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The Honorable Joseph Scott
Laetare Medalist, 1918

Solitude.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS HEALY.

I WANDERED in the quiet fields of dead
 When the thunder of the battle-shock had ceased;
 And all, but silent solitude had fled,
 And the beating of some giant heart appeased.

I heard the echoes of a thousand souls
 Troubling the far glory of the stars,
 Like singing of an unseen sea that rolls
 Gently over distant ocean bars.

I saw the flooded east ablaze with light
 And dawn—a fiery wreath upon the hill,
 Shattering the still grandeur of the night:
 I felt the yearning of the guns to kill.

Joseph Scott, Laetare Medalist.

The Catholic world will acclaim the action of the University in bestowing the Laetare Medal for 1918 upon Mr. Joseph Scott, the noted lawyer of Los Angeles, California. Here is a man of men, one who has eminently the courage of his convictions. In the fulgor of his mind all things are limned as cameo; in the brilliance of his speech appears rectitude of logic, fearlessness of spirit, and the high ideals that make him what he is. Joseph Scott's life is a worthy analogue of the participation of the sons of the Church in the universal luctation for liberty. He is, indeed, the incarnation of militant Catholicity.

By the students of Notre Dame Mr. Scott has been known, admired, and loved, ever since he became on his first appearance several years ago their favorite figure in Washington Hall. Their reverence for him is adumbrative of that ennobling regard that swells the heart of American manhood wherever Joseph Scott's name is mentioned.

Mr. Scott was born, according to his testimony in one of his talks at Notre Dame, "in the most beautiful spot of all Great Britain. It was," he continued, "within five miles of Ullswater, in the heart of the lake district of Cumberland, that I first saw the light. My family moved over from Ireland, as my dear mother might say, 'two years too soon for me.' What education I have I owe to the little college of St. Cuthbert's at Ushaw, England, in the

heart of the Durham hills, where they still retain the fervent piety of penal days.

"In the college refectory my young mind was stirred by hearing read the lives of Garfield and Grant, sons of the common people, who had advanced from humble beginnings into the White House. While I was listening to such stories in my dear old Alma Mater, I felt the gloom of caste and privilege beyond the college walls, and realized I ought ultimately to seek a freer and more congenial climate."

Having matriculated with honors at the University of London, Mr. Scott came to America in May, 1889. For three years he served as professor of rhetoric and English literature at St. Bonaventure's College, Alleghany, N. Y., and then removed to Los Angeles. He was admitted to the bar in 1894 and since then has practiced law in his adopted city. To enumerate his activities since he went to California would be to catalogue the branches of state, civic and social administration. Mr. Scott's forensic adroitness is well known beyond the need of comment. He is one of the very few persons that have ever successfully won a suit for libel against a newspaper. With Harrison Grey Otis, astute, experienced and influential, he took issue in defense of his name, and gave his defamer the lie so plainly that all the world might see.

Thirteen years from the time of his maiden efforts at the bar, in recognition of his character and ability, the College of Santa Clara, California, bestowed upon him the Degree of Doctor of Philosophy. In 1914 he received the Degree of Doctor of Laws from St. Bonaventure's College, and at the Commencement in 1915, he was similarly honored by the University of Notre Dame.

In the program of the Centennial Celebration of his Alma Mater at Ushaw, Mr. Scott was invited to participate, being the only layman besides the late Dr. Wilfrid Ward to be selected for one of the six addresses delivered on that occasion. Of Mr. Scott's oration the *Catholic Weekly* of London said: "Had the Centenary given the Catholic body in England nothing else than that speech, it would have given us something to be profoundly grateful for."

Joseph Scott is above all things else an ardent Catholic, a gladiator in the cause of religion. As a member of the Commission on Religious Prejudices he is the sworn foe of chattering, ignorant narrowness. He has taken upon

himself the task of confounding the insidious slanderers of his beloved Church; from their coverts he drives them forth into the shaming glare of Truth. There is no city of importance in the United States but has heard this champion of the Faith, no audience but has gained from his words a point of view set aright, a reflection of his own ardent and abiding fervor.

Supplementing the apostolic zeal for religion and justice, which is of Joseph Scott so manifest a part, is a zealous American patriotism. Like the patriots of old, when the exigencies of war called for the best in manhood and intelligence, he laid aside personal pursuits that he might serve his country unreservedly. At present his professional practice goes unattended, while America, so much in need of sacrificing efficiency, enjoys to the full the advantage of his genius and untiring industry. Persevering service to the limit of possibility is his creed. To the "stay-at-homes" he makes this appeal: "You men are beyond the draft age; you cannot be called by the powerful hand of the law into the service of the Government; you are not subjected as the young man, to the strong, aye, ruthless, arm of the Government. You men are exempt, but from what? From the law of the supreme sacrifice? Yes, but that surely has no weight in the forum of your conscience in exempting you from every other sacrifice. These young soldiers will scrutinize you and me during this war game to see whether or not there is any crooked or devious inequality in the contribution of service from any section of our citizenship. If my words should appear idle and profitless, if there is not a responsive chord struck by my suggestions on behalf of the thousands of drafted young men from this section to awaken in you a response to service, then indeed there is 'darkness unto the ninth hour' over us."

The powerfully organized Knights of Columbus had made fallow the ground; there was needed but the sowing of seed. Of that seed Joseph Scott, formerly the head of the order in California, is an enlightened and judicious sower. He was a prominent initiator in splendid war work of the Knights of Columbus, and where he has planted the American soldiery, of whatever religious allegiance, is reaping, and will continue to reap, a plenteous harvest. And in so eulogizing Joseph Scott Notre Dame honors at the same time the deserving organization that is graced by his membership.

It is the purpose of Notre Dame in conferring the Laetare Medal to recognize signally the Catholic laymen and lay-women whose labors have raised them above their fellows and reflected credit upon the name of Catholic. The older names in this knighthood of merit are: John Gilmary Shea, historian; Patrick J. Keeley, architect; Eliza Allen Starr, art-critic; General John Newton, civil engineer; Patrick V. Hickey, editor; Anna Hanson Dorsey, novelist; William J. Onahan, publicist; Daniel Dougherty, orator; Henry W. F. Brownson, soldier and scholar; Patrick Donahue, pioneer publisher; Augustine Daly, theatrical manager; William Rosecrans, soldier; Anna T. Sadlier, author; Thomas A. Emmett, physician; Timothy E. Howard, jurist; John Creighton, philanthropist; W. Bourke Cockran, lawyer; John B. Murphy, surgeon; Charles J. Bonaparte, statesman; Richard C. Kerens, philanthropist; Thomas B. Fitzpatrick, philanthropist; Francis J. Quinlan, surgeon; Katherine E. Conway, author and journalist; Edward Douglas White, jurist; Mary V. Merrick, social worker; Dr. James J. Walsh, scientist and author; and Admiral William Shepherd Benson, ranking officer of the United States Navy.

To this list Notre Dame this year adds the name of the great Western lawyer, Mr. Joseph Scott, because his public-spirited industry has made him a necessity in Los Angeles, a leader in California, and a noted figure in the United States; because he is one of the founders of the Newman Club, which throughout the country nurtures the right kind of fraternity among Catholic young men; because he has done more than any other single Catholic to exorcise bigotry from the public mind; because he has made many nation-wide tours as an apologist for Catholic principle; because he is the greatest orator on the Pacific coast; because he has looked into the face of adversity, dauntless, and meeting it upon its own ground, entered the lists with the love of God and Church as his heart's shield, and emerged the victor; because he is a soldier of country and a lover of humanity; and finally because he is, in the broadest and best sense of the word, a man. These reasons, not to mention a multitude of others, make Joseph Scott most worthy of the distinction which Notre Dame accords him in conferring upon him her highest and enrolling him in her eminent company of Laetare Medalists.

