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Flower Song.

BY BROTHER MATTHEW, C. S. C., '17.

I LOVE the Lily of the Vale,
That paled before her God of old,
When offering odorous sacrifice
In chalices of gold.

I love the richness of the Rose,
That blushed in all her queenly grace,
When turning to her God she saw
The splendor of His face.

I love the humble Violet,
In faith and love serene,
Who purple donned to mourn her God;—
I crown her flower queen.

The Needs of a Mission School in Bengal.

THE Holy Cross Bandura-Gobindpur High English School is a long name with a short history, though the school is now more than a name.

In 1911 a Hindu high school in a village called Gobindpur, in the diocese of Dacca was, after six years of precarious existence, on its last legs. It was but a mile from the Catholic Mission primary school, and to save its name from complete extinction it offered its all to the mission to be combined with the mission school, the main condition being that in the process of amalgamation the name Gobindpur should be retained. And so it was. The new school was named Holy Cross, after the Mission of Holy Cross, Bandura, after the village formerly the centre of the Catholic Mission, and Gobindpur after the Hindu school.

From a little over one hundred pupils, Hindus, Mahomedans and Christians, it now numbers five hundred, and from the stronghold of Paganism it bids fair to become a great centre of Christian influence. The only draw-

backs are means to expand, to make room for the demand and to get Christian teachers. We have the full high school course in arithmetic, algebra, geometry, English, Bengali, Sanskrit, Persian, Arabic, Urdee, history (Indian), geography, and drawing. The languages include the grammar and literature as well as translation into English.

From the beginning up to Class IV all work is done through the medium of Bengali. From class IV to class VII, the text-books are bilingual, the matter being given in English characters or figures but explained in the vernacular. From class VII to X all subjects are taught through the medium of English, and all text-books, except those in the languages, are in English.

At present twenty teachers are employed, of whom five are graduates receiving a monthly salary from \$20 to \$25. Four are undergraduates, i. e., they have passed I. A. (intermediate arts), or F. A. (first arts) or have studied up to A. B. but did not pass the final examination. These get from \$15 to \$18 a month. There are four teachers with normal training whose salary is from \$8 to \$11, four more, trained for the lowest classes, get from \$5 to \$8. Specialists for Sanskrit, Persian, and Arabic get from \$10 to \$15 a month. Imagine an expert in Sanskrit, a man knowing the language and literature well, getting \$12 a month in the United States of America.

Of these twenty teachers there is, besides myself and a Brother, but one Christian. Why so? For the simple reason that they can't be had. It is only now that the Christians in their villages are beginning to go in for high school education, and in the whole diocese this is the only high school for natives. But if this goes well and financial aid is forthcoming we shall, in the not far distant future, be able to replace the Hindu teachers with Christian ones.

At present there are three Christian boys who will go up for the high school examination.

next year. If they pass, they will be eligible for a college course; but then comes the hitch—who will bear the expenses? If no one helps me to do it for them, it won't be done, and with the little bit of knowledge they have they will go and look for a "job." The expense of going to college is not in itself very great here, and yet very great for those who have nothing. The monthly fee for attending college is but \$1.75, and the boarding but \$2; so for less than \$4 a month a boy could get board and tuition for the four years of the college course.

Pagans and Mahomedans are most anxious to come to the Mission school, and are most docile and willing to follow any regime. At present there are 300 Hindus, 95 Mahomedans, and 92 Christians. All play and go to class together, are the best of friends and neighbors, and are just as "thick" as chums are among the different "persuasions" in an American school or club. If you ever pay us a visit, you will not find it an easy job picking out Hindus, Mahomedans and Christians as they sit side by side in class or jostle one another on the play-ground.

The attendance of Christians is small, mainly because the Christians are very poor, and at the age of twelve the boys (the girls marry at thirteen) run to the cities to take up the work of cooks. The culinary occupation runs in their blood. Generally they begin as water-carriers or potato-peelers to some cook who is a relation of theirs. The parents argue thus when it is a question of leaving the children at school: "It is bad enough to have to feed my son in idleness—school life—but to have to pay school fees in addition is a burden I can not bear; so he must go to work if he can not get his schooling free." And to work he goes, as is shown by the act that although there are more than 6,000 Christians within easy distance of the school, there are not fifty in the high school classes.

Many a good and promising young lad has had his desire to study cut short and has had to become a dish-washer from want of school fees. Yet expressed in dollars and cents the school fees are paltry.

The infants begin with four annas, or eight cents a month. Class one gets sixteen cents, class two, twenty-four, and so on, making an increase of eight cents for each class up to class nine, class ten receiving one dollar. In addition to this the boarding fee—for those who can get nothing to eat at home—is but two dollars a month. In other words, you can feed, clothe,

and educate one of these little Bengali pickaninnies for three dollars a month, and who that has the mission spirit at heart would refuse that much? If you could but see how many, not only Christian, but Hindus and Mahomedans, come to me crying, actually crying, for a chance to go to school! They beg their food, beg their books; but I am generally unable to harken to their entreaties, because the Government, under whose supervision the school is, allows only five per cent free students. If I take more I must pay for them, that's where the shoe pinches.

How fine it would be if some good people who can not come to labor here would become the spiritual fathers of some of these poor boys. Should anyone be so considerate as to adopt and help to educate one or more of these poor Hindus, Mahomedans, or Christians, I shall try to send from time to time—if I can come by a kodak—a snapshot of his protégé.

Apart from the great good charity can do in helping the poor here, I need urgently help along other lines. We have grown from one hundred to five hundred in four years, and have outgrown our accommodations. Should accommodations permit there is no doubt but the present number would double itself within four years.

The building of sheds—our boarding and school houses are but sheds—has not kept pace with the growth of the classes, so now to avoid overcrowding there is badly needed a shed, measuring about 60x20, to furnish class rooms for one hundred and fifty children. Our sheds consist of a mud floor, wooden posts, a corrugated iron roof, and mat walls—the mats being made of split bamboos or a kind of grass or sedge. In a few cases the walls are of corrugated iron.

These sheds are not very expensive, but at present the price of zinc is more than double what it was some time ago. Yet even at that, I could get the required area under roof for about \$400. That would not build a very big school in America where thousands are but small figures for building purposes. Still it would give us a building as good as a palace.

But to keep on and tell you some more of our needs. I have a little house, and a little room in that house serves as a church or chapel. So we need very much a chapel building where the pagans may see the ceremonies, and where those who wish may attend,—a building which will keep religion before their eyes. The building of this little chapel for us would

certainly show a desire to have God's kingdom furthered on earth—a desire to bring Jesus before the eyes of the pagans. Such a little chapel as we need, built of brick, would cost but \$500.

But if I get this chapel I will need something to put in it. Some friend of St. Patrick would give me means to get a set of green vestments. At present I have none. The red ones barely hold together, but can be tolerated in private. The black ones are respectable, but must be handled with care as the lining thereof acts under touch as does burnt paper. I have no monstrance, benediction veil, or cope; so there is no chance to give Benediction to the children after school. Nor have we stations of the Cross—but it would be shorter to tell what we have got than what we haven't.

