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## My Lady Liberty.

MY Lady of the Lake, the robins are awake  
And spring hath put the laughter in thine eyes.  
Thy campus is aflame with thy gladness, Notre Dame,  
Thy Prince hath dropped His violets from the skies.  
My Lady of the Lake, the winds thy roses shake—  
Ah, thy roses are a deeper, deeper red;  
And the breaking of the sun when at last the day is run  
Hath cast down its bleeding fire on thy head.  
  
Ah, the night is on thee now, and I see thy dear head  
bow  
In sorrow for thy son who went away.  
And the sympathetic stars and the waking, white  
cloud-bars  
Will hasten to bring back the joyful day.  
Oh, 'tis a painful heart I take—my Lady of the Lake;  
Ill-clothed it is in khaki and in tan.  
But I swear to you this night, my mother and my  
might,  
The honor of a soldier and a man.

My Lady Liberty, lift up thine eyes to me,  
Put thou the burning anger in my hand.  
In thy waving golden hair, let the fires of battle glare,  
Come and let us forth upon the land.  
My Lady Liberty, this be my troth to thee—  
The dower of my lineage and name,  
For the drums of the reveille shall beat a winning day  
To the glory of my mother, Notre Dame.

JAMES H. McDONALD.

## The Way of the Cross.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

THE Catholic Church has two forces which have ever been prominent features of her secular progress. One is that distinctive quality which has enabled her to meet and to conform herself to the needs of every age. This we call her adaptability. The other is that transmission of devotional practices down the years, orally

and by example, until what was in the beginning only a local custom has, with various ecclesiastical modifications, become a universal practice, and this is termed tradition. The Way of the Cross is an evolution of both adaptability and tradition.

The Stations, or as they are often described, the Via Dolorosa, are pictures or images representing the successive incidents in Christ's Passion on the way from the house of Pilate, where the most monstrous of all travesties of justice had been perpetrated, to Calvary, where the naked, mangled Body of God's Son was exposed on a rough cross for the contempt of hateful eyes and the contumely of sneering lips. According to tradition, Mary, the mother of Jesus, along with her devoted companions, was accustomed to visit every day the scenes of Her Son's suffering and shame, thus making the Way of the Cross as old as Christianity itself. This devotion grew apace; particularly so after St. Helena, the mother of the first holy Roman emperor, had, by the zeal she manifested in looking for the True Cross, encouraged a pilgrim interest in the Holy Land. A regular route in following the Via Dolorosa was later marked out. After the Church of the Invention, built over the spot where the Cross had been found, was completed, thousands of pilgrims flocked to Palestine to visit the places hallowed by the Saviour's Passion. The desire to reproduce the Via Crucis in Europe made its appearance a short while later. The realization of this desire was especially urged after the domination of Jerusalem by the Turks had made pilgrimages thereto distasteful and perilous. Even in 1587, sixteen years after Don John of Austria in the immortal battle of Lepanto, the turning point in the millennial conflict between Mohammedan and Christian, had completely crushed the Ottoman power, Zullardo writes that in Jerusalem "it is not permitted to make any halt, nor to pay any veneration to the holy places with uncovered head."

The first European Way of the Cross of which we have any record was a group of connected chapels built by the Bishop of Bologna at the monastery of San Stefano about 400 A. D. Until the end of the seventeenth century there was no church ruling or established precedent respecting the number of stations. Consequently much confusion upon this score prevailed throughout Christendom. For example, in some localities seven was the accepted number, in others, nineteen, and in Jerusalem itself on the occasion of Romanet Boffin's visit in 1515, according to the assertion of two friars who had charge of the Holy Sepulchre, thirty-one were to be employed. Fourteen was finally fixed by Pope Clement XII in 1731. In 1342 the Franciscans had the care of the Holy Places committed to their charge, and from that date to the present have ever been laudably zealous in fostering a universal devotion to the Way of the Cross.

The present mode of making the Stations is most probably a gradual growth or traditional evolution of the pious practices prevalent in Europe after its introduction. Upon this point, G. Cyprian Alston, a distinguished Dominican authority writes: "It may be conjectured, with extreme probability, that our present series of Stations, together with the accustomed prayers for them, comes to us, not from Jerusalem, but from some one of the imitative Ways of the Cross in different parts of Europe, and that we owe the propagation of the devotion, as well as the number and selection of the stations, much more to the pious ingenuity of certain devotional writers of the sixteenth century than to the actual practice of pilgrims to the holy places."

In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries numerous reproductions of the original Via Crucis were brought into Europe, among the most notable of which were those of Gorlitz, erected in 1465; those set up at Nuremburg, three years afterward; and Goffin's Stations at Romans, instituted in 1515. In these early representations an endeavor was made to get the corresponding distance between them as existed between the originals, but such discouraging discrepancy in the measurements was invariably returned in the pilgrim's reports that the churchmen decided to disregard distance altogether. Consequently, the faithful can gain the indulgences attached to the stations by simply turning to the pictorial copies

simultaneously with the movement of the officiant, and those excusably prevented through sickness or adverse circumstances from visiting a church can participate in the spiritual advantages if, while holding a specially blessed crucifix in the right hand, they recite certain prayers and reflect on the passion.

Although the stations can be either painted or sculpturesque, and, if artistic masterpieces like those in the Antwerp Cathedral, can be extensively copied, yet, the indulgences are attached only to the simple wooden crosses set singly above each representation. The Popes have always been lavish in bestowing indulgences upon the Way of the Cross. Papal letters were sent out in 1742 by Benedict XIV urging all priests to erect stations in their churches, and afford the faithful the choicest opportunities to enrich themselves spiritually with indulgences, the extent and abundance of which were so immense as to cause his predecessor, Clement XII, eleven years before, to approve the instructions of the S. Congregation, forbidding churchmen even to attempt their enumeration. No devotion is so prolific of spiritual benefits as the Via Dolorosa. One of the greatest successors of the divinely appointed Fisherman has characterized it "as a sovereign means for the conversion of sinners, for the renovation of the tepid, and for the sanctification of the just."

The Way of Sorrows is a devotion adapted to every century and country for drawing men closer to the Man of Sorrows. It helps them to hear and see Him who cries out, "O ye who pass by, attend and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow;" it enables them to follow Him who trod the royal road of grief to make His brothers hopeful here and happy hereafter; it is the most efficacious means in the whole category of prayers and devotions for shortening the agonies of the members of the Church Suffering.

### The Close.

The fitting climax of a day

Is an evening, clear and softly bright;

The earth, the shades of twilight gray

Enfold, and after that the night.

And so with death, the crown of life,

It is the only golden key

With which, if victors in the strife,

We ope the blest eternity.

B. EDWIN.

## Track.

BY LEO J. JONES, '18.

Herschel Walton's room was separated from the headquarters of the R. O. S. A. by approximately five inches of lath, plaster, and space. This particular evening it appeared to Herschel that the lath and plaster formed but a trifling percentage of the five inches. While he did not figure out the precise proportions, he was sure of them in a vague way, because the contests of the Spanish athletes seemed to be progressing in his very presence. Ordinarily he was able to ignore the racket and the conflicts in the next room by rigorous application to Thucydides or Plautus, but this night the martial struggles of ancient Greece and Rome lacked their usual relish. The call for track candidates for the varsity had been issued in the forenoon, and the availability of material was the subject of the noisy controversy in the adjoining room.

