of New York County, have formed a partnership for the general practice of law. The offices of Fox and Weller are now located at 31 Nassau Street, New York City.

—Another of our students has joined the Order of the Benedicts. Mr. Denis B. Moran was wedded to Miss Mary Elizabeth Pearles on Saturday, December 1st, in Saints Peter and Paul's Cathedral, Indianapolis, Indiana. Mr. and Mrs. Moran will reside at 1449 Fairfield Avenue, Indianapolis.

—Albert J. Galen (LL. B., '96), formerly Attorney General of Montana, has been appointed Major Judge Advocate General, Officers' Reserve Corps.

There is still need of about seventy-five thousand dollars to complete the fund for Old Students' Hall. *Come Across, please!*

—Charles Bachman, last year's track captain, and a veteran football star, visited the university recently. "Bach" graduated in law last June, and since then has been assistant coach of football at DePauw University as well as coach of the track and swimming teams. He left DePauw for a commission in the naval aviation service.

—Joe McKenna and George Perkins are now Lieuts. at Fort Benjamin Harrison, but they expect to join their Camp Taylor companions at Louisville soon. Frank Baird Welsh is also a member of the 15th Infantry, U. S. T. C. at Benjamin Harrison. Frank, however, has no hope of accompanying Joe and George to the Kentucky camp.

—It is reported that whenever time hangs heavy on the boys in the 159th Depot Brigade at Camp Taylor, Kentucky, Lieuts. Harry Scott and Breen McDonald, both members of the graduating class of '17, entertain the bunch with songs made familiar by our last year's Glee Club. Both Harry and Breen were members of that organization.

—The following Notre Dame men were examined and accepted since the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC for the third officers' reserve training camp, to be held at Camp Sherman, Ohio: Raymond Eichenlaub, Rupert Mills, Sherwood Dixon, Thomas King, James Phelan, Grover Malone, Russel Hardy, James Byrne, Thomas Hayes, Frank McGovern, Walter DeGree, John Raab, Daniel McGlynn, Howard

Parker. The camp was scheduled to open January 5.

—Many Notre Dame men ate their first Christmas dinner in France. Listed among those who are in the land of LaFayette, we find the names of Lieut. Joe Gargan, Leo McGahan, Frank Woods, "Hick" Marshall, Sim Mee, Walt Gibbons, Charles and Louis McCarthy, "Jack" Garry, "Ken" Berkie, and Lieut. Arnold McInerny. Garry is with the Richmond Blues, and Sim Mee is a sergeant in the Quartermaster Corps.

—The following Notre Dame men are now in the officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan, Illinois: Dan McGinnis (LL. B., '13), Joe Pliska (LL. B., '15), Ray Skelley, R. McAdams, James Roach, Herman B. O'Hara (Chem. E., '14), and "Curly" Knowles. Skelley is with Company 6, and John E. Cassidy is with Company 21, 3rd Regiment at the same fort. These are only some of the boys who are building the fire that is to scorch the Kaiser's whiskers.

—Mr. John C. Mott has formed a law partnership with Mr. Isidore B. Dockweiler under the firm name of Dockweiler and Mott with offices at Suite 1035 Vay Nuys Building, Los Angeles, California. The senior member is a distinguished Californian, donor of the Dockweiler Medal, and father of Tom and Henry, still affectionately remembered at the University. The junior member was not only a successful law student in his time, but made a local reputation on the stage.

—Reverend Father Marin, former professor of Spanish in the University, sends to Faculty and students greetings and good wishes for the New Year. His devotion to Notre Dame is inspiring. He also conveys a similar message from Father Hermengild, one of the group of Dominican Fathers who came to Notre Dame. Father Hermengild is now Rector of an important high school in Foo Choo, China. On behalf of the Faculty and students, the SCHOLASTIC most cordially returns these precious greetings.

—Lieut. Paul Fogarty (Ph. B. in Jour. '17) writes to us from Camp Shelby, Miss., where he is stationed with the 149th Kentucky Regiment. He is now "Supervisor of Bayonet Training" in the 149th Infantry. To quote from his letter: "I have taught about 3000 men the manly art of bayonet-slicing, and expect to see these men in action in a very short time." Like all true Notre Dame men, Paul misses

his Alma Mater. He writes: "Whenever I get time, I miss Notre Dame—very much—but you know this war business doesn't provide a schedule time for sentiment."

—Lieut. James G. Kramer (B. S., '11) is with the Medical Relief Corps, U. S. A. Active Service, Field Ambulance 141—B. E. F., France. After leaving Notre Dame, Jim was graduated in 1915 from Western Reserve Medical School in Cleveland, Ohio. He then won in competitive examinations the internship in Lakeside Hospital, Cleveland, and later in the Boston Floating Hospital of Boston. Jim later joined the U. S. Medical Reserve Corps as First Lieut. and was stationed at Fort Sam Houston during the Mexican trouble. Last May he was called by the War Department for overseas duty and at present is with the British Expeditionary Force in France.

