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No. 4.

Mass on the Battlefield.

BY JAMES H. McDONALD, '19.

O DO not say
In your hopeless way,
The battle is in vain,
As the cannons heave
And the bullets weave
A pall of leaden rain.

The hills may hear
The echo clear
Of the sounding war of guns.
The dead may fall
In the awful pall
Where Death's mad minion runs.

Lift up your hearts,
Now night departs,
And back from fighting tramp:
The dawn's on the field—
Blood-red on the field,
And the King is in the camp.

The King came up
In His golden cup,
He is praying with His priest.
The King doth ask
A goodly task
Ere the sun will leave the east.

The King will lead—
This mighty deed
Will need a kingly heart.
Look now and see
His Majesty
Who gives the greater part.

'Tis Christ the King
We are worshipping,
And He is here today;
Stay with us, God,
This bloody sod
Shall see more awful fray.

The fight is done,
The day is won,
The King has led His men.
And Christ is King—
O gracious thing—
And round Him throng His men.

The Poetry of Lionel Johnson.*

BY SPEER STRAHAN, '17.

(Conclusion next week.)

THE literary interest sometimes apparent in his Irish poems is wholly absent when he writes of English life or scenery. Johnson was a lover of exercise, delighting in long solitary walks through the rich open country of England, or in Cornish hills as wild as those of the Pyrenees. Even at Oxford, Mr. Arthur Waugh, his fellow-student there, tells us "he was in the habit of letting himself out of college in the small hours to the imminent peril of his University career, and of roaming Port Meadow and the Iffley road in solitary communion with the immortals." It is one of these rambles he has preserved for us in the lines, "In England":

Bright Hellas lies far hence,
Far the Sicilian sea;
But England's excellence
Is fair enough for me.

Picture after picture, finely drawn and exquisitely colored, meet the eye as we read:

Cities of ancient spires,
Glorious against high noon;
August at sunset fires:
Austere beneath the moon.

Old, rain-washed, red-roofed streets,
Fresh with the soft southwest:
Where dreaming memory meets
Brave men long since at rest.

Evening from out the green
Wet boughs of clustered lime,
Pours fragrance rich and keen,
Balming the stilly time.

Harbors of swaying masts,
Beneath the vesper star:
Each high-swung lantern casts
A quivering ray afar.

* * * * *

Old gardens, where long hours

* Prize essay for the Meehan gold medal.

But find me happier,
Beside the misty flowers
Of purple lavender.

Heaped with a sweet hayload,
Curved, yellow wagons pass
Slow down the high-hedged road;
I watch them from the grass:

A pleasant village noise
Breaks the still air: and all
The summer spirit joys,
Before the first leaves fall.

Here is English landscape transfigured in true poetry. Let us call to mind now that this wanderer is not the aged Wordsworth roaming the downs and the highways that thread his lake country, but a delicate, sensitive youth whose Grecian soul found a new Helicon and a new Olympia amid the hills of Devon, a new Sparta in every sequestered English village:

Oh! Hellas lies far hence,
Far the blue Sicel sea:
But England's excellence
Is more than they to me.

Note the severe classic restraint in the above stanza, the care with which each of the words is chosen and fitted into its place. Through an austerity of expression results a subtle graciousness, a deep simplicity in which every word is vibrant with meaning. The same is true of his "By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross":

Comely and calm, he rides
Hard by his own Whitehall:
Only the night wind glides:
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his court: and yet
The stars his courtiers are:
Stars in their stations set
And every wandering star.

The power and perfection of such lines can not be denied, yet to the poet himself all these interests were external compared to his own inner and spiritual life. What he wrote of Walter Pater is more than true of his own life:

Half of a passionately pensive soul
He showed us, not the whole:

In the religious poems we view the whole spirit, contending in conflict, or transfigured in the light of spiritual ardor. It is in these sacred poems, moreover, that he rises to his greatest heights and shows himself most worthy to be associated with the select company of English spiritual poets, with Crashaw, Herbert, Vaughan, and Thompson. Yet even here, when

he mounts his stairway of beautiful and expressive song, his loneliness still clings about him, a loved garment. "I have not spoken of these things, but to one man and unto God," expresses his whole burden. Yet he was always intensely himself. He owed little to any of the poets of his day: amid a world thronged with "the followings that troop with majesty" he was quite distinct. Lionel Johnson pierced unerringly to the heart of Being in the Catholic Church, and for him, as for every Catholic who sees clearly, the two most real things in human existence were suffering and glory. What are we to say of the man who writes of temptation as he does in "The Dark Angel"?

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust
To rid the world of penitence:
Malicious Angel, who still dost
My soul such subtle violence.

When music sounds, then changest thou
Its silvery to a sultry fire:
Nor will thine envious heart allow
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn
To Furies, O mine Enemy!
And all the things of beauty burn
With flames of evil ecstasy.

* * * * *

Apples of ashes, golden bright;
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!
O banquet of a foul delight,
Prepared by thee; dark Paraclete!

But hear the triumph in the last stanza:

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,
Dark Angel! triumph over me:
Lonely unto the Lone I go:
Divine to the Divinity.

The Catholic spirit is here making itself heard again in English poetry after a silence of three hundred years. This is not "devotion" as we usually speak of it, it is what is infinitely more precious, sorrow curbed by a stern hand, and ruled by intellect. But see in "The Martyrum Candidatus" how his whole being can be lit up in the contemplation of spiritual things:

Ah, see the fair chivalry come, the companions of Christ!

White Horsemen who ride on white horses, the Knights of God!

They, for their Lord and their Lover who sacrificed
All, save the sweetness of treading where he first trod.

These through the darkness of death, the dominion of night,

Swept, and they woke in white places at morning tide:
They saw with their eyes, and sang for joy of the sight,

They saw with their eyes the Eyes of the Crucified.

Now withersoever He goeth, with Him they go:
White Horsemen, who ride on white horses, oh fair
to see!

They ride, where the Rivers of Paradise flash and flow,
White Horsemen with Christ their Captain: forever
He!

There is more exaltation in the above lines than is usual in Johnson. More often he clings to the severe and difficult things of life, scarcely daring to trust himself to its sweeter realities:

Now bring me out of night, and with the sun
Clothe me, and crown me with Thy seven stars,
Thy spirits in the hollow of Thine hand:

Or where sorrow is invoked in "Before the Cloister":

Lady of gray wise hours! come back to me:
Voice of the sighing sea,
Voice of the ancient wind, infinite voice!
Thine austere chaunts rejoice
Mine heart, thine anthems cool me: I grow strong,
Drinking thy bitter song,
Rich with true tears and medicinal dews,
O thou Uranian Muse!

Through these calm and perfect syllables flows an accent almost as subtle as Milton's, as reticent as George Herbert's. We like to remember, in reading them, that their author once cherished the hope of a vocation to the priesthood. For in these poems the consecration is complete. He turns away from the world to contemplate heaven, and his verse glows and thrills with ecstasy, while through it rings the same triumphant yet human note that sounds through the victorious chants of Dante's "Paradiso." Imagination can not produce this: it is simply vision, and although this "vision" is a true power leading the spirit far into the realms of the essential beauty and meaning of things, it is also, as Johnson himself tells us in one of his essays, "a lyrical, a momentary power, which touches the heart of mystery, sings it, and falls silent." Usually the poet must wait long before the vision is again vouchsafed. Yet in his sacred poetry Johnson seems to be walking almost continuously in the light of such a vision. Many times, in his other work, his genius falters: he chisels a cold, classical group of heroes, but there is nothing to make the limbs of his figures leap from the dead marble in the bloom of eternal youth. But in his religious poems he is telling us of his own joy and suffering, and here he has given us the choicest flowers of his genius, work that must rank with the very best spiritual poetry in the language.

