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'Magnificat

BY PAUL SCHOFIELD, '20.

CAME to me a wondrous Child
Borne on the winds of night,
Looking up to me, He smiled,
More radiant than the light.

Then the bonds about me burst
And I knew that I was free,
Quenched at last my burning thirst,
Answered was my plea.

Mother of Him, Mother am I
Upon this wintry morn,
Angels o'er me sing on high,—
"Gloria, He is born!"

"A Faithful Man."*

GEORGE D. HALLER, '19.

"You'll have to speak a little louder, please"—this greeting to the shy, diffident Carrollite who came often to the many-scented, many-memoried candy store, is an early memory of Brother Leopold. Always this quaint old man had held a subtle interest for the quiet imaginative youngster, who dreamt of what secrets, what scenes, the many years had unfolded to this stooped old man of the close-cropped white hair and grizzle-bearded face. History he must have had, the youngster thought, for there was a mirth in the fine black eyes, ready laughter in the lips, a wealth of sense, of humor in the speech. But what a truly noble, sweetly simple-souled old man he saw, he never fully realized.

Everyone who knows Brother Leopold, or ever knew him, has nothing but praise for him.

* Prize essay in the Earl S. Dickens Journalism Contest

"A faithful man," said one. "One man in ten thousand," added another. "As good as gold, never angry; pious—peaceful—obliging." "Can he be really worthy of such praise?" I wondered. But I too was given a little glimpse of the real man, and I, too found the praise all too feeble.

Brother Leopold as he crosses the campus, a bent, grizzled, trudging figure, an overcoat hanging capelike from his shoulders, and white head bent over the arms clasped across his breast, is far from a figure of romance. But one that looks can find it everywhere, and so here. For Brother Leopold has lived a long and varied and most useful life. He has been printer, choir leader, singer, violinist, pianist, flutist, teacher, writer, post office official, and merchant, and he has ever gone his happy way, obedient, cheerful, kind.

"What I hate most is to be idle," he says, and that is the keynote of his life. Simple, serving, childlike, the insignificant shell of him hides the great soul of a saint.

Brother Leopold came here in August, 1864. He had been a choir leader for ten years before this and he followed one of his pupils here. He was received with something of acclaim, which he modestly attributes to the devotion of his pupil. He received the habit twelve days after arriving, on August 15th, in order to be able to teach music at the opening of school in September. Father Sorin—for Brother Leopold is one of the few still living who knew the venerable founder of Notre Dame—asked him if he had any trade. Brother Leopold said he was a printer. "My prayers are answered," said Father Sorin, "it is what I have been praying for." Brother Leopold says, "Then I felt bad, for I had been compelled to stop such work on account of my health. The constant standing and carrying of type had strained my back." But in the November following, another printer joined the community and Brother Leopold was relieved of his more arduous duties. It was in

the following May, 1865, that the first issue of *The Ave Maria* appeared.

In addition to his duties as music teacher, Brother Leopold took over the direction of the choir after the demise of Mr. Girac. It was at this time that the controversy in liturgical circles was raging. One party wished a renewed use of the beautiful and ancient plain chant in church services. A German party urged the so-called Cecelian music, a compromise between the plain chant and the rather theatrical music then in vogue. Brother Leopold took an active and interested part in the discussions, writing many articles some of which are to be found in copies of the SCHOLASTIC of that period. Brother Leopold is, though it is not generally known, a well-educated man, with a wealth of erudition which he discloses only to his intimates. He is remarked for his sense of humor, a rather un-German characteristic, and he appreciates jokes, whether he is the butt of them or not. He is never ruffled by a witticism at his expense, having a world of forgiveness in the unexplored regions of his soul. He is a noted story-teller and can illustrate any point that comes up in a conversation with an effective anecdote. A little incident occurred to illustrate this peculiarity of his. A priest asked him if he were going to a certain entertainment in the college auditorium. He answered, "No, I don't hear very well, and when the others laugh I don't know what it is about, and I get mad. It's mighty poor satisfaction to get a second-handed laugh."

When Brother Leopold first began to teach at Notre Dame, as he expresses it, "instrumental music was booming." He personally had more pupils than the whole musical department has now, while his assistants had as many more. He attributes this to the fact that there were few if any conservatories of music in this country then, and to the fact that many musically inclined Southerners and Latin-blooded students came here in those days. He also thinks the wide sale of player-pianos and phonographs is replacing the study of music and the practice of it by amateurs. Brother Leopold taught the violin, the piano, the flute, having as many as twelve studying the flute alone, at one time.

Mr. Girac, who was then director of the orchestra, had a penchant for classical music,—Haydn, Mozart, and the like. At this time the orchestra gave weekly soirees in the rotunda

of the Main Building in company with Professor Lyons' elocution class, with usually some outside entertainer as the "piece-de-resistance." Brother Leopold played first violin in the string quartette, while his nephew played second violin. This quartette held together for perhaps thirty years, truly a most remarkable record.

At that time Father Sorin was much interested in the musical department—he himself playing the flute. "He ran us to death," as Brother Leopold expresses it. Musical examinations, presided over by Father Sorin, usually closed the year's instruction. These were a terrible trial, especially to the more temperamental of the students who were also generally the more gifted, and they often, through their excessive fears, made poor showings, while the "scalawags did better than the good pupils, through their grit," Brother Leopold says. He adds, "I used to get so disgusted at this. Sometimes my best pupils would quit before the year's end to escape the examination."

In Father Lemonnier's time, Brother Leopold organized a Junior orchestra, doing its directing in addition to his choir work and eight hours a day of teaching for his pupils. "I was so full of zeal," he says. There again we have the touch that reveals the true man. "So full of zeal." He adds quaintly, "I was so stingy, I would not buy them music, but I had one piece, a difficult overture, harder than anything the Seniors had tried, but we practised hard and played it so well that Father Lemonnier was well pleased. As a reward he sent us up to LaPorte where the famous Thomas Orchestra was playing. No hall in LaPorte was large enough and the concert was given in a Protestant church. It was the treat of our lives. I never heard anything I enjoyed so much."

We must remember that this stooped and grizzled old man, with the quick-trudging step and bright black eyes, is a true "musikmeister" to whom music is a thing apart, a pedestalled glory and a secret shrine. He loved it with all the abandon of German genius, the same high fire that animated Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven. It was his ever-true sweetheart, his companion, his confidante. How must those black eyes have danced at the rapture imprisoned in a violin, how must his heart have leaped with the impassioned throbbing of the great organ. He was born with the lyre, both in his hand and in his bosom, for his own touch, as well as to thrill in sympathy with the swept cords of all

singers. When the great fire swept Notre Dame and Music Hall perished, the rest of all his earthly possessions were lost, all save his treasured violin. As he himself relates it, "I was so foolish, I left my room thinking some one else would save my things, while I hurried to save things I knew no one else would think of. Then some one said we could no more enter the building, that the roof was burning and liable to fall. I lost everything except my violin."

