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"Ascended into Heaven."

SUNDERED His tomb,
And glorious the bloom
Of the chaste flower of morning,
Whose petals are the dawn clouds of white,
Whose heart is the risen Saviour robed in light.

He mounts the skies,
A petal dies—
Another, then another, falls behind,
But up His path spring brighter flowers to greet
The burning splendor of His wounded feet.

All Heaven waits
At those holy gates—
It seems the golden moments of eternity
Are all now gathered in this wondrous hour
To greet the Sacred Heart of that sweet flower.

He passes through,
And breaks anew,
Great dawn, that lights the fields of Heaven;
And in the glory singing angels soar,
While melodies of echoes answer evermore.

LEO L. WARD.

A Kempis for College Men.

BY LEIGH G. HUBBELL, '18.

THE world expects many things from a college-trained man, but they may all be summed up in the two words, *breadth* and *depth*. The college man is expected to have a wider perspective, a more comprehensive vision, than his less fortunate brethren, which is breadth; and to understand the determining principles and more hidden consequences of things, which is depth. These two qualities are expected of every portion of a college man's culture, including its spiritual and religious aspects. The broader a man's knowledge, the world reasons, the deeper

should be his spiritual vision, the more solid should be his piety. More knowledge ought to entail more religion, not less.

Now, in the effort to deepen our religious culture, good spiritual reading plays a very important part; and of the books that have helped mankind most, there are two that stand out pre-eminent. The first is the Holy Bible; the second, "The Imitation of Christ." "The Imitation" may be had in every binding, at every price, and at almost any bookstore the world over; yet to many it is a book unknown. Saving the Bible, no other book has run into so many editions; Dr. Johnson once said of it, "The world has opened its arms to receive it." It is a book that has captivated kings and princes, men of letters and philosophers, Catholic, Protestant and Free-thinker, for over four hundred years.

It goes without saying that such a book must possess an interesting history. First printed at Augsburg, Germany, in 1470, the year before À Kempis died, "The Imitation" has been published in nearly every language. Princess Margaret, mother of Henry VII., assisted in the first English translation, printed by her command from the press of one Wynkyn de Worde in 1502, and embellished with the royal coat-of-arms. Louis XIV. published a superb edition in scarlet morocco, richly tooled, and decorated with the lilies of France. The famous dramatist Corneille made a paraphrase in metre, experimenting at first with only a few chapters, but meeting with such extraordinary success—twenty or thirty editions having been disposed of—that he was encouraged to complete the work. The first Protestant translation was made as early as 1580, and there have been many since, most of them abridged editions, with the "too Catholic" passages taken out. Among the Free-thinkers, Renan and Comte were devoted to À Kempis, the famous founder of Positivism being wont to read a chapter every day.

The version of "The Imitation" most used by English-speaking Catholics was made by Dr. Challoner in 1744. It is often published under the title of "The Following of Christ," and in earlier centuries it was known as "The Christian Pattern" and even by the curious title of "Church Music." It is a modest little volume, divided into four "books" dealing with almost every phase of a man's interior life: the need of humility and prudence, the uses of adversity, the battle against temptations, the service and love of Christ, devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, and the like. A Kempis, like Shakespeare, possessed an amazing knowledge of the human heart, and it is this, of course, that has made the little book the beloved companion of all classes of men, lay and religious. So true and searching are its counsels that no matter how deeply spiritual a man may grow, he finds that he has not outstripped A Kempis; each re-reading brings out truths that before had escaped him.

The style of "The Imitation" is worthy of its matter. For the most part terse, convincing, almost, I might say, convicting, A Kempis can yet speak with sweetness and affection when he wishes. But enough of our own poor praise; let Brother Thomas speak for himself:

"He that followeth Me, walketh not in darkness," saith the Lord. These are the words of Christ, whereby we are admonished how we must imitate His life and conversation, if we would be truly enlightened and delivered from all blindness of heart. . . . It happeneth that many, from the frequent hearing of the Gospel, feel little emotion, because they have not the spirit of Christ. But he that would fully and with relish understand the words of Christ, must study to conform his whole life to Him. . . . In truth, sublime words make not a saint and a just man; but it is a virtuous life that maketh one dear to God. What doth it profit thee to dispute deeply about the Trinity, if thou be wanting in humility, and so be displeasing to the Trinity? (Book I., Chap. I.)

And again, this time from the third book, with its tender and sweet simplicity:

My son, thou art not yet a valiant and a prudent lover.—Why, O Lord?—Because thou fallest off from what thou hast begun, upon meeting with a little adversity, and too eagerly seekest after consolation. A valiant lover standeth his ground in temptations, and yieldeth not to the crafty persuasions of the enemy. As I please him when in prosperity, so I displease him not in adversity. A generous lover resteth not in the gift, but in Me, above every gift (Book III., Chap. VI.).

Son, as much as thou canst go out of thyself, so much wilt thou be able to enter in Me. . . . Follow Me: I am the way, the truth, and the life. Without

the way, there is no going; without the truth, there is no knowing; without the life, there is no living. (Book III., Chap. LVI.).

The fourth book treats of the Blessed Sacrament, and is excellent reading in preparation for Holy Communion or in making one's thanksgiving after receiving. But indeed, one will find profit and solace in almost any chapter of this masterly little work, and never more than when in chapel, kneeling before the Blessed Sacrament.

A word, in conclusion, of A Kempis himself. The author of "The Imitation" was a German by birth, but was educated and spent his life in the Netherlands. His name comes from his birthplace, Kempen, in the diocese of Cologne. In Holland, he became a Brother of the Common Life, and in 1413 a Canon Regular of Mount St. Agnes, a new monastery near Zwolle. A Kempis was the chronicler of the community; his history is still in print, and gives a charming picture of the early struggles, the steady progress and eventual prosperity on the Mount, as well as an insight into the simplicity and virtue of his religious brethren. Thomas twice held the office of superior and instructor of the novices; for them he wrote several treatises on the spiritual life. "The Imitation," indeed, is only a tenth of his collected writings. Though a kindly and genial man, Thomas was too busy in reading, in writing, and above all, in meditation and prayer, to care much for the recreation hour. Often he would excuse himself from his brethren, saying, "I must go: Some One is waiting to converse with me in my cell." He died in 1471 and was laid to rest on Mount St. Agnes. The monastery suffering destruction in the troubles of the Reformation, his remains were carefully transferred to Zwolle, where they still rest in St. Michael's, enclosed in a magnificent shrine erected in 1897 by subscriptions from all over the world.

Time and Eternity.

The little brook that babbles long
Through wide and narrow ways,
Will find at last its rippling song
Will end in ocean bays.

The life of man that drifts along
The smooth or thorny way,
Will hear at last the death-bell song
In eternity's great bay.

B. KILIAN.

Some War Effects.

BY BROTHER XAVIER, '19.

(A Class Talk.)

If peace were to be established today, the tremendous preparations for war which the United States has made would not have been made in vain. No movement, religious, political, economic or social, has ever been set on foot which has not had a notable effect in the moulding of new ideals or in the recasting of old ones. Let us take only a glance at two or three problems which have been affected by the war.

A year ago when rumors of our being brought into this war were rumbling on all sides like the forerunners of a terrific storm, the whole world looked askance at the greatest democracy the world has known, and wondered if such a nation could effectually mobilize its millions and strike. The action of the President and his co-laborers is the answer. All nations have seen a mighty democracy guiding her subjects through times of peaceful prosperity; all nations are now witnessing the same democracy marshalling its forces in marvellous manner to meet the most difficult crisis of its existence.