Although Herschel had never admitted it and no one else had ever suspected it, he felt a strong interest in athletics. His room was not littered with nondescript posters of meets and hideous prints of brawny giants in grotesque poses, but his heart was modestly molested with a desire of winning some day a monogram and earning the gratitude of his school. Hence it happened that his effort at concentration was not very successful. Again and again he found himself mentally opposing or approving the opinions aired beyond the wall. At length he reluctantly placed Quintillian in his proper niche and abandoned himself to a multitude of heterogeneous conjectures.

Due to the inroads of the draft, the varsity material was rather limited and far from choice. Only one of the old stars was contending, Coyle, the star two-miler. After some meditation on the valiant accomplishments of this hero and his rather slack training, it was an easy matter to fall into a comparison of his own careful living with the trackman's dashing unconcern. Rarely did the student use tobacco, never the forbidden cigarette; never had he tasted intoxicating liquor,—nor was he ever out late at night, though he frequently burned the midnight oil over the problems of rational psychology; and his food had always been selected in accordance with the most approved hygiene and physical culture. Yes, he was conscious that his

whole life had been one long unbroken training. So, before the verbal strife in the next room had entirely subsided, he had made up his mind that he would demonstrate to the college world what proper training could do in the mile.

When the question of equipment arose, however, the prospective athlete hesitated. Aware that the coaches might reasonably be dubious concerning his ability, he disliked the idea of asking a favor until he had proved, in a measure, his fitness to wear the colors of the school. A week was consumed in uncertainty, but finally in one of his numerous strolls past the offices of the gymnasium, he encountered Murphy, whom he had often succored in time of scholastic need.

"Hello, Wally? Have you decided to get a ninety-five in track, too?" Murphy greeted him sociably.

"How'dy, Murph. No, I haven't come out yet," parried the student, seriously. "Do you think the coach would equip me?"

"Oh, sure; Slagg'll fit you out," was the confident reply. Then, foreseeing more possible emergencies in class, he continued, "he's looking for good athletes. Come on in with me."

Herschel stammered something about not being much of an athlete, but, nevertheless he followed along obediently, when Murphy returned banteringly, "Well, if you aren't much of an athlete, there are none around." Half an hour later, the aspirant emerged from the locker-room, in a track-suit that uncovered a surprising extent of arms and legs. But the first step was taken and determination compelled him to endure the scoffing eyes that fairly burned into his back as he paced off down the track. For nearly four years he had watched the track-men on occasion, but never had he observed such an abbreviated suit as was his own; never a pair of shoes with spikes so long as were his; never a candidate who attracted so much attention as he himself. After ten hours of tortuous stumbling, crowded into as many minutes, he escaped into the showers, but here too were the multitudes of inquisitive spectators. After a hasty dip, he was nearly dressed when Murphy entered, very much out of breath.

"Holy smokes!" he gasped, "the beggar made me do six laps under the watch, to give me wind, I guess." Then as he dropped down on the bench beside the recruit, "How'd you go?"

"Oh, pretty well, I guess; I ran seven laps,

but my legs seem a little new," answered the other closing his locker.

"Stick around a second, till I grab a shower, and we'll go over together. Hey! Alec! I want a towel!" And Herschel glowed under the sense of athletic brotherhood. Besides, he felt better, now that he was again in the attire of a Christian gentleman. Enjoying the banter of youth at play, he was considerably surprised when one or another of his acquaintances inquired, "When did you get out?" He was under the impression that every soul in the whole school knew the exact second in which he stepped out on the track.

Persistence gradually wore away two or three weeks, and as he gained hope that he might not be permanently crippled, he became convinced that he could do better in the half than in the mile. In Murphy's room that night he made the suggestion.

"Well, Herschel, the mile has been a good training for the shorter distance," returned Murphy. "You might speak to the coach about it. Sullie is pretty good though."

"Yes, Sullivan is good, but he doesn't train as much as I do. He can run the quarter too; and so I won't be depriving him of his event."

"You needn't worry that he'll get sore. 'May the best man win' is his motto. I saw him on Halifax Avenue yesterday with a feminine who went a long toward substantiating."

"He is quite *fini*, isn't he? Social life may have a place in college, but Sullivan gives it too much attention. If you will come up to my room tonight, I will assist you with that thesis on real distinction." With that the boys hurried off to the gymnasium and saw no more of each other until Murphy came to accept the proffered help. Immediately Herschel unburdened his mind.

"Coach says that it is quite satisfactory, and has promised to enter me against Ypsilanti if I do better than two-eight."

"Good! that'll be a cinch. But how about St. Thomas and his thesis?"

"Oh, this is readily seen. But say, Murph, Sullivan told me that Helene—she's the young lady he was with yesterday—is eager to meet trackmen."

"She's no exception, Wally, but you used the wrong adjective. Why can't essence exist without existence?"

"Why, that's obvious. But I think a little

social life occasionally is conducive to more serious application to one's work, don't you?"

"Don't know about that; sometimes it's a big distraction—right now, for instance," observed Murphy.

"Is that so! How long have you been so studious?" came back the reproach. "But don't get cholerick; we'll get busy immediately."

"I'm not peeved, if that's what you mean; but I don't see this stuff and I do see a bed."

"I suppose you don't want to break training by being up after ten," was the last thrust as he settled down, preparatory to a long dissertation on the involved problem. The boys did not meet again for a confidential chat until the evening before the Ypsilanti meet.

"Are you going to make twelve feet tomorrow, Murph?" inquired Herschel as he sank into the window seat.

"Hard to tell," growled Murphy. "We haven't tried for height for the last ten days. Suppose he wants us to surprise ourselves."

"Slagg knows what he is about; so don't get crabby," Herschel consoled him. "You will go all right."

"Well, he might give a guy the dope on himself; that's all I've got to say." The vaulter did not wish to be mollified, but his good nature was slowly beginning to return. "How's it happen you're entered in the quarter?"

"I've been doing that distance pretty well," returned the other. "The coach said that it was immaterial with him, when I told him I would prefer the sprint."

"For the love of the traditional Mike! Would Slagg let you switch to anything?"

"No," Herschel admitted; "I suggested the hundred-yard dash and his answer was decidedly negative."

"I'll bet it was," chuckled the older man. "It's a miracle that he didn't take your head off your shoulders about the quarter. You'll cinch your drag with him though if you get a place."

"But I'll not get a place," coolly replied the versatile trackman. "I'm not going to run."

"Not going to run?" shouted Murphy. "You've got both legs haven't you?"

"Yes, my extremities are still intact, but—" he hesitated.

"But what?" demanded his puzzled friend. "Slagg will be off you for life."

"Oh, well, if you must know—I'm bringing Helene to the meet."

## Varsity Verse.

## THE MESSAGE OF THE FLAG.

I am the flag that waves for you,  
 Oh weakest man of all that work;  
 I am your largest dream come true,  
 Oh daring minds who never shirk.  
 The Constitution am I, too,  
 The legal acts I carry through.  
 O'er legislators I have power,  
 O'er soldiers, sailors, every hour:  
 O'er farmer, councillor and clerk.  
 O'er all who strive in Freedom's work;  
 O'er mighty gallant tars who keep  
 The weary watches on the deep.  
 I am the victory of to-day,  
 The awful rout of yesterday.  
 I am the mystery of life,  
 The glory of the nation's strife;  
 My Stars and Stripes are all for you.  
 Your hopes, your dreams, and prayers too.  
 Your one best hope, when danger's nigh.  
 Columbia's soul-in truth am I.

JOHN E. DUFFY.

## "TO LORELIA."

Lorelia, dear, I love you so,  
 It pains me much to say good-bye;  
 But country calls and I must go  
 To serve her, and, if need, to die.  
 And so I go to fly.