He then told how he came to be connected with the store, how he came into the part by which all the students have come to know him, "Brother Leeps" they call the candy store, so definitely has his personality been merged therein, and "Brother Leeps" it will remain long after he is gone. The store, as it is now, and has been since 1883, is a room about fifteen by forty feet, with a door and one window at one end, and above these two small windows, at the other end two metal plated apertures about two feet high and four feet wide are opened by pulleys, and over these scarred and dented counters, generations of students have passed their countless coins. Two walls of shelves placed just opposite these counters, hold the wares. At the rear of the store, in a screened-off place, is a table, oil-cloth covered, and four chairs. A stove and ice box and sink are the remaining objects. The floor is covered with linoleum, the walls and ceilings bare and whitewashed. There, Brother Leopold has worked for thirty-four years. Childish faces that once peeped over the counters, are aged and bearded now, the children of children he once served in that same place, put their coins where their fathers had before them, and drink the same famous lemonade, not varied an iota, that the paternal throats had relished in days gone by. It were useless and uninteresting to figure and compute the vast quantities of lemons used here in those thirty-four years, the pounds of sugar, the pails of water, the cookies, the candies. Brother Leopold acknowledges he was once angry, though no one will believe it. He tells of a hot day—"the boys came so often, my lemonade was all gone, the lemons and sugar were gone, I went to the kitchen and asked for these and they refused me... Oh, I was mad—the boys were thirsty and I was losing trade." Brother Leopold once sold pies at ten cents apiece, large pies; think of that in these days of high prices! The custom was discontinued "as injurious to the boys' digestions."

But to return to Brother's account of his coming into the store. He says, "I liked to be in the open. I used to walk much." Even now a five or six mile jaunt will not fatigue him. "In my spare time from my music, I went around helping everybody." Can we wonder he came to be known everywhere for his willingness to oblige? "I helped at the post-office, and was sworn in as a regular assistant. The brother of the postmaster, Brother Thomas, asked me, why I didn't help him as I helped the others. Brother Thomas was a Kentuckian and a very excitable man. But when he asked me to help him, I was shocked. I had such big ideals then, you know, I thought a music teacher was ten miles above a storekeeper and I said, 'A music teacher to go in a store!' Then Brother Thomas got mad and said, 'I reckon,' (he was always saying, 'I reckon'), 'I reckon a merchant is as good as a fiddler any day.' Then I said, 'Oh, I'll help you certainly—if the council will let me.' A week later, after the council had met, Brother Thomas came to me and said, 'I reckon the council will let you come and work, they think you are tolerably honest.'"

At this time it seems, store-keeping was but the diversion of the music teacher, as it occupied only his spare hours, and he was only an assistant to Brother Thomas. The store then was in old Washington Hall, which was not destroyed in the general fire. After the fire, one hundred teams were occupied for six weeks, hauling away the debris. The laborers were housed in the auditorium, while Brother Leopold slept in the store. But he says, "The laborers would come back from town at night, drunk, and they would talk and yell all night and I had to hear them so I began to look for another place to sleep. I could find no place to go, what buildings being unburned were crowded, and so I settled in the paint shop." Soon after this, the store was moved to its present location and a couple of months later, Brother Thomas died. Then Brother Leopold had to give his whole time to the store, and lay down more and more of his musical activities. He says it came hard at first but he soon became absorbed in the new work.

One of the innovations he made was the once-well-known "set-up" tickets, now only a memory among the older students. These little green slips of paper with the simple "P. C. B. L." stamped on them, meaning

"Please cash, Brother Leopold" each passing for five cents in trade, were perhaps, as a business measure, not an original idea, but in their inception here, they were, and shed more light on the character of this rather distant little old man. They grew out of the custom of giving all the students who remain over at the University during the Christmas vacation, a Christmas gift. The giving of the actual gift proved too complex and cumbersome, and not wishing to end the custom, the fertile brain of "Brother Leep" closed on the idea of tickets good for trade, by which the quantity or the spirit of the gift was not lessened, but indeed increased, since the recipient could choose his own present. One day while he was measuring out some candy to be done into packets, a visitor remarked on the generous proportions of each package. Brother Leopold replied, "I'm very conscientious," then he laughed and continued, "we are not cheating the body. I have the name of being stingy, and when some one says I'm generous, I feel very good." The "set-ups" originated as a Christmas gift, became useful to the teachers and prefects as rewards for the boys who deserved something, and so the custom spread. Oftentimes the "set-ups" were as numerous as the money—that represented Brother's goodness of heart.

Every summer it is Brother Leopold's custom to return to Lancaster, Pa., for his vacation. There his brother, Father Kaul, is pastor, and there his sister, is Mother Superior of the convent; she is also a member of the Holy Cross Order. It is her duty to return to the General Chapter of the nuns every year, and last summer, in 1916, she wrote Brother Leopold from St. Mary's to Lancaster, that he had been removed from the store. "It spoiled my whole vacation," he said simply. "I came back and tried everywhere to get work to do, but could get none. They thought I was too old, that was why they moved me." Then with a hint of feeling creeping into his voice, he went on, "I felt very sorry to leave the store, I could do nothing else now, and what I hate most is to be idle. Then I was made prefect of Music Hall. In my early days it would be something, when always we had a crowd, but now for one or two, what need is there of a prefect? I would sit for hours, with only to ring a bell now and then. So I went down and worked in with Brother Maurelius, and I am satisfied now. It was the only way I could live, to have some-

thing to do. I was getting too old, and they took me out, but now I'm back." There was a world of satisfaction in that last phrase.

To be sure, "Brother Leopold is back." He is back in his place in our memories, in our hearts, though he had never left these, but he is back where he wanted to be, in his little niche, serving God and his fellowman, content to be busy, industrious, working, happy to be helping again. He passes among you every day, you look on him and smile at the little bent figure trudging along so bravely. But his mind never was keener, his heart never was happier. "He is one in ten-thousand," this music-souled man with the thin crust of the store-keeper that holds you from the real self. No one really knows him. He is of another day, a past day, that is dead with some of its best, though the best of its best lives on with us in him for our edification.

And so runs the simple story of a simple man, whose long life has been given to bless his fellows, and who will come fruitful to the Lord, to whom the Lord will say, "A faithful man! come to my Heart."

The Good Points of Blizzards.

A blizzard brings discomforts, and frequently severe ones; a chill starts down one's "shiver-column" at the very thought. Nevertheless, even a blizzard has its good points, nor are they so obscure that only a professional optimist can find them. And indeed, why should not a blizzard have its good points? "Nature makes nothing in vain," we are told in philosophy. "All good is being, and all being is good." Whence it follows, incredulous reader, that even a blizzard, being an entity, is good, and has exactly the same philosophical extenuation that is possessed by a steak smothered in onions, or a Hudson super-six. I admit that the latter appeals more warmly to the imagination.

The first point to be noted to a blizzard's credit is its knack of recalling men to the primitive facts of existence. We are all prone to get away from nature. We are swept along in the tide of a decidedly artificial life. We become fond of the ease, the vanities, the ermine and gold lace of existence. But luckily, when we have most completely forgotten our dependence upon nature, along come a blasting, swirling blizzard, blocking our highways, shutting us in like men in a besieged town, ripping off

cables and wires and the thousand other insignia of denaturized life, and behold! our high-flown pride, our haughty self-sufficiency, is reduced to nothing in one terrible night. Nature asserts her dominion, rather roughly, to be sure, but is not the primitive inclined to be rough, in whatever place we find it? The thoughtful will not deny that this rough disciplining has its value, or that it is too often needed. "The world," mourned Wordsworth, "is too much with us; little we see in nature that is ours."