D. J. E.

The Influence of the Catholic Church and her People upon the History of Illinois.*

BY ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '17.

Down through the interminable ages of man's ever-constant effort to write the history of a world we find religion to be the warp and woof of governmental progression, of governmental permanency, of the triumphal realization of all that government should do and mean for the governed. The peace and quietude of a people and the wealth of their devotion to patriotic principles are as extensive only as is their opportunity to feel the influence of true religion.

True it is that the affairs of government may be conducted through the agency of civil law, but this law simply prescribes a standard of universal conduct to be accepted or not as the pleasure of the governed may dictate. There is lacking the potent force necessary to insure strict compliance. There must be an inherent disposition on the part of the individual to be law abiding. He must have a well-formed desire to do the right thing, and this must be the controlling agency in his actions rather than any fear of possible punishment provided for violation. The latter, of course, has its purpose, but its utter inadequacy is evidenced generally. In order that the civil law may fulfil its object it must be supported by a higher law, God's law, interpreted for us by the medium of religion, thus begetting that moral suasion so necessary for the establishment of right standards of morality and proper spheres of activity.

We have got into the rather lazy habit of proving the fallacies in any proposition which we may have before us by simply ferreting out some hackneyed illustration among men or nations and holding such up as a derisive example of the truth of our position. History abounds in examples of nations which have found their destruction in the materialistic tendencies brought into being when God and religion were banished from their governments. We have but to turn to Rome, the most hackneyed of all examples and just as surely the most satisfactory, to find that when sinful sloth and pleasure became the gods of the people, complete disintegration became their retribution. "I know mine and mine know me"; Rome forgot

and soon was Rome forgotten. Rome had its highly developed civil law, a system that would, in theory, perpetuate the nation for all time, but Rome overlooked the fact that there must be an influence at work among the people which will create in them a respect for law and a desire to obey its mandates.

The earliest history of Illinois is a fine example of the effect of this influence. Illinois was cradled under the influence of the Catholic Church. Her earliest civilized peoples were Catholics. Some hundred years prior to the beginning of her history Sir Thomas More wrote the story of "Utopia," the story of a community filled with happiness. "Utopia" pictured a community so perfect in all its attributes that even the wildest of dreamers could scarcely conceive of such a thing being made a reality, but the close student of earliest Illinois conditions might easily see here a similarity so striking as to lead to the conclusion that More's story was the plan used in the establishment of the French settlements.

The first men of civilization to set foot upon the soil of Illinois and record that fact for posterity were Jacques Marquette, a Jesuit missionary, and his companion, Louis Joliet, a fur trader. It was probably about the twenty-first of June, 1673, two hundred and forty years ago, that the beautiful hills and prairies of the Illinois country first became the object of their vision as they glided down the Mississippi in two birch bark canoes. It was a dangerous enterprise, this thing of going into what was then the wilds of America, inhabited as it was by savage foes of an intruder whoever he might be; but Marquette had dedicated his life to danger. With him there was but one object in life and that was the bringing of souls to God; bringing God's religion to a people who needed it most. Inspired by such a holy and noble purpose is it any wonder that he pushed on in the very face of death itself?

On the twenty-fifth of June he made a landing on what is now the Iowa side of the Mississippi river at a point about where the Des Moines river empties into the larger stream. A short distance from shore he and Joliet came upon a village of Indians, a tribe of Illini, the first of the great tribes which inhabited the larger part of this Illinois country. The reception was a friendly one, and Father Marquette preached to them in the Algonquin tongue the message he would ever bring to all such men of the wilds

* Winning essay for the Monsignor O'Brien prize.

so long as God should will the continuance of his faithful activity. The remainder of that day and night the explorers delayed at the village, and the next morning, escorted by the whole village, they returned to the river and again took up their journey southward. Of this journey Parrish in his "Historic Illinois" says: "All around them nature was most beautifully arrayed, the country stretching away on either hand like a vast park, diversified by dark groves, flower-strewn prairies, and streams of silvery water. It was a solitude unrelieved by traces of man's presence." Thus did they advance. Toward the end of each day they would pull in to the shore and prepare their evening meal, and after a chat and a smoke they would anchor their canoes out in the stream away from dangerous foe and spend the night. Past the mouths of the Illinois, the Missouri, and the Ohio they drifted, finally reaching the mouth of the Arkansas. Here they stopped. Sidney Breese in his "Early History of Illinois" thus describes the scene at this place: "At length the region of the cane is reached, and a hotter sun beams upon them; red men are seen with steel axes for weapons, but the peace pipe wards off all approach of danger and manifests all of its promised virtues. A religious celebration is had, the mysteries of faith unfolded to the savages, when Marquette, being satisfied that the river he was upon flowed neither to the Pacific Ocean nor to the gulf east of Florida, prepared to ascend it on his return after deciding to journey to Canada with a report of his discoveries for the French authorities." They began their upward voyage on the seventeenth of July. This task was a most difficult one: Day after day they pressed onward against the mighty sweep of the strong current struggling in the intense heat of mid-summer to regain the Northern country. Marquette's frail constitution gave way at last under the strain and he was forced to lie in the bottom of the canoe, "praying fervently to the Virgin for strength, while his companions battled with the current."

At last they reached the mouth of the Illinois River and upon the advice of a friendly Indian they entered its waters and began a much more pleasant journey up through the very heart of Illinois. The country appeared at this time "in all the virgin beauty of the wilderness in summer-time. The prairies were abloom with rarest coloring, the wide valleys stretching

away on either side to the far-away bluffs, were green with waving grasses, the silvery waters about them reflected the over-arching blue of the cloudless sky. It was as if these weary, toil-worn voyagers wandered to some forgotten corner of Paradise." Father Marquette in describing his impression of this beautiful country wrote, "We have seen nothing more beautiful." There were immense herds of deer and buffalo ranging upon the fertile pastures and plains. "Great quantities of wild fruit grew in the forest and prairies, and so numerous were water-fowls and other birds that the heavens were frequently obscured by their flight. The rivers swarmed with fish and upon every side was a copious abundance of everything necessary for the pleasurable and practical sustenance of life." What a wonderful sanctuary in which to offer the first sacrifice of the Mass! Peopled, as it soon would be, by the peaceful French colonists, could Sir Thomas More in his wildest flights of fancy have pictured a more wonderful "Utopia" than this?

After several weeks the voyagers came upon their first natives at a point thought to be Peoria village, and not a long way from here they reached the Indian village of Kaskaskia situated upon a plain extending along the river in front of what is now the location of the village of Utica. This was at the time the principal village of the Illinois Indians. It was made up of some seventy-four lodges, each one inhabited by several families. The Indians were very kind to the explorers and gave them every aid possible in the continuance of their journey. They followed the Illinois and Des-Plaines Rivers and finally making portage into the Chicago River arrived at the stretch of land along Lake Michigan where the city of Chicago now stands. Entering Lake Michigan they followed its western shores to the mission house of St. Francis Xavier on Green Bay, reaching this point about the latter part of September, 1673. They had been absent four months and had travelled about twenty-five hundred miles in their canoes.

Joliet went on from here to Montreal to make his report, and Father Marquette, his strength wasted, was forced to give up his plans of returning soon to the Illinois villages, his constant prayer being that he might regain his health and accomplish this mission.