Again, this war is already beginning to have a very chastening effect upon the minds of many of our people. Too long, too loosely, have men and women, especially in higher spheres of social activity, been playing with the sacredness of life. A new dawn is breaking, whose light is searching the close recesses of hearts long hardened by false philosophies. With the overthrow of the belief in a Supreme Being and eternity comes the destruction of morality and the home. Since our people are beginning to realize that war is a fierce death-struggle for life, a more sobering influence is penetrating their minds, and no longer are so many people choking the voice that is ever proclaiming the existence and the providence of God.

It was only three years ago that the slanderers and detractors of everything that savored of Catholicity were flaunting their colors in every city that would countenance or tolerate them. To-day such persons are practically unknown, or at least unheard. The genuine loyalty of the Catholic chaplain, the Catholic soldier, the Catholic mother, and of Catholic society are manifestations of the pure patriotism which is, and has ever been, inculcated into the hearts of Catholic youth. Every fair-minded citizen of

this country can see where nearly one half of the best backbone of Americanism stands. Never again will a bigot dare say that members of the Roman Catholic Church are not loyal to the flag which protects them and their homes. Let us hope that this war will sound once and for all the death-knell of the bigot who bellows about liberty and at the same time denies the right of his Catholic fellow-citizen to practise his religion according to his Catholic conscience.

The Heroes of St. Juliens.

We've had some mighty heroes, such
As Washington and Lee,
And Sheridan upon the land
And Dewey on the Sea;

But when we think of heroes brave,
We all take off our hats
To the heroes of Saint Juliens,
The "Royal Princess Pats."

The Princess Pats had made their stand
Against a German horde,
While round them swarmed the mighty troops
Of Germany's War Lord.

And there it was that bravery
Was shown to all the world,
And high above St. Juliens,
The British flag unfurled.

'Twas here the Germans used the gas
The first time in this war,
And there the brave Canadians
Were killed off by the score.

But soon the entire regiment
Was wiped out by this gas,
Except nine plucky soldiers who
Still stood and fought the mass.

These nine by some strange miracle
Through all the fierce attack
Fought on till reinforcements came
And drove the Germans back.

Now Britain's faults no longer stand
Before our country's eyes,
For close to Britain's noble flag
Our spotless banner flies.

So with a feeling of respect
We all take off our hats,
To the heroes of St. Juliens,
The Royal Princess Pats.

W. A. PAGE.

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

BY ARTHUR J. HUGHES, '17.

(Concluded from the issue of March 16.)

In dealing with the influence of the Catholic Church upon the history of Illinois as a state I will attempt to trace the development and growth of the Church in the State upon the assumption that from such growth there must spread an influence the effect of which is altogether certain. I believe the proof of my previous propositions establishes the propriety of this assumption.

The period from 1783 to 1795 is noted for the growing depredations on the part of the Indians due to the pernicious activity of the British traders who hoped to retain the possibilities of this rich section for themselves. Prominent among the men who banded themselves together to defend the settlements against such attacks we find the names of James Flannery, John Dempsey, John Ryan, John Moore, and William Harrington. (Annals of the West).

In 1790 we find an interesting event from a Catholic standpoint in the appointment of the first American Bishop, Doctor John Carroll. His see was located at Baltimore and he took up his duties in December of that year. He is then considered the first bishop of Illinois.

In 1808 the see of Baltimore was raised to an archbishopric and the western territory was placed under the charge of Rt. Rev. Dr. Flaget who was consecrated Bishop of Bardstown, Ky.

In 1821 Dr. Edward Fenwick was consecrated Bishop of Cincinnati with jurisdiction over Illinois.

In 1812 as soon as peace was established after the Fort Dearborn massacre, the government rebuilt the fort and granted to the soldiers and sailors of the war tracts of land. Many Irish Catholics came to Illinois and settled on these Illinois lands. One Michael Walsh took up one hundred and sixty acres at the bend of the south branch of the Chicago River near what was then called Hardscrabble.

In 1824 Bishop England wrote of Chicago as containing five or six Catholic families, but there were quite a number of such families settled out on the prairies.

In 1832 came the settlement of Indian difficulties with the end of Black Hawk war. As a

result of this war the Indians were driven from the state and immediately immigration from the Eastern states assumed huge proportions. These immigrants fairly poured into the state, coming by way of the Great Lakes or overland from Buffalo, Detroit, Virginia and Kentucky.

In 1835 work upon the Illinois and Michigan canal was begun and as a result thousands of laborers were attracted from the East by the generous offers made to all who would take employment in the completion of this enterprise. The greater part of these laborers were Irish Catholics who were located for the time being at Chicago, Joliet, Morris, Seneca, Marseilles, Ottawa, LaSalle, and Peru. Thus were established several large settlements of Irish Catholics, people who remained as long as the digging of the canal furnished them work and then spread out upon the fertile prairies of central Illinois to make prosperous farming communities which are held even at the present time by their numerous offspring. Only a few of the original Irish settlers remain, but within the past year I had the pleasure of talking with a Mrs. Delehanty now living at Blackstone, Illinois, who described the rigors and labors of these early times very vividly. She and her husband were among the first to come to Ottawa, Illinois. They soon located on a farm north of Ottawa and then later came across the Illinois river into the southern part of LaSalle County where they settled permanently and lived to reap the rich reward of hard and persistent effort. This story is also that of thousands of others who settled in this portion of the state. We find the Catholic priests following the people closely, ministering to their spiritual needs, building churches, baptizing the children and teaching them the truths of their religion; and we need but journey through the state to-day and note the imposing church buildings and parochial schools to be found in every town and even dotting the inland villages to find the result of this religious influence upon the people.

In 1833 we find Father St. Cyr being sent to Chicago by Bishop Rosati of St. Louis and becoming the first resident priest. The Catholic population had increased since the time of Bishop England's visit in 1824 from five or six families to seventy-five or eighty. Father St. Cyr immediately commenced the erection of a church on land situated at present at the northwest corner of Lake and State Streets. It soon became evident to Father St. Cyr that

* Winning essay for the Monsignor O'Brien prize.

he must have help in taking care of the needs of the people and as a result of his urgent request, Bishop Bruté of Vincennes sent him four priests, Father Maurice de St. Palais, Father Fischer, Father Schafer, and Father Dupontavice. The latter was assigned to the mission at Joliet. In 1837 two more priests were sent to take charge of the missions at LaSalle.

In order to give the reader a description of the difficult conditions under which these good men labored let me quote from the *Souvenir Volume* written by the Rev. James J. McGovern, D. D., and published upon the occasion of the celebration of the Silver Jubilee of the most Rev. Archbishop Feehan in 1890. "Sickness arising from the undrained condition of the city and all along the route of the canal, was extremely prevalent among the thousands of laborers; then the cholera scourge, known as that of 1837, visited the whole locality, increasing the labors and exposing to great dangers the already overworked priests. They would have to start on sick calls twenty-five, fifty, sometimes one hundred miles distant, regardless of the inclemency of the weather that added to their hardships, often losing their way on the prairies and compelled to pass the night sleeping on the ground without shelter of any kind, in order to give the laborer on the canal or a settler every spiritual help. They would stop at the different camps, say Mass, hear confessions, attend the sick, partake of the humble fare offered them and sleep in the stone huts or log cabins among the sick and dying."