Pride is not the only human failing that falls before the forces of the wild and primeval; there disappear, also, callousness of vision and the habitual ignoring of our brethren. In any great common danger men throw away social boundaries and fight shoulder to shoulder in true human fellowship; an overflowing sympathy unites them, for each needs each as one brother needs another. Now something of this leveling power—sometimes a great deal of it—is exerted by a blizzard; its manifestations are interesting to watch. Men speak cheerily to half-frozen newsboys whom before they scarcely noticed; the sufferings of trainmen, their heroic battles against the storm, become real and personal; neighbors suddenly think of the lonely old couple at the end of the street, and wonder if they are provided for; good householders remember the city's poor, and offering up a prayer for them in their hearts, resolve to send a larger check to the Good Fellows' Club at Christmas.

But to return to the primitive. As men, we are entitled to the adventures that of right belong to mankind. One of these is contact with the primitive. Too many of us must be content with gaining that contact only rarely, and far from its natural haunts. Reading of Jack London's or Rex Beach's splendid men of the North,—of their magnificent struggles with nature in the rough,—we sigh as we turn the pages and reflect that we, alas, can have no part in adventures such as these. Our ways are set in more artificial places; mere strap-hangers, we,—not fur-clad hunters skiing through Alaskan forests. Tame and quiet our order, cozy but monotonous. Then, in a single night, comes the whirling blizzard upon us, and joyously buffeting its blasts with tingling nerves and muscles taut, we drink in the adventurous breath of the primitive,—for a few hours we share the exhilarating joys of the man of the North.

L. G. H.

The Triple Tragedy.

BY THOMAS J. HANIFIN, '19.

It was the regular monthly meeting of the Lily Lodge. The members and many candidates for membership had all assembled in the club rooms. In the leisure before the meeting was called to order, two of the original members developed a lively argument on the question of prohibition. In the course of the discussion both were using some harsh words. Nor did the debate end when the meeting was called to order. During the roll call Doyle was ardently rebutting the arguments of his opponent, Lang:

"So you want prohibition, do you? You want to do away with the drink; to prohibit its sale because some men who like liquor get drunk?"

"That's it, Doyle. Abolish drink and thereby eliminate the drinker; do away with the trade in liquor and then you can have a nation of sober men."

"Say, Lang, where do you get that stuff? Which came first the drinker or the dealer? Can a dealer do business without customers? Doesn't demand always create the supply? In this case the customer is the demander and the dealer is the supplier. If you do away with the dealer—"

"I know, Doyle, but can't you see—"

"Yes, Lang, I can see that to abolish the legitimate saloon simply means to provoke blind tigers and other illegal dispensers of drink. If you can prove to me that the liquor dealer is the cause of the appetite for drink, I shall be convinced that we are in need of prohibition."

"Now, wait a minute, Doyle; let me say a few words, will you? Do you deny that the saloon is a temptation to some drinkers? Do you deny that the drinker of to-day will be the drunkard of to-morrow? Isn't it true that many who use liquor also abuse it? Suppose there was no liquor in the country; then no one could get drunk. Could they, Doyle?"

"But listen to me, Lang; do you deny that the river is a temptation to some people? Isn't it true that many who use the water from the river also abuse it? Because some people commit suicide by jumping into the river, would you call an election to vote the river dry?"

Because some people commit the sin of gluttony by eating too much, would you call an election to close the hotels and restaurants? No, you would not! But because some people are guilty of gluttony by drinking too much you want to close our breweries and saloons."

Here the voice of Chairman Rowe was heard above the din of the debate:

"Order! Order, back there! You members in the back of the room, come to order!" But the offenders argued on undisturbed. They were beginning to attract the attention of the house, when the chairman, pounding the desk with his gavel, shouted:

"Order! Order! will the meeting please come to order?" and the mallet continued to crash down upon the desk. But even this combination of words and wood had no effect on Lang and Doyle, who wrangled on perfectly oblivious of everything except their growing difference.

"You are a downright prohibitionist, aren't you, Lang?"

"Yes, and I'm proud of it, too."

"It's a lot you have to be proud of, Lang, going about the city like a Pharisee, praying, 'O Lord, I'm glad that I'm not like the rest of men, drinkers and drunkards.' What saved you from becoming a drunkard? Was it prohibition? No, it was temperance and self-imposed total abstinence that saved you. Why don't you preach the real cure, temperance? Eliminate the drink evil by decreasing the drinkers. Preach against the drinkers and not against the drink."

"Say, Doyle, I don't see how the Lily Lodge ever accepted your application to become one of its members. I guess you didn't show them how ignorant you really are."

The chairman hammered the period to this last sentence and thundered again and again:

"Order! Order! I want order in this room!" But the more Rowe called for order, the greater grew the disorder. Exasperated, the chairman became more definite:

"If you two gentlemen can not agree, then get out! We don't want you here scandalizing our new members, and wasting the time of the society. I'll give you just two minutes either to conclude your discussion or to depart from the meeting."

But when the two minutes were up neither of the alternatives had been accepted by the debaters. Their tongues were going like per-

petual motion machines. Insults and jibes were now being exchanged with utter recklessness. Presently Lang threatened to attack Doyle, who, in a true Irish way, invited him on. A few more words led them to blows. Some of the other members attempted unsuccessfully to pacify the pair. Doyle drew a revolver from his pocket and fired two shots straight at the heart of his opponent. Lang fell to the floor. Forthwith pandemonium prevailed. Rowe hurled his mallet at Doyle, but it missed him and crashed through a window.

Shouts of "Kill him! Lynch him!" came from several parts of the room. None but Rowe, however, ventured toward the raving murderer. The chairman alone had the courage of the occasion. He was a general without an army, a leader without followers. While he sought to wrest the still smoking revolver from Lang's assassin, the hundred other members scrambled madly to escape from the death hall. Some broke chairs against the barred doors; others, unable to get near the exits, crawled under benches and tables, or crowded themselves into small ante-rooms adjoining, each intent upon getting out of harm's way.

In the confusion someone turned out the lights. Rowe and Doyle continued their grappling in the dark. In the scuffle around the room several more shots were fired; chairs were overturned, pictures torn from the walls, windows broken, the empty heating stove was knocked over, statues crashed from their pedestals, sobs, shouts, and curses filled the room. When the fray finally subsided the lights were turned on a fearful scene of wreckage. Banged-up furniture, broken glass, and shattered statues covered the floor. Lying amid the debris were the bodies of Doyle and Rowe and Lang. In the ante-rooms several of the more timorous members had fainted from their fright. Still others collapsed at the sight of the three corpses.

Through the influence of some of the city officials, who were members of the club, the story of the tragedy was kept out of the newspapers. To tell the whole truth, it would have been a poor scoop for any journal, for the reason that the triple murder was only a part of the initiation program that had been prepared for the new members. Even now Doyle, Lang, and Rowe, when they meet, still enjoy the murder scene which they played that night with so much effect.

Varsity Verse.

ROYALTY.

I stood by the crib where a Child
 Laughed with a child's delight.
 His eyes were so soft and so mild,
 Yet shone with a steadfast light.