All of that fall and during the whole of the winter, spring, and summer of 1674 Father

Marquette remained at the Green Bay mission, prostrated by his sickness. On the twenty-fifth of October, however, he felt strong enough to resume his labors, and taking with him two French *engagés* he started southward along the western shore of Lake Michigan. Winter set in very early that year and they put in a whole month battling against the cold and snow, finally reaching the mouth of the Chicago River. Again the courageous Father Marquette was taken ill, so it was decided to make their way up the river a short distance and this they did establishing themselves for the winter. This journey took them about two leagues along the south branch of the river to a point where the McCormick Harvester works now stands. A small hut was built and here, during the remaining months of the winter, Father Marquette put in his time in prayer, for he felt that his death was near at hand. Along about the last of March, 1675, he had again regained his health sufficiently to permit him to continue his journey southward, so on the thirtieth day they crossed the portage to the Des Plaines River following that stream to the Illinois River and thence on down until they again reached the large Indian village of Kaskaskia where the Indians gathered about the good father and received him, as he said himself, "like an angel from heaven." Knowing that his time among them would necessarily be short he asked that they all gather in a large council so that he might address them. Parrish in writing of this meeting, says: "That gathering must have formed one of the most remarkable scenes in all Western history. It was held on those great meadows stretching between the river bank and the present village of Utica, in LaSalle County. Imagine it, if you can—the sweeping plains, beginning to show green beneath the spring sun, the distant ridge of darker hills obscuring the horizon, the narrow fringe of trees along the course of the stream, the silver sparkle of the wide river. And then that assemblage in the center of this wilderness-picture—Marquette in his frayed and rusty gown, his pale face exhibiting his illness, his eyes burning with fever, his slender frame trembling from weakness and enthusiasm. Before him in a vast ring were seated five hundred chiefs and old men; behind them stood fifteen hundred youths and warriors, while farther back still were grouped all of the women and children of that great village. Where in all his-

tory is there such another sight?"

Well has it been said that, "as a dying man to dying men he made a fervent appeal." He exhorted them to renounce evil and embrace Christianity. He displayed to them pictures of the Blessed Virgin and promised them her guidance and protection so long as they should strive to be worthy of her care. His effect upon his assemblage was sublime. They crowded about him and begged him to stay among them. He seemed to know, however, that his time in this world was short and that he must hurry back and find others to carry on the great work of bringing these souls to their God. He established a mission and named it "The Immaculate Conception." Then remaining only to celebrate Easter with them he began a return voyage to the East. Large bands of the Indians accompanied him for some distance showing him a new route by way of the Kankakee River. On reaching St. Joseph, Michigan, he left the Indians behind and set out along the eastern shores of Lake Michigan in an effort to reach Michillimackinac. On the nineteenth of May he felt that the end was near at hand. His sight had almost failed him and his strength was entirely gone. His companions steered the canoes into a little river emptying into the lake, and coming to a stretch of rising ground on the southern bank of the stream they carried the good father from the canoe and built a shelter over him with bark obtained from the nearby trees. "He gave solemn directions regarding his burial, asked forgiveness for all the trouble he had ever given them, administered the solemn sacrament of penance, and thanked God that he was permitted to die in the wilderness, a missionary of the faith and a member of the Jesuit brotherhood. That night he bade them sleep all they could, pledging himself to call them in time of need. Three hours later they heard his faint voice calling and found him dying. He expired breathing the name of Mary, his dim eyes fastened upon a crucifix held before him."

Thus ended the labors of Father Jacques Marquette. I have given considerable space to the part which he played in Illinois history because to me his work proved the foundation of Catholic influence in this country. He was the first of those holy artificers who fashioned the simple stable in which was born in the Illinois country the light of true religious influence.

(To be Continued.)

Varsity Verse.

FAREWELL TO A SKYLARK.

My heart is brimful of sorrow to-day,
While calmly I hear the lark singing gay;
And its sweet soothing song with joy in each note,
Brings a tear to my eye and a sob to my throat.

For to-morrow at dawn I must leave my dear land,
And sail far away from its wavelet-kissed strand.
Then no wonder my heart is o'erflowing with grief,
As the notes die away that alas are too brief.

Then farewell, happy bird, farewell to your lay,
For oft it has soothed me and made my heart gay,
But I'll still hear your song, though you are not nigh
Through my life—while I live—to the last—
till I die. B. K.

THE ORACLE.

Say, Bobby, d'ye know,
Was Sir Launcelot dark and small,
Or big and fair and tall?
Oh! Bobby, don't you know?

Say, Bobby, d'ye know
Why a watch has all those springs
And wheels and funny things?
Oh! Bobby, don't you know?

Say, Bobby, d'ye know,
Is a giraff so awful strong?
Say, why is his neck so long?
Oh! Bobby, don't you know?

Say, Bobby, d'ye know,
Whom I love the most of all?
No, he isn't very tall—
O-oh! Bobby, bet you know!

R. E. O'H.

CONSERVATION.

One hears on every hand the cry,
We must conserve to win;
But you endeavoring to comply
Have caused me much chagrin.

I do not doubt your willingness
To help in all you can,
But why persist in heartlessness?
I beg you lift the ban.

To Cupid's court I'll take my feud,
I know he will decree,
That sparing thrift should ne'er include
The heart or love or thee. P. S.

THAT BATTLE-LINE.

It's all along the battle-line
From Switzerland through France,
That the boys of brave America
Will play their game of chance.

It's right along that battle-line
That friends and foes have died;
It's here and there and ev'rywhere
The French have stemmed the tide.

It's all along that battle-line
That cannon craters yawn,
For the blood that stained the slimy soil
As red as April dawn.

Now, Yankee boys, the work that's left
I know is yours and mine:
We'll make the western nation's keep
Their sacred battle-line. R. M. M.

GETTING STARTED.

Corbyites never get out,—
Of that there is never a doubt;
Some are able to think
And the rector hoodwink,
But the others stay in till they sprout. J. D.

UNABASHED.

There was a young fellow named Kazus,
Who often tried hard to amaze us;
He'd tell fourteen lies,
Or eat that many pies,
If he thought for a moment he'd phase us. C. W. C.

TO A CHILD WHO DIED.

Oh little angel, through these bars
I see you there among the stars.
These bars restrict my prison cell,
Which is the night's confining spell.

I see you smile from starry skies,
You change this cell to paradise,
For in the chambers of my heart
This smile of heaven wrought its art.

Your heart you gave a year ago,
And through your smile I see you show,
Although an angel-Valentine
You still are mine. L. L. W.

Genuine Loyalty.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

The heroic Cardinal Mercier, in that sincere, graceful patriotism characteristic of the Belgians, for which all the world admires the Belgian character, in his words of consolation and encouragement to his stricken children, speaks thus: "You have suffered greatly. You have endured much calamity. But be patient; history will do you justice." Be patient. There is the secret. We have been in war for almost a year, and as yet no great calamity has befallen us, but sooner or later the blow will come. We are a young nation. In the throes of war we were given life. Once since then our nation's existence was tried most severely and our stability was established. Shall we fail now? shall it be said of democracy that it is of no use, that it has been given its chance and has failed? Let us face the facts squarely. Much as we have already borne, it is but the prelude to a far greater burden; and well may we take to ourselves the heartening words of the Belgian Cardinal to be patient and endure—to be patient of our nation's losses, to endure the hardships which war brings, to take example of the race of heroes who by a bravery and fortitude seldom paralleled in history, undaunted by the horrors of Antwerp and Liège, held their lines and saved the Allies' cause.