Now, dear reader, you are not going to come here yourself, but how are you going to show your real Missionary spirit, your desire to further Christ's direct interests, your wish to help those who have given to the work all they have to give—their time and energy? Are you going to make it possible for some of these poor pickaninnies to come to school as day scholars, at a cost for one of from eight cents to a dollar a month, or will you help to feed, clothe and educate one or more of them for but three dollars a month? Perhaps you will build a shed for class rooms, a house for teachers, or a chapel for Jesus, or pay a teacher to work in your place. Maybe you are one of those who like to see children enjoy themselves out of class hours. If so, will you not help to purchase a playground? Our present one is scarcely large enough to hold the total number of pupils when standing "close formation." There is land to be had adjoining the school, but the till is empty. Sometimes it is discouraging when one muses and sees how much is to be done, how much could be done if the wish were but father to the means.

If you are not willing to give something for apparently nothing, could you not give something for something. If you want a High Mass, with what unction these Bengali pickaninnies could sing it. It would do your heart good as it does theirs, to hear them shout their loudest. With the income from Mass intentions I could comfortably run my little shanty, that is, pay the cook and dhobi (washerman), the mail (the hewer of wood and drawer of water) and the table boy, and feed and clothe myself and the Brother who is with me.

Don't you know the Vision the lover of the missions had, after the example of Abou Ben Adhem? Seeing the angel writing in the Book of Gold he asked "What writest thou?" Who answered: "The names of those who work on the Missions." "Then mine's not there? No hope for me? And yet I work for the Missions—not *in* but *for*." The angel vanished. Time passed. Again the Vision came, writing in a book of burnished gold. "What writest thou?" he asked in trembling accents. Swift and softly came the answer: "The names of those who love the Lord." "Is mine one?" For answer the Vision turned the Book and there in glittering letters heading the burnished page he read his name, with the note, "He loveth much because he worketh much *for* the Missions."

Every offering sent by money order, cheque, or greenbacks, will be thankfully received, gratefully acknowledged, and ever prayerfully remembered.

J. J. Hennessy, C. S. C.,
Holy Cross High School,
Hashnabad, Dacca, Bengal, India.

Petals.

Tinted petals soft
Turn your eyes aloft
There where all the silver clouds go by.
Smile with every breeze
Laughing through the trees
As it sings its journey through the sky.

Dewy petals bright
In the rainbow light
How you make the hearts of children glad.
How your smile of grace
Sweetens every face
By the snowy folds in which you're clad.

Petals ruby red,
So the legend said,
You were dipped in crimson rays at morn
Which the falling dew
Stained to deeper hue—
Witchery of clouds and moonlight born.

White rose petals play
At the close of day
With the gentle winds from out the West;
Rocking to and fro,
As the breezes blow—
Softly close your lovely eyes and rest.

B. Xavier, '19.

Blade to Blade.

BY JOHN LOUIS REUSS, '18.

It had been a big day for Three-fingered Brannigan. Three unsuspecting strangers had fallen victims to the cunning and subtle affability of the most clever cutpurse that has ever worked Fifth Avenue, and as a result, Brannigan's capital had been augmented by more than a hundred dollars.

While the crippled hand nervously guarded the pilfered-mammon, the keen eyes of the crook searched the human sea before him in the hope that one more fish might be added to the day's catch. Brannigan prided himself on never having failed to size up his man properly at first sight, and failure had been the result of none of his artifices to relieve the unwary of their wallets. He possessed an almost preternatural ability of estimating a man's purse by nothing more than his appearance and bearing.

As he gazed about him, his attention was suddenly fixed upon a rather queer-looking person who stood a few feet ahead of him, gazing wonderingly at a splendid shop-window. It did not require the keen sense of Brannigan to see that the man was undoubtedly a product of the rural district. Attired in an outfit that would have been far more appropriate at a masquerade ball than upon the streets of New York, the stranger was most prominent amongst the surging throng that hurried homeward. Brannigan promptly recognized in the rustic a promising possibility. He approached the man, greeted him familiarly with a hearty slap upon the back, and with the oft-used, but still serviceable introduction: "Well, well, if it isn't my old friend. And how are all the folks back home?" The stranger turned and gazed surprisedly into the face of the confidence man. There was no sign of recognition or suspicion on the part of the victim.

"I don't know as to how I recollect as to havin' seen you before."

"You don't mean to tell me that you have forgotten me already? Why, don't you remember the fellow that used to visit the village store every few months, and stock up old Farmer Burns?"

"Farmer Burns! They ain't no Farmer

Burns in Woodville. Ed Lyons runs the store down home."

"To be sure. Come to think about it Farmer Burns lives in Parkton. It's pretty hard to remember the names of all the towns I cover, I get over so many of them. Sure, Ed does run the store in Woodville. I remembered seeing you in there, and recognized you as soon as I saw you."

"So you are the feller that used to come into Ed's from the city. I'd oughta knowed you when I first seen you."

As Brannigan now had all the necessary information, he continued: "I suppose you are paying our city a little visit?"

"Well, you want to be careful with your money, for this place is crowded with crooks that are just waiting for a chance to get away with people's hard-earned cash."

"Don't you ever think that they will git any of Hez Tonkel's spondulics. They ain't none of these city chaps can slip anything over on me. I guess they'd have a pretty hard time a gettin' it too, 'cause I put 'em all in my boot soon as I got off the trains."

Now this was just the information that Brannigan wanted, and he was not a little disappointed that he would have to work upon this stranger somewhat longer than he had upon his previous victims. He had never in his long career of crookedness resorted to force, for this, he reasoned, was the surest way of getting acquainted with the warden of the penitentiary. That the rural visitor was well supplied with money, he did not doubt, for he still carried his carpet-bag with him and had evidently had no chance as yet to dispose of any of his savings. Without question, the booty was at present quite inaccessible and as a way of making it more available, Brannigan resolved to try the old ruse of offering to share his lodging with the stranger.

"Have you secured your room for the night?"

"I jest got in, and ain't had no time to git none yet. Do you know of any around here?"

"Why, I'll tell you. Come over and share my room with me."

With the money in the farmer's boot, the only plausible way of getting at it was to separate the boot from its owner for a little while.

"It's only a couple of blocks from here, and we can go over there now, and give you a chance

to rest a bit after your ride. What do you say?"

"Well, I guess I ain't goin' to refuse the kindness of a friend, so I'll go right with you. I feel kind of sleepy at that. I got plenty of time to see the city the next couple of days, as I ain't goin' to go back to Woodville till I've got my head full of stuff to tell the folks at home."

The two men strolled down Clay Street until they came to the Garner Hotel, where Brannigan was well-known and highly respected for his smoothness as a "con" man and pick-pocket. After an early supper they were shown to their room. Brannigan soon signified his intention of "hitting the hay for a good night's sleep," and proceeded to put his intention into execution, followed shortly by the stranger.