By the plenary council of Baltimore in May, 1843, the new see of Chicago was formed and the Rev. William Quarter, pastor of St. Mary's Church in New York City appointed first bishop. Bishop Quarter assumed his new duties March 10, 1844, and continued such until his untimely death, four years later. During his term as Bishop he ordained twenty-nine priests, built thirty churches, ten of which were of stone, and left forty clergymen and twenty ecclesiastical students!—surely a worthy record for four years' work in this new country.

Rt. Rev. James Van de Velde, D. D., became the second Bishop of Chicago. He made an extensive tour over the state during the autumn of 1849 visiting among other places, Danville, where he found but two Catholic families. But in his narrative of this journey he says that at this comparatively early date he found rude churches and small congregations over nearly

the whole state. Thus did he travel confirming thirty here and forty there, being encouraged on almost every hand by the faith and zeal of the scattered settlers.

In 1852 Mr. Daniel O'Hara established the first Catholic paper in Illinois and named it "The Western Tablet." The venture proved a successful one and its publication began almost immediately to have its good effect upon the Catholic pioneers. It furnished them an opportunity to keep in touch with the splendid progress the Church was making and proved an inspiration for further endeavor along this line.

In 1857 the Diocese of Alton was established and Rt. Rev. Henry Juncker was consecrated first bishop. Thus did the state develop that with the coming of the years, five new dioceses were established in all, at Chicago, Alton, Belleville, Peoria, and within the last few years the diocese of Rockford.

The same year marked the coming of Father Damen to Chicago and his immediate efforts in building the church of the Holy Trinity. It also marked the establishment of the Jesuit order in Chicago. The work of Father Damen among the city's poor and unfortunate continued for years, and his record will ever be a proud possession of the Jesuit order.

Such was the development of the Catholic Church in Illinois through the years of the nineteenth century, that in 1910 we find the state having one archbishop, six bishops, and twelve hundred and seventeen priests. There were two hundred and eleven ecclesiastical students studying for the priesthood. The church property comprised eight hundred and six churches, eighty-four missions, and eighty-six chapels. There were ten hundred and forty-two parochial schools with one hundred and nineteen thousand, four hundred and twenty-five pupils in attendance. With the figures used by the state as a basis for calculating the yearly cost of educating each pupil in the public school system, we find that the Catholic parochial school system saves the state two million ninety-seven thousand, five hundred and nine dollars yearly, and the whole of this sum is received from the Catholic families of the state. There are twenty Catholic colleges for boys in the state with an attendance of three thousand eight hundred and thirty eight students and there are forty-four academies for girls with an attendance of eight thousand five hundred and fifty-three. Among other institutions main-

tained by the Catholic people of Illinois are two training schools for boys, one industrial school for girls, twelve orphan asylums, two infant asylums, one working boys' home, three working girls' homes, one school for mutes, eleven homes for the aged, fifty charitable hospitals and five committees nursing sick at their homes. The total Catholic population of the state in 1910 was one million, four hundred and sixty-eight thousand, six hundred and forty four—nearly half the number actively allied with all other religious denominations in Illinois!

Can one view these figures without realizing what a tremendous force for good is the Catholic Church in Illinois? Could such an immense organization, manned as it is by the most efficient and sacrificing of workers, by men and women who have given their lives to the perpetuation of the high ideals of Catholicity, exert any other than a grandly beneficent influence upon not only the people included within the Catholic denomination but also upon the peoples of every denomination with whom they are continually coming in contact? Such an influence produces men and women of the best spiritual, moral, and mental type. It is the influence that begets in man a love of God and a firm disposition toward that conduct which is pleasing to God. It makes for better citizenship, producing in the citizen a patriotic love of country to the extent that he will willingly give his life for that country as thousands of Illinois Catholics have done whenever the need became apparent.

I have spoken of the Catholic influence as begetting in man a patriotic love for his country, and in support of this statement it is well to note here a number of the legion of brave Catholic men who served their country in the Mexican and Civil wars.

A most prominent name is that of General James Shields whose life was filled with honor, acknowledged by the people of the whole state at large. General Shields is referred to as the Hero of Cerro Gordo in which battle during the Mexican war he conducted himself with the greatest of bravery and presence of mind. Before the engagement was over he was badly wounded and was carried from the field "shot through and through."

Prior to the war he had served the state as legislator, state auditor, and judge of the supreme court. Shortly after his return from the war he was elected United States senator.

After serving his term he moved to Minnesota and was elected to the United States senate from that state. Later on, having changed his residence to Missouri, we again find him being sent to the United States senate. In 1893, when Illinois was invited to place the statues of two of her most famous men in the memorial hall at Washington, D. C., she chose the memory of General Shields as one of the two to be so honored.

One of the most brilliant officers in the Civil War was Colonel John B. Mulligan of Chicago. The story of Colonel Mulligan's life is above all the story of a fine Catholic gentleman. He was graduated from the University of St. Mary's of the Lake and then took up the study of law. On the completion of his course he formed a law partnership with Henry Fitch of Chicago. He was possessed of a brilliant mind and soon established himself as a fluent writer. In addition to his practice of the law he took upon himself the editing of the *Western Tablet* which he continued for some time.

In 1859 he was married to Miss Marion Nugent whose devotion to her husband reads like a romance. Then came 1861 and the call for volunteers. For several years Colonel Mulligan had taken an active interest in military affairs, having had charge of a company of militia which drilled regularly in anticipation of any call that might come for their services. Colonel Mulligan caused a meeting to be held at which he succeeded in greatly augmenting his company with volunteers, and then offered the services of himself and his men to the government. It happened that the full quota of volunteer companies to be raised by Illinois had been filled, but allowing this to discourage him not at all he applied to Stephen A. Douglas, who was then on his death bed, for a letter to Senator Cameron asking the latter to try and persuade the president to accept the company. He then journeyed to Washington and after making his mission known was successful in getting his company accepted. With his accustomed enthusiasm he wired back to his men to go after the drilling hard, that he would be back with them in a few days. He was first sent with his company of nine hundred and thirty-seven Irish Catholics to Missouri and then later transferred to Lexington, Kentucky, for the protection of that city. General Pierce with an army of fifteen thousand men attacked the city, and after a siege Colonel Mulligan with his

force of twenty-eight hundred men was forced to surrender. He was taken into the South as a prisoner going from place to place with General Pierce's forces until he was finally exchanged. It was during this time that his young wife displayed the wonderful devotion she felt for her husband by penetrating the enemy's lines and following him whither he happened to be taken as a Southern prisoner. All during his campaigns she endeavored to be as near to him as conditions would permit regardless of the hardship she was forced to experience in order to do this.

It was at Kernstown near Winchester, Virginia, that we find the great tragedy of this noble woman's life coming upon her. It was on July 22, 1864, that orders came to Colonel Mulligan from General Crook commanding him to attack the main body of General Early's vastly superior forces. He felt that the project was a hopeless one under the circumstances, but with his inborn respect for the soldier's duty to obey without question he made the advance and as a result was mortally wounded. He was borne away by another Irish Catholic soldier, Major John Lanigan from Chicago, and to this man the dying Mulligan imparted his last messages. His wife was at this time stationed at Cumberland, but because of the miscarriage of the sorrowful message telling her of her husband's plight she failed to reach him before his death which occurred two days after the battle. What must have been the anguish of this faithful woman when she reached Winchester and found that her husband was dead? The body of the deceased was taken back to Chicago by his wife and buried in Mount Calvary cemetery. A monument erected jointly by the city of Chicago and the State of Illinois marks his grave.