Patriotism is at all times a most noble thing; but not until men are tried by failure does true loyalty show itself to the best advantage. Loyalty to a winning cause is not necessarily genuine. True loyalty is enduring, is patient, follows to the end, whatever it may find there. Real loyalty to country sees her flag shot from the rampart, but wavers not. It can winter in a Valley Forge and come forth full of fight; loyalty feels the pang in her breast, knows she is wounded, yet before she falls pauses to strike another blow; loyalty sees blood flow, sees her own sons fall, her country surrounded, invaded, crushed, and still bears onward. Loyalty lives in secret places as well as in the open, in the home no less than on the field. She is the battle-cry of victory, she is the rallying power of defeat. By sorrow she is made strong; defeat only whets her sword and drives her on more surely, for she knows her principles and is not afraid to fight; she knows that for the time error may shadow truth, that for the moment the right may be overpowered, but she knows that sooner

or later justice must triumph. Time she knows to be the healer of all wounds, the solver of every problem, the ultimate test of strength.

"History will do you justice." All will be right in the end, however wrong it be now. Then indeed will it be glorious to have fought; every failure borne will but sweeten the joy of success. Let us meet incidental failure with wholesome loyalty. Convinced, as we are, of the rightness of our cause, we shall, with God's help, fight and be patient through all costs and reverses till victory will have vindicated our cause, and in that day of triumph our flag will typify, not only the rights of America, but the rights of all men.

A Vindication.

MATTHEW A. COYLE, '18.

(A class talk.)

It is to us a matter of pardonable pride that in our country's fight for Democracy more than a third—according to the conservative Cardinal Gibbons, a half—of her soldiers are Catholics. Before the war we were told and retold that Catholicism and patriotism were incompatible. Before the war no other class of persons was so uniformly and grossly misrepresented by commercialized bigotry as Catholics. They were bluntly accused of disloyalty, and charged with insidious efforts to Romanize our American Republic. Time and again indignant citizens answered these gratuitous charges, and proved their utter falsity, but only to have the same old indictments renewed. But the present great conflict is revealing, demonstrating as nothing else could, the true spirit of the American Catholic. It has elicited from American Catholics a splendid exhibition of the loyalty to country native to every true Catholic heart. This struggle has already become the occasion of a complete vindication of the Church in America; it is bringing to light the great work she has been doing, quietly and consistently through the years of peace, not only in her own field of religion and morality, but in cherishing a most patriotic devotion to American ideals.

What a splendid tribute to the Catholic Church is the fact that in the marine service of the United States over sixty-five per cent of the men are Catholics. What an inspiration is the knowledge that at least forty per cent of all the men in the service of the United States on land and sea are men who, on questions of

faith and morals, obey the authority of the Church whose head is the much-maligned Pope of Rome. Faithful as they are to their religion, these same men yield to none in undivided, unreserved loyalty to the cause of country.

And where, pray, are the late Guardians of Liberty? Where now is that organization of "patriots" who a short time ago were so clamorously solicitous about America's future? Are they helping to swell the ranks of Democracy, or are they merely waiting at home for the more opportune time of peace to resume their old profession and their own kind of warfare?

The world needs the Catholic religion. In the days of trouble the world cannot do without it. For a religion that keeps the light of hope burning in the soul, which brings joy and innocence into the lives of men, a religion which keeps alive in the hearts of her children the fires of patriotism, which can send back the exiled priest to fight and die for his native land, a religion which, in a day of extremities like this, enrolls so many of her bravest sons in the cause of justice and humanity—such a religion is of God, and the world now needs, always needs, that kind of religion.

In spite of persecution Catholicism has always flourished and will continue to flourish. And after this great conflict is over, when once more the citizens of this nation, and of the other nations, will have resumed the pursuits of more peaceful days, when the spirit and work of reconstruction will have reanimated the world with a new vitality, then will that Mother Church, the sorrowful Mother of erring children, the Mother of a civilization that was and of a civilization that is to be, then will she, with the help of her holy founder, Christ, who is always with her, begin again her work of reconstruction, her work of fashioning hearts and minds obedient unto God, and, as a consequence, obedient and loyal to the authority of the State.

To a Poet Who Died in His Youth.

Thy songs were sweet as the notes of a bird,
The depths of thy soul like the deep blue sky,
Thy life as fair as the songs we heard
And lovelier still when death was nigh.

What are the songs thou wilt never sing?
Are they sweeter far than those we know?
The unspoken thoughts of the poet ring
In clearer tones than words can show.

B. ALPHONSUS.

Junior Thoughts.

Virtue is as virtue does.

Silence is the voiceless voice of God.

Rarely does realization outdo expectation.

Many a bluff is "called" by an examination.

There can be no truce in the conquest of self.

Atheists do not seem to thrive in the trenches.

War bread is another proof that Sherman was right?

The college campus should be the home of ideals.

Generosity will never reduce the rich to poverty.

The fragrance of the flower is a little breath of heaven.

Great thinkers have become such chiefly by thinking.

To give the devil his due we should imitate his industry.

If we lean on others for support, they must be ever present.

Lent is a good season in which to catch up in back work.

Real merit does not seek its reward in the praise of men.

If there were no God there might be a reason for the Kaiser.

If you judge others remember that your own turn must come.

Personal worth, not fame, is the measure of a man's real success.

The man who thinks he has no faults has at least one serious defect.

Keep your thoughts as pure as snow, and your conduct will be as clean.

The vacant seat at the family fireside is the finest tribute to patriotism.

The gentleman reads only those books that are proper for a gentleman.

A workless day may be a fact for the factory man, but not for the student.

Conscience gets at the truth far better than "twelve tried men and true."

Youth tempered with hardship is the best preparation for a life of hardship.

Be honest with yourself and you'll have no trouble pleasing others in the long run.

The real hero is not he who never fears, but rather he who fears and still goes ahead.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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

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The Laetare Medalist

The Laetare Medal, awarded annually on Laetare Sunday by the University of Notre Dame to some member of the Catholic laity as a decoration for signal service in some great work, goes this year to Mr. Joseph Scott, of Los Angeles, California. This distinguished Westerner is one of the ablest lawyers in the land, a staunch Catholic, an ardent American, and every inch a man. Among his many merits the most notable is, we should say, the rare ability to give on occasion—which has been frequent of late years—to whoever may need it, irresistible reason for the faith that is in him. The medal is itself honored in going to this champion of Catholic citizenship. His countless admirers throughout the country and especially his thousands of brothers in the Knights of Columbus will rejoice to learn that he has been chosen for this high distinction. The Editors of the SCHOLASTIC and the other students of the University congratulate their friend on this latest honor, and hope that it may serve as an encouragement, if any be needed, to many more years of zeal in the good and great work he is doing for Church and Country.

—Among the many famous paintings of the Crucifixion there is one in which Christ is rep-

resented as saying, "This have I done for thee.

What has thou done for
Self-Denial Week. Me?" To enable the stu-

dents of the University to answer this query in a practical way, next week is to be "Self-Denial Week" at Notre Dame. All are asked to practice some little mortification and to put the pennies saved into the Bengal Mite Boxes. There are many practical ways in which this denial may be practiced. A trip to town can be called off, or else if made, the street car can be shunned. The ordinary allowance of tobacco can be curtailed, candy and one's favorite dessert at the Cafeteria can be foregone for these few days. In these and in many other ways that Christian faith and love will suggest, penance can be performed and the Bengal Mission helped as a consequence. So many drives have been made of late on the American pocket-book that only a most sacred cause can justify another appeal to generosity. So sacred, however, is the cause of Bengal with its millions of unbaptized sitting in darkness and the shadow of death, that the SCHOLASTIC feels no need of apologizing when it urges everyone at Notre Dame to co-operate in next week's campaign. As man's eternal felicity is of more importance than his temporal happiness, so the sacrifices we are asked to make for Bengal surpass in merit those made for any merely earthly and temporal cause, however important it may be. Lent is a particularly appropriate time for this new appeal. We should remember too, that the generosity of friends in America is now the only source of revenue for the Bengal missionaries, who are always in dire need of means to keep up, not to speak of extending, their great work of saving priceless souls.