The "con" man waited quietly until the healthy snores of his companion assured him that it was time for the work in hand. Creeping cautiously from the bed, he felt his way to the chair on which had been left the shoes of his unsuspecting victim. The crippled hand searched one shoe and then the other, but the anticipated roll of bills was not there. Lighting his pocket-flash, Brannigan went swiftly but carefully through the clothes of the sleeper, but the net result of the search was only one dollar and thirty-six cents. The pickpocket cursed himself over and over for having wasted his time on such a "cheap-skate." Disgusted with himself, he decided to get at least a good night's sleep and then rise before his companion, leaving the latter to pay the hotel bill.

When he awoke early the next morning his bed-fellow was snoring loudly at his side. He arose, dressed hurriedly, and cursing himself anew went down to the office and remarked to the clerk that his friend would pay for the room. He then walked several blocks to his favorite restaurant, where he hoped he might forget in a good breakfast the futility of his latest effort. He did succeed presently in dismissing the unprofitable incident from his mind and began to plan the ventures for that day. When at the end of his meal he took out his pocketbook, he found it empty. Even the dollar and thirty-six was gone. Nervously he searched every pocket, but the profits of the previous day could not be found. He hurried back to the hotel and rushed up to the room the two of them had occupied. The stranger had gone, and the empty carpet-bag lay upon the floor. Brannigan's preternatural judgment had duped him.

Varsity Verse.

THE N. D. MEN IN KHAKI.

The martial trumpet sounded the country's call for men,
And N. D. men responded—some'll ne'er be back again;
They've swapped their beds in Sorin for the soldier's little cot,
They've swapped their place in student ranks for the training soldier's lot.
The cap and gown they've put away; it's khaki now they wear,
They'll hear no bachelor speeches, but commands that fill the air:
In years gone by we've found them for the gold and blue in fight,
For it they'll still be battling, since the gold's turned red and white.

John A. Lemmer, '18.

REVERIE.

In dreams I live in a northern land,
That is set in frozen seas,
And I hear the song that the forest sings—
The sigh of countless trees.

I love to walk in the endless ranks
Of the giant pines that speak,
And to feel the odor-laden breeze,
As it brushes past my cheek.

B. Godfrey, '19.

THE VAGABOND.

To the vagabond, all things beyond
The rise of the distant hill
Are sure to please—so his heart at ease—
He wanders where he will;
On the beaten track, he turns his back—
A child of Nature still.

On nights of ease, beneath the trees,
Sheltered by clinging vines;
He eats his bread, while overhead
The star-lamp faintly shines;
With the morning cup, the sun is up,
As red as ancient wines.

From the breathing earth, he hears the mirth
Of the plover and the snipe;

Echoes awake on the woodland lake
 At the bittern's mournful pipe;
 From brown fence rail, the speckled quail
 Shouts that the wheat is ripe.

F. S. Farrington, '18.

THE ANCIENT ALIBI.

The sun was just through sinking
 In the west so far away,
 And the stars had come to twinkle
 At the dying of the day.
 The chimes peeled off six sturdy strokes
 In accents clear and true,
 And the students filed to supper
 To down the evening stew.
 Yea, and in this mob there rambled
 A Father and a "stude,"
 Who said unto the pastor,
 "Ye gods! these meals are crude!"
 Then at this remark a tear bedecked
 The honest preacher's eye,
 And turning to the learned lad
 He made this here reply:

(CHORUS)

If you don't like the meals that you're getting,
 Well, don't crab till you're too hoarse to speak,
 For it's not food we care about,
 'Tis for your soul that we look out;
 Think of church seven times every week.
 So if you don't like the tea that you drink of,
 If you don't like our prunes, hash and stew,
 Well, don't crab, no, don't crab, but just think of
 The church and prayers we're giving you.

B. J. A.

The Human Side of St. Philip Neri.

BY WILLIAM C. HAVEY, '20.

Loin de nous les héros sans humanité—Bossuet.

The bent, white-haired priest turned slowly about, and nodded to the server. With acolytal celerity, the lad arose, went to the altar side and, taking up a small placard, hung it on the oratory door. He then took off his surplice and cassock and rushed out to join his crowd of boisterous playmates. In the meantime the priest was raised from the floor by some invisible agency, his face glowed with an ineffable gladness, and his whole frame shook convulsively. After two hours the altar-boy would return, remove the card, which read, "Silence!

the Father is Saying Mass," and rouse the enraptured celebrant from his trance of devotion.

Nowhere are the natural and supernatural side of St. Philip's nature better illustrated than in this incident. His human quality is evidenced by his thoughtful consideration for the server and his charitable dismissal of the lad who naturally preferred enjoying his games to serving the long Mass of a saint. Philip's intimacy with things of the spirit is shown by his extraordinary devotion during the Holy Sacrifice, his inspiring ecstasy while the Hidden God of the Eucharist reposes within his breast and his ardent, seraphic thanksgiving.

Philip was born in Florence a few years after the celebrated religious of that city had upset society by his violent denunciation of existing conditions and instigated a thorough ecclesiastical réform. There was nothing extraordinary about his infancy except his wonderful faculty of drawing others to him, a personal magnetism which developed steadily through the years of his youth and manhood, and which was one of the great secrets of his influence. Like all normal boys Philip possessed an inherent spirit of mischief, which precocious spirituality never prevented him from indulging. Once when his sister Catharine had persisted in distracting him at his devotions by making faces, he adroitly upset the stool upon which she stood and then, charitably averting his eyes and stopping his ears to the wrath of offended feminine dignity, resumed the recitation of the psalms at the top of his voice. At the age of eight he urged a donkey which he had mounted to leap down a flight of cellar stairs, to the terror of his parents and the astonishment of the crowd that was collected by this feat of "donkeymanship."

After the completion of his higher studies, Philip sold all his books, distributed the proceeds among the poor, and then journeyed to San Germano to engage in business with his father's cousin. During his years of study Philip had acquired a love for the ancient writers that had almost become a passion, but he did not, according to the spirit of the age, subordinate the immortality of the soul to the literary immortality of Horace; he did not deify the classics to the disparagement of religion. His sacrifice in disposing of his books was incomparably greater than the charity involved. He realized to the fullest degree the aphorism, "*summa*

voluptas ex discendo capitur," yet he voluntarily relinquished the intense pleasure derived from congenial study, deliberately cut off the noblest source of earthly gratification, the more effectively to labor among his fellow-men.

At San Germano the prosaic, hard-headed man of affairs was so taken by Philip's affectionate disposition and admirable traits of character that he resolved to make him his sole heir. After a short time he informed Philip of his magnanimous intention, but was staggered with surprise when Philip coolly explained that because he had decided to go to Rome at once where he was sure his life work lay, he did not wish to be harassed by monetary responsibilities, and that while he was deeply grateful for the proffered generosity, he could not afford to change his purpose.

The old man expostulated, pleaded and raged, but to no avail. Philip was firm, and bidding his cousin and patron a loving farewell, set out for the Eternal City.