There was splendor of palaces there,
 Where princes had come to adore,
 And shepherds, brave knights, knelt in pray'r
 At the throne of straw on the floor.

A. J. M.

FRIENDSHIP.

Clay unto clay but clings
 With blind desire,
 A breath of heaven brings
 Creative fire.

J. H. McD.

LIMERICKS.

A fellow named A. X. Szczpanick,
 Getting "scoops" has a rep quite titanic;
 In philosophy, too,
 He can see his way through,
 But exams about cause him a panic.

C. J. W.

There is a young giant, Ronchetti,
 Who hails from the land of spagetti;
 When he plays troubadour,
 And is asked for some more,
 He replies with a smile, "I no getti."

L. J.

I once knew a fellow named Ryan,
 Who exceedingly loved his port wine.
 He once got too much,
 His condition was such,
 That 'twas safest for him to recline.

G. H.

IN THE LIBRARY.

(Suggested by the New Tapestry.)

The faithful cloth that holds the scene
 Of Naples on the bay,
 Is brighter far than crowns of gold,
 That crumble in a day.

The bay is calm and deepest hue
 Cerulean tints the tide,
 The sea-gulls drop into its lap,
 And on its ripples ride.

Vesuvius beyond the bay,
 Spits smoke from Vulcan's fire,
 While Orpheus in notes more bold,
 Plays on his happy lyre.

J. N.

Lyttton's "Richelieu."

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

Picture to yourself a drama with all the romance and adventure of a soldier's life, the cunning intrigue of a band of bold conspirators, the gossip and scandal of a luxurious and licentious court, people it with a villain as audacious and unprincipled as any history or fiction can furnish, one who stops not at bare-faced treachery nor cold-blooded murder; with a hero brave and true, generous to a fault, quick to anger, and quicker still to remorse, holding honor dearer than life; with a heroine whose rare beauty is enhanced by every womanly virtue, who is constant and true, and who clings to her husband through every trial and repels with stinging disdain the advances of a licentious king. Place these people in France in the middle of the seventeenth century, at a court dominated by a great priest-statesman. Imagine this and you will have the elements and setting of the greatest play written since the time of Shakespeare.

The plot of "Richelieu" is cleverly constructed about the difficulties of a pair of lovers. Senieur de Mauprat, a young French soldier, has fallen in love with Julie, niece to the great cardinal. Richelieu, with the idea of testing De Mauprat, at first opposes the match, but finding that the young man is constant, he withdraws his refusal, and the marriage takes place. Baradas, a celebrated noble, and one high in the good graces of the king, also loves Julie. He plots the ruin of De Mauprat, with intention of winning Julie for himself. He persuades the young noble that Richelieu has played him false, and has sent Julie to the court to be mistress to the king. Enraged at the thought of such treachery, De Mauprat joins in a conspiracy to kill the cardinal. In attempting the deed he is arrested by the king's troops and lodged in the Bastille. Richelieu, who understands that De Mauprat has been deceived, tries to have him relieved, but the king, being under the influence of Baradas, will not hear the cardinal's plea. Richelieu's star is apparently on the wane. Finally a dispatch, that has been causing a great deal of trouble throughout the play, is discovered by a nephew of Richelieu. This dispatch shows that Baradas has been in treasonable communication with the King of Spain, and has plotted to betray

the armies of France in return for the French crown. Of course this clears up all the difficulties, and the play ends according to the most approved principles of poetic justice.

Interesting as it is, however, it is not the plot that makes the play so widely and justly famous. It is the remarkable, many-sided character of the great Cardinal, so admirably portrayed by Lytton, that raises this drama from the ranks of the mediocre and gives it a place among the classics. In reading the play for the first time, we are rather at a loss to understand this strange man, so contradictory does he seem. At one time we find him harsh to the point of cruelty; a moment later he is as good and gentle as the most saintly curé. Now he is suspicious of all the world—scarcely trusting his niece, of whom he thinks so much; a little later he takes into his confidence an almost perfect stranger, and trusts implicitly a treacherous servant. He is gay and sad, humorous and stern, all in one.

How explain the man, or is he explainable at all, the reader asks. If we study Richelieu in his dual personality, we shall understand him better. He is first of all a public man, a statesman, whose love is his country. To make France great is his one ambition. To this end he bends all his energies, all the powers of his soul, and aught or anyone that interferes with his plans is ruthlessly treated. He is cold and calculating, hard as steel, sparing neither friend nor foe in his efforts to push France to the fore in European affairs. But in his private life, we have a different person. Here he is kind and lovable. His niece loves him, his servants worship him. In his home he is the warm-hearted, jovial priest and guardian. As the play progresses, we find this second personality coming into prominence more frequently, and in the last few scenes it entirely predominates. The apparent contradiction is brought about by the mingling of these separate personalities, especially when state affairs intrude upon his domestic life.

But no matter in which personality he appears, Richelieu is always an impressive character. There is something innately noble about all his words that lends him a peculiar and stately dignity, and when the curtain drops on the closing scene of the play we feel a deep respect for the fearless old man, who fought against such terrible odds, and who feared neither king nor people.

Bobbie's Christmas Sled.

BY THOMAS H. KING, '18.

"Pop, do you think Santa will gimme a sled for Trismas?" anxiously queried the seven-year-old Bobbie Brown of his father.

"I think maybe he will, son, if you are a good boy and do as you are told," replied the father.

These words were exchanged in the small living room in the house of Henry Brown, a poor but honest and hard-working pattern-maker in the chair factory at Franklin. Although Christmas was still two weeks away, Bobbie had decided that a sled was just the thing he wanted as his present. His father, too poor to purchase the present for his son, had been making the parts for a sled in the spare time after his working hours, and now they lay in the attic to be fitted together when he could find the leisure.

It was not to be an extravagant Christmas for the Browns, as there had been a strike at the factory that fall and the employees had been finally forced by necessity to go back to work without having accomplished their ends. The month of enforced idleness had consumed the small savings of the Brown family, and hence they had to be most economic in their expenditures.

The next evening was cold and stormy. A driving sleet had made both street and sidewalk a very dangerous footing. Henry Brown, coming down the dark slippery street at the end of his day's work, met just in front of his home the superintendent of his department at the shop, greeted him, and turned into his house. The next morning the Browns learned from the morning paper that the superintendent had been found by a passer-by near Brown's home in the suburbs, unconscious and in a serious condition from exposure. From appearances it was thought that he had been slugged and left for dead, perhaps by some one who held a grudge against him because of the recent strike in which he had played a prominent part. No arrests had been made as yet, but it was hinted that certain persons were suspected.

As it was Sunday, Brown spent the day at home with his family. Late in the afternoon there came a knock at the door of the little home, and two officers of the law entered with a warrant for the arrest of Henry Brown as a suspect in the assault upon the superintendent.

Despite his protests of innocence, the pleas of Mrs. Brown and the tears of the boy, the husband and father was hustled off to jail.

Days passed and no bail could be secured for the prisoner. He was forced to remain in jail, while his little family was being reduced day by day to the point of destitution. At the hospital the superintendent was in a grave condition from concussion of the brain and pneumonia, which had developed from the exposure. He was conscious now and then for only a few moments at a time, and even then nothing could be learned from him that would throw any light on the identity of his assailant.