—Not all of us can go to the trenches, but everyone can and should contribute of his means to the great common cause. This is

the appeal of the
Supporting Our Soldiers. fighters at the Front
to those at home.

The government knows this and is begging to borrow our surplus funds for the purposes of the war. Are we actually responding as best we can to that appeal? Just a few cents from the millions of America will make an immense sum for the service. Daily great numbers of brave men are dying in Europe that we may live more secure. Every little sacrifice that we make, every little pleasure that we forego in order to

save a few cents for these soldiers, will help, we know not how much, to make their service more efficient and to lighten their tremendous task. Perhaps some of these men are our friends, maybe they are even of our own flesh and blood. Are we going to let them want for anything that we can give them? Are we going to let them die perhaps when a little generosity on our part might save them? Our quarters can purchase for them food, clothing, ammunition, medicine, and the other things needed for their safety and success. Being extravagant in our private expenses and being miserly toward our government are both serious sins against the brave boys who are fighting our battle in France. It is a most sacred duty for us to save every cent we can and lend it to the cause. Even from the selfish view-point of business we could make no safer investment.

Obituaries.

The sympathy of the faculty and students of the University goes out to (Rev.) First Lieut. Edward Finnegan, C. S. C., upon the death of his sister, Mrs. Clarence Gauthier of Austin, Ind. Mrs. Gauthier died February 26 after a prolonged illness and was buried from St. Catherine's Church, Chicago. The relatives of the deceased may be assured of many prayers on the part of Notre Dame friends.

We regret to record the death of Thomas Ewing (A. B., 1869; A. M., 1872), brother of John Ewing (B. S., '77; A. B., '78; M. S., '80; A. M., '81), death taking place in Chicago, February 28, as a result of a fall from a street car. The deceased was the founder and the first editor of the Columbus (Ohio) *Herald* and was long connected with the Department of State at Washington and the Consular Service at Annaberg, Germany, and at Vancouver, Canada. The faculty and old student friends offer the bereaved brother their prayerful sympathy.

Word was received recently of the death of the father of Peter Kuntz (student '97-'99) and John Kuntz (student '99-'00) on Sunday, March 3. The SCHOLASTIC, in the name of the many friends of the bereaved sons, offers condolence and a promise of prayers.

Local News.

—Parents! If your son is in the service, send his picture in uniform to the DOME editors.

—Next Tuesday evening Brother Alphonsus will speak before the Audubon Society of Goshen, Ind. The subject will be "Our Sparrows."

—Students are requested to read the editorial in to-day's issue, explaining the purpose of "Self-Denial Week" which begins to-morrow. Help to keep the Mite Box of your hall above those of the other halls at the University.

—To-morrow evening at 7:45 p. m. a meeting of the Poetry Society will be held in the University parlor. Father Carroll, pastor of St. Joseph's Church, South Bend, Ind., has kindly consented to become critic of the society.

—Father Cavanaugh returned to Notre Dame Saturday after addressing the Marquette Club at Green Bay, Wis., Friday last. The title of his speech was, "The Vacant Throne." Prior to his leaving for Green Bay, Father Cavanaugh treated the Michigan City Rotary Club to an inspiring patriotic lecture.

—*Trench and Camp*, the official newspaper of Camp Devens, describes a boxing exhibition which occurred at the K. of C. quarters, between one Sullivan, the best middle weight at Ayer, and our own "Pat" Granfield of minstrel fame. The bout was declared a draw. Granfield left Notre Dame to take up K. of C. work at Camp Devens.

—In accordance with Father Cavanaugh's urging of the Thrift Stamp habit as a patriotic measure within the means of all students, the New England Club has voted a resolution that each member should purchase one stamp per week. This commendable action is exactly the impetus needed in distributing the "baby" war bonds over the campus.

—A Lasky offering, "The American Consul," based on a story of the same name by Richard Harding Davis, and featuring Theodore Roberts, provided cinematic entertainment for the University, Saturday evening. The general trend and action of the play was commendable, but as a whole it lacked the coherency and smoothness of a high class offering.

—The New England Club convened in the Walsh Hall recreation room on Thursday, February 28, to honor William Hayes, one of its members, who expects to leave soon to join Uncle Sam's sea rovers. The affair took on

the nature of a "get-together" smoker with versatile entertainment provided by O'Keefe, Jolly, Dooley, Donovan, and others.

—"The New Henrietta" was the title of a clever dramatic reading given by Mr. Arthur Fisher, editor of *Personality Magazine* and reader of repute in Washington Hall on Tuesday of last week. Mr. Fisher's portrayal of the several characters and his clear manner of handling the complicated situations of the plot tended to sustain his local reputation.

—Because the feast of St. Patrick falls on Passion Sunday this year, and because, according to an old tradition, the Way of the Cross replaces a sermon on Passion Sunday, there will be no ecclesiastical celebration of the feast of St. Patrick this year. The President of the University has decided that instead a program will be put on in Washington Hall, Saturday evening, March 16th. Details in our next issue.

—Prof. William Van Tyne, of the department of history at Michigan University, addressed the students in Washington Hall Monday morning in an interesting and informative lecture, "The Causes and the Issues of the World War." The professor's talk evidenced exhaustive research work and observation. He is a travelling member of the National Publicity League, the purpose of which is to place before the public the Allies' reasons for waging the present war.

—Under the supervision of the National Committee of Patriotic Societies, a prize essay contest was held during the second Liberty Loan drive, all high schools in the United States being eligible for competition. Each school competing was required in addition to back a Liberty Loan campaign in its territory. A similar contest will be held during the third Liberty Loan campaign, and the committee extends an invitation to all high schools to enter the contest. The subject to be written upon is, "There should be a Liberty Bond in every home."

—The minims have never yet been outdone by any mere varsity team. Last Sunday they mobilized in force in the big gym, and proceeded through the regular menu of an up-to-date track meet. Pistols, stop-watches, score board, all were requisitioned to make a minim holiday. There were stars aplenty. Wolf, who hopes to be a second Gilfillan, scored a goodly number of points, and Louis, who some day expects to fill Charlie Call's shoes, upheld

the honor of the second class. The relay was a whirlwind of arms and legs. The time was too fast for any ordinary stop-watch to catch it.

—The Brownson Literary and Debating Society entered upon the last lap of the year with a lively and largely attended meeting Thursday evening, February 28. Every member gave a two minute talk, in which humor found a prominent part and made the meeting one of the most enjoyable of the year. A new idea being pushed in the society is that of the development of the ability to use humor as well as seriousness in speaking.

The question which has been chosen for the debate between the Brownson and Holy Cross freshmen teams, which will probably take place in early April, is Resolved: That the principle of the Oregon Minimum Wage Law be applied by the several states to all underpaid workers. The society also considered the question of debates for upper classmen probably outside of the University, but deferred decision upon the matter till the next meeting. President "Dave" Philbin appointed Louis Finske, August Schenden and Leo Ward as the program committee for the remainder of the year. Professor Farrell, the society's critic, was present, and in a few remarks congratulated the society upon the success of some of its members in the varsity debating preliminaries.