Without money or friends, the inexperienced youth would probably have had difficulty in securing shelter, had not a former Florentine, who was favorably impressed by his appearance and character, engaged him as a tutor for his two sons. Here the Apostle of Rome remained for sixteen years, teaching, praying, and perfecting himself for the noble work he was to do, until finally his spiritual light shone so brilliantly that the cloak of humility under which he was wont to veil his great deeds was no longer able to conceal them, and the world, like a happy moth, flew straight to this sun of celestial glory in dazzled wonderment.

As a résumé of his life shows, Philip's career was not to be of the conventional kind. When his family pedigree was presented to him with the remark that his was a distinguished lineage on which to build an enviable reputation, he tore it up. When informed of the burning of his father's house, though he did not, like the Siwash student comment on his progenitor's misfortune by a nonchalant "how-careless-of-father," yet he showed sufficient unconcern to render it noteworthy. When asked by a society damsel if it were a sin to wear high-heeled shoes, he replied that it was perfectly legitimate provided the latter caused no local scandal by tripping up the wearer. Indeed Philip was at all times irresistibly human and cheerful, which fact probably helps quite as much as his

personal magnetism and indefatigable zeal to account for his power over persons of every character and condition.

Philip indeed possessed an intellect which, by some writers has been favorably compared to that of the remarkable Picco Della Mirandola, the beardless prodigy who knew a score of languages and could discourse with admirable skill on more than a thousand difficult topics. His chief claim to ecclesiastical distinction, however, rests not on his mental accomplishments but on his spiritual deeds. His sermons are not in themselves notable examples of pulpit eloquence. They have none of the terrific denunciation of Savonarola, the sweeping sublimity of Bossuet or the spell-binding oratory of Bourdaloue, but St. Philip had, what most of the great preachers have not, the rare faculty of penetrating the most jealously guarded breast and melting even the hardest of hearts with verbal shafts tipped in a furnace of love. His words could reawaken sentiments of affection, generosity and virtue that had been dormant for years and revive in the souls of even the most perverted all the goodness that had been stifled by corruption. On one occasion thirty dissolute young men entered a church where Philip was preaching, with the intention of ridiculing the auditors, but so potent were the simplicity and unction of the saint's words that everyone of them renounced his intention and resolved to walk thereafter in the "straight but luminous" path of virtue.

Philip's whole career is a rare example of transcendent holiness linked with striking human qualities. Every chapter of his long life is a living refutation of the popular delusion which pictures a saint as a grim, eremitic creature, unapproachably isolated in some high cloister far from the real life and experiences of ordinary people, an unearthly being to be shunned as an abnormal during life and regarded with awe after canonization. Philip became in the fullest sense "all things to all men," adapting himself to every kind of person and temperament so happily that his unpretentious chamber became a famous assemblage-room for cardinals and padres, nobles and beggars, high-strung artists and rude laborers. His manner was so easy and genial that men of whatever character or rank did not hesitate to approach him on the most intimate terms, for he was regarded by all, not as a saint, but as a religious of exceptional benevolence

and affability. In all interviews Philip was cheerful, gay, and inspiring. He extracted mirth out of the most common things, and saw the good under the most sordid aspects of human life, as Theodore Maynard says of someone, "he laughed his way into heaven." Ever enjoying himself hugely, whether plunging down a cellar-way astride a beast (with a disposition like the papal mule's) or commanding a father of the Oratory to march thrice around the refectory with a monkey on his shoulder as a remedy for his recalcitrant pride, Philip's life is an inspiration not only to holiness but to cheerfulness and geniality as well.

Senior Thoughts.

Persevering effort is the one road to success.

Except when needed, bravery is always superabundant.

If smiles were dollars the pessimist would need no pockets.

Conscience is the road-map on the tour through life's wilderness.

I know a man who is so modest that he won't look at naked truth.

Brains are like meerschaum pipes,—the more we use them the better they get.

The man who has never been broke cannot know the joy of being in funds.

Beware of the man who says he has never loved; he is either a liar or a fool.

It is easier to tell a man that he ought to be "dry" than it is to make him so.

Although the seasons change, you may always keep the springtime in your heart.

The girl who says chewing tobacco is a dirty habit never saw her brother clean his pipe.

He who is satisfied with himself has either a very wonderful imagination or none at all.

The fact that we live but once is a good reason for making that living worth while.

Borrowing in cases of emergency easily degenerates into borrowing through force of habit.

Remember that the matter, not the manner, of your writing or speaking is the prime essential. As regards their relation and importance, thought and the expression of it may be compared to the soul and the body as constituent elements in man: both are essential, but the first is by far the superior element.

Marie Adelaide of Luxemburg.

BY JOHN A. LEMMER, '18.

Sovereign of a little land beautified by picturesque valleys and charming rivulets, by unsheltered uplands and wonderful, fairy-like forests, a land solemnized by cabalistic ravines and stately feudal ruins, is Marie Adelaide, the young and beautiful Grand Duchess of Luxemburg. The story of her twenty-three years reads like a romance, as interesting as any that fancy has ever fashioned. She is as pretty a princess as any novelist has pictured, and noble suitors have been numerous, but the one Prince Enchanting has not yet appeared; more than once has the precarious nature of her position upon her throne been made manifest. What more could the heart of even the king of romanticists require?

The thousand square miles, an area less than that of the state of Rhode Island, over which this princess exercises sovereign authority, is peopled by two hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. They speak a *patois* bearing close affinity with the German tongue, but French is the official language of the court. Most of the trade is with Germany, since Luxemburg is a member of the *Zollverein*; the Prince Henry Railway is a German possession, and most of the business in Luxemburg is transacted with German currency. Yet the people of Luxemburg bear no love toward the Germans, more particularly, toward the Prussians, as is testified by the words of their national song, "We want to remain what we are," for which are often substituted the words "Prussians we do not want to be."

It was on June 14th, 1912, that Marie Adelaide, a young lady of eighteen, the eldest of six sisters, became the youngest reigning queen of Europe, the Grand Duchess of the land from which came the good, blind King John of Bohemia and Godfrey de Bouillon, leader of crusaders and founder of the Kingdom of Jerusalem. Her father was William Alexander, the last prince of the House of Nassau; her mother, the Dowager Grand Duchess Marie Anne, a Portuguese princess of the family of Braganza, akin to half of the reigning houses of Europe. On the day of the coronation of Marie Adelaide, the people of Luxemburg discovered that they had found a Grand Duchess who, despite her youth, would rule

with a resolute hand. Immediately upon her accession to the throne she exacted perfect deference from all. She wished it clearly understood that she was an independent sovereign, and that her will was to be the will of the court.