General Philip Sheridan, another Catholic who achieved a remarkable record during the war, is generally considered as being from Illinois. As a final reward for his brilliant services he had the satisfaction of sharing in the victory attending General Lee's surrender, and stood with Grant under the famous apple tree at the moment the Confederate cause was finally abandoned. At the close of the war he took a triumphal trip to Europe and was fêted on every side. On his return he came to Chicago and married Miss Irene Rucker, the nineteen year old daughter of General Rucker, who was then one of the prominent capitalists of the city. He was appointed Lieutenant-General of the division of the Northwest. While

stationed in Chicago he and his family attended St. Mary's church on the South side, his tandem team being a familiar sight on Sunday morning as he drove to Mass. Later he was made Commander in Chief of the army and moved to Washington where he remained until his death.

Among the many other Illinois Catholics who gave their services to their country during the great war we find the names of the following, Major John Lanigan, mentioned above as being with Colonel Mulligan during his last hours, Colonel James Quirk who was one of six brothers engaged in the war, Colonel Ezra Taylor who reorganized the light artillery company in Chicago and was with General Sherman at the Battle of Shiloh and was later made Colonel of the Artillery in which capacity he served until badly wounded along towards the end of the war. Then too, there was Colonel William P. Rend who fought gallantly during the long struggle and later achieved notable financial success in Chicago.

There was the 58th Regiment, McClernan's Brigade, organized at Camp Douglas, December 24, 1861, and mustered into regular service January 25, 1862. It was composed of nine companies made up largely of Irishmen and commanded by Colonel M. F. Lynch. Robert W. Healy, a graduate of the University of Notre Dame, was a lieutenant in this regiment. He was one of the two hundred Notre Dame men who left their class rooms with six priests of the University to give their all for the Northern cause. Then too, there was the company of young mechanics known as the "Shields Guards," captained by James E. Quirk, which was the first organized body to volunteer its services to the government. There was the 90th Illinois Volunteer Regiment, "Father Dunne's Regiment," composed of nine hundred and eighty men which saw a great deal of actual fighting and came through the war with an excellent record.

I have here noted but a small part of the immense contribution which Illinois Catholics made to the Union side during the Civil war, but I believe it is enough to substantiate the statement already made that the influence of the Catholic Church is a tremendous force, working for better manhood and better citizenship, a force which begets in man a truly patriotic love of country which persists in asserting itself even to the point of sacrifice. There are those who would accuse the Catholic

Church and her people with a lack of patriotism, and it is a bit sad that the passing of little more than two score years could so dim the glory of the Catholic soldiery as to permit even the making of such an accusation possible. Such a destructive spirit is so foreign to everything American and so opposed to everything patriotic that it is hard to understand why the classes who give it encouragement are not overcome by the shame of their attempted depredation. Unfortunately this regrettable attitude has seemed to assert itself most often in political matters, but it can be said in behalf of the greater number of intelligent and fair-minded Illinois Protestants that they have not allowed such a propaganda to blind them entirely to the favorable qualities of many Catholic candidates who as a result have been elected to office during the history of the state.

The first lieutenant-governor, Pierre Menard, was a Catholic. There have been two Catholic governors of the state, Governor Bissel, a convert to the faith, and the recent incumbent, Governor Edward F. Dunne. Mr. Dunne made his entrance into political affairs when he was elected as one of the judges in Cook County. He left the bench on being elected Mayor of Chicago and four years ago elected governor. His administration was notable for the many good laws enacted under his sponsorship as well as for the excellent manner in which all of the public institutions of the state were managed.

In the official family of Governor Dunne there was also another Catholic, Patrick J. Lucey, attorney-general. Mr. Lucey was, for many years prior to going to Springfield, a prominent citizen and lawyer of Streator. He is now located in Chicago being engaged in the practice of law. Maurice T. Maloney, of Ottawa, who died recently, also served the state as attorney-general.

Going back in time to the fifties the name of Stephen A. Douglas stands out most prominently. He was one of the greatest orators and statesmen who ever held a place in the United States Senate and was a convert to the Catholic religion. He was a candidate for the presidency in 1860 running against Abraham Lincoln. He took his defeat in a noble manner by immediately calling upon the men of his party to support President Lincoln in all of his acts and to exert every means which would save the country from disruption. This act is said to have been responsible for making the unity of

the Northern states a certainty in the great struggle which was to decide whether or not the nation would stand or be divided.

In other walks of life we find the names of conscientious Catholics whose records are an honor to their kind. There was Judge Gibbons of Chicago who served the judiciary of that city well. He was not only a brilliant lawyer but a writer as well. "Tenure and Toil" is the work of his hand. His death occurred in February and a large number of the prominent men of Chicago gathered in Holy Name Cathedral to pay his memory a last honor. Rev. John Cavanaugh, President of the University of Notre Dame, preached the funeral sermon. This sermon was published in the National Court Reporter magazine and thereby found its readers throughout the land.

Judge Marcus Cavanaugh presents a fine record as a citizen of Chicago as well as a judge of the Superior court of that city.

William J. Onahan is an illustrious Chicago lawyer who has made himself known in many ways and is most ardent in the support of the Catholic Church and Catholic education.

The most famous American surgeon was the Catholic Doctor John B. Murphy. His fame became world-wide in its extent. The universities of Berlin, Vienna, Sheffield, and Prague recognized his ability by conferring honorary degrees upon him. His life story is a fine example of Christian manhood. It is said of him that on many an occasion before performing a serious operation he first spent some time in the chapel of Mercy Hospital in prayer that he might be able to give the greatest service possible to the labor for which it would seem God had especially chosen him. What a wonderful example of humility! Wisdom he had in all its plenitude but knowledge also that no act is possible without the guiding hand of the Master to bring to it its full measure of success.

This then is the history of the Catholic Church and her people in Illinois. Even from the superficial survey made herein there is but one conclusion that may be deduced, and that is, that the Catholic Church has influenced the history of Illinois. That influence has made itself a composite part of the growth and development of the state. "By their fruits ye shall know them"—what a wealth of achievement has been realized by the Catholic Church in Illinois in response to the words of her Divine Founder!

Varsity Verse.

THE REGULAR ARMY MAN.

He's not a gold-lace Belvidere
 To sparkle in the sun,
 He doesn't wear a gay cockade
 Or posies on his gun;
 He is no wax doll on parade,
 So polished, spick and span,
 But wears a crust of tan and dust,
 The regular army man.

He is no temperance advocate,
 He loves his mug of beer,
 His ways are gruff, his talk too rough
 For tender ears to hear;
 But he makes no fuss about his job,
 Nor vaunts his deeds so brave,
 He knows he's in to fight and win
 Or fill a soldier's grave.

He'll pack his little army sack
 And hustle into line,
 He'll take his fun with spitting gun
 Where bullets scream and whine;
 With bated breath he'll play with Death
 To trick him if he can,
 Or die he must? he'll take the dust,
 A regular army man.

JAMES A. CULLIGAN.

If.

If you were a wind-blown rose
 And I a drop of dew,
 I'd nestle 'mid your petals
 And tell of my love for you.

JOHN BUCKLEY.

THE GRAVES ON THE HILL.