The eve of Christmas came, and Bobbie Brown was not in good spirits. He feared that he would not get the coveted sled and he wanted his papa back. The sorrowing mother had little consolation to offer her son. The little Christmas presents she had intended for him had been made impossible by the imprisonment of her husband. At the jail, where he was confined with some other unfortunates, Brown worried about his family. If he could only get home long enough to put his boy's sled together for Christmas, he could await with more patience the vindication which sooner or later, he was sure, would set him free. The jailer in leaving after having brought the prisoner his supper that evening inadvertently left the door of the cell unlocked. Brown cautiously slipped out and hurried homeward. He knew he would be missed shortly, but perhaps he could get the little task finished before he would be retaken.

He was greeted joyously by his wife and son when he reached home. Knowing that his time might be very limited, he hurried up to the attic and hastily fitted together the sled. That done, he came down and waited uneasily for what was to follow. It was not long until there was a knock. The husband hastened to conceal himself in the woodshed, while his wife answered the call. Two officers entered, and in answer to their inquiry about Mr. Brown were told that he was not at home. They then requested Mrs. Brown to give him when he came home the message they had brought. It was a most pleasant surprise to find it a statement that the superintendent, who had passed the crisis and was himself again, had testified that he had not been assaulted at all, but had merely slipped upon the sidewalk and hurt himself in the fall. The suspected man was thus exonerated from all suspicion.

It was a very hearty Christmas eve in the Brown household. Bobbie was very happy in having his father back and in being assured that Santa Claus would certainly bring him his sled that night. After the boy had retired, his father brought down the present from the attic-shop, and he too was happy in feeling that now Bobbie's Christmas would be complete.

Junior Thoughts.

The best player is the one who always plays a poor hand well.

The finest love is that which has a generous heart for its source.

Make your word trustworthy and your character will be noteworthy.

Your prayers will never be answered unless you do something yourself.

He is the wisest who has learned the purpose of life and lives to that end.

Our life can be lived till death, but many are deceased long before that.

The differences between man and the brute are few, the likenesses many.

Never lose an opportunity to speak, but be sure you have something to say.

We live but once and not very long. Why not forget the worry now and then?

You can judge a man rather well by the manner in which he treats fools.

The fellow with bushels of money and no friends is the poorest of the poor.

It is one thing to acquire knowledge, and quite another thing to use it to advantage.

The line of least resistance is likely to bring you back to where you started from.

You can generally tell a gentleman by his conduct in the presence of old people.

The calm of the Sabbath is a figure of the calm in Heaven after the weary week of life.

Cramming for the examination is like making up for a month's fasting all in one meal.

Evolutionists are those who bumped their heads in getting out of the cocoanut tree.

Why should agnosticism pride itself on its ignorance of what is most worth knowing?

Be careful in your judgment of others; even Satan, with his centuries of experience, misjudged Job very badly.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—Desiring to symbolize the patriotism of the many Notre Dame students who have so loyally responded to the nation's call for soldiers, the se-

The N. D. Ambulance Fund. nior class inaugurated some

time ago the Notre Dame ambulance fund. The project is to place on the battlefield in France a Notre Dame ambulance. This is intended first of all as a service to the country in the great good that it will surely do, and secondly as a tribute to the hundreds of Notre Dame men who are so unselfishly and so ardently sacrificing themselves to the great cause. We who are permitted to continue our education should do the utmost in our power to insure the complete success of their sacrifice. To us this ambulance fund presents itself as a choice opportunity of "doing a bit" in the great struggle in which we are all so vitally concerned. The senior four-year men have initiated the movement with a donation of twenty-five dollars and the sophomores have declared their intention of donating the entire proceeds of their annual cotillion to the fund. These are samples of the right kind of college and class spirit, which may well be imitated by every class and club in the university. Again, every student in the school should solicit the aid of his parents in behalf of the enterprise, despite the fact that so many demands are being made on their generosity. Any sum, however small, will help that much to the necessary amount, and will be fully appreciated. Let us all, collectively and

individually, get behind this movement as substantially as we can and send this ambulance to the Front at the earliest possible date as a concrete expression of our Notre Dame patriotism.

—These days between the 18th and 25th of this month are witnessing a most remarkable and significant occurrence in the Octave of Prayer for Church

The Church Unity Octave. Unity. The remarkable element in this

spiritual campaign is that it is world-wide in the truest sense and embraces, not one or two, but every denomination professing Christianity. It is very significant in that it is the first time in the history of divided Christianity that the people of all the Christian creeds have united in a common period of prayer for a common purpose. Here at last is Christendom turning to God. By its persevering iniquities the world may have turned away His face and the measure of sins is yet incomplete, but there is still God's everlasting assurance that His mercies are above all His works. The special intention of the Octave is twofold: that a permanent world peace may quickly succeed this war, and that it may be followed by a return to unity of all Christians now separated. It seems that men at length are coming to realize what all their experience, more especially that of the last three years, so plainly teaches—that He alone can be the world's refuge, that only He can keep the nations in the path of peace and justice, that from Him must come the reunion of all men in His name. The world under the chastening scourge of the awful world war is at last turning its haggard face upward. For Catholics who believe that there can be but one true Christian Church this movement should have a very special meaning. Let us join our voices with the millions now crying to Heaven for peace in a world so fearfully and fatally divided against itself. Let us pray that the nations may be reconciled with justice to all, that our own beloved country may arouse herself from her religious indifference and come back to Christ. And we may be confident that this universal appeal will bring us in God's good time an abiding peace in the one Fold under the one Shepherd.

—With nearly all of our old track men gone to the war, Notre Dame's prospect for a win-

ning team this season is far from good. Still, remembering the football season just past, it should require much more than this to dishearten us. Coach Harper and his following had all kinds of reasons for being pessimistic as they confronted their football schedule last September, but the traditional fighting spirit of Notre Dame redeemed the odds and saved the day gloriously. In answer to Coach Rockne's appeal for candidates for the track team optimism and the same saving spirit must again prevail. Every man who has within himself the slightest possibility, however hopeless his aspirations may have seemed in the past, should respond promptly to the call. He should respond with an enthusiasm which loyalty to college and the proper interest in self imply. The physical good that will result to him from the training will repay manifold all the time and effort expended. Then, too, an N. D. monogram is worth fighting for. Finally, Uncle Sam is likely to need some fast track men to keep pace with his star-spangled banner when sometime this year or the next it starts its double-quick drive for the capital of Potsdam.

Obituaries.

It grieves us to announce the death of Mr. Thomas Finegan, father of Charles T. Finegan (LL. B., '15), better known as "Sam," star football and basketball player. Mr. Finegan died in Boise, Idaho, on December 26, 1917. To "Sam" and the bereaved members of the family the SCHOLASTIC offers condolence and promises prayers.

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We regret to announce the death of Eugene Parker (Student '15-'16) who passed away at St. Luke's Hospital, in Chicago, last week. Eugene enlisted in the Aviation Corps at Terre Haute, five weeks ago, and was sent to Jefferson Barracks, Missouri, where he remained until January 8, when he was transferred to Camp Custer, Michigan. He had previously contracted a severe cold and on reaching Chicago had developed such a high fever that he was brought to the hospital where he passed away the following Saturday. To his bereaved parents, Mr. and Mrs. Valmont Parker, and to his two sisters, we offer the sincere sympathy of his former school-mates.