—The freshmen and sophomores of the Notre Dame Chamber of Commerce have arranged the following program of reports for the remainder of the year:

March 13—Roy Billeaud: "The Sugar Industry and Causes of the Present Shortage." James Foren: "Unfair Trade." March 20—Thomas Cusack: "Advertising." Arthur Weinrich: "The War Excess Profits Tax." Gerald Daily: "Trade Extension Trips." April 3—Albert Sutton: "The Hotel and the Travelling Man." A. D. Schmidt: "The Small Town Commercial Organization." Ray Mayer: "The Wool Trade of the World." April 10—Patrick G. Powers: "The Paper Industry of Wisconsin." Lawrence Goldcamp: "Hardware Markets of the World." John Ambrose: "The Ports of Boston, New Bedford, and Portland, Me." April 24—George Slaine: "Russia and Asia Minor." Daniel Duffy: "Great Lakes Trade and Traffic." May 1—Robert Slack: "The Expense Account." T. Bernard Devine: "Live Stock and Grain Markets." May 8—Leo Momsen: "Labor Conditions in the War Industries." Leo Cline: "Cooperation and Competition between Bay City and Saginaw." May 15—J. Elward Clancy: "Zinc." Alfred Ryan: "The Traffic Bureau of a Chamber of Commerce." May 22—Paul Barry: "Routing Shipments of Steel Tools." Michael Schwarz: "Flour

Mills in Kansas." May 29—Charles Morrison: "The Mail Order Business." Armand O'Brien: "The Good Roads Movement in Indiana."

The meetings of this section of the Chamber of Commerce are held every Wednesday at 4:00 p. m. in the library, and are open to the public. The speakers are prepared to answer questions on the matter of their reports.

The Notre Dame Ambulance Fund.

J. J. McGraw, \$100; B. R. Brady, \$100; J. L. Reuss, \$100; Frank Purcell, \$100; Sophomore Class, \$80.58; Alfred Forga, \$50; Knights of Columbus \$50; E. Sattler, \$50; L. Sattler, \$50; E. F. Dunn, \$50; J. H. Hayes, \$50; J. P. Peschel, \$50; J. H. Ryan, \$50; M. P. Gooley, \$50; A. Rodriguez Castro, \$50; James Hoskins, \$50; Mrs. E. J. O'Brien, \$50; Paul Ryan, \$50; Earl Jeannett, \$50; Senior Four Year Men, \$50; Hector Rey de Castro, \$30; Ezechiel Rey de Castro, \$30; Arthur Vallez, \$25; Donald Fitzgibbons, \$25; W. N. Oehm, \$25; P. L. Bryce, \$24; James Wheeler, \$25; John S. Meyers, \$15; George Slaine, \$10; Maj. T. F. Crimmins, \$10; John Birdsell, \$10; W. P. Hayes, \$10; James Donovan, \$10; Rosa C. de Arles, \$10; Joseph Berra, \$10; Jose Gonzalez, \$10; Mrs. L. J. Rogers, \$10; Dewey Rosenthal, \$10; Lieut. M. E. Walter, \$10; B. Kirk, \$10; Thomas Daley, \$5; B. Parker, \$5; C. E. Dean, \$5; Mrs. M. Balfe, \$5; G. J. Daley, \$5; Martin Kennedy, \$5; James Dolley, \$5; Dale Vohs, \$5; Ned F. Barrett, \$5; John Lemmer, \$5; L. Musmaker, \$5; L. A. Musmaker, \$5; Clancy Bros., \$5; R. S. Welch, \$5; Harold Foley, \$5; A. B. O'Brien, \$5; John Moran, \$5; John Malloy, \$5; Dr. Berteling, \$5; C. Mulholland, \$5; A. Colgan, \$5; Prof. Benitz, \$5; J. M. McGarry, \$5; Lawrence Welch, \$5; J. L. Callan, \$5; James Logan, \$5; Arthur May, \$5; P. Barry, \$5; E. J. Clarke, \$5; L. J. Welsch, \$3; H. Crockett, \$3; J. P. Delaney, \$3; G. L. Sullivan, \$2.50; O. Ruszek, \$2.50; A. J. Cusick, \$2; Gregorio Velasco, \$2; K. G. Pfeiffer, \$2; S. Velasco, \$2; J. Meersman, \$2; Wm. Ong, \$2; L. L. Ward, \$2; Paul Ting, \$2; H. McEllen, \$2; H. Goddes, \$2; L. Goldcamp, \$2; H. P. Nestor, \$2; John Jennings, \$2; C. H. McDonough, \$2; Edw. W. McFeely, \$2; P. J. Conway, \$2; G. LaBlanc, \$2; A. K. Bott, \$2; Wm. M. White, \$2; C. Wilhelm, \$2; O'Neill de Sio, \$2; J. Jolly, \$2; J. J. Sullivan, \$2; Wm. Bradbury, \$2; W. Maher, \$2; S. O'Connor, \$2; L. Stephan, \$2; Wm. Sherry, \$1; Chas. Williams, \$1; J. L. Trent, \$1; D. McDevett, \$1; O'Toole, \$1; H. C. Grabner, \$1; R. Mayer, \$1; E. J. McEllen, \$1; C. J. Kramer, \$1; A. Uebbing, \$1; C. Billeaud, \$1; G. Billeaud, \$1; R. Billeaud, \$1; F. O'Neill, \$1; Joe Mullin, \$1; E. J. Shanahan, \$1; K. G. Pfeiffer, \$1; R. B. Kremp, \$1; Phil Dort, \$1; J. Rick, \$1; E. B. Doyle, \$1; A. Szczepanik, \$1; Ray Murray, \$1; B. Fanning, \$1; W. Rauber, \$1; F. McGrain, \$1; B. G. Lantry, \$1; J. M. Clancy, \$1; C. J. King, \$1; L. J. Lovett, \$1; A. W. Mersch, \$1; G. Kelly, \$1; G. Kipp, \$1; Fred Keenan, \$1; R. J. Dunn, \$1; A. Otero, \$1; Pat. Campbell, \$1; E. J. Winkler, 75c.; V. Haurahan, 50c.; Ray Schubmehl, 50c.; C. Morrison, 50c.; Aloy Heck, 50c.; F. D. Watson, 50c.; E. F. Burke, 50c.; G. J. Hoar, 25c.; A. J. McGrath, 25c.; R. T. Thebodean, 25c.; T. F. Farrell, \$5. Total—\$1787.58.

Letters from Camp.

CAMP SHELBY, Hattiesburg, Miss.,
February 22, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Father Cavanaugh:—

. . . . I can never tell you, dear Father, how fortunate I have been as regards my commanding-officer. Before my arrival he had written to Father O'Hern at Washington that his battalion, through new army regulations, was entitled to a chaplain, and that he desired a Catholic priest. . . . His name is Major Carpenter, of Indianapolis. He is highly regarded by the entire camp, and above all he is an ardent Catholic. He and his wife are in the front row every Sunday and both receive Communion every week,—surely a great example for our Catholic soldiers! . . . Our battalion has 530 privates and 19 officers. . . . Company C of the battalion is composed almost entirely of South Bend boys. The commanding-officer of the company is a Captain Kemble from Studebaker's; the mess-sergeant is a young man named Flannigan, formerly bookkeeper for "Hullie and Mike's;" the head cook is from the Washington restaurant. I have met a number of men from St. Joseph's parish, as well as from St. Patrick's. When I say a late Mass, Flannigan is always waiting to give me breakfast. I am eating in "Brigade Mess" which is "high-brow" enough to use paper napkins. At this mess with us are a British major and a captain, jolly good fellows, who call me "Padre." They are very kind to me since in the British army there are many R. C.'s, as they say. All the officers I have met are most respectful and considerate.