That Marie Adelaide is well qualified to guide her subjects, that her intensive study of government made while she was a mere girl cannot but result in a masterly efficiency, events within the past five years have frequently proved. Her appreciation of the importance of her charge was well illustrated at the outbreak of the World War when the German troops entered Luxemburg on their march to Belgium. The accuracy of this story is now questioned, but most Luxemburgers are not willing to doubt its verity. When the Grand Duchess was informed of the incursion of the German soldiers, she promptly drove to the famous bridge, Pont Adolph, upon which she halted her machine. There she waited the approach of the Germans. When the commander appeared at the head of his troops she reminded him of the Treaty of London of 1867, which guaranteed the independence and neutrality of Luxemburg, and ordered the German troops to "about-face." The German commander gave little heed to the princess who attempted to check his progress, and commanded his men to proceed. Resistance on the part of the sovereign of the invaded state would have been ineffectual; since the Luxemburg army consists of but three hundred men, including the members of an excellent military band. Indeed, Luxemburgers delight in telling the story of the "crooked cannon" used by their diminutive army, the shot from which, because of the peculiar but wholly fanciful curved structure of the cannon, follow ever bend in the boundaries of the little land.

It was generally feared by the subjects of Marie Adelaide that she would be influenced considerably by Prussians, and frequent protests were made that there were too many Prussians at her court. Whatever reason there may have been for such apprehension, the mind of the Luxemburger was greatly relieved by an English legend in which the German Emperor plays the role of villain, a legend telling of the coldness with which the youthful Grand Duchess received the great Hohenzöllern, declining to be seated at a conference with him, and thus compelling him to remain standing.

Luxemburg is almost exclusively a land of

Catholics, scarcely five thousand of the inhabitants professing a Protestant belief, and yet religious controversy is the source of most of Marie Adelaide's troubles. The Grand Duchess is a model of Catholic piety despite many serious efforts that have been made to undermine her faith. But in some manner Luxemburg had fallen into the hands of Liberals and Socialists. The Grand Duchess upon her accession found herself surrounded by a Liberal Cabinet; the legislators were anti-Catholic, and they attempted to prohibit the teaching of religion in the schools. Dr. Eyschen, then prime minister, was a shrewd politician and a clever diplomat. Three times had he saved the throne for Marie Adelaide, but now he bestowed his favor upon her anti-Catholic opponents. Upon the director of the Normal School depended greatly the extent of the religious teaching in the schools of Luxemburg. Marie Adelaide, to insure the continued instruction in Catholic doctrine broke all precedent, and named the director herself. Her Liberal Cabinet, angered at this assumption of a power formerly wielded by it, objected strenuously, but to no purpose. Marie Adelaide knew too well her constitutional powers as Grand Duchess, and promptly accepted the resignation of the cabinet members.

Religious differences have been the cause of controversy in another way. Before the present war Marie Adelaide was believed to be the betrothed of Prince Henry of Bavaria, a Catholic. The German emperor earnestly desires her marriage to a German prince; the people of Luxemburg just as earnestly oppose it, and find some comfort in a supposed declaration of their queen that rather than marry a German noble, she will enter a Benedictine convent for women of nobility. Is Marie Adelaide affianced to a German prince, or is she determined to enter a convent to elude such a marriage? Is she the innocent victim of the Kaiser's amicable advances, or is she extremely unfriendly to the German ruler?

These unanswered questions puzzle the Luxemburger, but it may be safely asserted that the people of the little Grand Duchy still worship their beautiful princess; they love her gracious manners; they admire her capability; they promptly awake from impassiveness upon the mention of her name. And as cultivators of beautiful roses, they recognize in their Grand Duchess, the fairest of their flowers, Marie Adelaide of Luxemburg.

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—America needs food! For the first time since the Pilgrim Fathers faced starvation in the dead of winter, the American people are in actual need. Last year's Grain for Food Only. grain crop was a failure, and thus far this year's promise is not very consoling. Our present food problems are still further aggravated by the prospect of having to feed our allies whose need is even greater than our own. Only by judicious conservation can our supply of food last through the year. Unless the dire prediction of the German war-lord—"Nemesis is attending to the starvation of the Americans who scorned the German need"—is to come true we must utilize every means within our power to make the grain last. The liquor industry of this country consumes more than 600,000,000 bushels of grain each year. If this grain were released for food our problem would be materially mitigated. For the simple reason of food-necessity, aside from the moral and disciplinary reasons that point in the same direction, national prohibition should be adopted for the period of the war, at least, as one way of meeting the fatal shortage of food.

The Notre Dame Glee Club concluded a splendid season with the fine concert at Indianapolis two weeks ago. The efforts of the Club have always been highly successful, and much praise is due the men who have made the success possible. Mr. Howard R. Parker,
The Glee Club Season.

who served as leader of the orchestra during the year and as director of the club after the Christmas holidays, Mr. Hugh O'Donnell, the director until the winter recess, and Mr. Ward S. Perrott, organizer and graduate director, were constant and conscientious in their efforts to develop the chorus work and specialty numbers. Mr. George O'Laughlin served ably as leader of the banjo club, while Mr. George Shanahan worked faithfully as a most efficient secretary and business manager of the whole organization. The Glee Club has done much to spread the good name of Alma Mater. The entertainments were of the highest standard, and the conduct of the singers and instrumentalists at home and abroad never failed to elicit favorable comment. It is to be hoped that the future years of the Glee Club may be worthy successors to this one.

Obituaries.

THE REV. GEORGE SCHRAMM.

The University lost a faithful friend, the diocese of Fort Wayne a noble priest, and the people of St. Peter's Parish, Laporte, Indiana, a model pastor in the death of Father George Schramm last Saturday. He wore gentleness like a mantle; he was refined, scholarly, hospitable and pious. He was a great priest, and all who knew him loved him in life and mourn him in death. *R. I. P.*

HENRY J. QUAN.

We regret to announce the death of Henry J. Quan who passed away at his home in Chicago on Thursday morning, May 10th. The President and the Vice-President of the University attended the funeral at Holy Name Cathedral.

Henry Quan was a student of Notre Dame from '69 to '75. He was a successful business man of fine character and he was devoted to Notre Dame. His father founded the Quan medal many years ago, and for several years Henry has added to it a cash prize of \$25 annually in memory of his father. *R. I. P.*

New Course in Foreign Commerce and South American History.

In view of the present critical state of commercial intercourse of the United States with foreign countries, the addition of a Department of Foreign Trade to the College of Commerce and Business Management for next

year is very timely. This course will offer special and profitable opportunity to those interested. As in all probability the greater part of our foreign trade for some years to come will be with the countries of South and Central America, we should make some intelligent preparation for it. In the new course special attention will be given to business ethics based on the teachings of the Catholic Church. In connection with the course in foreign trade and as an auxiliary to it will be another new one, a course in Latin-American History. One of the interesting features of the new department will be a Board of Trade to be chosen from the students of the course, which will hold weekly meetings. Along with the theoretical studies there will be numerous kinds of practical work.

Rev. John O'Hara, C. S. C., who has spent many years in the Latin-American countries, will be dean of the new course. He will have as assistants Rev. W. A. Bolger, C. S. C., dean of the department of Economics, and Rev. John C. McGinn, head of the department of Sociology. Thus the course will be ably led and will doubtless rank high with like courses in other colleges.

Courses in scientific commerce are being offered in a few of the more important American universities, but the department of Latin-American History as an adjunct to it is peculiar to Notre Dame.