And when in air I soar above  
 With German men of fame to fight,  
 I'll have, to help my aim, your love,  
 And this will surely lend me might  
 To win again for right.

And every night I'll pray to see  
 The day when I'll come home to claim—  
 My love, for whom I've won my fame.  
 And always will I pray 'twill be  
 With you, my dear, the same.

JOSEPH E. WOOD.

## MARCESCANT ROSAE.

It's sweet to live for a lovely maid,  
 Whose comely form has won your heart;  
 But she, a blusing rose, will fade;  
 She, too, be pierced by Death's sure dart.

An earthly blossom droops and dies;  
 The fairest lady lasts a day;  
 Choose then a Love in which there lies  
 No mortal taint, nor swift decay.

WILLIAM C. HAVEY.

## THAT MONOGRAM.

As I was strolling down the street, along with me, my  
 roommate, Pete,  
 I noticed people looking at us all along the way,  
 Thinks I, "This N. D. bill-of-fare and soothing Indiana  
 air  
 Sure must be working wonders with our features  
 ev'ry day."

Just one or two short months ago we passed a hundred  
 girls or so,  
 And not a single one of them would deign to take our  
 number;  
 But now, as down that street we go, they all extend the  
 double O.  
 Do we get by? Oh, lady, lady, rouse me from my  
 slumber."

As I was thus poetic'ly indulging in deep reverie  
 I saw a dame a-looking at us from across the street.  
 "Aha," thinks I, "another crush," but o'er me fell a  
 sudden hush,  
 For she was looking right past me; her gaze was glued  
 on Pete.

I say her gaze was fixed on Pete. Those wistful eyes  
 across the street  
 To me paid no attention, didn't even notice me;  
 Said I, with something lacking grace, "she certainly  
 must like your face."  
 'My face?' quoth he,—"you're wrong, she sees the  
 monogram, N. D."

Just for "con" I'd like to know (yes, he was right,  
 believe me, 'bo,  
 That N. D. is the beacon light they're always sure to  
 see)

Just what enchanting Southern dame will this Ken-  
 tucky athlete claim  
 And hold for all eternity the monogram, N. D.

THOMAS J. TOBIN.

## DRAFTED.

What, me go out in dat hot sun  
 Walkin' aroun' a-totin' a gun?  
 No sir. I knows I sure can run,  
 But I don't wanta fight dat Hun,—  
 No sir, not me.

You say ma name is on da draf'?  
 Oh Lordy, dat's ma epitaph.  
 I see da marble shaf'  
 Dat bears ma autograph,  
 Yes sir, dat's me.

P. SCOFIELD.

### Watches.

BY JAMES H. MCDONALD, '19.

So much has been said in extenuating the virtues of that important element of domesticity, the alarm clock, that it is, I think, high time to inquire into the character of its more genteel cousin, the watch. How inconsiderately do many persons, otherwise upright men, treat their pocket-piece. Alas, we are too often only dimly conscious of the services of our truest friends; and we lapse into this state of sinful heedlessness until the pain of loss awakens us.

Now watches are intensely human. Your alarm clock may be a necessary adjunct of your household, but it is at best a necessary evil. Its very name denotes a sound of warning. It is grossly inhuman. My nature forbids me ascribing to anything so insomulent the fair of humanity. I tenderly draw my warm watch from my pocket and revel in its accurate, gentlemanly service. It is my friend, cultivated and refined. Its quiet, patient tick—its low heart-beating, I should say rather—is indicative of its noble character. On the other hand, the alarm clock wakens me from my sleep even before the grey dawn has begun to shake off its slumber, by such a ruthless and inharmonious clanging and purring as ever violated the silence of these sacred morning hours; and all because in my dreadful worldliness on the preceding evening I basely sought the service of this domesticated wild-cat to assist me gaining a few more coveted moments in following the world. When I am my best self, however, I realize, with Emerson, that "commerce is of trivial import; faith, love, truth of character, the aspiration of man, these are sacred." My watch, much in advance of its uncouth relative, is the embodiment of the latter virtues.

Now it is characteristic of man that he is a social being. He has a society. Not less so the *genus* "watch." As there are grades of human society, there are grades of watch society. It is as necessary. There are fat watches and thin watches, cheap watches and costly ones, gold watches modestly covering their faces with gold veils, and honest, open-faced watches which scruple not to disclose their virtue to all men. Then there are masculine watches and feminine watches. It is impossible to mistake the demure little watch, destined to breathe faint perfumes

and to ride gently in a cavernous purse; or, if the owner be a goodly dame of mature years, to be either hooked perilously on a silken bosom, or more safely cuddled in a belt at the end of a long thin chain. Though the masculine watch vary, as men, in form and proportion, its gender is evident. Its character also is manifest. It may be a veteran watch, well on in years, its rotund case somewhat dimmed in lustre, its voice tedious and fidgety. Or perhaps it is a youthful watch, subservient to a young master, a most gentlemanly watch, its coat sleek and shining, delicate in lineament and refined in its facial lettering. It murmurs in subdued tones, spritely and even playfully, as if it were living its life in sincerest delight, impatient of idleness and delay.

As I have said, watches have a distinct social standing, which, in reference to social preference, is human enough, and which, sad to say, largely depends rather upon their rich and handsome appearance than on their personal merits. For I am aware that the members of that rugged and vociferous Ingersol family are honest and straightforward; oftentimes surpassing their more exalted cognates in devotion to duty. Indeed, the popularity of this humble, yet withal important family rests upon the demand of humanity for faithful and loyal service.

Whether rich or poor the watch's service to mankind depends simply upon its character. Assiduous labor and patient, unseen constancy of purpose inevitably lead to some form of success. In this respect, no less than in any other, does the watch character parallel human character. I am far from claiming for all watches these exquisite virtues, for, once again, let it be said, that watches possess a transcendent human element, which, no doubt, they have acquired from long and intimate association with man. But in watches of good character these qualities are not away; your watch and my watch exhibit them in marked degree. Forsooth if you and I as unerringly and as quietly disposed of our duties as do our unassuming pocket-pieces, what should we not accomplish?

I am told that watches are not democratic. There is the poor man's watch and the rich man's. Whereas alarm clocks are always alarm clocks whether they wake the President to receive a Spanish don to breakfast or dance upon a chair near a humble laborer's bed and hasten him to shoulder his pick and spade.



But that the watch is undemocratic is not entirely true. For while watches vary in externals and prices, they nevertheless are to be found in every class of society. They are a boon and friend to all men; they mark the time for the cessation of our labor and for our return home after the day's occupation; they bid us rise to honors. When our hour of triumph is at hand, they call the fatigued to rest, the hungry to refreshment, the morose to a happy meeting, the worried to time of relaxation, the business man from his wearisome accounts to the sweet comfort of his home, the workman from his ditch, the artisan from his work-bench, the soldier from his trench, the engineer from his throttle, the nurse from the side of the sick-bed, the student from his table, and appoint for all a delicious rest and abandonment of care. It is true that they also lead each one of us to his task and employment. But it is in the drowsy afternoon hours, when the world becomes heavy and the eye begins to drop, that you and I cast questioning glances on our companion, and wistfully seek to hasten his patient tread.