When, in the calm of the evening hour,
 Silence reigns in nature's bower
 And the going sunlight stops
 To fire the bare tree tops,
 I see a path that winding goes,
 Dim, in the gathering shadows,
 Just as the day takes flight,
 Two graves in the deep twilight;
 Graves, and o'er each plot
 Stands a cross to mark the spot
 Where lie soldiers of a fighting race,
 Conquerors of this sylvan place,
 Who conquered for those who love
 To fight on earth for a home above.

J. T. FITZGERALD.

I WONDER.

I wonder who it is that's on the stair;
 I wonder who steps light behind my chair;
 I wonder whose the hands, so soft and fair,
 That close my eyes; is it Eileen that's there?
 I wonder!

I wonder how the years will pass her by—
 I wonder who she'll be when age draws nigh—
 I wonder if she'll be a beggar girl—or sigh
 A lonely queen—or if a child she'll die?
 I wonder!

ROBERT E. O'HARA.

NATURE'S VOICE.

The birds are only little things
 And yet what joy their music brings;
 Like brooks let loose from wintry chains
 Their songs gush forth in golden strains.
 'Tis then that Nature long asleep,
 Her verdant vesture dons,
 And o'er the soul fair visions creep,
 Fond mem'ry's paragons.

At morning's blush or eventide
 Near mountain's crest or ocean side,
 Their music swells to soothe the heart,
 And somber thoughts must needs depart.
 O balmy spring, that brings the bird
 To sing thy silent praise,
 For 'tis through them thy voice is heard,
 When songsters sing their lays.

B. SYLVESTER.

I'M GRATEFUL FOR THE HOURS.

I wooed a merry lass
 And thought that I had won,
 But now I find—alas,
 That I am not the one.

I rue her mystic powers
 That crush the heart—but yet,
 I'm grateful for the hours
 That I shall ne'er regret.

PAUL SCOFIELD.

TO A SLEEPING BABE.

Sleep on, sweet cherub fair,
 Shadow of God's love;
 Thy soul, as free as air,
 Soars in realms above.
 Divine the light that plays
 On childhood's angel days.
 Celestial are thy rays,
 Wingless little Dove.

B. BRENDAN.

The Notre Dame Scholastic

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—The final scholastic drive of the seniors has begun. Only two months remain before the culmination of their college activities and the passing of their college days.

The Final Drive. Unfortunately, the big drive now to be made always finds

some seniors unprepared, handicapped by conditions incurred through sheer indolence. It is as seniors that we deplore most sincerely the golden moments we wasted as freshmen, and as seniors do we bless most heartily our hours of industry. It is as seniors that we appreciate most keenly and grasp most eagerly the opportunities we so lightly ignored during our earlier college years. The time for the college man to begin his preparation for his final drive is his freshman year. At the very outset of his course he should concentrate his energies, his enthusiasm, his fighting forces, which are of as much vital consequence to the student as to the soldier. Marshal your forces to the front now, undergraduate, and keep them busy there all the time. Seniors, hammer away your hardest till you are mustered out in June.—J. A. L.

—To say that procrastination is the thief of time is to let the colluding caitiff off easily. He is a great deal more than that. Not only does he bag all the aimless moments

Procrastination. that are too slothful to put themselves to good use, but he deflects opportunity from the path of the dawdler and makes shipwreck of character. The best intentions pair but ill with a Fabian policy. Ambition minus energy is about as

useful as a refrigerator at the North Pole. What you have the capacity to desire have the assiduity to go after. Industry is the agent that will make your dreams effloresce into beauteous realization. Don't stand and whistle for opportunity. Rather seek opportunity with the sword of determination. That is the only formula that insures capture. Procrastination has an insidious habit of whispering into the ears of the willing that things in general can wait. Learn to give him the lie. If General Howe hadn't stopped for a night's rest after the battle of Long Island Washington's army would have been captured and the American Revolution would have gone down in history as a mere rebellion that was unsuccessful. Moral: Always keep your guns sighted. When that old hypocrite Procrastination calls at your office with an invitation to dilly-dally an hour or so, hang out your "This-is-our-busy-day" sign, and politely but firmly call the door to his attention. Then pitch into the work that he would fain have interrupted. Delay is undoubtedly the "easiest way," but the easiest way will never get you anywhere.—D. J. E.

—The American colleges, like thousands of families throughout the land, have begun to realize the actuality of war. They have watched their students go

The Colleges and the War. flocking to the colors in this great world battle for democracy. Each of them has proudly acclaimed its own contribution toward the great victory which is to come, a victory that must be wrought by steel, and bomb and shell, yet aided greatly by the initiative, the resourcefulness, the keen mentality, and the athletic physique of the college man. Yes, much credit is certainly due to our American college. Whether it be the great state university or the modest, unassuming "college" with two courses and basketball team, it has responded nobly through the eagerness of its sons to help beat back the Boche. Yet its work must not cease here. Handicapped by the absence of the older men, the American college must impress upon its war-time personnel of younger men a war-time spirit. The engineer must realize that there are bridges and highways, railways and cathedrals, heaped in ruins on the soil of France, awaiting such time as they can be rebuilt. The medical student must realize that there has been and will be much suffering

and misery and death in consequence of the lack of proper medical attendance. It is the imperative function of our colleges to keep the fires of education burning, to convince our people that this, the war of wars, is above all a war of brains, which must be supplied chiefly by the higher educational institutions.—G. W.

—Forbearance is a product of this international combat which has been frequently likened unto the lower regions. Toleration of governmental prerogatives

The Right Spirit. unknown to the citizens of a democratic state in time of peace increases as the number of our dead heroes multiplies on the battlefields of France. The latest illustration of this war-time virtue is the suspended judgment of our people following the determination of the war department to reduce the casualty lists from the front to mere names, omitting places of residence and the names of the next of kin. The press and the public can scarcely understand what possible value these details concerning the dead soldiers can be to the enemy. Names are duplicated many times in our large army and it is inevitable that several sets of relatives mourn the death of a single soldier until his identity can be established. Efforts are being made to rescind this latest order which causes so much anxiety to those who have given up their loved ones. Good and sufficient reasons, no doubt, have prompted it; and though it may or may not be altered, those at home are accepting it resignedly as a part of their part in the undoing of the terrible Teutonic machine.—C. W. C.

—When a prisoner is on trial before a court, it is customary to consider him innocent until on sufficient evidence he is found guilty. In much the same way

The Case of Wisconsin. this should be the assumption where the people of a state is arraigned at the tribunal of public opinion. In the case of Wisconsin, this has not been so. Ranting, self-styled patriots, who wear their patriotism on their sleeves so perseveringly, have condemned the citizens of that great commonwealth without even the semblance of a trial. They have branded as traitors and slackers a people whose loyalty has never been questioned in the past, and whose patriotism should not be doubted now. It is true that the people of Wisconsin have erred

in some ways. They have felt this war so deeply that they have thought mere words could not relieve them. The real patriots have not shouted themselves hoarse telling others of their patriotism, but have left that to other states. They believed to their chagrin that actions speak louder than words and have proceeded in a business manner to get their soldiers ready for the fray. Then they have allowed the anti-Americans to talk too freely. This is unpardonable. What matters it, if factories and mills have not been blown up wholesale, that strikes have not crippled war preparations, as has happened in other states whose loyalty has gone unquestioned? In the light of facts, Wisconsin's offenses might well be overlooked. In the Civil War Wisconsin was second to none in her loyalty and generosity to the cause of the Union. The Spanish War found her just as generous and just as loyal. Even the present struggle, her critics to the contrary, has found her in no way wanting. Most of the Tuscania victims were her sons. Her regiments have all been promptly mustered to their full quota. Her soldiers are as impatient as any to get to the fierce firing line overseas. What more can be asked of any state? In spite of the ranters, in spite of the bigots, we are proud of the great old "Badger" state.—B. A.