Love and Law.

BY THOMAS FRANCIS BUTLER, '19.

He sat pensively in a high-backed, squeaky, swivel chair, his arms resting on a flat, neatly-arranged desk of ancient design. The room was low and narrow, and against its plainly papered walls were set many books of various shapes, colors and titles, some forbidding in appearance, and few of them very inviting.

Directly above the lawyer, hung a huge oil lamp, already lighted. Its wick was so carelessly trimmed that one side of the chimney had become black and smoky. Before him lay an old,—a very old volume of Blackstone's "Commentaries," opened wide. Under the dull light streaming from the overhanging lamp, the lawyer appeared stern and gray and wizen-faced. He read running one hand evenly across the printed page; with the other he stroked the thin gray hair on his temples.

On this November night, when only the swirl of fallen oak leaves round a wire trellis on the other side of the house disturbed the quiet of his study, he was delving deeply into the volume spread before him and strangely glorying in the paramount importance of human law. Now and then, when his reading evoked a pithy thought, he jotted it down with boyish delight.

"Lydia," he said, resting his pen momentarily and leaning far back in his squeaky chair, "do you know that people don't reverence the law nor the officers of the law as they should?"

His wife, a gracious, delicate lady much given to the reading of light fiction, looked up from her easy chair, holding a red-covered book in her hands. She had often heard her husband talk like this, especially when a knotty case at court made him moody. On such occasions she always sought to humor him.

"Yes," she replied, with a show of interest, "folks are no longer what they should be. Only this morning Mrs. Pendleton was speaking of a—"

"But we've got to be law-abiding citizens, Lydia, with a sacred sense of duty. Every man, young or old, should hound a burglar to his lair and turn him over to the authorities." There was little use interrupting when once he had begun an invective against those who break into homes at night. So she let him go on. The book she was reading dropped into the

folds of her black satin dress. He railed on, fiery words conveying his wild indignation in fitful, jerky sentences. Finally, when his wrath was spent he turned to her, his tremulous fingers twitching at the pages of the "Commentaries."

Then suddenly from the parlor downstairs, up through the hallway into his study came in soft, sweet measures, now swelling rapturously, now trailing off into dreamy silences; a stave of an old love song. The lawyer listened awed by its sweetness. First the music, gay and joyous, then the voice of Miss Lucy, the servant-girl, singing the lover's words, swept over him like a flood-tide, carrying him away from all legal anxiety back to the very dreamland of his youth. The printed page dimmed before him; he lifted the heavy, steel-rimmed spectacles from his nose; he was again a boy and Lydia was his lover. . . .

His wife at length resumed her reading; but he, forgetful of all save the haunting words of the old love-song, fell into reminiscent reverie. The tall clock in the hallway struck off a half-hour; oak leaves were still swirling round the trellis outside; Miss Lucy's fingers yet ranged idly over the piano keys. . . .

When he awoke from his reverie, all was dark and shadowy about him. Lydia had gone to bed, and the flame flickered low in the smoky lamp chimney above him. He steadied himself in the chair, rose slowly and moved haltingly into the hallway. Lighting a small glass lamp, for it had been his custom to keep a lamp burning all night, he leaned reflectively on the balustrade. Recalling the old love-song he wondered if Miss Lucy's beau wouldn't go home that night the happiest man in all the world. Then chiding himself for being so silly, he went to bed.

He had been in bed an unconscionable while he thought, for the half-hour had just been sounded. He was restless. He could not even begin to sleep. The more he tried, the more fretful and irritable he became. These mysterious shadows, made by the swaying oak boughs outside his bedroom, went chasing one another up and down the room. Childlike in his terror, he drew a heavy comforter over his eyes to hold out the haunting, preying phantoms. But in his mind's eye they became more riotous than ever. His temples throbbed and pained. Then there was a crash,—a loud, splintering crash as of glassware breaking into myriad

pieces. He forgot the scampering shadows in his bedroom, and peered wildly out into the darkness.

"Sh. . . sh. . ." then a muffled noise in the parlor downstairs.

He was tensely moved now. Again whispered murmurings came up from the parlor.

He waited, completely wrought up by the strange conduct of Miss Lucy's beau at that hour of the night. He heard the clicking of glasses and at once he bethought himself that this bold fellow was making free with his store of apple-cider.

He arose quickly but quietly from his bed and stole cautiously out into the hallway. Grasping the small glass lamp tenaciously, he stepped defiantly downstairs, with all the dignity of his patriarchal bearing. At the bottom the lamp chimney tilted and crashed on the floor of the hallway.

Lydia awoke. Terrified by the sounds below, she ventured no farther than the bed-room threshold. There were angry, cutting words in the parlor below. Her husband's voice was clearly audible. There came a crash, a shuffling back and forth, a chair overturning struck violently against the piano keys. She could hear a tugging, a continuous crowding and pushing in the hallway near the hatrack. For a while, her senses now dulled, she heard no more. . . .

All at once the front door slammed, clicking the lock and making the whole house vibrate. There was a heavy thump on the front porch. Then she heard distinctly the porch steps creak frostily. . . .

As two quivering arms enfolded her, she suddenly came to. She cried convulsively.

"Oh Charley, you shouldn't have even risked—"

"Shouldn't! Do you think I can sleep with that big mollycoddle a-whispering and a-chuckling and breaking into things. Let Lucy keep her beau out o' my house—"

"But it wasn't Lucy's beau, dear. He doesn't come till to-morrow night. It was a burglar, man. Mrs. Pendleton was saying. . . ."

"Good gracious, Lydia," he sputtered indignantly, "why didn't you tell me that before. I thought he was Lucy's beau." He fell wiltingly into her arms.

World peace may come with a change in human nature.—*Senior Thoughts.*

Varsity Verse.

"WE LEARN FROM PSYCHOLOGY—"

My friend you may aspire to fame,
To laurels green, at Notre Dame,
So listen well, while I proclaim
My warning psychological.

Those charming maidens, passing fair,
Who challenge admiration's stare
They're really nothing but thin air,
Conceived in your mentality.

That sordid gold, intensely sought
Strictly speaking, is but naught,
A vision fraudulently wrought,
And set forth by your consciousness.

The blows you get, when on the field,
Your face, some other guy has heeled,
Forget it all, you should be steel'd
'Gainst cognitive deceptiveness.

T. J. T.

BEG YOUR PARDON.

The convict leaves his cell at night
Before the guards awake;
This note he writes: "Excuse, kind sirs,
The liberty I take."

V. A. G.

THE MOOCHER.

The hour was late, the lights were out,
And 'neath the quilts I snugly lay,
When at the door I heard a knock,
I knew 'twas Tom for some P. A.

J. R. J.

CHARITY.

A timid little Freshman,
To the mission box did come,
He dropped therein a penny
Then waited for his gum.

P. S. B.

ALAN SEEGER.

To him Adventure cried,
Romance beckoned him on
Toward glory to be won:
He came, he fought, he died.

V. F.

MEMORIES.

When day is sinking in the west,
And evening shadows fall,
I think of those I love the best,
But Mother, most of all.

D. C. R.

The Mission of Columbus.*

BY FRANK J. HURLEY, '18.