Yet such is our watch's humble ministrations, so perfect its subjection to duty, so religious its constancy and so charming its companionship, that it becomes to us the type of the perfect friend. Indeed we grow so used to the virtues of our friend, his accommodation to our character so intimately unites us to him, that we are scarcely conscious of his presence and devotion. It is just this kind of thing that makes the watch seem partly human. And still it is superior to its owner's frailty. For impulsiveness and fluctuation of good will it has not; only relentless fidelity and perseverance will it countenance. Here is a fresh type of character, a quality devoutly to be cherished, calm, undisturbed, rhythmical pursuance of duty, of purpose; a rectitude of intention, unstained with garish loyalty, purity of motive, and, in the end, work well done.

### Spring and the New Year.

Vanquished are the ice-king's legions;  
Burstured are his mighty chains  
By the gleaming beams from heaven,  
By the melting spring-time rains—  
'Tis like the washing of sin's traces  
By the rains of heavenly graces.

A. J. SCHENDEN.

### The Coming of Fred.

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

Mildred looked out on the bleak street. It seemed very lonely now. There were no autos, no vehicles of any kind. No cars plunged by with reassuring clamor. Not even a pedestrian was in sight. There was nothing but snow, snow piling higher and higher, swirled by the fierce wind into great drifts. The fence was gone now, and some of the lilac bushes were barely visible. The girl cleared away the window pane, and strained her eyes in the direction of town. Not a single living thing could be seen. Nothing but the snow stretching everywhere in great billowy masses. The loneliness of it all grew upon her. She was alone on the edge of the city and there was no one to whom she might go for refuge. The fierce, unkempt Slavs that were her neighbors she feared more than the storm, and dared not go near them. She would have to wait until Fred came back from the office. Then everything would be well. Fred, big hearty Fred, with his laughing eyes and tremendous voice, would dispel all gloom. Involuntarily she glanced at the clock. It was nearly four. Fred would be here soon. He always came around the corner just about four, singing an outlandish song at the top of his voice. It used to worry her somewhat, this noisy arrival; she wondered what the foreigners would think. But tonight it would be the sweetest of music.

The loneliness seemed unbearable. Ten minutes to wait, with nothing but the voice of the storm for company. The wind caught the house and shook it to its foundations. She almost screamed in terror. But the violence was short-lived and the blast died away in a moan. The shrill ring of the telephone sounded cheerily through the room and she hurried to answer the call.

"Is that you Fred?" she almost sobbed.

"Yes, it's me, Mildred," came back the booming voice of her husband. "Is everything all right?"

"Yes," she answered doubtfully.

"Is there plenty of coal and food?"

"Yes," she said wonderingly, trying to grasp his meaning. "Why?"

"Well, you see, Mildred," he said, "I can't

get out tonight. The streets are too bad and this weather is something awful. A man couldn't live ten minutes in such a storm. So I'm not coming."

"Not coming," Mildred repeated, "not coming, why you wouldn't leave me out here all alone, would you?" Then she stopped. She remembered the street deserted for the past two hours. Through the frozen pane she could see dimly, the drifts completely covering the lilacs. All landmarks were completely hidden. Yes, it was an awful storm. But to be alone, here away from everybody and everything, and perhaps have the house shaken down before morning. She could never stand it. The house shook with the paroxysm of the storm.

"Oh, Fred," she moaned, did you hear it. The house is shaking. I'm so afraid and there's no one here. Won't you come home? If you cover up well, and walk fast you can get along all right."

"But great heavens, Mildred! It's twenty below right now and getting colder every minute. I can't do it, girl; it would be the death of me."

"Oh no, Fred, you're big and strong, and it's so lonely here. You know the nearest house is almost a block away. Fred I'm afraid I'll die if you don't come. I couldn't live through the whole night." A terrific bang from one of the shutters echoed through the house followed by a shuddering cry of terror from Mildred.

"Please come, Fred," she pleaded, "you're up there with all the lights and people, but I'm here all alone. Please come; I'm so frightened."

There was pain in the big manly voice as he answered, "I'll come, dear, but I don't see how I'm going to make it. Good-bye," he said, almost sternly.

"Good-bye," she faltered, as she heard his receiver click sharply in its socket. She knew Fred was on his way to her.

Fred was coming, as she knew he would, in spite of everything. She would get things ready for him, so when he arrived he would be glad he had come. Eagerly she stirred the fire and commenced to get the supper things ready. She prepared his favorite dishes, and kept them smoking hot against his coming. She got out his bathrobe and slippers and warmed them by the fire. She would have everything warm and cozy for him. For an hour she worked away

cheerfully, almost forgetting the storm in her industry. He will be glad, she insisted, as the final preparations were finished, he will be glad he has come.

It was nearly six now, and Fred would soon come hurrying up the front walk, ravenously hungry. How good it would be to see his big form come stamping in the door, his face all aglow with life and youth. Then she would feel safe again. Thoughtfully she gazed at the fire and waited and as the glow of anticipation died away her mind went back to the storm. The wind had lost its hearty bluster now, but there was a stealthy menace in its note like the call of some famished beast, which was much more terrifying. It swept around the corner with whip-like keenness, and in spite of the roaring fire, made the room cold. It must be getting worse outside. She went to the door and opened it a few inches. The wind tore at her cheeks like a beast of prey, and drove the blinding snow hard into her face. She bolted the door hurriedly and went back to the fire. It was an awful night and Fred was out there somewhere, trying to reach her. Oh, what a fool she had been to make him come in this tempest. He might be frozen horribly and perhaps he might—a cold chill crept over her. She shook the grate vigorously to keep herself from thinking and sat down to her knitting. It was seven o'clock now. She tried to keep her mind from the storm, but it was useless. Perhaps Fred had changed his mind and had not started. She took down the receiver, but there was no response. The wires were down and she was cut off from the city. The thought made her utterly desolate. And Fred, would he never come. She sat staring dumbly at the fire, her mind sick with fear and loneliness.

Suddenly she sprang up. Taking the lamp she carried it to the window and placed it on the sill. Maybe Fred was coming and could not see the house. She would let the light shine out to welcome him. The heat of the lamp soon melted the frosty coating. She watched the frost melt away in little rivulets and drip to the casement. But the pane did not seem to clear. It was dark and blurred, as if something were pressed against it. She looked closer. For a long moment she gazed transfixed at the window and then fell unconscious. There, outlined with awful distinctness against the pane were the frozen features of her dead husband. Fred had come home.



## Kipling's "The Man Who Would Be King."

A writer came out of India years ago, and he brought with him a new style that was as fresh as the winds that sweep the cold Himalayas, as fecund as the dank lush jungles of the upper Irrawaddi, and as suggestive of imagery as "elephants a-pilin' teak, in the sludgy, squalid creek." He captured the world with an original note in literature, and he has bound his readers to him as closely as a Stevenson or an O. Henry. This was Rudyard Kipling, whose story, "The Man Who Would Be King," has been for me, one of those tales of which the best praise is, "They are unforgettable."

The story concerns a newspaper man of some town in India who relates the experiences of two "gentlemen at large," Peaches Taliaferro Carnehan and Daniel Dravot. These wanderers set out to make themselves kings of an obscure little country on the northern boundary of Afghanistan, Kafiristan, which lies between the Hindukush Mountains and the lands of the Frontier Tribes. The story is of Lost Tribes, golden crowns, valleys of turquoise, gods, devils, and Dravot, Emperor of two million people, and Carnehan, Commander of the King's Army, and God in His own right.