Of great importance in connection with these new courses is the recently acquired "South American Library" of Very Rev. J. A. Zahm, C. S. C. Father Zahm is well-known as H. J. Mozans, A. M., Ph. D., and his achievements in science and literature have been favorably recognized throughout the world. The library, which consists of about ten thousand volumes, mostly history, travel and science, will serve as the main reference library for the new course in Latin-American History. The South American Library is historically valuable as being the one chosen by Father Zahm on his trip with the Roosevelt Exploration Expedition of the Amazon River and is one of the most valuable donations to the University Library since the gift of Doctor Greene's Botanical Library.

Students who have a taste for this kind of work will do wisely in considering the advantages of the new course and the opportunities it offers for a life work. It is, as a rule, the new field and virgin soil that bears the richest harvest.

Varsity News.

—Ward Schlotzer, of St. Joseph Hall, is nursing a badly sprained arm, which he acquired in the St. Joseph-Walsh baseball game on Sunday.

—The editorial "Poland's Appeal," which appeared in a recent issue of the SCHOLASTIC, has been reprinted in *Free Poland*, a periodical published in Chicago by the Polish National Council of America.

—"Loyalty to the Stars and Stripes" was the topic of an address delivered by Alexander A. Szczepanik, a sophomore journalist from Corby Hall, at the patriotic exercises held last Sunday evening in the hall at the St. Stanislaus Church, South Bend.

—Maximilian G. Kazus, a junior lawyer who has addressed many Polish-American audiences at South Bend, has received an invitation to address the Poles of LaPorte, Indiana, at the patriotic exercises which will be held on June 3rd under the auspices of the Polish Falcons.

—About eighty Notre Dame students will take part in the Dunes Pageant which will be given at Port Chester, Indiana, on May 30th and June 3rd. Mr. Donald Robertson gave out the parts to the students on the evening of May 10th and rehearsals are now being held. Together with South Bend, Notre Dame will present the third episode of the pageant.

—All students who wish to take part in the contests in oratory and elocution should hand in their names to Professor Farrell not later than Saturday, May 19th. The dates for the contests are as follows: freshman oratorical, May 21, 7:00 P. M.; sophomore oratorical, May 22, 7:00 P. M.; junior oratorical, May 24, 7:00 P. M.; elocution, May 25, 7:00 P. M.

—Two thousand dollars in prizes have again been offered by Hart, Schaffner & Marx for essays on economic subjects, the contest to close June, 1918. Announcement is made at this time so that students who wish to do so may utilize the summer vacation to prepare their papers. Students who are interested may refer to the bulletin board in Sorin Hall where the list of subjects and details concerning the prizes are posted.

—Many of our readers will be interested in the following letter from Mr. A. C. Keifer, the father of Louis Keifer, who graduated in journalism last June:

Terre Haute, Ind.,
May 12, 1917.

Rev. Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,
President of the University,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father Cavanaugh:

I was very much pleased to receive your letter. You will be glad to learn that the reason the government did not desire a Notre Dame Unit was on account of having in mind an army of Notre Dame officers. Louis and his Indianapolis Notre Dame chums have been accepted in the Officers' Reserve Corps. They report to camp Monday.

You would appreciate very much the high standing of Notre Dame from the Army standpoint if you had heard the complimentary remarks from the officer in charge at Indianapolis when the boys mentioned that they were from Notre Dame. I have had some correspondence with Adjutant-General McCain at Washington, and called his particular attention to all of the young men from Notre Dame who have entered the Officers' Reserve Corps Training Camp as to their high standing in morals, sobriety and reliability, the three important requirements in young officers.

With kind regards, I remain,

Yours respectfully,

(Signed)—A. C. Keifer.

—The debating teams of the Holy Cross Literary and Debating Society again showed their superiority over the teams of Brownson by winning both contests. The question debated this year was National Prohibition. On the evening of May 4th, the Holy Cross affirmative team composed of T. Duffy, A. Hope, and L. Ward, won by a two-to-one decision from the Brownson negative team, composed of A. Slaggart, L. Struhall, and R. Gallaway. Rev. E. Burke, Mr. John Lemmer, and Mr. Oscar Dorwin were the judges. The second debate, held on Thursday evening, May 10th, in which J. Brennan, R. Switalski, and C. Palmer upheld the negative for Holy Cross against S. Meyers, F. Dent, and L. Finski, who defended the affirmative for Brownson, resulted in a unanimous decision for the Holy Cross. In this debate Rev. J. Colentine, Rev. J. McElhone, and Mr. Bernard Voll acted as judges. For over a decade the Brownson and Holy Cross teams have been meeting annually to test their debating abilities.

E. G. L.

Conditional Examinations.

Conditional Examinations for the first three quarters of this year will be held in the rooms in which the classes are regularly taught on the following days:

SUBJECTS	TIME
Latin, Greek, French,	
German, Spanish.....	May 18, 4:00 P. M.
English I, II, III, IV.....	May 23, 4:00 P. M.
History Ib, II, III, VII.....	May 24, 4:00 P. M.
Philosophy, Psychology,	
Logic, Ethics, etc.....	May 25, 4:00 P. M.
Christian Doctrine.....	May 25, 7:00 P. M.
Chemistry, Physics.....	May 26, 2:00 P. M.
Biology, Botany.....	May 26, 4:00 P. M.
Algebra, Analytics,	
Geometry, Calculus.....	May 28, 4:00 P. M.
Political Science	
I, III, IV, VI, etc.....	May 28, 4:00 P. M.

Consult professors in regard to examinations not listed above.

Personals.

—Thomas J. Hoban, who has recently recovered from a serious operation, and Wm. J. Curley, Jr., former students, were visitors on the campus during the past week.

—John F. O'Brien (Student '05-'07) was a visitor at the University during the week. He is now engaged in the automobile business, and lives at 816 29th St., Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

—Oliver J. Tong, a student here about fifteen years ago, called at the University on Monday. Mr. Tong, whose home is in Minneapolis, is now Secretary of the Board of Control, which has charge of the Court House and City Hall.

—Lawrence S. Highstone (LL. B., '01), familiarly known among the students of his day, as "Sidgie," writes that he intends to enter the Reserve Officers' Training Camp at Fort Sheridan. Mr. Highstone, who has been making his home in St. Ignace, Michigan, since his graduation, is one of the oldest Notre Dame alumni to signify his intention of entering the summer camps.

—Dr. William J. Onahan (LL. D., 1876) and Laetare Medalist, has recently presented to the library a valuable volume, "Sacred Books of the East." It is a rare edition, and is illustrated with fac-similes of old Chinese

prints done in the best style of the art. The contents comprise the Vedic Hymns, the Zend-Avesta, the Dhammapada, Selections from the Koran, and the Life of Buddha. The latter, originally written in the Sanscrit, was translated into the Chinese in 420 A. D., and only recently into English. Part of the translation is the work of the celebrated Orientalist, Max Müller.