It is good to contemplate the lives of illustrious men. It is familiar learning that our characters are formed and our lives directed, to a large extent, by the companions we choose. Our companionship with great men through study of what they did, what they were, and the ideals which inspired them, is but one step away from actual companionship with them. Whoever contemplates the life of Lincoln and sympathetically studies that man, unconsciously acquires some of his tolerance, some of his optimism, some of his faith in the goodness of God. Whoever dwells upon the life-work of Webster will become a better American because he will become a better informed American in regard to the structure, the nature and the special mission of our government. We acquaint ourselves with the life of our Lord in order that we may be encouraged to imitate His example and conform our lives to His.

But in addition to this individual good which may be derived from a consideration of the life of any great man, there is another special reason why Americans should commemorate the life of Columbus at this time. Today our nation is threatened by, and is actually at war with, the very principles of government from which it broke away nearly a century and a half ago, and against which this republic is a vehement protest. Should some student of history read in the future of the overthrow of the American republic, it is not at all likely that he would be either startled or surprised. This has been the fate common to all republic of the past. Republics are traditionally short-lived. The great danger through which our country is now passing is the special reason why we should know the purposes, ideals and religion of him whose discoveries made our country possible. Reflection upon his life will convince us that if America will model her national life in harmony with the spirit of the great discoverer, she need not fear the most troublesome events which the future may hold in store for her.

It is regrettable that there is so much speculation and uncertainty concerning the details of the life of Columbus. Fifteen cities claim the honor of his birthplace; more than five hundred portraits contend for recognition.

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, Oct. 12.

It is not disputed, however, that his main reason in venturing upon the unknown ocean was the spread of Catholicity. More than his desire to unlock the treasures of India to Ferdinand and Isabella; stronger than his wish for a speedier way to the far East where millions might be made from silks and spices; more holy than his wish to serve his foster country was his determination to serve his God. Columbus wanted to bring the blessings and consolations of his faith to the peoples of India. Pope Leo XIII. said on the occasion of the fourth centennial of America's discovery: "We do not say that Columbus was unmoved by perfectly honorable aspirations after knowledge; nor did he despise the glory which is a most engrossing ideal to great souls; nor did he altogether scorn a hope of advantage to himself. Far above all of these human considerations to him, however, was the consideration of his ancient faith which dowered him with strength of mind and will and often strengthened and consoled him in the midst of the greatest difficulties. This view and aim is known to have possessed his mind above all else; namely, to open a way for the gospel over new lands and seas." The name Christopher itself signifies Christ bearer.

Successful as Columbus was in extending the faith, it is generally believed that he failed in the practical object of his voyage—that is, in finding a speedy way to the East. This is the superficial view. Victor Dowling, a noted jurist and scholar, said a few years ago: "We have witnessed the completion of that stupendous canal, joining the Atlantic and the Pacific at the very spot which Columbus, with prophetic vision, thought was then the path-way to India. Well did Benton suggest the erection upon the great trans-continental railroad as its "crowning honor, the colossal statue of the great Columbus, whose design it accomplishes, hewn from a granite mass of a peak on the mountain, the mountain itself a pedestal and the statue a part of the mountain, pointing its outstretched arms to the horizon and saying to the speeding passenger, 'There is East; there is India'"

Apart from the practical result of making the world an open book and of stimulating commerce to a degree hitherto undreamed of, the explorer's life is replete with impressive lessons. His whole life was dedicated to public service despite a public indifference which rejected his theories as those of an insane man. Undismayed

by the sneers of the wise, the warnings of the superstitious, or the enmity of the masses, Columbus held steadfast to his convictions. The fruits of his fortitude in thus doubling the known area of the earth, are incomprehensible. The discovery of America was the most prodigious event in human history, and its author has, during the last century, received part of that credit and distinction commensurate with his work and the noble motive which inspired that work.

Columbus imitated nobody and there can be no repetition of his work. But there never was an hour in Columbia's eventful history when she needed men like Columbus as she needs them today. Men of the Catholic faith whose religion obligates them to serve their country and to bare their breasts to the wounds of battle. Since Catholicism and Americanism are one, Columbia needs statesmen like Columbus whose guiding star shall be the Star of Bethlehem; statesmen with optimistic vision who can look out over the restless, war-torn world and shape our policies so that America may not only emerge triumphant even as the Santa Maria found the shores of San Salvador, but that when the mercy of God shall have decreed that the sins which occasioned the war have been expiated, may the council of nations have a Columbus pleading for the Christ-like conduct of nations as well as of men. Thus alone will be secured to the world that enduring peace at whose coming the morning stars will surely sing together and the sons of men will shout for joy.

The Founder of Notre Dame.*

FRANK BOLAND, '18.

Self-sacrifice is the foundation of all progress. By it the great movements of the world have been accomplished; those movements that have worked for the betterment of man. We see it in the history of ancient nations and in the records of our own times as an underlying power, an indispensable condition to success. For Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, and many other leaders of the past, self-sacrifice won the crown of immortality. We pay tribute to the memory of these historic heroes for their services given freely in our behalf, and as we develop in prosperity so too does our gratitude increase. We

* Oration delivered in Washington Hall, Oct. 12.

are especially grateful when the sacrifice that has purchased this prosperity has been costly.

To-morrow we commemorate the founding of this University. As the stranger views it now, with its splendid campus, spacious grounds, its many and magnificent buildings, he is eager to know something of its beginning. For us who dwell here, the story of the founding is almost too familiar to need recital. Yet, on this occasion, it is our fond duty to pay homage to the man and his co-workers by whose labor and self-sacrifice we possess the advantages of the present. The name of Sorin will ever be sacred to those who know of his achievements. In his life-work he sought, not to satisfy a mere human ambition, not to win the plaudits of his fellowman, not to enroll his name on the golden pages of history, but to raise here, in what was then the wilderness of northern Indiana, a lasting monument to the honor of God for the good of men. He was dominated by the highest ideals of Christian manhood and Christian virtue, and these he sought to inculcate into the hearts of the American youth by means of a great school. How well he has succeeded anyone may judge from the Notre Dame of to-day. Only seventy-five years ago there was a log cabin in the heart of the unleveled forest; to-day there is a University with all the modern facilities. No one but a man of indomitable faith could have undertaken and accomplished such a task. From the day Sorin left his beloved France, faith was his "ruling passion." It became the "principle of his vitality, his very existence." What else but the motive of great faith could have led the way through the pressing despair when the ravages of disease more than decimated his little band of followers? What, but the faith could have inspired an old man of sixty-six years to begin his life work over when he saw the labors of his forty years reduced to ashes?

It was the great purpose of this saintly son of France to erect a Catholic University that would teach the sound principles of Catholic truth and unite the love of God with the love of country. Sorin's devotion to his adopted country won universal admiration; even among the courts of foreign nations he was known by the simple though expressive appellation, "The American." His deep spirit of patriotism is revealed in that significant rebuke to his reverend nephew who "seemed too much a Frenchman to suit Father Sorin." He said to him

"France is for the French, America is for Americans."

From its lowly beginning, founded and developed by the labor of heroic hands, this University has worked its hard way up from the wilderness. Each step was made possible by the trials that preceded it, and to-day, Notre Dame stands, the realization of Sorin's ideals. It is for us who enjoy the fruits of his great privations to pay the honor due his sacred memory. As his sacrifice was great so too should be our gratitude. We are proud of the humble origin of our Alma Mater; we are proud that Father Sorin was its founder; we are proud that this golden dome and these many-spired buildings were raised to the blue battlements of heaven, not out of the generosity of superfluous wealth but out of the unceasing self-sacrifice of those saintly men who gave their lives here. The spirit of the founders is the spirit of self-denial, devotion to high ideals, and unfailing confidence in the Providence of God and the patronage of His Blessed Mother. This spirit which still animates the men of Notre Dame reigns uppermost in our hearts to-night. May the memory of Sorin be a perpetual inspiration to those who know his character and his work; and may each Founders' Day find us more grateful to him whose life work was lived so effectively in our behalf.