It is a wonderful tale; there is in it nothing of the stereotyped and usual plot-complications; it is rather the epic narrative of high adventure, as virile as the ancient sagas, even if from the mouth of a small-town journalist. Aside from the pure vigor of the tale, which retold here would lose the power in expression the artist has given it, the description is of rare genius and originality. The supreme attraction of the story is its bigness, its vastness, its suggestion of wide spaces and the crash of elemental storm. The zenith of its action here quoted will illustrate all these points: "They marched him a mile—to a rope bridge over a ravine. They prodded him behind like an ox. 'Damn your eyes,' says the King, 'd'you suppose I can't die like a gentleman?' He turns to Peachey—Peachey that was crying like a child. 'I brought you to be killed in Kafiristan where you was late Commander-in-Chief of the Emperor's forces—Say you forgive me, Peachey.' 'I do,' says Peachey. When he was in the middle of those ropes, 'Cut you beggars' and old Dan fell, twenty-thousand miles, for he took half an hour to fall till he struck the water at the end."—G. D. H.

## Thoughts.

BY JUNIORS AND SENIORS.

Not every alibi "gets by."

Education is not a packing process.

Foreign travel is no longer for the few.

It is hard to lose, but don't be a hard loser.

Never let your generosity get ahead of your justice.

Sympathy is ever so much more meritorious than pity.

Patriotism, like learning, must be illustrated to be of any consequence.

A bulletin mark of seventy is worth much more than two at sixty-five.

For not a few people love is but the merest mess of mush.

Again we have the story of "The Fox and the Grapes"—Hindenburg and Paris.

The signs of the times are that the Crescent will not be a full moon for some time.

The man who grudges is like, the bat and the owl, boldest under cover of darkness.

He who violates the laws of nature has no chance of escaping the punishment therefor.

The greatest drama of all time is now being enacted. Don't fail to take some part in it.

When a man begins to notice his best girl's offenses against rhetoric he's no longer in love.

Some men do not know when they are beaten, and this is the secret of their ultimate success.

The non-producer is like the barren fig-tree, which the lord of the harvest ordered cut down.

He who sets out to play the meteor should remember that meteors are only falling fragments.

Broken scepters are becoming so common that they are depreciating in value even as souvenirs.

Marriage sometimes takes the conceit out of a young fellow, but it always makes him more deceitful.

The quiet man is like the ocean: you don't know what gems may be hidden in the depths of his being.

Notre Dame needed no selective draft. She sent her best at once, and is daily fitting others for the purpose.

After reading the war news from Russia an Englishman is impressed with the simplicity of his orthography.

# The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—At three o'clock on Good Friday afternoon, President Wilson signed a resolution granting permission for the erection on a suitable site in the city of Washington of a memorial to the Sisters of the Civil War. to the Sisters of the Battlefield. The object of this monument is to commemorate the services of those heroic sisters of various orders who gave their lives for the service of our stricken soldiers on the battlefields of the Civil War.

If the story is ever written of the vicissitudes through which this monument was obliged to pass before reaching its present station, the world will learn with astonishment of how much bigotry still exists, even in regard to the gentle and heroic nun in this country. There will be, also, a great measure of admiration for the indomitable resolution and unflinching zeal of those who labored to bring this contest to a successful issue. All Catholics have reason to be grateful to them, and doubtless all members of the various sisterhoods will utter fervent prayers for them.

First among these laborers, rising head and shoulders above them all through her amazing courage and her unbounded enthusiasm, stands the figure of Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, of Pawtucket, Rhode Island, a devoted friend of Notre Dame and for many years the president of the Ladies Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of

Hibernians. Mrs. Jolly now gives us the pleasing information that the pen used by President Wilson in signing the much-delayed resolution at the hour and on the day of Our Lord's crucifixion, will be presented to the Irish Museum at Notre Dame.

—Success has marked the launching of the third Liberty Loan. Again, has the American government undertaken the stupendous task of raising billions of dollars in **Buy a Bond.** furthering her struggle against German militarism, and again are the American people called upon to "invest in liberty." One serious obstacle to the successful culmination of the third loan is the unwarranted talk of an early peace, much of which is subtle German propaganda intended primarily to abate our enthusiasm and to retard our efforts. But American citizens generally now realize the despicableness of *Kultur*, and are determined upon its downfall. They are familiar with the nature of Liberty Bonds and appreciate the value of the investment. The student at Notre Dame, too, must feel an individual responsibility in subscribing to the third Liberty Loan, a responsibility that he meets not by merely doing his bit but only by doing his best. A campaign has been inaugurated in the various halls for the sale of the Liberty Bonds, and it is extremely vital that every Notre Dame man give it his whole-hearted support. The patriotism of the men at the University can not be questioned. The success of the book drive just being finished substantiates that statement; the overwhelming response in the thrift stamp campaign emphasizes it; the result of the Liberty Bond sale just beginning will make it even more expressive. Make your hall one hundred per cent patriotic. In that way only can you reflect the spirit of Notre Dame. Buy a Liberty Bond. If you can, buy two of them, and then some more!—J. A. L.

—These fine days the owners of automobiles who use their machines chiefly for pleasure are strongly tempted to aid the enemy, however unwittingly, by their own **The Motorist's Bit.** spring drives, in which they burn up unnecessarily gallons of gasoline that are badly needed in several departments of our military service. Gasoline is the great motor force in this war. Without it flying machines, "sub-chasers,"

motor trucks, motor ambulances, and the like, could not play their most important part. Now is the time for the owners of cars to be practically patriotic. If the three millions of them in this country would pledge themselves to conserve gasoline, there would be millions of gallons more of it available for our military purposes; and by thus decreasing the demand for private use, the government would be able to purchase larger quantities of the commodity at lower prices, thereby saving much of the funds subscribed by patriotism for the war expenditures. This economy can be still further effective if those who save in this way invest the saving in liberty bonds. Thus every drop of gasoline wasted in pleasure could be made to help in several ways to the support of our soldiers and to the speedy achievement of the purpose for which they are so unselfishly sacrificing themselves in our behalf. Under present circumstances the pleasure tour by the folks at home does not look well, to say the least of it. Let the owners of cars forego the long Sunday excursions, and substitute short ones at long intervals. After the war is over they may live in their limousines, if they like, and travel from one end of the country to the other in commemoration of the triumph to which they have helped according to their opportunity.

—T. J. H.

—It is to be hoped that the very obvious and valuable lesson in Russia's undoing may not be lost on our American pacifists. They have

seen how the air-castles of

**A Timely Lesson.** a hopeful, unsuspecting people have been utterly destroyed by an artful stroke of German "genius." The millions of Russians, weary of war, have been led through an ignorant desire for peace to hearken to the coo of the vulture playing the dove. They have accepted a German peace, with its yoke of slavery and oppression worse than that of the olden days. Endless war should have seemed preferable even to the benighted Russians. There are in this country not a few people who are at heart loyal Americans, but if their counsel could prevail the United States would sooner or later suffer the same fate as Russia. Every right-minded and right-hearted American would welcome a real and honorable peace this instant, but even the old advocates of peace at any price should be able to understand now that any peace we could

secure at present would be our ultimate ruin. Under present circumstances we can have but one rational aim—to win this war and win it decisively. When this aim will have been achieved, when the allied armies will have conquered the inveterate enemy of the world's peace, and not one day sooner, will the note of the peace bird be in order. Until then, the one and only call to which we can give ear is, "Forward, March!"—J. P. L.

### Quarterly Examinations.

April 14, 15, 16, 17, 1918.

Christian Doctrine A, B, C, and I, will be examined April 14 at 7:30 p. m.

Christian Doctrine II and III will be examined April 15 at 7:30 p. m.