—Our American soldiers are now experiencing their baptism of fire. They are daily dying on the European battlefield that democracy—the same democracy for which

A Pressing Duty. Washington and Lincoln waged successful war—may survive. The ever-growing casualty list tells the grim story of the human lives generously sacrificed that the world may be a safe place in which to live. But the ultimate success of the present war depends greatly upon the many of us far behind the lines of battle. It is as vitally necessary that every citizen in this country cooperate in the struggle as it is for the fighters to wage a man-to-man conflict on foreign soil. Each has a duty, an unmistakable duty of doing all in his power, as the soldiers are doing, for the country in which he lives. The greatest good he can do will be small enough beside the supreme sacrifice which prompts the soldier to lay down his life for the cause. If we at home had to bear the brunt of the battle for a day we should be much more zealous in doing our duty at this safe distance.—C. W. C.

Local News.

—The librarian of the University acknowledges with thanks a gift of forty-five volumes through the generosity of Mr. Pierre George Roy. The books, covering a wide range of subjects, make a substantial addition to the library's list of Canadiana.

—During the Easter vacation, the young scholastics at Dujarié Institute entertained the community with a short farce entitled "Blood Will Tell." The presentation was unusually good and suggests the hope that more entertainments of this nature will be given in the future.

—Father Foik, C. S. C., librarian at the University, has received a request from Mr. W. C. Hamilton, Secretary of the Indiana Library Commission, for samples of posters exhibited at the University in connection with the book drive. The posters, executed by Prof. O'Connor, will be placed with the Indiana Exhibit of Materials for Library Activities.

—The fighting spirit of N. D. is evidently communicated to its associated houses. Down in New Orleans, Holy Cross College has won the city title for the fifth consecutive time. Although handicapped by adverse floor conditions and the weight of their opponents, the Holy Cross boys never stopped fighting until they had accomplished the seemingly impossible and defeated every team in the city.

—On Easter Monday evening, the Holy Cross Literary Society held an open meeting and gave a special program to the members of the Senior Class of 1918, George L. Holderith, Matthew A. Coyle, and Francis J. Boland. The program consisted of a paper by James Hogan, a recitation by Joseph McAllister, a duet by Frank Goodall and Charles Jones, verse by James McDonald, a song by Raymond Clancy, and a talk by Donald MacGregor. The members of the Freshman class presented a sketch entitled "A Morning at Ellis Island" written by Edward J. Kelly. The meeting was thoroughly enjoyed by the Senior Class, who responded with a few words of appreciation.

—The Bengal Mite Drive brought the following results: Badin Log Chapel, \$1.33; Brownson Hall, \$8.45; St. Edward, \$10.00; Sorin, \$11.00; Corby, \$8.44; Holy Cross \$52.00, in War Saving Stamps; Carroll, \$3.06; Walsh, \$18.23; Badin, \$3.50. For these generous contributions the

Bengal Procurator returns sincere thanks and expresses a hope that the students will keep up the good work. The Central High School basketball team of Ft. Wayne recently sent \$105.00 to the Bengal Mission Fund, the money representing the returns of four benefit games. The plan adopted by the Ft. Wayne boys might be imitated by some of our inter-hall teams occasionally with edifying results.

—An athletic company, composed of all candidates for the various varsity teams, will march in the South Bend War Chest Parade this afternoon. Remembering the appearance made by the athletic company of Notre Dame in the Preparedness Parade and the reception given it all along the line, we have no doubt about what the feature of today's event is going to be. Coach Jesse Harper has organized the company with the assistance of the following men: Sorin Hall, Francis Andrews and Edward P. Madigan; Corby Hall, Dave Philbin and Pete Ronchetti; Walsh Hall, Clarence Bader and Robert McGuire; Brownson Hall, Francis McGrain and Dale Vohs; Badin Hall, Eugene Kennedy and William Maher.

—The following letter, recently received by the rector of Badin Hall from the law office of T. M. Hoban, South Bend, explains itself:

"Rev. dear Father: On my return home I find your favor of the 23rd asking for a bill for the pool table which we sent to you. We are not going to send a bill for this table. We consider it a privilege to be able to donate something to Badin Hall. And as an old student and friend of Father Moloney, and one who knows him well, I was satisfied that any bill coming from me would never have been paid by him; so rather than stir up any trouble, we herewith donate the table to you and your boys. With kindest regards and best wishes, sincerely, T. M. Hoban." The students of Badin wish to thank Mr. Hoban through the SCHOLASTIC for his kindness.

—Golf bids fair to become one of the most popular games at the University judging by the daily activity shown on and around the new links. The officers of the club have gone about its organization in a business-like way and as a result the membership has been constantly on the increase. Even some of the most dignified members of the faculty have grown enthusiastic and may be seen almost daily practicing the various drives. There will be a meeting

of the club Monday evening, April 8, in Walsh Hall at which all charter members will be enrolled. This will be the last opportunity to enter as a charter member and the admission fee will be raised after that date. Students now contemplating entering the club will do well to take advantage of this opportunity. Hereafter only members will be allowed on the golf course.

—During the few days preceding the Easter Recess, the Campaign Committee of the Notre Dame War Library Book Drive made a thorough canvass of the halls and the campus with gratifying results. As anticipated, most students had few spare books available, but pledges for contributions were secured, and it is believed that at the resumption of the drive the committee will receive more than the pledges signify. Chairman O'Keefe has instructed his men in the various halls to make their returns as soon as possible because of the immediate need in many of the camps.

Materials for making the books immediately available for use after reaching the camps have been forwarded by the American Library Association. Students will confer a favor on the committee by informing the following men concerning contributions: Corby—Conighan, O'Keefe, Powers, Tobin; Sorin,—Hurley, O'Meara, Glascott; Walsh,—McDonough, Sanford; Brownson—Mohardt, Call; Badin—Fritz; Campus—Slaggert; Day Students—Eilers, Quinlan; —Carroll,—McLaughlin.

Personals.

—The marriage is announced of Lieut. Royal Henry Bosshard and Miss Vera Belle Thompson in Springfield, Mass., on March 23rd. Royal was one of the most popular men of recent years. Congratulations and goodwishes.

—Some time ago the following brief message was sent to the University by William R. Tipton (B. S. in Arch., '13): "I've been called for training. Am now a private, first class, of the Aeronautic School at the University in California, Berkley, California.

—"Shorty" Hynes (LL. B., '17) is another son of Notre Dame who has hearkened to the call of Democracy. He is a first lieutenant in the 29th Infantry U. S. Regulars. Remembering his generalship on the Interhall gridiron and his fiery and stirring elocution, we are sure that he will speedily receive new honors.

—Joseph R. Farrell is now a private in the radio division of the Signal Corps. He is stationed on Bedloe's Island, seeing to it that the Statue of Liberty behaves. He is soon to be transferred to school but knows not when or where.