Local News.

—The Glee Club made its annual appearance at St. Mary's Wednesday night. The usual success attended the performance.

—Through lack of space we were unable to print in our last number some of the local activities of the last week of school. We print them now with apologies.

—The speakers' bureau of the State Council of Defense of Indianapolis has appointed Dean John M. Cooney and Professor William E. Farrell as speakers to promote interest and activity on the part of citizens in public matters pertaining to the war.

—An announcement of interest to agriculturists has been made by Professor W. A. Johns of the School of Agriculture. Credit towards graduation may be earned by any member of the Notre Dame school by working summers on a farm under conditions prescribed by the faculty. Details of the plan may be learned by application to the Dean.

—The Glee Club, under the direction of Professor John Becker, gave a concert Thursday evening at a banquet of the salesmen of the Dodge Manufacturing Co. in the Hotel Mishawaka. The salesmen received the various numbers with enthusiasm, which indicates that they can not only talk high-class goods but can appreciate them also when presented by other sources.

—Father Cavanaugh announced Thursday to the engineers that a certain number of them, whose records since entrance has been as high as the first third of the graduates of the last ten years, will be permitted to enlist in the reserves, thus placing them in the fifth draft class and giving them an opportunity to finish their college course. A similar ruling applies to medical students. The details of the plan can be ascertained by enquiring of Father Schumacher or Father Joseph Burke.

—The members of the journalism classes have been reviewing the magazines received at the university relative to the circulation, advertising and newspaper fields, with a view to tabulating the most important articles relative to those subjects. The results will be placed on file for future reference, the findings of each member being properly credited. The senior journalists, in addition to doing their share of the work, are acting as critics of the reports of their less experienced brothers.

—Sorin Hall opened the Christmas activities by a big farewell "blow-out" just before the holidays. An entertaining evening was enjoyed—songs, boxing matches, and speeches intermixed with other merrymaking. Joe Riley took Santa's place and presented gifts from the hall to Father Eugene Burke, rector, and to Fathers Hagerty and Ill, prefects. Toys were distributed among the sedate seniors and juniors present. Colonel Hoynes delivered a well-received speech. Sandwiches, coffee and cigars were served.

—Isolation, with much accent on the first syllable, was the general analysis of conditions at Notre Dame on Saturday of last week. "The coldest spell since '64," was the way our "Oldest Resident" puts it. And we believe it! Twenty-two degrees below, a forty-mile gale, several feet of snow, three deaths in the neighboring "World Famed," no trains, no street cars, no mail—and saddest of all deprivals,— "war rations." Saturday at the café—coffee without cream, brown sugar, your choice of liver and—liver, no chef, no waiters, no nawthin'—but snow.

—Winter can never be said to have properly arrived at Notre Dame until the Minims' toboggan is in running order. At present it is in first class condition, and the youngsters are making slides anywhere from twenty yards to a half-mile. Just who has made the longest slide is still a matter of dispute, but it has been decided that the one that goes as far as the ice-house will hold the University record. In keeping with these patriotic times the sport this winter is under the auspices of Uncle Sam, for two big U. S. flags drape the starting tower. The minims always were patriotic anyway.

—Another hall has been added to our famous Varsity incubator system. Badin Hall has just organized an athletic association and promise to make interhall competition in track and basketball a lively affair this year. The officers are as follows: hon. president, Father Frank McGarry; president, Eugene Kennedy; athletic manager, B. Maher; secretary, B. Fischer; treasurer, T. Cusick; reporter, George Sullivan; honorary members, Fathers McManus and Wenninger. All hall members have pledged their loyal support at all contests and have each subscribed a dollar toward the purchasing of uniforms, etc.

—The Notre Dame Board of War Activities,

formed in accordance with government plans and through advices from Washington, has been appointed by Father Cavanaugh, and has the following members: Judge Francis J. Vurpillat, chairman; Professor William E. Farrell, secretary; other members, Professor William Logan Benitz, Professor James Hines, Professor Edward Maurus. At the first meeting it was decided to apply for pamphlets on all phases of the war to be placed in all reading rooms of the university and also to secure "four minute men" to address the students at all university entertainments.

—Hugh O'Donnell left for Washington, D. C., Friday to complete his studies for the priesthood at Holy Cross College, Catholic University. Hugh graduated in the law department in June, 1916, and returned that fall to continue his studies and act as assistant prefect in Carroll. He entered St. Joseph's Novitiate during the Christmas vacation. Hugh was a member of the football Varsity and received his monogram for his star playing at center. He was also director of the Glee Club and a well-liked, all-around student, athlete and gentleman. He expects to be followed shortly by "Vinc" Mooney of military and baseball fame.

—The annual Glee Club banquet took place just before the holidays. Charles McCauley was toastmaster and Father Matthew Walsh speaker of the evening. Father Walsh's speech on "Notre Dame Loyalty" was the feature of the affair and has been the talk of the campus since. Callan gave a burlesque of the McCauley stage manner in rendering several songs, and the orchestra responded to a call with a farce song. Phil Snyder sang "The Old Grey Mare Ain't What She Used To Be," while Overton pleased with some violin solos. The banquet being over the club went in a body to the second show at the Orpheum, occupying the entire first three rows.

—Athletics for the students of the preparatory department of the University on a grander scale than ever before is the aim of the association formed at a meeting held Wednesday afternoon. Organization of basketball, baseball and track teams is to follow immediately and competition with high school and neighboring prep schools is to be arranged. "Bodie" Andrews will have charge of the basketball candidates, while Coach Rockne will look after the embryonic trackmen who will train

at the same time as the Varsity. A baseball coach will be appointed in a short time. These new plans are not to interfere in the least with the time-honored interhall strifes.

—President Tobin called the Sophomores together Sunday and arrangements were completed for the chief social affair of the senior-year men, the Sophomore Cotillion. The proceeds are to be donated to the University Ambulance Fund. This patriotic innovation should assure a coöperative response from the student body. The following committees with their respective chairmen were appointed: general arrangement: J. Sinnot Meyers; program, Paul Schofield; publicity, Alfred W. Slaggert; orchestra, J. Lyle Musmaker; tickets, Thomas Beacom. Tickets can be procured from the following men: Pearson, McGlynn, Barry, Beacom, Slaggert, Holton and Grupa.

—The following letter has been received from W. L. Baier, South Bend ticket agent for the New York Central Lines, and will be of interest to the students as indicating the popularity of our football players:

The writer begs of you to accept his congratulations for the splendid showing and achievements of the Notre Dame football team for the season just closed. It appears to me that these achievements are all the more noteworthy when one takes into consideration the obstacles that presented themselves from time to time, increasing in place of diminishing as the season closed, but which were met and overcome.

I think, and the passenger agents of the foreign lines are of the same opinion, that the record of the Notre Dame football team for 1917 is a fine tribute to the spirit of yourself and assistants and members of the football team, which spirit resulted in victories for the "Gold and Blue."