Monday, April 15—Classes taught at 8:10 and 10:15 a. m., will be examined at 8:10 and 10:30 a. m. respectively. Classes taught at 1:15 and 3:05 p. m., will be examined at 1:30 and 4:30 respectively.

Tuesday, April 16—Professors holding examinations on this day will announce to their classes the time and place of the examinations.

Wednesday, April 17—Classes taught at 9:05 and 11:10 will be examined at 8:10 and 10:30 respectively. Classes taught at 2:10 will be examined at 1:30.

### Obituaries.

We chronicle with extreme regret the death of Capt. Raymond J. McPhee, of Denver, Colorado, who passed away at Fort Riley, Kansas, about two weeks ago. Raymond McPhee belonged to a family prominent in his city and state, and at one time greatly devoted to Notre Dame. He had passed the draft age, but he gave himself up voluntarily for the service of his country, leaving a large and profitable law practice and turning his back upon a brilliant political career. Pneumonia was the cause of death. *R. I. P.*

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Friends of Frank C. O'Rourke will regret to learn of his death. "Lucky" was a student of Notre Dame and a prominent football man during the years '12-'14. He was in the service for a short time, but was dismissed when it was discovered that he had a weak heart. He returned home only to die several months later. The prayers of his many friends will go out for the repose of his soul.

### The Senior Ball.

Flowers, entrancing music and beautiful decorations provided a fitting setting for the most stately and delightful event of the Notre Dame social calendar, the annual Senior Ball, held Tuesday evening at the Indiana Club. Not only was the affair the premier event of the season but it rivalled in uniqueness and originality the senior dances of former graduating classes.

The Notre Dame orchestra, under the leadership of Dillon Patterson, furnished delightful music for the guests at the six o'clock dinner. A military tone was cleverly effected in the menus which were incased in miniature cartridge shells and headed, "The Indiana Club Cantonment," followed by the details of the mess disguised in army nomenclature. J. Lawrence Callan and Walter M. O'Keefe comprised the "firing squad" and scored heavily with clever song entertainment during the serving of courses. "Hash des Operas" written by Delmar J. Edmondson, easily monopolized entertainment honors. The musical travesty was presented by Thomas C. Kelly, Delmar Edmondson, John L. Reuss, J. Lawrence Callan, Charles McCauley, Earl Clark and Thomas J. Hoban.

At 8:30 o'clock, the famous Benson Dance Orchestra began the terpsichorean program which lasted till the "wee sma' hours." Unique, indeed, were the programs which were inclosed in imitation gold cases upon which were embossed the monogram insignia of the senior class with the class numeral. The Notre Dame color combination was complete with the heavy blue, silken cord attached to the program. Conservative decoration, with Notre Dame pennants and blankets, was also in evidence, and provided an attractive background for the dances.

The complete success of the event was due, in a large part, to the Senior committee who planned and supervised it. The following members of the class comprised the committee: John A. Lemmer, president of the class, chairman; Thomas C. Kelly, James P. Logan, Raymond W. Murray, Leonard F. Mayer and David Philbin.

The guests of honor at the affair were Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz. Among the out of town guests were Miss Louise Tobin, Jackson, Mich.; Miss Lillian Cullinan of Pittsburgh, Pa.; Miss Margaret Jennett of Streator, Ill.; Miss Nell Erickson of Ottawa, Ill.; Miss June Barber of Chicago, Miss Margaret Schellinger, Mishawaka.

### Local News.

—The Bulletin of the Notre Dame Summer School has just been printed and will be sent to anyone interested upon application.

—The University Glee Club will appear in concert, under the auspices of the Mishawaka Council, Knights of Columbus, at the High School Auditorium, Wednesday Evening, April 17. In accordance with general patriotic policies of the Knights of Columbus throughout the country, the net proceeds of the concert will be turned over to the K. of C. War Fund.

—Notre Dame received a pleasant surprise this week in the form of a short visit from one of her chaplains, Rev. Matthew Walsh. Father Walsh gives an interesting account of army life, especially from the religious view point of a chaplain. The occasion of his visit here was his return from the chaplains' school near Washington, D. C., to his old assignment at Montgomery, Ala.

—That Notre Dame's enthusiasm to aid the boys in khaki and blue is not on the wane is evidenced by the splendid showing made by the various halls in the big War Library Book Drive now being pushed at the University. Chairman O'Keefe reports that over fifteen hundred volumes are now in the hands of the Preparation Committee. Students are urged to bend every effort in aiding the Library Committee to make this drive another typical Notre Dame success.

—The date of the Senior Play, which is of a decided local color, has been postponed by the Senior Committee and will take place in the early part of May. The play, written by Delmar J. Edmondson, Editor in Chief of the Dome, is being supervised by Rev. Bernard Ill, C. S. C., and its rehearsal is progressing favorably. J. McGinnis is to appear in the title-role and will be supported by Edmondson, Reuss, Callan, Durnin, Ryan, Saino, McCauley, Mulligan, Ambrose and others.

—Last Wednesday evening a triangle seven-reeler, "I Love You," was presented in Washington Hall. Miss Alma Rueben, supported by an all-star cast, was featured as a rural Italian maiden. The tale was a variation of the carelessly-amorous-artist type, rendered new and pleasing by the introduction of a good character, a wealthy idealist. Although the story was interesting, it was made rather jumpy by several

unaccountable lapses of time. The play was set in a beautiful country and the scenery was above the ordinary, but the pictures as presented on the screen were sometimes too dim. A wild Triangle comedy which preceded fell flat.

—Notre Dame was represented by Coach Harper's Athletic Company and the local K. of C. council in the immense patriotic Liberty Loan and War Chest parade held in South Bend last Saturday afternoon. Accompanied by the University Band the companies made a striking impression and reflected credit upon the school which they represented. To Coaches Harper and Rockne of the athletic Department and Grand Knight Lammers of the K. of C. is due the splendid showing of the men.

—The Notre Dame Poetry Society held an interesting session Sunday evening, April 6. Brother Alphonsus opened the meeting by calling for a reading of several poems from a recently published book entitled, "A Treasury of War Poetry." Mr. Thomas Healy chose several of the best war poems contained in the volume, and accompanied the readings with comments upon the matter selected and upon their authors. Among the poems read were Alan Seeger's famous "I Have a Rendezvous with Death," and some of Robert Service's most noted productions. The society was of the opinion that the war has helped in producing several great soldier-poets whose stories will not soon be forgotten. The quality of the verse presented by the members of the society was exceptional. A vote of the society gave the first two places to "Love Song," by Robert O'Hara, and "The Rainbow," by Father Thos. Burke.

—The Rotary Room at the Oliver Hotel was the scene of the annual Notre Dame Freshman Frolic, Wednesday evening, seventy couples attending the affair. The grand march, led by Miss Mable Bickelhaupt and Emmett Sweeney, president of the Freshman Class, preceded the program of fourteen delightful numbers played by Donahue's orchestra. The programs were attractive in blue and white, the colors of the class of 1922. Genuine Notre Dame patriotism was again evidenced, the net proceeds of the dance being contributed to the K. of C. War Fund. Miss Helen Forbes of New York City and Miss Ruth Cohan of Chicago were out of town guests. The patrons and patronesses were Prof. and Mrs. W. L. Benitz, Prof. and Mrs. J. M. Cooney and Prof. and Mrs. E. J. Vurpillat. The fol-

lowing men formed the general executive committee: E. Sweeney, chairman; B. Murphy, E. Sheehan, E. Dunn, J. Keegan, G. Meredith, W. Duffy and A. Cusick.