Senior Thoughts.

It is never too early to learn.

Too much work is the best antidote for a dull day.

Love makes the wise man wiser and the fool more foolish.

Energy, like money, must be well spent to yield an income.

The mind, like the body, must be well fed to insure its growth.

Most self-made men never succeed in overcoming the handicap.

To some freshmen the year is a stepping-stone to a degree: to others it is a stumbling block.

Tell me what section of the Sunday paper the man seeks first, and I'll tell you what manner of man he is.

Bigamy is its own punishment, and the man who has two wives deserves nothing at the hands of the law.

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

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Board of Editors.

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—For many months the desire for peace has been growing in the souls of men. The heart of humanity, bleeding from the wounds of the last three years, yearns for the dawn of a new day. Hopefully did it beat when Pope Benedict XV. begged the nations to cease from the carnage. But as yet the night of desolation is upon us. The Holy Father, not surprised at the rejection for the present of his peace proposal, bids all his children turn to the Prince of Peace and to His Heavenly Mother. This is the last great refuge—the one resort of the millions weary of this most awful war. On every side the Rosary devotions of October are being offered for peace. And there is soon to be made a nation-wide Novena for peace, in which the whole country will unite in storming heaven for the blessing so long withheld. The spectacle of a nation on its knees praying for a common end cannot go for naught in the sight of God.

We are in war, and we are set upon victory, but heaven forbid that this should prevent us from asking God to enlighten the nations, to lead our enemies again to reconciliation with us, and thus bring us a less costly peace. We should pray for a peace that will be lasting—one founded upon the principles which the Pope has set forth, so that those who come after us and all future generations may not suffer the experience we have suffered, but may enjoy the enduring fruits of the peace we now implore.

—The campaign for the second liberty loan is on. Encouraged by the tremendous success

of the first subscription, the Government of the United States offers the American citizen another chance to do his part in the country's cause, and at the same time another opportunity for the wise investment of his savings. Previous to our entrance into the world war the American had no good public security into which he could put his money. The liberty loan supplies that security. Four millions of people heard the nation's first appeal and became subscribers to the initial loan of two billions of dollars, and now bonds to the extent of three billions of dollars more await purchase. It need not be patriotism solely that prompts the purchaser, but appreciation of a good business proposition as well. The buyer of a liberty bond is making the safest investment possible, an investment based upon the security of the American nation itself. The German government has completed six war loans, and is now meeting with success on the seventh. It is in answer to this that America's second liberty loan must be overwhelmingly successful. The liberty loan is the link that binds citizen and soldier. It is the citizen's avowal that he is behind the soldier heart and soul. It emphasizes the unity of purpose that directs them, and stimulates the morale so essential to victory.

—Press dispatches during the past week contained the following welcome news:

The British Government has conferred its "medal of distinguished conduct" on Rev. George M. Sauvage, C. S. C., a professor at the Catholic University, who has been at the war front for some time, where he rendered eminent service while with the British expeditionary force in France. He was sent by the French Government to act as interpreter for the English, but his priestly zeal led him to use an opportunity for heroic religious work.

Doctor Sauvage is a distinguished member of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, who, like his confrères, was banished from France a few years ago. Like so many other noble priests and religious, in the hour of his country's peril he returned to fight for the very land that had banished him from its borders. It was an inspiring example, and we hope beautiful France may profit by it.

—Universal commendation greets the war-time activity of the Knights of Columbus. A

three-million-dollar fund is being raised to establish and maintain The War Work of the recreation centres for K. C's. the soldier at home and the soldier abroad.

Already eighteen recreation buildings have been completed at as many cantonments and encampments, but the work of the Knights of Columbus is just begun. The task which that great organization has assumed is gigantic. It contemplates, besides the erection and equipment of recreation centres, the maintenance of volunteer Catholic chaplains, and the establishment of information bureaus in France. That this great Catholic society is admirably fitted for this work was evidenced by its success in similar work during the Mexican trouble. In fact, its conspicuous success at that time has prompted the United States War Department to designate the Knights of Columbus as the official agency for all Catholic activities of the men in service. Since approximately forty per cent of our soldiers and sailors are of the Catholic faith, the importance of the work of the Knights of Columbus cannot be overestimated. The society deserves the hearty approbation and the sturdy co-operation of everyone who can help it in any way. The Knights of Columbus merits the position it has achieved as the agent and trustee of Catholic America.

Donations to the Library.

From the distinguished Canadian litterateur, Dr. Thomas O'Hagan, of Toronto, we have received and hereby acknowledge with thanks the following notable additions to the library of the University:

Three volumes of the donor's own work: "Songs of Heroic Days" (2 copies); "In the Heart of the Meadow;" and "Essays Literary and Historical;" "Canadian Poets," by J. W. Garvin; "La Légende D'Un Peuple," by Louis Frechette; "Histoire de L'Ouest Canadien," by L'Abbe G. Dugas; "Chansons Populaires du Canada," by Ernest Gagnon; "La Croix du Chemin," by Société de St. Jean-Baptiste; "Cartier et Son Temps," by A. D. Celles; "Conteurs Canadiens-Français?" by E. Z. Massicotte; "L'Union de Deus Canadas," by L. O. David; "La Corvée," by Société St. Jean-Baptiste; Oeuvres Completes, de H. R. Casgrain; "Canada in Flanders," by Lord Beaverbrook; "Les Sulpiciens," by H. R. Casgrain; "Le Saint-Laurent," by Alphonse Leclaire; Complete Works of Octave Cremanzie, edited by the Canadian Institute of Québec; "Les Fleurs de la Poésie Cana-

dienne," by L'Abbe A. Nantel; "Conférences et Discours," by A. B. Routhier; "Le Chartreuse de Parma," by De Stendhal; "Histoire du Canada," by Joseph Royal; "Poems," by Archibald Lampman; "Canada in Flanders," by Sir Max Aitken; "The New Era in Canada," by J. O. Miller; "Poems," by Wilfred Campbell; "Sons of Canada," by Augustus Bridle; "Poems," by Charles Roberts; "Confédération and Its Leaders," by M. O. Hammon; "Canada, the Spell Binder," by Lillian Whiting; "Rambles of a Canadian Naturalist," by S. T. Wood; Collected Poems of Isabella Valancy Crawford; "La Poésie Lyrique en France," by René Doumic.

The Library is indebted to Dr. Max Pam (LL. D., '10), founder of the School of Journalism at Notre Dame, for the volumes on journalism listed below. This is only the first installment of the complete library of journalism which Doctor Pam intends to contribute to the school which bears his name.