Father George is most happily assigned. Colonel Freyermuth should receive some kind of medal for the royal support he gives Father Finnigan. I have "messed" with him several times, and know that the Colonel thinks the world of his chaplain and is proud that he has one from Notre Dame. Father McGinn has a rabbit's foot in his pocket: he has been so assigned as to be in charge of the base hospital, where he can have his fill of abnormalities. The chief of the staff, Colonel Gowan, a good Catholic, especially appointed him to this work, although he is officially attached to the division trains.

All the N. D. boys are doing well, and are glad of course that we are with them. Strange to say,—if you recall my "farewell address"—Frank Fox is almost next door to me. Lieuts. McNulty and Meehan are very capable instructors in the same attachment with Father George. McNulty is Col. Freyermuth's right-hand man. John Miller has the confidence of all his superior officers. Paul Fogarty is the leading American officer in bayonet instruction. Tommy Holland and McOsker are gathering laurels in bunches. Peté Vaughn is a big man here, but the nature of his work forbids much publicity. "Sammy" Fiewell is raising a Charlie Chaplin mustache and has been raised recently to the position of sergeant major. Grant is at present up North attending some technical school. An old N. D. boy, named King is secretary to a Major

White at Divisional headquarters. He was at N. D. around 1893.

We are eager for Notre Dame news. Any little item of news will be welcome. Best to all, and to you especially.

Yours in Xto.,

Edward J. Finnegan, C. S. C., 139th M. G. B.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

Feb. 1, 1918.

Mr. Mark McCaffery,
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Mark:

You must again excuse my delay in writing. It has been hard for me to find time as I have covered a good distance since you heard from me. You know that I did everything possible to get here, and now I have succeeded and am well satisfied.

... I like France very much. The place isn't new to me, however, as I was here before a number of years ago. I cannot tell you about what we are doing, or what we are about to do. You will have to await the event and the results. I have no complaint to make about the way the situation is being handled. There is going to be only one result: our forces are bound to win and finish strong.

... I do not want to say anything about the place here or the people, but you can rest assured that France is in to win and looks the part from all angles.

... Tell Father Cavanaugh and Father Moloney that I am trying to do my little part and that I hope to be back at Notre Dame soon, when the war is over.

... Most truly yours,

Geo. A. Campbell, Capt. Inf. N. A.

CAMP ALFRED VAIL, Little Silver, N. Y.,

March 2, 1918.

Rev. J. L. Carrico, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Reverend Father:

... In a little while,—just how little, it is impossible to state,—I shall be leaving. The Signal Corps has claimed me, and a month or two from now I expect to be clasping a telephone receiver to my ear somewhere in No Man's Land. Of course, I am only an amoeba in the mighty mass that America is pitting against the Hohenzollerns, but I feel as if the whole of the dear country were sailing out with me: the innumerable hills and valleys on the Mississippi; the streets of big cities, and, almost more prominently than anything else, the peaks of Notre Dame. Don't you think it proper to call them peaks, Father? When I think of some elegant officers who have nested there, the memory of Bourke Cockran dedicating the library comes back to me. Then I got an impression which will remain—that of Notre Dame as an ancient mother-eagle, bringing up her brood as naturally and spontaneously as destiny.

My military experience has been peculiar. I have drifted from the ambulance companies in the National Guard to infantry in the National Army, and thence to the Signal Corps with the regulars. Frankly, I have no illusions as to what we are up against, and though this trip is voluntary on my part, I need only say

that it collides with every ambition I have ever formed for my career. But nobody can for a moment dare to cast his hopes elsewhere than into the breach.

... Should this cosmic program ever cease, I may find my way back, and if so, I shall rent a room in South Bend and "skive" out to N. D. every day. If I don't get out, I suppose I can find the identical spot in heaven. With every good wish in parting, I remain,

Sincerely yours,

Corp. George N. Schuster,
Cas. Det. Radio Oper.

GERSTNER FIELD, Lake Charles, La.

Feb. 9, 1918.

Rev. Wm. Moloney, C. S. C.,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:

I have noticed in each week's Personals of the ever-welcome SCHOLASTIC that most of our Notre Dame men are with the Army, so I thought I'd slip in a line from the Marine Corps to let you know that not all N. D. men have passed up the best branch of Uncle Sam's service, the U. S. Marines.

Soon after war was declared last spring I went to the officers' training camp at Madison Barracks, but thanks to a recommendation from Father Cavanaugh, I was able on June 12th to get a regular commission from Notre Dame in the Marine Corps. I am sorry more of our boys didn't come into the corps, for I found when I reported for duty that Joe Gargan and I were the only ones from Notre Dame that had joined the Marines.

I was with Joe at Quantico, until he went to France in September with our 6th Regiment. In October I succeeded in getting assigned to aviation duty, for which I had applied in July, when I reported at Quantico I was ordered to the First Aviation Squadron and have been with that contingent ever since.

We were up at Mineola, L. I., till New Year's day. We got our preliminary flying there. Here we are doing our advanced work. I have finished my cross-country work and next week shall get my "stunt" flying. It is a very good school here. Next week, too, we are to get the fast scout machines, which are of the same type as the fast single seated foreign machines. Our squadron will be a "pursuit" squadron, that is one which uses the fastest single-seated machines, designed primarily for fighting. We expect to be finished with our training in this country in a short time and we are hoping to get to France by spring.

"Will" Sullivan, who was a student in Walsh Hall about 1912, is also in our squadron. I haven't seen many N. D. boys since last June, but it certainly does seem good to run into some of the old-timers now and then. While I was at Mineola I had the good fortune to see our team, which was certainly a great football machine, trim the Army 7 to 2. While I was at West Point I met some of the boys who were up for the game. Tom O'Neil, '13, was there in a naval uniform, and Kirkland, who was then in some engineer outfit at Camp Mills. "Jimmie" Lawler was down here for a while, but he left a couple weeks ago.

I've had a great deal of pleasure out of the SCHOLASTIC. Notre Dame is certainly doing some big, fine things. I was very glad to see that the old school is living up to her Civil War record in sending our priests out as chaplains. I am sure they will be well appreciated wherever they go.

I was glad to find out, too, in the last issue of the SCHOLASTIC I received, that the senior class had dedicated the Dome to Brother Alphonsus. The class could not have found a man more deserving of the honor.

Joe Gargan and I both came into the Corps as second lieutenants, but on August 16th our class was promoted to first lieutenants. Our squadron is eagerly waiting for its turn to go across. As we have only one squadron of land machines in the Marine Corps and will be in competition with hundreds of Army squadrons, we have a great deal ahead of us. The Marines have never let the Army or Navy come up to them in efficiency and work accomplished; and so we are looking forward to some lively times when we get to the other side.

I am booked as Officer of the Day duty this evening, and have just about time enough to get ready for guard mount.

Wishing you and all N. D. and the school the best of success, I am,

Sincerely yours in Notre Dame,

Frank Mulcahy (Ph. B., '14),

First Aviation Squadron, U. S. Marines.

Illinois Relay Carnival.