—*The Editor and Publisher* for November 3, 1917, prints this interesting news item concerning Hugh A. O'Donnell (Lit. B., '94): "Hugh A. O'Donnell, well-known newspaper man, recently publisher of the *New Orleans American*, is now assistant to the business manager of the *New York Times*. Mr. O'Donnell was one time manager of the *Philadelphia Press*, the *Chicago Herald*, and the *Minneapolis Journal*." Furthermore, Hugh has been asked to accept a commission as major in the Sanitary Division of the Medical Corps of the U. S. A. to go to France as part of the special staff employed to provide proper entertainment for soldiers and to repress those dissipations that affect health. The faculty of Notre Dame, and the friends of Mr. O'Donnell are indeed greatly pleased to hear of his success both as a journalist and as a social service worker.

### Notre Dame Boy Lauded.

We quote the following extracts from an article entitled, "Johnny Ward Has Gone to War; And He's Going to Make Good." It is taken from the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* of which John Ward, Freshman Journalist of last year, has been the assistant Sporting Editor up to the present time. The article hits John's character off so nicely that we can not refrain from quoting it almost in full. We might say in reply that, from what we know, John had just as high an opinion of his associates on the



*Dispatch* as they evidently have of him. There is only one thing lacking in the article and that is its silence about the fact that John received his preliminary training as a journalist at Notre Dame:

BY DAVID J. DAVIES

Dick Farrell, the city editor, believes this story belongs to him, and when I intimated that I might use it on the sport pages he threatened to refer the matter to Ray Coll, the news editor.

Just the same the sporting department is the department that vitally is affected; and on the sport pages goes this story of Johnny Ward's enlistment—else I'm a bobble-eyed squidgee!

Ward, as you all know, has been doing amateur sports on *The Dispatch* during the past eight or nine months—or ever since Tommy Hazzard enlisted with the engineers and crossed the big pool. He's a kid—only 18—this Ward person; and he has in him the making of a mighty fine—a high-class newspaper man. But he's done gone and enlisted in the Aviation Corps; and he's to report for duty tomorrow.

YES; HE'S MADE GOOD

We're tarnal sorry to lose Ward. He is one of the brightest youngsters it has ever been our good fortune to hook up with. He did in a few months what many grown men have failed to do in years—he “made good” in the newspaper business—and he never grew swell-headed about it; either.

After Hazzard had heard the call of the colors and had hearkened to the same, we received letters from a score or more ambitious persons who desired to become amateur sporting editor of *The Dispatch*. Ward's letter was by far the best written, and the youngster was invited to call and have a talk.

We remember well the day he made his appearance. Tall and bespectacled, awed by the thought that he had invaded a real newspaper office for the first time in his life; confronted at last with the opportunity to realize the ambition that had been his ever since he had been old enough to know what ambition meant—well, he was tongue-tied for a time and appeared as though he was the last kid in the world to make good as a bold, bad newspaperman.

SOON BECOMES POPULAR

Still, John was given his big chance. During the first week his progress was rather discouraging; he appeared to be afraid to call his life his own and there were times when I believed I had made the wrong guess—had selected the wrong boy.

This doubt was dissipated inside of three weeks. As though he had suddenly found his bearings, the kid turned in like a veteran and soon the fellows around the shop were sitting up and taking notice. This was shortly following the day Ward was informed that he might “sign” anything he wrote. That signature business, I believe, was what turned the tide in his favor.

Readers of the *Dispatch* will recall the splendid verse written by this eighteen-year-old youngster. They will also agree with me that his “regular stuff” was as good as could have been asked for; better,

indeed, than some being turned out by men who have been in the business for years.

To this kid the “office” was as sacred as his church; he didn't cheat; he dug in and he worked all the time with a view to getting the very best in the line of news for the newspaper to which he paid allegiance.

“Scoops,” or exclusive stories, were as common to Johnny Ward as is snow in winter.

HE BECOMES RESTLESS

Two weeks ago Ward obtained a book entitled “How to Live Over There,” or something like that. Following the reading, he began to fidget.

“Gee,” he said to me last Sunday night, “I've got to enlist. All my friends are going and I hate to stay home and have people looking at me.” (Be it remembered that he is only eighteen).

“How about your parents?” I asked. “Are they satisfied to have you go?”

“We're Irish,” replied this Ward person.

And there you are! After picking up a real gem and after coming to that stage where we were wont to congratulate ourself every five or ten minutes, we'll have to go and do the same thing over—if we can.

Ward has enlisted. He's going to make a danged fine soldier for Uncle Sam. He's a kid who knows things and he isn't afraid to learn. He's Irish and full of guts. When he comes back he can have his job again—if he wants it. And when he hits the country “over there,” we expect to hear from him ever so often. It's a cinch that it won't be long before he gets his “ace.” And we're going to keep pulling for him every day, every minute, every second! We're sorry to lose him, but we're glad that it is Uncle Sam who is the gainer.

### The Athletic Schedule.

The first batch of dates for the 1918 Varsity teams was made public by Athletic Director, Jesse C. Harper, during the present week. The schedules have been somewhat abbreviated this year on account of a general policy of economy and the scant material at hand for the different squads. The usual high class of opponents, however, has been maintained.