—William E. Bradbury (LL. B., '16) has acquitted himself very creditably in his first appearance as an attorney in a big case. William, and Coke Lowe, assisted by J. A. MacHatton, were appointed to defend Thomas Wheeler Anderson, who was convicted on a serious charge. Concerning the work of Bradbury and Lowe, the *Constitution* of Robinson, Illinois, where the trial was held, says in part: "This was the maiden effort of Mr. Bradbury and Mr. Lowe in an important trial in a court of record, and the boys acquitted themselves with honor, although their client was convicted. Public sentiment and sympathy was all against Anderson, which is thoroughly exemplified by the fact that he was compelled to stay in jail one year awaiting trial, not being able to furnish bond. The boys, after studying his case, became convinced of his innocence and based their defense on that hypothesis. They handled the witnesses with the skill and acumen of veteran lawyers and their arguments to the jury were able, earnest and convincing, which is also demonstrated by the light punishment given in the verdict by the jury." F. S. F.

Athletic Notes.

CHICAGO, 83; NOTRE DAME, 52.

In the first dual meet held between the two schools during this century the University of Chicago walloped Notre Dame on Stagg Field, Saturday last 83 to 52. The Notre Dame Athletic Guide is our authority for stating that May 20th, 1899, was the last time Chicago and Notre Dame had met in a dual on the track. Singularly Chicago won by almost the same margin on that occasion.

Last Saturday Notre Dame was not at her best. Chicago has a well-balanced team composed of men who know how to fight and do. They won the Indoor Conference title last March. After conferring every honor upon the Maroons for their brilliant victory on the first

resumption of athletics with the Gold and Blue, it would not be fair to the local team that has fought its way through a long and strenuous schedule to ignore certain facts that are often referred to as "extenuating circumstances." Surely defeat does not and victory could not alter the following statements. First of all the team was unable to present its full strength. Twenty-four hours before Captain Miller had left for a training camp at Fort Benjamin Harrison. The leader had been figured on for points in the dashes, the quarter-mile, and the broad jump. McKenna heeded the call of war the day of the meet, and Edgren was forced to remain at Notre Dame with the baseball team, leaving the track men minus two stars in the pole-vault. The war-ridden aggregation was further crippled when Meehan was taken sick just before the meet, which made him groggy at the end of the mile-run and unable to enter the half-mile.

Kirkland, Bachman, and Vogel were the only Notre Dame men to finish first in their events. Vogel sent the javelin sailing 166 feet, 9 inches. Starrett came into his own by placing second in each of the hurdle races. He was not the least bit disturbed by a battery of cameras that were bent upon securing his picture for various Sunday editions. McGinnis missed first place in the broad jump by three inches. Douglas, after failing by a narrow margin to clear 5 feet, 10 inches in the high jump was forced to be content with second place in that event. Kasper ran a fine race in the quarter, but seemed to have spent himself in the half. Noonan again was unlucky enough to be in third place right at the heels of two Chicago men in the two-mile race, which he travelled in better than ten minutes. Mulligan finished a very close second in the 100-yard dash, but tired before reaching the tape in the longer sprint. King got third in the hundred, but came second in the two-twenty. Kirkland won the high hurdles and was third in the lows. Bachman's total included a first in the discus, and second in both the shot-put and the hammer-throw. Meehan ran a game race in the mile, but in his weakened condition could not cope with the fleet Tenney on the last straight-away.

Aside from the fact that Notre Dame did not, for reasons mentioned above, put up the fight she seemed capable of the meet was a most pleasing one. To read Chicago on the opposite side of "versus" more often in the

future may be one of the important results of the meet. Notre Dame hopes so. Natural rivalry, geographical location, and apparent equality of strength in the different branches of sport seem reasons enough why competition should be encouraged. The summary:

100 yard dash—Won by Feuerstein, Chicago; Mulligan, Notre Dame, second; King, Notre Dame, third. Time, :10 1-5.

Pole vault—Fisher and Graham, Chicago, tied for first; Yeager, Notre Dame, third. Height, 11 feet, 3 inches.

Shot put—Won by Higgins, Chicago; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Gorgas, Chicago, third. Distance, 43 feet, 8 inches.

One mile run—Won by Tenney, Chicago; Meehan, Notre Dame, second; Angier, Chicago, third. Time, 4:36.

220 yard run—Won by Feuerstein, Chicago; King, Notre Dame, second; Brinkman, Chicago, third. Time, :22 2-5.

120 yard high hurdles—Won by Kirkland, Notre Dame; Starrett, Notre Dame, second; Bent, Chicago, third. Time, :16 2-5.

Quarter mile run—Won by Clark, Chicago; Kasper, Notre Dame, second; Greene, Chicago, third. Time, :52 2-5.

High jump—Won by Fisher, Chicago; Douglas, Notre Dame, second; Coughlin, Notre Dame, third. Height, 5 feet, 10 inches.

Half mile—Won by Clark, Chicago; Jones, Chicago, second; Kasper, Notre Dame, third. Time, 2:02 1-5.

Broad jump—Won by Feuerstein, Chicago; McGinnis, Notre Dame, second; Graham, Chicago, third. Distance, 22 feet, 2 3-4 inches.

Hammer throw—Won by Brelos, Chicago; Bachman, Notre Dame, second; Traut, Chicago, third. Distance, 134 feet, 3 inches.

Discus throw—Won by Bachman, Notre Dame; Gorgas, Chicago, second; Higgins, Chicago, third. Distance, 126 feet, 10 inches.

Two mile—Won by Otis, Chicago; Powers, Chicago, second; Noonan, Notre Dame, third. Time, 9:58 1-5.

220 yard low hurdles—Won by Bent, Chicago; Starrett, Notre Dame, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third. Time, :25 3-5.

Javelin throw—Won by Vogel, Notre Dame; Higgins, Chicago, second; Kirkland, Notre Dame, third. Distance, 166 feet, 9 inches.

NOTRE DAME, 12; M. A. C., 0.

The Michigan Aggies used three pitchers in a vain attempt to stop the Notre Dame batsmen on Saturday last, and needed still another one. The local players were engaged in a hitting-bee, and were not to be denied, while "Swede" Edgren had the Farmers under perfect control throughout the game.

As Coach Harper was in Chicago with the track team, the task of directing the game devolved upon Captain Kline. Though the

cold weather was not conducive to good baseball, and the stands were nearly emptied at the close of the game, the "bobbles" on the part of Notre Dame were few and did not count in the scoring.