—Persons of prominence about the place who find themselves questioned on class activities, etc., by apparently curiously minded individuals should not be unduly alarmed. They are only freshmen journalists attempting to gather stray bits of information for use in the SCHOLASTIC. Special work being done by a class, meetings of societies and particular courses and similar items are always of interest as part of the local news of the University. An attempt has been made to classify the possible news sources of the University, and any help given to the collectors of information will be appreciated as not only helping the young journalists in the practical side of their work, but also in strengthening the publicity department. This arrangement will also provide for

a greater truthfulness in all news going out from the University.

—The following communication has been sent out by the publicity department of the Great Lakes Training Station relative to our own Charlie Bachman. It has been called to our attention by W. A. Curley, Jr., who is connected with the above-mentioned department, and will be of interest to all Notre Dame men:

A husky, well-proportioned youngster took his place in detention camp here to-day with a thousand other recruits. He gave the name of Charles Bachman of Chicago. Ensign Jack Kennedy, who knows a man when he sees one, stepped up to the big fellow and called him from the line. He quizzed Charlie for a few minutes and learned he was from Notre Dame. Mr. Kennedy had mistaken him for a fighter, but found out that he was a fighter—when fighting was called for.

He was then brought over to see one of his old friends at school. To him Charlie looked bigger than ever. He weighed in the Navy at 205 pounds, and expects to put on a little more as soon as he gets going in the work. Mr. Kennedy has made Charlie the master-at-arms of his company—a bouncer in the Navy—and predicts that no trouble will start for a few days at least.

Charlie enlisted at Indianapolis a few days ago and arrived at Great Lakes yesterday. Although he enlisted for the aviation corps, he is going to transfer to the petty officers' school, where he will study for the ensign examination. According to Mr. Kennedy it will be but a short time before "Bach" will be all done up in gold stripes. His official navy name is to be "big boy," it being wished on him before he was in camp an hour.

Personals.

—Harold Stickney of Corby Hall basketball fame is now with Co. C, Regiment 331, Camp Grant, Illinois.

—A letter full of exuberant loyalty from "Jake" Geiger brings the information that he is now a subdeacon and expects to be ordained in May.

—Charles P. Mooney, who claimed Corby and Walsh as his places of residence last year, has written to friends at the University stating that he is now in the army service and intends taking the examination for the Aviation Corps in the near future.

—Joseph M. Byrne, Jr., ('12-'13) and Frank McDermitt, both of Newark, New Jersey, are "tenting to-night" at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Alabama. Joe has been appointed second lieutenant of the cavalry division, and Frank is a first class private in the engineering corps.

—We record with pleasure the marriage of Miss Marie Louise Hinton to Mr. Joseph Reginald Clark, in Memphis, during the early days of 1918. Mr. Clark is our old friend "Rex." The bride is accomplished and popular.

—Among other N. D. men who are training at Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss., are Lieut. Tom Holland, who is with the cavalry unit, and Lieut. Eddie McOsker (Ph. B. in Jour., '17), formerly an editor of the SCHOLASTIC. Eddie received his commission last summer at Fort Harrison, Indiana.

—Hon. Maurice Francis Egan, a former professor of English at the University, who is at present American Minister to Denmark, is convalescing after a surgical operation that he recently had to undergo. Our honorable alumnus expected to leave Copenhagen for America last month.

—On January 8th, 1918, Miss Mary Cecelia Hopfinger, a charming young lady of Port Clinton, Ohio, was united in marriage to William Arthur Fish (LL. B., '12). After the first of February, Mr. and Mrs. Fish will reside at 22 Santuit Street, Boston, Mass. The SCHOLASTIC tenders congratulations.

—"Ted" Wagner, stationed at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, has written us saying that he is now in the army for fair, and although he has already done kitchen police and mop drill, he is not kicking. Through the medium of the SCHOLASTIC we wish to assure "Ted" that he has the right idea—"stick-to-it-iveness" is a criterion of success.

—Rev. Edward Galvin, who is visiting the United States in the interest of the Maynooth Mission to China, was a recent visitor. Through means of the mission, Ireland is rapidly organizing to take a large share in the conversion of China. Father Galvin himself has spent several years in the field afar, and is one of the charter members of the Maynooth Mission.

—Some very palatable information has recently been received from the "Far West." On December 10th, 1917, at half-past eleven o'clock, in St. Vincent's Church, Los Angeles, California, Miss Julia Katherine Stearns was united in holy matrimony to Lieut. A. J. Dockweiler (A. B., '12). Members of the University faculty and student friends of Lieut. Dockweiler offer congratulations.

—Simon Ercile Twining (Ph. B., '12) is one of the commission appointed by the Government in the Grain Exchange and Marketing Investigation now going on in the Northwest. He has offices in the Federal Building, Minneapolis, Minnesota. At the earnest solicitation of the Commissioner in Chief, he resigned his fellowship in Princeton University to take up this work for the government.

—At Notre Dame in the scholastic year of '16-'17 "Chet" Grant was a sophomore prominent in Varsity athletic activities, and during the past football season he distinguished himself as the quarter-back of the Camp Shelby team at Hattiesburg, Miss. Evidently, however, "Chet" besides being an accomplished athlete, is also a cracking good soldier, for he has already risen in the ranks from a private to a first lieutenant.

—Albert Kranz (LL. B., '17) writing to a friend at the University says: "I want to break the good news gently to you. I had the good fortune of hearing to-day, through Frank Hackett, that he and Len Donovan and myself had passed the Ohio Bar Examination. Sure do feel that reward comes after steady effort to attain a certain end. A little Ohio Statutory Law, combined with the good old common law we get at N. D. does the trick each time. Remember me to all of my friends at the school."

—Mr. Peter P. McElligott (LL. B., '02) writes to the editor of the SCHOLASTIC: "I wish to inform you that Timothy C. Crimmins, of the law class of '02, is now judge advocate of the 34th Division, U. S. R., at Camp Cody, Deming, New Mexico. He has the rank of major. He went into the second camp at Plattsburg, N. Y., for a military training and rapidly acquired such knowledge and proficiency as to warrant this advancement. The friends of Major Crimmins and his old friends who read the SCHOLASTIC will be pleased to know this."

—Our former Military Instructor, George A. Campbell, has been promoted to the rank of Captain of Infantry. At present his address is 38 Broad St., Woburn, Mass. This is what the captain writes concerning the days he spent at Notre Dame: "I miss the University and the students and my old friends. Notre Dame is a wonderful place, and I hope to be there again after the war. My best wishes to the pro-

fessors at our table and to my old friends at the school."

—During the Christmas vacation several of our old boys in olive drab stopped at their Alma Mater for a brief visit. Lieut. John U. Riley (Jour., '16) of Camp Custer, Michigan, and his brother, Wilfrid, Freshman Journalist this year, in the Radio Service at Great Lakes, Illinois, were here. Lawrence Cook, Sophomore last year, now with the Ambulance Corps stationed at Pittsburgh, and Lieut. J. Paul Fogarty (Jour., '17) of Camp Shelby, Miss., were also here. Paul is hungry for N. D. news and wants to get the SCHOLASTIC.

—From somewhere in France, Charles P. Maloney wrote to his mother informing her that he had met Donat Peppin (E. E., '14) "over there." Both men went across to kick the Kaiser, and we have no doubt that either one of them could do it if they met "Bill" alone. In his brief pen-chat, Charlie adds that the American Expeditionary Force is sorely in need of chaplains. Some of the soldiers have not been given an opportunity to go to confession in six weeks, and during that same period they were fortunate enough to have assisted at Mass only twice. In conclusion he remarked: "And the Catholics are doing mighty well in the service of their country too."