—Twomey M. Clifford (LL. B., '14) is fortunate enough to be stationed so near home as Ft. Benjamin Harrison. He is a second lieutenant in the 10th Infantry. "Dan" McGinnis (LL. B., '13) is in the same regiment. They expect marching orders for Berlin any day now.

—Robert Singler, a minim in St. Edward Hall some years ago, and now with the Fox Film Corporation in New York City, writes to the Editor of the SCHOLASTIC: "Some day I am going to send you a bit of writing which I am egotistical enough to believe will be interesting. It will deal with old Notre Dame men that I have met in out-of-the-way places and under peculiar and unexpected circumstances: for example, Sam "Rosie" Dolan at Cornwallis, Oregon; John Ryan, of Matthews' football team, whom I met in the false jungles at Universal City; Joe Kenny, right here on 42nd St.; and Harry Hebner, whom I bumped into at Honolulu. It is strange how one meets the boys everywhere. I suppose that "Over there" will be the Mecca now.

We hope that we may be able to publish soon Robert's contribution concerning these and the other old students he has met in his travels. With the present letter he sends these verses, entitled, "To Notre Dame":

TG NOTRE DAME.

Oh, I have trodden high-roads!
And sailed the farthest sea!
And now that I am homing
My heart sings merrily.

Familiar sights unfolding,
Ever thrilling me,
Like awaited movements
Of a symphony.

At right the rimming hedges
Skirt the pungent loam,
Left—a thousand elegies
Make a mortal tome.

Ahead, and bathed in sunlight,
A sacred gilded dome
Flashes me a beckoning!
Welcoming me home.

ROBERT SINGLER

—Albert L. Ramaciotti, one of last year's students, is a second lieutenant in the 1st Prov. Inf. (Colored) at Camp Zachary Taylor. He is holding the office of Regimental Adjutant,

and as the post is short of officers will surely be promoted soon. He declares that his dusky command are not half-bad fellows, making up in energy and earnestness what they may lack in intelligence.

Gamble Concert.

On Wednesday evening Mr. Ernest Gamble, the leading basso of the country, came to us again and gave us one of the finest entertainments of late years. The opening number was "Toreador" from *Carmen*. Mr. Gamble sang it in English, and in his own enthusiastic way fully interpreted the passionate mood of this great song. "The Anvil Song" and "Cornish Dance" were very well rendered, while Danny Deever, known of old, was revived with a delightful freshness.

The musical numbers of the program were pleasing in the extreme. Miss Kuhn, pianist, was prominent by her playing of "Concert Study" from McDowell, America's foremost composer. The undying Minuets from Beethoven and Paderewski were rendered with equal artistic effect. "The Beautiful Blue Danube" impressed both mind and ear most pleasingly.

Miss Warmolt above all charmed the audience with many difficult pieces: particularly her rendition of Perpetual Motion imparted to the hearers the wondrous power of a violin under the master's touch. The concert was pronounced by all who heard it the best of recent years. The ability with which it was given as well as the high quality of the music itself has left us a longing to hear it again.

Athletic Notes.

BASEBALL AND TRACK.

Coach Harper's baseball candidates and a few of Coach Rockne's track squad continued their training right through the Easter vacation. The unusually warm weather during the recess enabled the men to get in valuable practice, and they are much improved for their hard work.

During the morning workouts last week, Harper staged lengthy batting practices, while at the afternoon sessions he invariably arranged games between the Regulars and the Yannigans. The team as a whole has progressed beautifully and there is every reason to believe it will be in the best of running order by the time the season opens on the 18th of this month.

Andres will probably do the brunt of the catching; Murray, Boland and Lavery seem to be somewhat ahead of the field of pitching aspirants; Philbin, Captain Wolf, Sjoberg and Fitzgerald apparently have the infield jobs nailed down; Ronchetti, Barry and Bahan have been used regularly in the outfield. Lally, McGuire, Mangin, Morgan, Smith, and Bader are making strong attempts for recognition.

Coach Rockne's relay candidates—Sweeney, VanWanterghen, Call, O'Connor, Kazus, and Monighan—"kept the home fires burning" over the vacation season. Captain Mulligan and Gilfillan also remained to train for their participation in the Central A. A. U. Championships at the Great Lakes Training Station, this afternoon. Notre Dame will probably be represented by a four mile relay team at the Drake Relay Games in Des Moines, April 20th.

Letters from Camp.

SOMEWHERE IN ITALY,

February 9, 1918.

Mr. Raymond J. Malley,
Notre Dame, Indiana.

My dear Brother:—

Your letter was received and I was most glad to hear from you. Answer this letter sooner than my last one, because we very seldom receive news from the States.

I am now in Italy and shall finish my training here. The weather is good here and we fly practically every day. It is somewhat warm and summer clothing is a great luxury. We were cold in France, and snow caused much sickness and discomfort.

While in France I met Donat Pepin, formerly of St. Joseph's Hall at Notre Dame. We talked over old times and had many enjoyable hours together. Jim Devlin is also at a town called [deleted], or at least he was there when I left France. He is with the Pittsburgh Engineers. His address is, in case any one wants it, Company D, 15th Engineers, A. E. F., France.

Flying is the greatest game I ever tried. I am more fond of it than of football, although I am but a novice at it. All the time you have to guard against side-slipping, climbing too high or too fast; and what is the most difficult at the present time is to keep an even altitude and land without smashing a machine and breaking your neck. So far I have been fortunate. Maybe my luck will stick with me. We shall graduate from here in three or four weeks. Where we are to go from here we do not know. We may be sent to the Front or maybe made pilot for a new machine. However we hope for the best.

As you know, we have men at the Front and the French soldiers have nothing but praise for them. All admit that our artillery is the most accurate at the Front and that it is doing very good work. The Engineers you have read about—I do not know what regiment it is, but I believe they are from Chicago.

Of course our aviators are at the Front and are doing the same kind of work as the French and English. No, we do not have any idea when the war will end.

Good tobacco is scarce here and we are out of cigarettes. We have sent for some but none have got through so far.

Give my regards to all my friends at N. D. As ever,

Your brother,

Edward Malley.

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, FRANCE.

March 16, 1918.

Dear Friends of N. D.,

Having been "with me" at the start of my career as a soldier, you may be interested in knowing we have been over here since Xmas, and thanks to 100 percent living conditions, chow, etc., we have decided that Sherman was misinformed. At present we are a great distance from the main arena, but we hope to get much closer in the near future. I met "Sim" Mee at—— while there on special detail. Easter greetings to everybody and "not mad at nobody."

Sergt. George Hanlon, Jr.,

Motor Transport Service, Reception Park,

A. P. O. 705, Base 2.

ST. MARTIN'S PLAINS,

Shorncliffe, England,

March 4th, 1918.

The Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana, U. S. A.

Dear Father:—

I suppose you will be surprised to get this note from one of your old boys. I say "old boys" because it is about four years since the last time I was at Notre Dame. Since then the world has not been very good to me. I have been going from one adventure to another, the latest of which is this war.

Until 1915, I had never been in Canada. On the 4th of December mother and I took a trip to Windsor; that evening we went home, mother had to go to Minnesota. She went one way and I went the other, back to Canada, and into the Canadian Army, the only army Fritz is afraid of; he calls us the Canadian Mob, and it sure takes a mob to do damage.

I am in the 15th Canadian Battalion. . . . I was in France and Belgium with them; the last advance we made was at Passchendaele in Belgium, where I was wounded. . . .