"Famous War Correspondents," by F. L. Bullard; "Newspaper Reporting and Correspondence," by G. M. Hyde; "Journalism," by G. W. Ochs; "Journalism," by C. W. Olin; "History of Educational Journalism," by C. W. Bardeen; "Forty Years in Educational Journalism," by C. W. Bardeen; "A Study in the American Newspaper," by D. F. Wilcox; "Social Psychology;" "The Power of the Press," by J. B. Hawthorne; "College Journalism," by James Bruce; "Establishing a Newspaper," by O. F. Byxbee; "The Making of a Journalist," by Julian Ralph; "Making a Newspaper," by J. L. Given; "Pitman's Popular Guide to Journalism," by Alfred Kingston; "Reporting for the Newspapers," by C. Hemstreet; "Commercialism and Journalism," by Hamilton Holt; "Everyday Ethics," Yale University Lectures; "The Log of a Would-Be War Correspondent," by H. W. Farnsworth; "Journalism and Literature," by H. W. Boynton; "History of Canadian Journalism," by Canadian Press Association; "Handbook of Journalism," by N. C. Fowler; "Writing of News," by C. G. Ross; "William Hazlitt," by A. Birrell; "Newspaper Writing and Editing," by W. G. Bleyer; "Practical Journalism," by E. L. Shuman; "How to Become a Successful Newspaper Man," by A. S. Borroughs; "Thought-Building in Composition," by R. W. Neal; "The Makings of a Newspaper Man," by S. G. Blythe; and "Essentials in Journalism," by T. T. Frankenburg.

Mr. Peter McElligott (LL. B., '02) of New York City has presented the Library with "The New York Red Book," by James Malcolm, and a "Life and Times of Washington" in two volumes, by Schroeder-Lossing.

The name of Rt. Rev. Michael T. Hoban, Bishop of Scranton, was inadvertently omitted from the list of commencement visitors in our issue of last week. We regret the mistake and apologize.

Local News.

—"Ted" Sheehan of Portland, Oregon, has been chosen to captain the Corby team during the present football season.

—Louis Klapheke of Corby Hall left Wednesday for his home in Louisville, Kentucky, to attend the twenty-fifth wedding anniversary of his parents.

—"Art" Lydon, popular prefect of Carroll last year, is doing electrical construction work in his home town, Geneva, N. Y. We expect to hear great things of "Art" in the future.

—The ex-Carroll team football held the heavier Brownson squad to an 18-0 score last week—which is going some for the Carrollites of last year. It was the first game of the season for both teams.

—NOTICE—Students, past and present, are always pleased to hear of the whereabouts and the doings of former classmates. You can help to keep them informed by passing the news to an Editor or leaving it at the Rector's office in Corby.

—Captain Watson's "Teenie Weenies" of Carroll invaded the Minims' campus recently and defeated the little warriors of St. Edward's by a score of 38-0. A feature of the game was the "pulling" of a Kalamazoo trick play by the "Weenies."

—The students' retreat will begin on October 28 this year and will be preached by Reverend Richard Collentine, C. S. C. of the Holy Cross Mission Band. Father Collentine was well known in his student days here for his oratorical and debating ability.

—Walter O'Keefe, of the Notre Dame Glee Club, participated in a musical program given by the Knights of Columbus of Michigan City, Tuesday evening. Professor Hines also attended. Walter sang Irish songs and recited Irish stories for his Michigan City friends.

—NOTICE—The Scholastic Editors would appreciate it if the secretaries of State Clubs, Class Societies, etc., would leave any reports of their organization's activities at the Rector's office in Corby. Let us help you to make your society a University institution.

—Students attending class in the new Library will notice the beginning of work on what is to be the second University quadrangle. Brother Philip is lending his supervision to the land-

scaping with a view to making it harmonize in its general effect with the architecture of the library which will dominate the new quadrangle.

—Final arrangements have been made for the Day Dodgers' Dance to be held next Wednesday at the Oliver Hotel. Since the sale of tickets has already been completed, no tickets can be obtained at the door nor will any cash admission be accepted. Admission by ticket only!

—Those whose custom it is to take an occasional walk around our beautiful little lake to the north, must have noticed with concern that it has receded somewhat this year from its accustomed boundaries. There seems to be no grave cause for alarm, however, since an old resident assures us that thirty-five years ago it was much lower than at present but later returned to its usual size.

✓ —"Nina, the Flower Girl," featuring Bessie Love, was shown in Washington Hall, Saturday evening. Bessie Love seems to have lost that indefinable charm which she possessed just a few years ago, and no skill in acting or assumed artlessness can replace it. The story contains some unnecessary details, such as the proposals of the Knight of Good Deeds, who is rather ill-treated considering the good he did.

—In accordance with a request made by the United States Civil Service Commission through its President, John A. McIlhenny, we call attention to a notice placed at the basement entrance of the Main Building offering opportunity to those who wish to qualify for appointment in that department. The Government is in need of stenographers, and any assistance given at present is not only patriotic but carries with it also excellent chances for advancement.

—W. S. Braithenwaite, writing in the Boston Evening Transcript a short time ago, commented at length upon "The Dead Musician and Other Poems," by Rev. Charles O'Donnell, C. S. C., of the English Department of the University. Mr. Braithenwaite emphasized Father O'Donnell's "modest consciousness and reticent reverence for his art" as something apart from the vain familiarity which talented writers so often assume in treating sacred subjects.

—Favorable progress is reported concerning the construction of the University's new residence for freshmen, Badin Hall, and the new chemical building. One wing of Badin Hall will be ready for occupation early in November.

The chemistry authorities state that most departments will be inaugurated in the new building, about November 10th. Both halls are modern and fireproof. Chemistry Hall will have an innovation in the way of an exterior receptacle for inflammable and combustible materials.

—Charles Call and Wm. J. Noonan, Seniors, launched the Freshman Class upon its career as an organization last Monday night in the Sorin Law Room. Under the direction of the two Seniors the following officers were elected: Emmett Sweeny (Brownson), president; James Babcock (Corby), vice-president; John Sullivan (Corby), secretary; George Meredith (Brownson), treasurer.

—Josef Konecny, Bohemian violin virtuoso, assisted by Martha Stelzl, and Mary Tris, gave a well-appreciated recital Wednesday evening in Washington Hall. Mary Tris rendered several piano selections, of which Chopin's "Military Polonaise" was a delightful number. Martha Stelzl has a rich and full soprano which won her several encores. Josef Konecny plays like a master and at times his violin and bow seem a part of himself. Fiorillo's "Etude No. 28" carried out an entrancing minor strain.

—Efforts are being made to increase the facilities of our Medical and Journalism schools through the establishment of complete reference libraries in both departments. Through the generosity of Dr. Max Pam, of Chicago, founder of the school of Journalism, over one hundred volumes of relevant matter have been added to the library of that department, with more to follow. Dr. Francis J. Powers, Dean of the school of Medicine, has also completed plans for filling the library shelves with matter suited to the work of those under his care.

—Last Sunday evening, the Poetry Society had its first meeting of the year. There was an enthusiastic return of the "old guard." Father O'Donnell, founder and director of the society, gave a short talk on the activities of the poets during the last three months and introduced two new books of verse, Joyce Kilmer's "Main Street and Other Poems" and Father Michael Earls', S. J., "Ballads of Peace in War." Professor Carruth's new volume, "Verse Writing," also was considered. The next meeting of the club will be Oct. 28. A limited number of new members will be received.

—Those who feared for the reputation of the

University orchestra this year will rejoice to know that, in spite of only three of last year's members returning, it promises to be bigger and better than ever. Dillon J. Patterson is director and the instrumentation is as follows: Edward Clancy, August Shenden, trombones; A. J. Cusick, drums; Timothy Quinlan, clarinet; Richard E. Maloney, James M. Ried, Paul Roby, Charles F. Overton, Ray Billard, George Billard, D. J. Kupsy, violins; Theodore Giese, cello; Bernard Doane, saxophone; John Apt, French horn; Peter McKenna, flute; James F. Clancy, James A. Culligan, cornets; Dillon J. Patterson, piano.