—Thirty couples danced to the strains of the ever popular University Orchestra at the formal dancing party given under the auspices of the Notre Dame Glee Club at the Elks Temple, Wednesday evening. Members of the Senior Class were the invited guests of the club. The temple was attractive with the Notre Dame Blue and Gold as a color motif. The grand march was led by Miss Margaret Jennett of Streator, Ill., and Richard J. Dunn, president of the club. During the intermission the club, under the direction of Prof. John Becker, sang two very spirited numbers. Members of the committee in charge of the affair were: John L. Reuss, John Grupa, Walter O'Keefe, Joseph McGinnis, T. B. Devine, Charles Overton and Dillon Patterson.

—Last Wednesday evening the Zedeler Sextet (of five persons) succeeded in presenting "the class in classic music" to an appreciative audience. The use of the organ produced a unique instrumentation and furnished a harmonious background for the other instruments. The program was well chosen and represented the best of many nations' music. Of the pieces by the company as a whole the selection from "Il Trovatore" was the hit of the evening, though the opening number, the festal march from "Tannhauser," rivalled it in beauty. Miss Beck met with greater applause in her rendition of "Carry Me Back to Ole Virginy" than in her more ambitious operatic selections, though "The Swallows" also met with popular favor. While not so sure of her low notes her high notes were singularly clear and mellifluous. Mr. Zedeler's cello solo, "The Italian Boatsong," was splendid, but his accompaniment was at times so heavy that the organ and violins could not be heard. Mr. Solon's masterly interpretation of Chopin's Nocturne was the most meritorious performance of the program. The entertainment was closed with a patriotic medley that was executed with fine harmony.

—The following item which appeared in the *Providence Journal*, dated March 30th, will be of interest to all Notre Dame men:

Mrs. Ellen Ryan Jolly, Past President of the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, and chairman of the nuns memorial monument committee, received a telegram last night that the Kennedy Nuns

Memorial resolution had been signed by President Wilson yesterday afternoon. Steps will be taken for the consideration of a site for the monument.

Mrs. Jolly with the members of the committee representing the organization will go to Washington immediately after the Easter season and will meet the members of the Arts Commission. A suitable site will be selected and plans made for the erection of the monument.

The pens with which Speaker Champ Clark of the House of Representatives, Vice President Marshall and President Wilson signed the resolution have been forwarded to Mrs. Jolly. The pen used by President Wilson will be engrossed in a suitable vellum and framed, following which it will be presented by Mrs. Jolly to Notre Dame University in memory of her son, James Ryan Jolly, who was a student at the college.

The pen used by Speaker Champ Clark will be mounted and inscribed and presented by the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Ancient Order of Hibernians to Congressman Ambrose Kennedy of Rhode Island, supporter of the bill and the Congressman who introduced the resolution. The pen used by Vice-President Marshall will remain in the family, having been presented by Mrs. Jolly to her son, John Ryan Jolly, student at Notre Dame University.

Mrs. Jolly has been an active worker in the interest of the Nuns Memorial Monument and it was practically through her efforts that the resolution was brought before Congress. The monument is to commemorate the service of the nuns of the battlefield during the Civil War.

### Athletic Notes.

Cold weather materially hampered the seasoning of Coach Harper's baseball team the past week, while Coach Rockne's trackmen found the chilly atmosphere a severe handicap in their conditioning process.

The baseball season gets under way next week when Harper's men meet Wabash, Rose Poly and Indiana on a three-day trip through the southern part of the state. The team has been practicing for over two months, and despite the inclement weather is in good fighting trim.

Rockne's relayers—Call, Sweeney, Van Wouterghen and Murphy—are being primed for the four-mile jaunt at Des Moines next Saturday. The weather is bound to have much bearing on their showing, as one or two of the team are nearly helpless when there is a high wind blowing.

Last Saturday at the Central A. A. U. Championships at the Great Lakes Training Station, Gilfillan gained a second in the shot put and a third in the low hurdles. Captain Mulligan did some splendid sprinting in the preliminary heats, but was nosed out by larger men in the finals.

### Personals.

—Mr. Cosgrove of Sorin Hall is very much elated by the news of the promotion of his brother, Robert Cosgrove, to the rank of major.

—Elmer Mohan (LL. B., '17), and "Ed" Breen of the class of '18, left Streator, Illinois, for New London, Conn., where they will train with the infantry.

—Lieut. Harry F. Kelly (LL. B., '17), and Lieut. John E. Cassidy (LL. B., '17), have been assigned to companies in France. They have been in France since January 16th.

—"Bob" Hannon, who left school in November for the service, visited here last Sunday in company with "Tim" Galvin. "Bob" is stationed at Camp Custer, and is now Sergeant Major in the Medical Corps.

—At St. Thomas' Church of Zanesville, Ohio, there was celebrated on April 2nd the marriage of Judge Matthew M. Oshe (LL. B. '12). Judge Oshe's rise in his profession has been rapid and most creditable. We offer felicitations to the bride and groom.

—The splendid success of the K. of C. activities in the cantonments has been eulogized again and again, but we are always glad to hear of new triumphs. "Pat" Granfield, our genial minstrel, has lately written of the great work being done at Camp Devens.

—There has been an important addition to the family of Mr. Fred Elewellyn Steers (LL. B., '11), in the person of Mayellyn. The little stranger arrived March 21. Fred will be remembered for his stellar track work at Notre Dame. He is also one of our most loyal alumni.

—Word has been received from Roy Phillips, Father Cavanaugh's chauffeur of last year. He tells us that he is stationed at the Great Lakes Training Station. Roy's friends will be glad to hear that, although sick with pneumonia for many weeks past, he is now on the road to recovery. We also learn from him that John Conboy is now in France.

—It will be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC to learn that John W. Schindler (LL. B., '09) of Mishawaka, is on the democratic ticket for nomination for the office of superior court judge. John has filled this office by special appointment during its vacancy, and there is no reason why he shouldn't hold it again. We wish him success.



## Letters from Camp.

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY,  
March 21, 1918.

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

My dear Father Cavanaugh:

Wherever I go the SCHOLASTIC follows, trailing me just like a prefect trails a "skiver." In this martial and strict disciplinary life, however, I'm not "skiving" past sentries. After finishing officers' training camp at Fort Sheridan, my army orders read, "53rd Infantry, Chickamauga Park, Georgia." I received wonderful training and experience under regular army officers. While there I met a large number of West Point officers—among them, Capt. Prichard, West Point quarterback, and a number of others whose acquaintance I made on the gridiron while wearing the Gold and Blue. "Skeets" Lambert, the quarterback for Wabash, who gave our 1913 "Unconquerables" a scare, was gayly trooping around in the cavalry, wearing two bars. I have found that every West Point officer has a warm spot in his heart for Notre Dame. They never will forget that 35-to-13 score. While there I met also Lieut. Bernard Voll, of the 56th Infantry, and Capt. Carl White, of the artillery, who is situated at Camp Greene and lives in Chattanooga, Tennessee.

I search in vain for a Notre Dame chaplain; this camp was simply out of luck. The midnight Mass at Christmas was a wonderful sight. The specially constructed K. of C. hut was packed far beyond the doors with our "khaki" boys, of whom I wager that 95 per cent went to Communion.

At this time I received official notice that my transfer to the Aviation Section had been honored. I was instructed to report at this place for the ground course in engineering. This is a wonderful institution and large endowments are often sent here under the camouflage name of Will Jones, who is none other than the famous Du Pont family.