I do wish I was back in St. Edward Hall or with Father Quinlan. Give my best wishes to them all. If God spares me during this war, I shall come back and see all of my old friends; and I shall remain,

Yours truly,

1045045 Pte. J. Gordon Dunn,

1st Can. Com. Dep., 15th Bat.

CAMP EVERMAN, Ft. Worth, Texas.

March 18, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

Dear Father:—

Again you are to have a letter from one of your old trouble-makers. As conditions in this tent at present

are not the best for writing, you will kindly pardon the form of this letter.

I have not heard yet from my application for the pilot's position, but I do not care, now that I have entered my name for the overseas service. I am praying that the time for me to go may soon come, as I am very anxious to be in that big parade over there.

I have been reading some of Father Moloney's letters published in the SCHOLASTIC; none of them quite express how much I miss Notre Dame. I should give anything to be able to live through all that life again; but the time came when I had to go. I am hoping that some day I shall be able to return, every inch a man of the Notre Dame type.

I am connected down here in Texas with the Royal Flying Corps of Canada. My experiences have been many and varied, doing personnel work, checking airplanes, etc., and I have survived the experience of being a sergeant. At any rate, I am full of the "ole fight" N. D. taught me, and slowly I am "getting there."

The aviation section affords much competition. The class of men are masters of their work. College men are very numerous in the squadron. Ohio State, Yale, Notre Dame, Pennsylvania, the University of Missouri, the University of California, and several others are well represented.

I am ashamed to say it, but I have not heard Mass since Christmas, though it has not been my fault. Hence I am asking you to please say a prayer for me now and then. I do not know just how long this squadron is to remain here. Would you say a prayer also for my speedy departure for France?

It is strange, but my old friend, Austin McNichols is the only Notre Dame man in the service that I have met thus far. I have not heard from Father O'Donnell since he left Notre Dame. Congratulate Brother Alphonsus for me, and tell him that I would surely give him my vote for the DOME.

Say, Father, but won't the first commencement at Notre Dame after the war be a "hummer?" I would not miss that one for anything. The men at N. D. would surely appreciate that place if they were in the army. . . . Believe me, Father, sincerely your friend,

Paul J. Ryan,

273rd Squadron.

CAMP PIKE, ARKANSAS,

173rd Brigade Headquarters,

March 17, 1918.

Rev. John Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Indiana.

"Top o' th' Morning," Dear Father:—

Your New Year letter came to me on time and made me very happy. I was very glad to get all the good news of my dear old Alma Mater. Everything you told me and your personal feelings were most interesting.

I have been very busy since my arrival here, but now that I have received my new appointment, I'll have more time to write. My general is a wonderful man, and I am quite proud of being his aide. We go horse-back riding and play tennis together every day.

Our soldiers are fast ripening into fine fighters, and in a few more months will be ready to go across.

I think this Division will leave about August, and should we come near Notre Dame, I shall surely drop in for a few hours to see you.

In my two weeks' work in the Platoon Commander's School for the first and second lieutenants, I made "Excellent," the best possible grade. Only five out of sixty made it. That record, as you know, goes to Washington, and it means that the excellent grades will come first when the time comes for a promotion. But I am hoping that my brigadier-general will soon become a major-general, and then I shall be appointed captain immediately.

I am having plenty of work, and enjoying it, and am also having many good times. Kindly write when you have the time and tell me all about the University.

Your friend,

Lieut. Edward J. Story,
Infantry Reserve Corps,
Aide-de-camp to General Van Vliet.

ASTORIA, OREGON, Feb. 17th, 1918.

Rev. Father Cavanaugh, C. S. C.,

Notre Dame, Ind.,

Dear Father:—

St. Patrick's Day to me is always a Notre Dame day, and to-day my memories turn to those wonderful hours spent at Notre Dame and away from Notre Dame but with Notre Dame men on the numerous trips with the football, track, and baseball teams.

To-day, I also feel in accord with hundreds of other Notre Dame men in the service, that I have a right to a few minutes of your precious time and to tell you, Father, that I have more to thank Notre Dame for than I can ever hope to repay; that Notre Dame's ideals and influences, which I did try so hard to escape at times while at school, are now my best stock in trade and reserve. They are truly the best support I can command at all times to tide me over trials and tests that are daily enemies and barriers to my progress.

I am in the Naval Reserve—"sub-chaser" division; I have spent seven months here on this coast in my ship, which is also a training ship—for we are training gunners and seamen to man the hundreds of "chasers" now a-building. We hope to be ready for departure to the Atlantic and the coast of France early in May. That will mean real service which will relieve us of the monotonous routine of training on this coast. I have been very fortunate in the work, in which a little study has accomplished several promotions for me, and I'm now well up in the navigation end of the game, having now become a coxwain, with first-class quartermaster's duties. I might add that excellent work as a deck-scrubber and bilge cleaner has been responsible for my first promotions, not to mention a proficiency as washer-man that would put the famous Ideal Laundry of South Bend to shame.

I want to say that I am more than proud of Notre Dame's war record—of her student enlistments, of her ambulance fund, of her various other aids, and primarily of her faculty, which has given so much for the cause. I am sure no school has given more than our Notre Dame.

I wish to send my very best wishes to all of

you and to ask for your prayers, even though I know that hundreds of others have also. And I want to say that if I ever have the chance after this war is over Notre Dame will again be my haven for the pursuance of knowledge in my chosen line, journalism.

Closing at last and venturing to hope for at least a line or two from you in the future, I am, sincerely yours,

Morris Starrett ('18),
c-o Patrol Ship U. S. Rose.

P. S.—Should you by any chance think of this letter for SCHOLASTIC publication I wish to protest, as I don't feel it would stand any scrutiny in form or grammar.

U. S. BALLOON SCHOOL,
Fort Omaha, Nebraska,
March 29, 1918.

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

Dear Father:—

The Notre Dame SCHOLASTIC is yet a "pal of mine," even though you did not include me in the roll listing the names of Notre Dame men in the service of the United States.

In so far as I can find out, "Buck" O'Connor and I are the only Notre Dame men in this branch of the service. O'Connor is a first sergeant in the 17th Balloon Company, while I have been given command of the 18th Balloon Company.

I don't know whether you have heard very much of this branch of the service, but I'll say this: if, when we are over in France, you read of Germany's losing a few towns by destruction, do not blame it all on the artillery, for we are in the air to see that they do it. The whole balloon division has the same spirit that has won many a football game for Notre Dame.

Much good luck to the producer of good spirit and fellowship, Notre Dame!

Sincerely,

R. J. Gaupel,
First Sergt. S. R. C., A. S.

U. S. S. KENTUCKY,
March 24, 1918.

Editor of THE SCHOLASTIC:
Notre Dame, Ind.

Dear Editor:—

To-day on returning to the ship from a furlough I found on my desk two recent copies of the SCHOLASTIC which Jerry McCarthy had kindly sent me.

If you could have seen with what eagerness and genuine delight I read every line you would appreciate my haste in asking you to send the SCHOLASTIC to me here.

It may be of interest to you to know that the same mail brought an order from the Secretary of the Navy in the form of a promotion to the next higher rank, that of lieutenant (senior grade).

Thanking you for your favor, and with the best of wishes to you and everybody at Notre Dame, I am,

Sincerely,

Wm. J. Corcoran, M. D.,
Address: U. S. S. Kentucky,
In care of the Postmaster of New York City.