—The Right Reverend John P. Carroll, Bishop of Helena, Montana, addressed the students of Notre Dame in Washington Hall Friday morning. Bishop Carroll, who is a very ready as well as forcible speaker, drew a parallel between the great discoverer Columbus and the founder of Notre Dame, showing wherein the lives of the two pioneers exemplified the virtues of Faith, Hope and Charity. As a conclusion to the comparison, he emphasized the even greater need of these virtues in the lives of Catholic young men of today if they would build worthily upon the foundations laid by those who have gone before.

—On November 22, a winter course in Agriculture lasting eighteen weeks, will be begun. The innovation is especially designed to assist boys who cannot afford the full college course or who are needed at home during the crop seasons. The only entrance requirements are that a boy be seventeen years old and have a common school education. If desired, this work can be later offered in the regular four-year course, or can be made the beginning of the two-year course. The new arrangement opens the door to so many deserving boys of poor parentage that it might well be emulated by other Agricultural colleges.

—In accordance with the launching of the most extraordinary speech-making campaign ever held in the United States, the plan of which is to relay the verbal message of the Second Liberty Loan to the entire nation, Notre Dame has patriotically entered several oratorical volunteers to assist in this whirlwind effort. The "flying squad" will deliver speeches of four minute duration during the intermissions in all South Bend and Mishawaka theatres and at other public gatherings. The object of the

Notre Dame "four-minute men" is to stir local patriotism necessary to thoroughly materialize the project and to impress upon South Bend people that the purchase of the new Liberty Loan bonds is a paying investment as well as a patriotic service. The following well-known speakers have volunteered their services and will act under the supervision of Professor Farrell: Frank J. Hurley, Joseph Riley, John Lemmer, Thomas Hoban, Francis T. McGrain.

—Under the direction of Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., Dean of the Foreign Commerce department, the commercial students organized a society Wednesday to be known as the Chamber of Commerce. The society has three divisions: juniors and seniors, sophomores and freshmen, and the short course men. Its object is to analyze industrial conditions and foreign relations. Meetings will be held weekly and will be conducted after the manner of the ideal civic Chamber of Commerce.

—The following extract from a letter written by "Stu" Carroll, although referring to events which happened some time ago, will interest the Notre Dame student: "Ninety-two of us, all quartermaster clerks, came here, including our erubescient friend, Grimes. The day after our arrival we were lined up for a typewriting exam, the N. D. correspondents, with their usual brilliancy and aplomb, receiving grades of 'excellent' while but ten others of the group achieved that grade. The sergeant in charge, named Stoner, is an old West Point man and knew Jim O'Donnell who played football in Sorin some years ago, then went to Pitt. When the 'serg.' found I was from N. D., he assigned me to his office which is the post quartermaster's. Charlie hasn't been assigned yet, but we're trying to get him in here."

"Notre Dame," as a trade mark, can't be beaten and no one knows it better than the West Point men.

—Rev. W. A. Bolger, C. S. C., addressed the members of the Brownson Literary and Debating Society at the regular weekly meeting last Thursday night on the subject, "How to Prepare a Debate." The qualities that a subject for debate should possess were noted and instructions were given as to the preparation of briefs. Father Bolger has charge of the Varsity debating teams each year, and his lecture last Thursday evening proved quite useful to the members of the society.

A program committee was appointed as follows: A. W. Slaggert, R. Flick, and A. Van Worteghan. Orations were also given at the last meeting on the following subjects: "An Enemy within the Borders," Francis J. Murphy; "Goliath and David," A. VanWorteghan; "The Blame for War Prices," Leo L. Ward; "The Greater Liberty Loan," A. W. Slaggert; "Progress at Washington," David Philbin; "Americanism," Paul R. Conaghan.

—*The Field Afar*, a missionary magazine, commented very favorably a short time ago upon the campaign among the students last year in behalf of the Bengal (India) missions. In writing about this pioneer movement towards the forming of a Foreign Mission Society among Catholic lay students in the United States, the writer says: "It is pleasant to hear of these Notre Dame activities, but we shall not be content until we learn that this or some other well-equipped University has a branch of its school over in Eastern Asia." We are glad to be able to assure the *Field Afar* that the University of Notre Dame already has a daughter institution in the city of Dacca, India, under the constant personal direction of the Rev. John Hennessy, C. S. C., (A. B., Notre Dame, '02). There is a well-equipped modern high school doing the same high class work in the Orient for education that Notre Dame is trying to do in the United States.

In reference to the above, the following communication from one engaged in mission work will be of great interest to our students: "Somewhere between Notre Dame and India there is a letter travelling westward addressed to Father Crowley, C. S. C., Dacca, India, and containing a check for \$51.25. This amount represents the generous yield of the Bengal Mission Boxes when opened at Commencement. Those of the various halls who dropped their occasional pennies into the boxes may indeed feel glad now that they did so. It was not a great sacrifice, but it means souls saved in India and constitutes an indication of the real Notre Dame spirit. The contribution from the halls were as follows: Walsh, \$13.40; Brownson, \$12.32; Corby, \$10.37; Carroll, \$4.02; St. Joseph, \$4.00; Sorin, \$3.81; St. Edward's, \$3.33." Let us hope that the students this year will not be less generous in their loyalty to the Notre Dame missionaries laboring for souls in the far-off Indian tropics.

Founders' Day Program.

On St. Edward's Eve, the University celebrated the double festival of Columbus' Day and Founders' Day in Washington Hall. John Lemmer presided over the commemorative exercises which were well balanced and of unusual merit. The orations, as delivered by Francis Hurley and Francis Boland, were not only exceptional in manuscript and delivery but of a happy length as well—something unusual to such occasions. It is seldom that we have such finished orators so early in the season. William Kelly, in spite of a little defect in enunciation, recited Miller's masterpiece rather well, and Charles Macauley delivered Father O'Donnell's ode "Founders' Day," which has been the subject of much favorable comment. The University views, although somewhat blurred at times, evoked much applause from the students. The interest shown in the Notre Dame pictures suggests the idea of "more," and it is to be hoped that the innovation of local scenes upon our screen has come to stay. The University orchestra made its initial appearance and lived up to the standard of other years. Credit must be given to Professor Farrell who supervised the program. The speeches are printed elsewhere in the SCHOLASTIC.

Personals.

—Morris Starret, Junior in Journalism last year, is doing patrol duty along the Pacific coast on the U. S. S. ship Rose.

—Mr. and Mrs. Roy Avery Browning of Toledo, Ohio, visited the University recently. Roy Browning was a student of Carroll Hall in the nineties.

—"Whiff" Dolan, one of our hard-hitting outfielders a few years ago, is now "somewhere in France." The old diamond star is a lieutenant in an engineers corps.

—Leo Fitzgerald, fullback on the Corby football team last year, is now Corporal in a military camp, "somewhere in New Jersey." Leo is playing in the regimental football team.

—Pierre A. Miller, Cadillac "Haller" of last year, is now in Ambulance Co. B, Camp Jackson, Columbia, South Carolina. Pierre is remembered by his friends at Notre Dame as an earnest student and an agreeable fellow.

—"Ted" Wagner, Freshman Journalist of last year and a member of the famous "Kub Klub," is now in the Ambulance Corps at St. Louis. "Ted" expects to spend Christmas in France.

—"Mike" King is now a Sergeant at Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas, and belongs to Co. G 358 Infantry. "Mike" was a Corbyite last year and belonged to the Notre Dame cadets.

—"Archie" Duncan, student of last year, is in Waco, Texas, with the National Guard. He expects to go to France soon with the "Iron Jawed Brigade,"—more evidence of the "fighting N. D. spirit."