The dates for the basketball quintet are as follows:

Jan 12.....	Valparaiso at Notre Dame
Jan. 19.....	Western State Normal at Notre Dame
Jan. 26.....	Wabash at Notre Dame
Feb. 1.....	M. A. C. at Lansing
Feb. 7.....	M. A. C. at Notre Dame
Feb. 15.....	Wabash at Crawfordsville

Coach Rockne's track team will fulfill the following engagements:

Feb. 23.....	Illinois at Notre Dame
Mar. 2.....	Illinois Relay Carnival at Urbana
Mar. 9.....	Michigan at Notre Dame
May 4.....	Illinois at Urbana
May 18.....	Michigan at Ann Arbor
June 8.....	Western Conference meet at Chicago

### Safety Valve.

"No, Harold, Bolshevik is not the name of an Ohio camp, you're thinking of Chillicothe."

\*\*\*

Ill fares the student on the meatless day,  
When fish is scarce and hens refuse to lay.

\*\*\*

TO SAY NOTHING OF SHAVING.  
You may lead the Russ to water,  
But you can't make them wash.

\*\*\*

### YES, WE KNOW.

You know the kind of student that returns from Christmas vacation, pins a picture of a most wonderful being over his desk and begins to make hours of adoration before it. "Oh!" he'll tell you, "she's a dream. She has large brown eyes and a Mercer."

\*\*\*

### WHY CAN'T I SMOKE?

That was a New Year's resolution all right, but this is the day after New Year.

\*\*\*

Stupidity knows no law.

\*\*\*

Ignorance of the mother-in-law excuses many a man.

\*\*\*

Might makes fight.

\*\*\*

When you went home on vacation weren't the folks good to you, didn't they wait on you and serve you for two or three days, and after that when you wanted something, didn't they tell you, you weren't tied and that you'd better go after it yourself, didn't they?

\*\*\*

The pen is mightier than the pig.

\*\*\*

Time and tide gather no moss.

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### PERFECTLY THRILLING.

When I go back to college I'll have a wonderful time. I'll meet Bill Smith on the campus and he'll say to me, he'll say, "Hello! John, I wish you a Happy New Year, I do." And then I'll say to him, I will (what do you think I'll say?) Why, I'll say, "I wish you the same," I'll say. Then we'll look at each other and laugh, we will. Then I'll say, "Had a good vacation, John? did you?" And he'll say, "Did I, well you bet I did, a wonderful time—out every night." And I'll say, "Same here, John," I'll say, "out ever night, not a wink of sleep." And he'll say, "Yep, up all night."

\*\*\*

Billy was a poor little student whom the cold world treated cruelly. He was sent to college and made to do sums though he had never injured anyone. When other people were asleep in their warm beds Billy was pulled out of his bed by a stone-hearted prefect and made to wash his face and neck—yes, and his ears too, though he had never injured anyone. Then he was made to do sums by a cruel teacher. Billy didn't

know how to do sums. How could he think what  $x+y$  was equal to, when he was thinking of Catherine, of the pretty dimples she had, of her sweet smile—and when the teacher called him blockhead and told him  $x+y$  was equal to  $z$  it made him sad because he didn't know who  $z$  was either. He only knew Catherine, for he had taken her to dances. Billy lived in Walsh Hall where they expect poor little boys to go to class when they want to stay home and write letters. And a rude man tore him away from his desk when he was telling Catherine in a letter how much he loved her, and thrust him into a zoology class. Zoology! dear reader, think of it, though Billy didn't injure anyone. Billy didn't care who zoology was. Russian politics didn't appeal to him. He wanted to think about Catherine. And so, dear reader, colleges are prisons where youths sacrifice their lives for  $x$ 's and  $y$ 's and go down to their graves with the taint of zoology upon them.

\*\*\*

### WHERE HEARTS ARE TRUMPS.

One day as I walked home from classes

I saw a most wonderful sign,

"Your country is calling, she needs you

Be a regular lad, fall in line."

So I went to a place of recruiting

And they thumped me from skullbones to feet

And they sent me back home to the family,

'Cause my pesky old heart skipped a beat.

Next day in a car was this legend

"Enlist boys and stand by the nation!"

So I hustled right out to headquarters

To enlist in the crops, "Aviation."

And a red-headed doctor chastized me;

You would think I was made of concrete,

And he sent me back home with the message:

That my heart was asleep on the beat.

Then I tried for the radio service,

And swore I was sound as a bell,

But a doctor with whiskers and wrinkles

Assured me one never could tell.

So he started to maul me, the piker

Great guns, but he treated me rough

And he said, "You're discharged from the army,

'Cause your heart don't beat classical stuff."

I tried for the camouflage service,

Machinery and chemistry too,

I had fistic encounters with doctors,

Till my body was all black and blue.

But they all looked upon me with pity,

And told me I'd better retreat,

For it seemed to them all that my ticker

Was skipping a cog at each beat.

So I went home disheartened and weary

And by all that was holy I swore

That I'd get in the fight—so I'm joining,

The old matrimonial corps.

And I'm going right over to see her,

You can bet as I kneel at her feet,

To ask if I can't be her chauffeur

My heart won't be skipping a beat.

F. R.