Earl Henry Gilfillan covered himself and Notre Dame with glory at the second annual indoor relay carnival at the University of Illinois last Saturday night by winning the all-around individual championship and scoring more points than were totalled the year before by the great Fisher of the University of Chicago, the 1917 winner. Though Gilfillan won by a margin of 80 points over Lang, of the University of Illinois, victory did not come to Coach Rockne's prodigy without a great struggle. After winning in the 75 yard dash and the 75 yard hurdles, he received a severe setback in the pole vault, in which event he was only able to clear a little more than nine feet. He came back strong in the shotput, however, by shoving the iron ball more than 40 feet, while Lang could put it only slightly better than 28 feet. Gilfillan won the broad jump, but Lang bested him in the high jump. The last event of the championship series, the half mile, found the advantage all on the side of Lang, though before it Gilfillan had a lead of some 250 points. The fleet Lang was away with the gun in a great burst of speed, in a supreme effort to win by such a margin as would counterbalance the

showing of Gilfillan in the preceding events. Unused to the long distance Gilfillan with good judgment allowed Lang to set the pace, and followed him tenaciously for half the distance. Then Lang uncorked a sprint that he maintained clear through the last quarter-mile. Gilfillan fought with every ounce of determination he could muster, and finished comparatively close to his competitor. The judges consulted and totalled the performances in the seven events; they then announced that the Notre Dame satellite had won by the slim but sufficient margin of 80 points.

Capt. Mulligan placed in the semi-finals of the 75 yard dash, but Carroll, Hoyt, Butler, and Fuerstein proved too much for him in the finals. Rademacher tied for second in the pole vault, and would have undoubtedly done much better had his vaulting pole not failed to arrive in time for the meet.

The Notre Dame four mile relay team—Murphy, VonWonterghen, Sweeney and Call—finished fourth among five starters. Chicago, Ames, Wisconsin, Notre Dame, and Illinois was the order at the tape. Murphy ran 4:54; VonWonterghen 4:54; Sweeney, 4:48; Call, 4:38.

Athletic Notes.

BAHAN—BASKETBALL CAPTAIN.

Leonard Bahan, whose athletic ability has been restricted this year to playing halfback on the football team, forward on the basketball team, and running the quarter-mile on the track team, was this week elected captain of the 1918-1919 varsity basketball team. Stine, Hayes, Bader, and Barry will be eligible for next year's team. Ronchetti is the only man lost by graduation. Bahan is certainly entitled to the leadership of the next quintet, and his teammates were unanimous in bestowing the honor.

WALSH vs. BROWNSON.

Father Farley's Walsh Hallers sprang a big surprise in the first preliminary track meet for the interhall championship, running up 71 points while Brownson was gathering 50. In Bailey and Tiffany Walsh have a pair that would be an asset to any team, and Badin, Corby and Sorin will have to disport a great coterie of trackmen to defeat the inhabitants of Father Farley's domicile. The final meet next week is bound to prove exciting. The summaries:

WALSH 71

BROWNSON 50.

40 yard dash. Won by Bailey (W); 2nd, Conrad (B); 3rd, Tiffany (W); 4th, Wheeler (W). Time, 4 3-5 sec.

220 yard dash. Won by Tiffany (W); 2nd, McConnell (W); 3rd, Conrad (B); 4th, Bailey (W). Time, 25 3-5 sec.

440 yard dash. Won by Meredith (B); 2nd, Hoar (B); 3rd, Vincent (W); 4th, Wolf (B). Time, 55 2-5.

880 yard dash. Won by Smith (W); 2nd, McLaughlin (B); 3rd, Vallez (W); 4th, Davis (B). Time 2:21.

One mile run. Won by O'Connor (W); 2nd, Jones (B); 3rd, McMahon (B); 4th, Shannahan (B). Time 5 min. 39 sec.

40 yard low hurdles. Won by Tiffany (W); 2nd, Shugrue (W); 3rd, Hogan (B); 4th, Billeaud. Time, 5 3-5 sec.

40 yard high hurdles. Won by Shurgue (W); 2nd, Tiffany (W); 3rd, Kenny (B); 4th, Rosenthal (B). Time 6 sec.

High jump. Won by Grenniger (W); 2nd, Hogan (B); 3rd, Smith (W); 4th, Hoar (B) and Kirk (W) tied. Height 5 ft. 3 1-2 in.

Pole vault. Won by Vohs (B); 2nd, Hogan (B); 3rd, Hoar (B); 4th, Suttner (W). Height 9 ft. 6 in.

Shot put. Won by Billeaud (W); 2nd, Gooley (W); 3rd, Hoar (B); 4th, Railton (W). Distance 34 ft.

Broad jump. Won by Woods (W); 2nd, Vohs (B); 3rd Conrad (B); 4th, Walters (W) and Billeaud (W) tied. Distance, 19 ft. 7 in.

Safety Valve.

INSUBORDINATION.

I've kept my head when other lads
Were raving on like mad;
I've kept my smile when all the rest
Were shadowy and sad.
I've kept king Worrry all these years
From whitening my locks,
But I could never keep my toes
From going through my socks.

I've never had a rash break out
Upon my smiling face;
The measles ne'er broke out on me—
They seemed to know their place.
I've never broken out with itch,
With small or chicken-pox,
But every one of my blamed toes
Will break out through my socks.

SENIOR THOUGHTS.

—A Freshman is a green, rough-shod, incompetent, funnel-headed, weak-kneed fellow, who eats and sleeps near a University and is exposed to an education.

—A Sophomore is a long, lean, lanky, cadaverous, half-starved son of a sap-sucker, who carries bundles of books to and from class. A sort of intellectual pall-bearer.

—A Junior is a vain, conceited, egotistical, opinionated, self-sufficient prig who thinks he knows as much as a senior.

—A Senior is a learned, amiable, witty, good-looking, modest, unassuming student whom all adore and love for the beautiful qualities of mind and soul he possesses.

—A professor is a morose, crabbed, peevish, petulant, perverse, ill-natured, fossilized, freakish fellow with corns on his intellect. (See Indigestion and Lumbago.)

* *

She was a special friend of mine,
I thought the world of her;
She smiled her sweetest smiles for me
No matter where we were.
That she would be my *all* some day
I had the heart to hope,
But for a present Christmas Day—
O bone! I gave her soap.

'Twas pretty, scented, costly soap
Placed in a fancy case,
'Twas green and white, and brown and blue
To wash her pretty face.
She took the box without a word
She didn't even wince—
I gave her soap on Christmas day
And haven't seen her since.

List to the burden of my song
All you who still have hope;
If you would win the one you love
Don't ever give her soap.
A tooth-brush might perhaps get by
But you're a helpless mope
If for a present you should dare
To give your girlie soap.

* *

IN THE SUBWAY.

PHILBIN—Oh, darling, I have two of the dearest little pink sea shells that ever were.

MULLIGAN—Dearie, you haven't, have you? Where could you have got them?

PHILBIN—I picked them with my own little hands, and they're the sweetest things.

MULLIGAN—I just adore sea shells and colored stones and violets.

PHILBIN—Once my mother gave me a Lima bean. It's the cutest thing—I just treasure it.

ANDREWS (*entering*)—!!! [words deleted by censor.]

* *

There were no prunes until the first plum dried,
Then like a tempest did they fall on man,
Stewed prunes, raw prunes, prunes cooked in every style.

Prunes by the Mason jar and by the can.
There were no raisins till a grape collapsed,
And turned completely wooden,
Now there are raisins nearly everywhere
Especially in puddin'.

* *

And even the unsophisticated underclass man who enlisted in the army has learned that there is some difference between revelry and reveille.