—Lloyd Morency, member of last year's band and orchestra, visited his friends in Corby during the week. Lloyd has been working upon a ranch all summer, but is at present spending a short time at home before enlisting.

—Harry M. Newning, Ph. B., '14, and Fred Countess, an old student, have arrived in Liverpool on their way to France. Both are very enthusiastic in their correspondence home. Harry brought in many a winning score on the varsity baseball team in his day.

—Notice has been received of the marriage of Miss Vera Marguerite Ver Plauck to Lieutenant Charles Herman Johnson (M. E., '08), of the United States Coast Guard at Brooklyn, New York. Old friends will be glad to join the Scholastic in offering congratulations. Lieutenant Johnson has been in the service of the Government for some time.

—"Eddie" Meehan, last year's track star, and former student "Jim" McNulty, have been advanced to the position of Aides to a Colonel at Regimental Headquarters. "Eddie" writes from Hattiesburg, Miss., where they are encamped and says among other things, "I sure do miss the old place and I know many others who do also."

—The following excerpt from a letter of a former student will be of interest to readers of the SCHOLASTIC: "By now I am pretty well established at K. U., but I do not like the school here nearly so well as I did Notre Dame. And I long for the time when I shall be able to return there again. The classes here are conducted nicely and I am fortunate in being under several very good professors, but everything is pagan. After being all my life in Catholic

schools I cannot accustom myself to the absence of a religious atmosphere. And the course seems empty and devoid of half its charms."

—"Cy" Kasper, member of the record breaking two mile relay team of last year and halfback on the Corby football team, is playing left halfback on the machine-gun company team of the Three-hundred and thirty-seventh infantry at Fort Snelling. The team is composed of former North Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, Wisconsin and Pennsylvania men.

—The following good news comes from Salt Lake City, in a letter from Bishop Glass: "I am promising myself a visit to Notre Dame some time between now and Christmas, and if you are willing to take the risk, I shall even dare to speak to the young men." Bishop Glass will be most welcome. He is a warm friend of Alma Mater, and has a colony of his own students here.

—The Honorable William P. Breen (A. B., '77), vice-president for Indiana of the Trust Company Section of the American Bankers' Association, submitted a report at the annual convention in Atlantic City, September 26th, which excited much attention. Mr. Breen is not only an orator of distinction, but one of the leading lawyers of America, and an acknowledged expert in financial questions.

—Joseph E. Ralph, director of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, which makes the entire output of the government's paper currency and stamps, has resigned to become president of the United States Intaglio Company, a new bank-note concern. During his ten years in office Mr. Ralph had developed the department into a model for industrial establishments. Mr. Ralph is a personal friend of the University, and lectured here last year, giving a minute description of the bureau's interesting work.

Athletic Notes.

NOTRE DAME vs. WISCONSIN.

Yale has her Bulldog, Princeton has her Tiger, other schools have their various ferocious animals, and they are welcome to the whole irrational kingdom as long as Notre Dame has her "fight'n Irish." Fight, the kind that gives overflowing measure for what it takes, never before protruded from every man of a Notre

Dame eleven as it did on Camp Randall last Saturday when the Gold and Blue held the heavier Wisconsin team to a scoreless tie. With their goal menaced no less than six times—on four occasions by attempted goals from the field and twice by incompleting forward passes over the goal line—Notre Dame kept defending and offending the Badgers until they played them to a standstill.

Notre Dame had not played a Conference eleven since 1908. Critics must have been impressed by the fighting spirit of the men from Hoosierdom who could hold the big Badgers at bay through a whole game, right on their own stamping ground. Many must have marvelled at the pluck and generalship of Capt. Phalen who trickled the last ounce of stamina out of his midget backfield, in a desperate though vain attempt to mathematically offset the avoirdupois of the men from the land of LaFollete. There came a tense moment in the expiring moments of the game, after all other means had failed, when the Notre Dame captain made ready to kick a field goal from his forty-one yard line. The ball sailed high and had the necessary momentum, but failed by inches when it struck the goal posts above the cross bar. Notre Dame had to be content with a moral victory.

Bahan, Brandy, and Walter Miller gave their all for Notre Dame. Fighting against odds seldom encountered by backfield men they tore into the heavy Wisconsin line time after time, never losing heart, always hoping and endeavoring for the "break" that did not come.

Dave Philbin also played like a wild man throughout the game. The big Oregonian has played some stellar games during his career at Notre Dame, but never did he assume such a determination to hold an opposing team at any cost as he did last Saturday. He and "Big Frank" Rydzewski were the stars of the defense. With three men hurling themselves at him throughout the game, Rydzewski managed to elude them and get into most every play. Once he caught a forward pass honestly intended for a Badger and made thirty-five yards towards the Wisconsin goal before he was downed.

Tom King and Dave Hayes, pitted against men way beyond their size, did exceptionally well. They are but typical of the rest of the team—they fight, then fight some more, and never quit. Madigan, Andrews, Stine and McGuire, did their parts well in the remaining

positions of the line while Pierson got away for a fifteen-yard run when he was put into the game in the last quarter. Ryan also gave his best when injected into the fullback position in the same period.

The showing of Wisconsin should not be minimized. The men coached by Richards showed a lot of football, and probably their worst fault was that they entirely underestimated Notre Dame prior to the game. Capt. Hancock, Kelley, and Simpson were the Badger luminaries, and they kept things interesting for Notre Dame from whistle to whistle.

THE GAME IN QUARTERS.

FIRST QUARTER.

Jacobie kicked to Bahan who returned the ball to the Wisconsin 45-yard line behind superb interference. Miller went through the line for three yards; Bahan added five, and Brandy circled left end for fifteen more. Three trials at the Wisconsin line failed to gain. Capt. Phalen then tried an on-side kick, but Capt. Hancock caught the ball and brought it to the Wisconsin 40-yard line. Davey made six, and Jacobie made five and first down. Simpson carried the ball but failed to gain and on the next play tried a drop kick from the 35-yard line, the ball going wide. Notre Dame took the ball on the 20-yard line and after Bahan had gained five, Capt. Phalen kicked to Simpson on his 35-yard line. Davey and Jacobie hit the line for a first down. Notre Dame, however, recovered a Wisconsin fumble on their 40-yard line and on the next play Brandy tore around end for seven. Bahan added a yard. Notre Dame fumbled but recovered and Phalen punted to Wisconsin's 15-yard line. Brandy was jolted hard in the mixup and time was called, but he stayed in the game. Wisconsin again fumbled and this time Notre Dame recovered on the Badger's 7-yard line. Brandy made a yard and Bahan added four, but failed on the next attempt. Phalen hurried the next play on account of the few moments left of the quarter. He chose to take a chance on a forward pass and threw the ball across the goal line, but it went over Dave Hayes' head. Quarter ended.

SECOND QUARTER.

Wisconsin's ball on her own 20-yard line. Simpson kicked. Brandy did not gain and Phalen kicked to Simpson who returned to his 35-yard line. Simpson again kicked to the Notre Dame 10-yard line where Notre Dame was penalized for being offside. Phalen then kicked to Simpson who returned the ball to the Notre Dame 20-yard line. Wisconsin made first down on four line smashes. Davey was hurt but stayed in the game. Jacobie and Gould could not gain. A forward pass over the Notre Dame goal line went awry and the ball was placed on Notre Dame's 20-yard line. Miller smashed through the line for four yards, but Bahan was held for no gain on the next play. Bahan then kicked to the 45-yard line. Davey made four yards. Kelley was found offside for Wisconsin and it cost his team 5 yards. Jacobie went through the line for five yards, but a forward pass failed in the

next play and Simpson kicked to Phalen, who returned to his 25-yard line. Davey recovered Notre Dame's fumble on the N. D. 25-yard line. Davey then made three, but Gould was thrown for a 10-yard loss. Simpson tried a drop kick near the Notre Dame 20-yard line, and Simpson again tried a drop kick but failed. Time.