Sjoberg and Myers led in hitting, each getting three bingles, and each scoring four runs. Keenan, Wolf and Allison also had a good day with the stick. The former poling out a three-bagger the first time up. Edgren struck out fourteen men, and contributed a neat single that drove in two runs. The box score of the game follows:

M. A. C., (0)	R	H	PO	A	E
Pratt, 2b.....	0	1	1	4	0
Willman, cf.....	0	0	2	0	0
Hannes, rf.....	0	0	0	1	0
Fick, ss.....	0	0	2	1	0
McWilliams, lf.....	0	1	2	0	0
Frimordig, lb.....	0	0	12	1	0
Hood, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	0
Oas, c.....	0	1	5	2	0
Demond p.....	0	1	0	3	0
Hinkle, p.....	0	0	0	0	0
Roonan, p.....	0	0	0	2	0
Totals.....	0	4	24	15	0
NOTRE DAME, (12)	R	H	PO	A	E
Keenan, cf.....	1	2	1	0	0
Dubois, lf.....	0	1	0	1	1
Allison, c.....	2	1	9	4	0
Meyer, 1b.....	4	3	9	1	0
Sjoberg, rf.....	4	3	0	0	0
Wolf, ss.....	0	2	2	1	0
Kline, 3b.....	1	1	2	2	1
Spalding, 2b.....	0	1	4	2	0
Edgren, p.....	0	0	0	10	0
Totals.....	12	14	27	21	2
M. A. C.....	0	0	0	0	0
Notre Dame.....	3	0	0	0	4

Three-base hit—Keenan. Stolen bases—Kline, McWilliams. Hit by pitcher—Spalding, Meyer. Struck out—by Edgren, 12; by Demond, 1; by Roonan, 1. Double play—Wolf to Spalding to Meyer. Left on bases—M. A. C., 4; Notre Dame, 5. Passed ball—Oas. Time of game—2:15. Umpire—Schaefer.

c. w. c.

In the Old Days.

In the first volume of the SCHOLASTIC, which was published just an even half-century ago, we find among the many quaint and interesting items the following:

A premium for the greatest quantity of nuts gathered by any one young lady was offered to the pupils of St. Mary's on Sunday evening last by Reverend Father Provincial.

Football is a very good and exciting game, and can be hugely enjoyed by any one in heavy boots if he is not afraid of his shins.

The Philodemics had their tenth regular debate last Tuesday evening, the subject for discussion being, Resolved, That the farmer is more beneficial to society than the mechanic.

The following deserve honorable mention in rhetoric: Denis Clark and George Dixon.

Christmas coming on Wednesday this year the three following days will be recreation days. Classes will recommence on the Monday following.

The seniors are reserving themselves for New Year's eve. We say nothing of the midnight Mass at Notre Dame or of the music of Prof. Girac's choir, led by Bro. Leopold on account of the Professor's indisposition.

Our readers will regret to hear of the demise of a highly respected denizen of Notre Dame.

Mr. Charles Dodge delivered, with appropriate feeling, the address of Spartacus. When his voice will have acquired greater volume, the pleasure of hearing him will be greatly increased.

Dr. Cassidy.—This talented young physician now practising in connection with Dr. Meyers, is, as most of our readers are already aware, the first "B. S." of Notre Dame.

Hereafter we shall give the exact date of the arrival of each student, so that parents may know the exact time of their arriving here and see whether or not they have loitered on the way.

We would like exceedingly to make *The Scholastic Year* an illustrated paper, so far at least as to give the photographs of the intelligent, frank, cheerful-looking students who are rapidly filling up the college halls and making the playgrounds resound with their merry-making, and rejoicing the hearts of the professors by their zeal and enthusiasm in class; we must content ourselves, however, with giving a list of their names.

All Communications intended for this paper should be addressed to Rev. N. H. Gillespie.

While the University of Notre Dame is rejoicing in the attractions of the magnificent new bell lately arrived from France, St. Mary's has to congratulate herself upon the acquisition of many *little Belles* from various quarters of the United States, whose fine tone—mental and moral, we mean, Mr. Editor—already indicated by their modest and elegant deportment, will be brought out, we trust, in the course of the year to come.

Errata.—*Scholastic Year*, No. 13, page 7th, 2d paragraph, 4th line: For *prove*, read *prune*; 11th line: for *proved* and *grateful*, read *pruned* and *grafted*.

The First Arithmetic, under Prof. Ivers, is the most orderly class in the College. If people will not believe us, let them observe the excellent order kept in going to and from class.

We, the members of the Mutual Base Ball Club, gratefully acknowledge the receipt of a very fine bat from Brother Urban, our respected director and prefect.

A Gymnastic Club is about to be formed among the Senior Students. When the good which such an institution can do is considered, we cannot but desire for it a prompt beginning and success without end.

Scents of Humor.

Yellow is the color of
Every slacker's flag.
"Let the other fellow do it,
Let me stay at home and brag;
Only fools will fight the Dutch
Who never could fight very much."

**

Those who are scoffing at the little ambulance corps should stop and think of Macaulay and Fenelon carrying "Bach" off the field of carnage—if they can.

**

U. N. D., April 30.

Dear Father:

Guess you have already heard that Mr. Wilson has declared war on Germany, or did the *Donora* papers get this bit of news yet—you know it only happened April 1st.

Of course I think it is the duty of every red-blooded American youth to respond to the call—so I am writing you to get your permission to enlist. Here is the plan we are to follow. We go to Indianapolis May 14th where they have a camp to show us how to be officers the camp lasts 3 mos. and we are to get 100 dollars a mo. The students that go are to get all their credits for the remainder of the year just the same as if they studied. Now there is the whole plan in a few words.

You understand I want to go awful bad, but I don't think I will be able to pass the physical exam on account of that elbow of mine and besides I never was strong like other boys then I will never get my credits for this last quarter for I've flunked my course several times this year and it wouldn't be fair to you to be paying for something you don't receive. I never was much of a soldier but I'll go if I get your permission. I know this will break Mother's heart, so you try to talk it over with her I'm sure you will never convince her, but in case you do mail your permission when you have time, we have 3 days left—so no need to hurry.

Your loving son Paul.

P. S. Statistics have it that an officer's life is only seven days.—P.

THE ANSWER.

Donora, Mo.,

Son:

May 4, '17.

Didn't think it was in you. Your plan is a good one. For once in your life I must say you are showing yourself to be a son of your father. Mother is overjoyed. Before you go have your picture taken in uniform, so that, should you never return, we can point to it with the pride we all feel in you. Now go out and knock 'em dead. Good-bye. God bless you.

Lovingly, Father.

**

The rector was just leaving the hall for town. "Did you drop a nickel in little Ben(gal)?" asked a student pointing to the familiar box in the corridor. "Yes," laughed the rector, "I'm going to walk down."

Returned the student, but not loud enough for the rector to get it:

"Oh, well, drop in another nickel and don't come back!"

J. J. S.

Book Review.

VEN. SANCTE SPIRITUS. By Rev. Clem. M. Thuente, O. P. The Mission Press, Techny, Illinois. P. 16, price 5 cents.

"A Timely Meditation for Priests and Religious is the sub-title to this useful pamphlet. A great deal of good thought is condensed into this little work, and few pages furnish suggestions for many good sermons on a rather neglected subject. It makes a plea for more of the spirit of the Holy Ghost which "we need so much in these days of cold materialism and religious indifference." Father Thuente is a well-known missionary, and this booklet should receive a generous welcome, especially from the many religious who have heard the excellent retreat sermons of the eloquent author.

Old Students' Hall.

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