We have every description of aeronautic motors and airplanes of American make. We receive practical instruction as well as all the theory regarding engines and airplane flight. The course consists of ten weeks; it is mortared with plenty of military drill, and we certainly cut the corners square. From here we are sent to an aviation field where we qualify for flying. Some of the students continue with engines and repair work, but my ambitions are the highest—to go 20,000 feet up and drop a "live one" close to Kaiser Bill. I have passed all physical tests with flying colors, and so I anticipate no trouble there. I certainly wish that I could be close to Notre Dame for the commencement in June. As a rule I never miss, but this year I shall be either "over there" or close to an Atlantic port waiting. You can count on my return.

Best to all, and I am,

Sincerely yours,

Joe Pliska,

1st Lt. Sig. Res. Corps., Aviation Section.

P. S.—I ran into Elward recently, who is with the Naval Aviators and Tom Conway, petty officer in the Boston Navy Yard. He escorted me through a submarine, two new battleships, two destroyers, and "sub-chasers" last Sunday.—Joe.

UNITED STATES FORCES,  
March 31, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

I have just received a package of SCHOLASTICS and they seem better to me than a furlough. I thought I would write to you and add my name to the list of Notre Dame men in the service. I enlisted last November in the flying end of the aviation, but was rejected on account of cardiac reaction and high blood pressure. But having finally gotten by a lenient doctor, I am at present located at Camp Morrison, Virginia, in the 503rd Aero (construction) Squadron. I am a willing "buck" private at present, but am in line for three stripes, which I hope to have mighty soon. We are finishing up this camp to move for "over there" shortly.

Wishing you and Notre Dame the very best, I remain,

Your sincere friend,

L. J. Stephan,

DANVILLE, ILLINOIS,

March 10, 1918.

Rev. William A. Moloney, C. S. C.,  
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Reverend and dear Father:—

I just arrived at home a few days ago for a fifteen days' leave of absence from Fort Riley, Kansas, where I am temporarily stationed, awaiting orders to proceed to the port of embarkation for overseas duty.

On arrival here I found in my mail a copy of the SCHOLASTIC giving an account of your celebration of Washington's birthday, which I read with great pleasure. I also noticed that Notre Dame is making an effort to get in touch with her boys who have gone to the colors in the present great fight for Democracy.

Early in July, 1917, I applied for a commission in the Medical Reserve Corps, and received a commission for a captaincy in August and was ordered to active duty at the Medical Officers' Training Camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison, September 10th, 1917, where I spent two months. November 10th I was ordered to the Camp Grant Base Hospital for temporary duty, where I was stationed until January 12, when I was sent to the Evacuation Hospital No. 12, at Fort Riley, Kansas, for permanent duty with that organization. We hope to get out of Fort Riley sometime between April 1st and the 15th, but owing to the congestion at the port of embarkation, we do not know positively just when we shall go.

It has been a source of great pride to me both at Camp Grant and at Camp Funston, which adjoins Fort Riley, to see the excellent work the Catholics are doing through the Knights of Columbus, and I feel sure that when this great struggle is over and history has recorded the part Catholicism has played, the great wave of prejudice will have practically spent itself.

Kindest regards to all my old friends at Notre Dame.

Most sincerely yours,

Francis W. Barton (B. S., '96).

Capt. M. R. C.

Evacuation Hospital, No. 12, Fort Riley, Kansas.

## Safety Valve.

It was midnight for the clock had just struck twelve and clocks don't strike twelve for nothing. The last shovel of coal had been taken out of the bathtub and the ice chest had been robbed of six hot dogs and a turnip. But the thieves had not yet escaped. Stealthily the young lady hastened down the fire escape carrying a wet towel in one hand and a bird-cage in the other. As she reached the ground the moon dropped four buckets of light which splashed on the front porch. She saw the door move. Yes, she was sure the thieves were there. Pulling a cucumber from her vanity box she ate it furiously to strengthen her nerves. Then she cut a little gash in her arm and poured a quart of cocaine into it. She always carried cocaine in a hot-water bag which was suspended from her neck. She was braver now so she deliberately tip-toed on her rubber heels up to the door. She heard someone breathe or swallow or think or something. Throwing the door open she flashed her bird-cage full in a man's face and would have stabbed him with the wet towel had she not recognized her husband. "Hic," he said to her as he leaned against the wall. It was the only kind word she had heard that evening. She threw ten arms around him and kissed his bald head. "Hic," he exclaimed again, but before he could decline it, there was a ghastly cry up stairs. "Horrors!" she shrieked as she hung her husband on the gas jet by the neck of his coat, "I fear someone has stolen the baby's monkey-wrench," and taking four steps at a time she fell in a heap on the spot. "Hic," said her husband as his feet still dangled in the air, "throw me a life preserver or I'll drown, I'm sinking now, hic! hic!" and the chandelier made music like an old pan as he kicked. There was a sweeping noise and a masked man fled down the stairs. He held the baby's milk bottle and nipple in one hand and a pumpkin in the other. "Hic," repeated the husband, "don't you smell gas? It's me, I'm a Zeppelin, and you can't sink me with no hand grenade" and with that he kicked the pumpkin from the man's hand. The man pulling off his mask put on false whiskers, two sets of false teeth and a wooden arm and grabbing the baby's nipple he shot milk square into the hanging man's eye. "Hic," was the reply he got, "give her more gas, boys, she's going through the milky way and with that the chandelier broke and he fell into the arms of his wife exclaiming, "we won that war."

\* \*

## PARENTS.

She is the sweetest girl I know,  
So modest and so shy,  
It seems as though all heaven's light  
Is mirrored in her eye.  
Her smile is fresh as the soft breeze,  
That sweeps in from the sea,  
But where she got her pa and ma  
Is sure a mystery.

Her daddy never shaves himself,  
And never wears a collar,  
For fifteen years he hasn't changed  
His clothes, I'd bet a dollar.

He's usually in stocking feet,  
His pipe smells like a vat,  
And when he sits down to a meal  
He always wears a hat.

With table cloth he mops his beard,  
And blows his soup like mad,  
He gulps great saucerfull's of tea;  
And thinks it quite a fad.  
To eat his victuals with a knife—  
The fork beside his plate  
He uses just to pick his teeth  
And scratch his itchy pate.

And oh! her mother is a scream,  
She's built like a garage,  
She stammers when she talks to you  
And throws out a barrage  
Of words that almost smother you,  
And when she tries to smile  
Her open mouth looks very like  
A graveyard's center aisle.

But oh, their daughter is a dream,  
Her brow is like the snows,  
And in the dimple of each cheek  
There sleeps a bleeding rose.  
I think a girl might take a chance  
On who became her brother,  
But it should be a right of hers  
To choose her dad and mother.

\* \*

## RECOLLECTION.

The Senior ball is over  
We had a night of glee,  
But the thirty bones I spent on it  
Will never come back to me.

\* \*

## AUTOCRACY.

I slept with brother when a boy—  
At least I tried to sleep,  
But now when I look back on youth  
—It almost makes me weep.  
For from the time I went to bed  
Until the hour I rose,  
I shook with cold, for brother dear  
Had taken all the clothes.  
On winter nights he used to say  
He wasn't tired at all;  
And bid me go to bed alone—  
Great guns, but he had gall.  
And when he thought the bed was warm  
He'd bounce in after me,  
And roll himself up in the clothes—  
Sweet family charity!

Or if I chanced to be asleep  
He had the clever knack  
Of planting his two icy feet  
Somewhere along my back.  
I served as his electric stove  
And never raised a row,  
But I have grown up since then—  
I wish he'd try it now.