THIRD QUARTER.

Miller kicked off to Jacobie, who returned the ball to the Wisconsin 40-yard line. Davey made three, and Simpson kicked to Phalen who was downed on his 25-yard line. Miller made five and Wisconsin was penalized five for being offside. Brandy and Bahan gained about five yards on two attempts, and Phalen kicked to Davey on the Notre Dame 46-yard line. Jacobie made four; Davey two and Stark two, but Jacobie failed to make first down on the fourth play by six inches. Miller made two, repeated with four more, and Brandy followed with three. Phalen would not take a chance on losing the ball on downs and kicked to Simpson who was downed on his 30-yard line. When Stark failed to gain Simpson got away a long punt that rolled to the Notre Dame 35-yard line. A fumble lost Notre Dame fifteen yards. Miller made three, but Jacobie fathomed a Notre Dame trick play and held Phalen to a no-gain. Phalen kicked to Simpson who returned the ball 20 yards to Notre Dame's 35-yard line. Here a Wisconsin man was caught holding Tom King and Wisconsin defaulted the ball at the point of the offense. Miller made five yards on two attempts, and then a forward pass failing, Phalen kicked to the 21-yard line. The ball was brought back and given to Wisconsin on her 40-yard line. A fake play netted Simpson fifteen yards. Simpson punted over the Notre Dame line. Phalen seemed to delay the Notre Dame play anticipating the end of the quarter when a change of goals would put the wind at his back. Three line plays gained but little before the quarter ended.

FOURTH QUARTER.

Pierson went in for Bahan; Miller went to half in place of Brandy; and Ryan took Miller's place at full. Phalen immediately kicked to Simpson who was downed on his 30-yard line, Miller making a vicious tackle. Stark nor Cobey could gain, but a forward pass to Kelley barely made first down. Davey made two, but Stark was thrown for a loss. Rydzewski intercepted a forward pass on the next play, and side-stepped tackler after tackler until he was finally downed on the Wisconsin 35-yard line. Ryan made two and Pierson made six, but Notre Dame was penalized five yards for offside play. Wisconsin got the ball on her 30-yard line and Simpson kicked to the middle of the field. A Notre Dame forward pass failed and Phalen kicked to Simpson who returned to his 35-yard line. Simpson made four, but on the next play sent the oval back to midfield. Miller hit the line for three and Pierson got around the Wisconsin left end for fifteen yards. Ryan fumbled, but recovered. Miller then gained a yard and Ryan added two. *Phalen stepped back and tried a place-kick from the 41-yard line but it hit the left upright two feet above the cross bar.* Simpson punted from the 20-yard line past midfield. Hancock then blocked Phalen's second attempted place-kick

but Notre Dame recovered the ball. Phalen threw a forward pass but Stark intercepted it. The game ended with the ball in Wisconsin's possession on her 40-yard line.

WISCONSIN (o)	NOTRE DAME (o)
Siever.....	L E.....Hayes
Scott.....	L T.....Stine
Kralovec.....	L G.....Andrews
Carpenter.....	C.....Rydzewski
Gallun.....	R G.....Madigan
Hancock (Capt.).....	R T.....Philbin
Kelley.....	R E.....King
Simpson.....	Q.....Phalen (Capt.)
Davey.....	L H.....Brandy
Gould.....	R H.....Bahan
Jacobie.....	F.....Miller

Summaries: Substitutions—Keyes for Kelley; Kelley for Gould, Starke for Kelley, Kelley for Keyes, McGuire for Stine, Ryan for Miller, Miller for Brandy, Pierson for Bahan.

Officials: Referee—Masker, Northwestern. Umpire—Birch, Wabash. Field Judge—Lipski, Chicago. Head linesman—Haines, Yale.

FRESHMAN GAME.

Coach Kline's Freshman eleven got away to a flying start last Saturday when they defeated Culver Military Academy 13 to 7. Culver is coached this year by "Bob" Peck, the University of Pittsburgh All-American center for the past two years. Penalizations by the Culver-appointed officials handicapped the yearlings considerably and prevented them from running up a larger score.

In the second half Coach Kline put in the second-string Freshmen, and it was in that period that Culver managed to score one touchdown. Against the regulars they could do nothing.

Dooley, Hogan, and Capt. Donovan were the greatest ground-gainers for the men who will graduate in 1921. The two latter made the touchdowns. Cooney kicked one goal. The line played consistently and the team as a whole showed that it has gained a lot of the finer points of Notre Dame football under the tutelage of "Jake" Kline. The Freshman mentor has his work cut out for him from now on, as Athletic Director Harper has contests scheduled with Kalamazoo Normal College, N. A. C. Freshmen and the University of Michigan Freshmen.

INTERHALL FOOTBALL

The prospects for a successful interhall season are brighter this year than they have been for a long time. Systematic drills and signal practices are the daily programmes in the hall camps. Pre-season dope, of course, is not always correct, but just at present the Walshites

seem to be the top-notchers. With thirty men out, among them being twelve classy backfield men; with a line averaging 160 pounds and a backfield tipping off 150 pounds it will be very surprising if the Piersonites are not close to the front. Brownson also looks good. Brother Casimir had two squads working daily, and among his pig-skin artists, Wright, Murray, and Sanders are showing great promise, while a new man, Duffy, is a comer. Brownson meets the South Bend Athletic Club Sunday for her first battle.

The past week has seen the various halls in action. Brother Casimir's Chicks were defeated by the Walsh Chicks Saturday, 13 to 0, in a well contested game, while the Walsh Giants humbled the South Bend Athletic Club 70-6 in a veritable touchdown slaughter. Walsh showed evidences of brilliant blocking and tackling, while the work of Gallagher, a line-smashing halfback, was stellar and promising big things. Wheeler's open field running was an added feature.

ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE vs. CORBY.

With Murphy, McAffery and Babcock as a backfield nucleus and big "Hank" Grabner taking care of the line, Corby humbled St. Joseph College at Rensselaer, Indiana, last Sunday, 6 to 0. Murphy carried the ball over the line in the first three minutes of play with a series of line plunging which indicates that the Sophomore barrister will do things when the cup race tightens. The entire Corby team played a consistent game against the attacks of the heavy collegians. Flattering comments were rife concerning the hospitality extended the Corbyites, and the courtesies will always be remembered.

ST. EDWARD. FOUNDERS' DAY.

Founders' Day was celebrated by the boys of St. Edward Hall in a most auspicious manner, athletic events furnishing the bulk of the day's amusement. After a football game in the morning, the athletic events of the afternoon, under the supervision of Father Carrico, resulted as follows:

One Hundred Yard Dash—Grade 1, first, W. Allen; grade 2, first, M. Daly; Grade 3, first C. Carley; grade 4, first, R. Sanchez. Bicycle Race.—Grade 1, W. Allen; grade 2, G. Weiker; grade 3, J. Powell. Hurdle Races.—Grade 1, first, H. Herman; grade 2, first J. Oberwinder; grade 3, first M. Argan; grade 4, first R. Cantillon. Sack Race.—Grade 1, J. Walter; grade 2, L. Watson; grade 3, E. Hosinski; grade 4, G. Reardon.