—Governor Goodrich of the State of Indiana has selected Thomas D. Mott (LL. D., '95) as Judge of the St. Joseph Superior Court. The appointment comes as a well-merited reward to a true citizen who has at all times been loyal to his University and to the profession which he chose in life. The SCHOLASTIC takes pleasure in seconding the sentiments which Father Cavanaugh expressed in congratulating his Honor on the appointment: "I need not tell you that your elevation to this distinguished seat in the courts of Indiana, gives great and general joy to your Alma Mater. She will pray most earnestly, as will all who know and love you, that you may discharge those great and sacred duties in such ways as to bring honor to her and to yourself."

Athletic Notes.

Coaches Harper and Rockne have been busy since the opening of school with their respective athletic teams—basketball and track. Their tasks are most difficult during the present

season. War and graduation have shorn them of about all that they possessed in the way of athletes. No white flag, however, has been raised by either, and they have gone manfully about the task of making something out of near nothing.

Basketball, as interpreted by Valparaiso University and Harper's quintet, gave way before the unprecedented elements on last Saturday, and a chance of seeing the Gold and Blue in action had to be postponed until to-day when Western State Normal College is due to appear in the local gym. Ronchetti is the only veteran on the team, now that captain King has shouldered a gun at the Third Officers' Reserve Camp at Chillicothe, Ohio, and around him Harper has had to build his basket-shooting machine.

A track team is yet in the making. Rockne's road is rough with only such veterans as McGinnis, Rademacher and Call on hand, though Captain Mulligan is momentarily expected from his home in New York where he was detained after the holidays by the illness of his mother. The blonde mentor hopes to mould some kind of a representative team from these men, and Sweeney, Harbert, Van Wonerghen, Murphy, Gilfillan, Kazus, Monighan, Powers, Dant, Walters, Miller, Conrad, Philbin, and Holton.

There is nothing in the university bulletin or the rules of discipline making it a felony for the student body to take a passive interest in the efforts of the men who are to represent them athletically this season. Athletes have been a mighty asset to Uncle Sam in his war thus far, and Notre Dame might note that Notre Dame is fitting more.

C. W. C.

FOOTBALL FACTS.

In 195 games on the gridiron Notre Dame has averaged 25 points to 5 for her opponents, which is one point less than a touchdown under the present system of scoring.

Notre Dame has played M. A. C. intermittently for twenty years. In all that time M. A. C. has won just one game—17 to 0 in 1910.

Notre Dame has beaten South Dakota for five consecutive years.

Notre Dame has played in fifteen different States.

Four hundred and fifteen monograms have been awarded for football.

Safety Valve:

The scene is in a spacious flat,
 The time, three bells or after that.
 A boy appears as pale as death,
 Can hardly talk, he's out of breath.
 He grasps his mother's hand and cries
 "I've joined the army," Mother's eyes
 Begin to do the rain-spout trick,
 And Sis as if felled by a brick
 Falls on her neck and screams!!!! like that
 And littler Sis grabs brother's hat
 And cries "You shall not go to war,
 See there upon the bedroom floor,
 Your sister lies, and here I go—"
 She falls as if struck by a foe
 And faints away. Another sister
 Enters the room and cries out "Mister,
 What's all this mighty wailing for?"
 Her brother shouts: "I'm going to war."
 It brings such bloody recollections
 She faints and falls in all directions.
 The cook comes in hearing the crash
 And lo! she drops the corned-beef hash
 And falls in it—from sheer surprise
 She rolls upon her back and dies.
 The post-man happens by the door.
 And seeing all upon the floor.
 He drops his letter-laden bag
 And goes out on a three-weeks' jag.
 A whistle blows, the curtain falls
 A stage hand robed in overalls
 Who started in to shift the scene
 Is hit quite hard upon the bean
 By the big curtain as it drops
 And all the actors run for mops.
 We have to leave our good warm seat
 And go out in the cold, cold street
 To wait for elevated trains
 To take us home, if we had brains.
 We would have been at home in bed
 This poem endeth here,—nuf said.

FROM FRESHMAN STORIES.

—She ate quick and nervously as though she feared
 the food would bite her if her first snap didn't break its
 back.

—He was tall and gaunt and his bones fairly rattled
 when he walked. On this occasion as he ran from the
 gun he sounded like an empty milk wagon going
 around a corner.

—He had eyes like pancakes and his nose seemed
 undecided whether to stop at his mouth or go on
 farther.

—"And dost thou love me?" she said in the sweetest
 little voice as she dipped her pretty finger in the ink-
 well and dried it on her white dress.

"Aye, that do I," he replied, "I look upon you as a
 goddess, an airy being far above the sordid things of
 earth."

"Then," she said, turning her snowwhite face full
 upon him, "please pass the mush."

What has become of the old-fashioned student who
 used to wear ear muffs.

No man is a hero to the telephone operator.

Obesity knows no law.

DIARY.

11th—Yesterday I went into Latin Class and my
 teacher asked me to decline "porta." I told him I
 didn't know how. He called me a block head. I
 admitted it. He told me I didn't have the brains God
 gave a goose. I told him I didn't want them. He got
 red and started after me. I am a pacifist so I started
 for the Hague.

12th—I guess the prefects thought I was being
 spoiled because all the steam was off in my room to-day
 and no cold storage plant ever equalled that room;
 I put my stocking cap on and went to bed. I think
 I'll keep.

13th—Went to class to-day and teacher told me
 about the wonderful office boy who was given a job
 because he picked up a pin. He wasn't good for
 nothing but picking up pins and besides if that was any
 kind of a job I'd spill a whole paper of pins and pick
 them up. I'm going to be president of a bank and
 I'm not going to be a pin picker.

Jimmy was a little boy in Corby Hall who had
 nothing to eat and was starving. At breakfast he got
 only eight buns and five cups of coffee. He didn't
 like the mush so he ate only three dishes and he had
 to go hungry from the table. A kind friend brought
 him to the cafeteria and bought him four pieces of
 pie, but it was a meatless day and poor Jimmy had
 nothing to eat and was starving. A sympathetic lady
 from South Bend fed him a half chicken but Jimmy
 couldn't eat the bones so he was starving. Are you
 doing your bit to conserve food to feed little boys like
 Jimmy who are famishing from hunger?

PEST NO. 5874.

The student who tells you about his big Packard
 and Marmon at home while he's emptying your
 tobacco can into his pipe.

Sleep and the world sleeps with you,
 Kick and you sleep alone.

STUDYING LATIN.

And still I seem to see her eyes
 As in vacation days,
 The sunshine longed to linger there
 With all its myriad rays.

I hear the silver of her laugh
 Ring through the frosty air
 Rosa, Rosæ, Rosæ, Ros-oh,
 The moonlight in her hair!

Mensa, Mensae, Mensae, Mensam,
 Her cheeks are like the rose.
 Mensae, Mensarum, Mensis, Mensas,
 She has the cutest nose.

Amo, Amas,—let's see—Amat,
 Her hands are like the snow.
 Pugno, pugnās, pug-pug—pugnat
 I certainly like Jo.